

Under The Bed

By C. Jade Wyton

Don Flamingle is doing his best to look after his Alpha Becky, though it is hard. She has been having a lot of nightmares; so Becky's boyfriend Jareth takes her on a holiday to try and help her feel better. Don is still working hard, but the beach is nice. And he has found some beautiful gifts for his pretty pink Mimi! But then, when he goes inside to give his mate his gift, he discovers something very surprising!

Contains depictions of animal distress and mentions of mental illness.

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Don scratched through the sand, searching for another shell to give to his pretty pink Mimi.

He was worried. Very worried.

About many different things. But especially about his pretty Mimi and his Alpha Becky.

It had been two and a half months since Alpha Becky had saved the town, and she was still having nightmares about it.

During the day she would try to brush it off, making jokes and busy herself with planning Mimi and Don's wedding.... But then, at night, she could barely sleep.

After the first month of nightmares and waking up in panic, Alpha Jareth had brought Alpha Becky away to a new place. A beach house that he said was owned by his "godfather" (which was, much to Don's relief, a different type of Godfather to the movie he had seen Isa once watch).

Jareth had thought the change in scenery would be good for her. That being somewhere else, somewhere new, would help chase away the bad dreams.

He had been partially correct. She was having less nightmares, now. A lot less nightmares.

But when she *did* have one she would wake up very confused and have trouble grounding herself.

Don didn't like that. But at least Alpha Jareth was there to help him keep Becky calm. He didn't do as good a job as Don did (Don was trained, after all! He had a certificate saying how good he was at making people feel better!) but he did his best.

And it helped.

But then there was Don's pretty pink Mimi.

His beautiful, lovely, adorable, special, pretty pink Mimi.

She was feeling ill, and she refused to tell Alpha Becky about it because she didn't want her mama to worry.

It was just a stomach ache, they'd thought. Probably from all the treats they'd gotten from that front-desk-girl while at the hotel with Ken and Isa (Mimi hadn't

liked her, at first; but then she'd offered Mimi some ham and known the best places to scratch on Mimi's belly, and their friendship was quickly founded).

But now her smell had changed.

It wasn't a *bad* smell, Don thought (actually, something in his instincts told him it was a very good smell for Mimi to have— But he didn't know why!) but it was still strange and different and it made him worry. She didn't have her alpha musk anymore; it had been replaced by something sweeter and warmer.

And she'd been hungry.

*Ravenous.*

So Don had been secretly letting her into the pantry to steal food. Not enough for anyone to notice the food was gone, of course. But enough that Alpha Becky had been concerned about her sudden weight gain.

She'd been on the phone to Mimi's vet (a perfectly nice woman that Don most definitely did *not* like seeing due to her cold hands and choice of thermometer placement) and booked her an appointment in a week's time.

Don supposed that meant that they'd be back home in a week; which was okay. He was going to miss finding shells and playing with crabs, but he missed Ken and Alpha Isa more than he enjoyed munching on seaweed....

Speaking of shells!

Don pecked his beak against the very-pretty spiral shell that was half-buried in the sand and, after confirming that nobody was living inside, he scooped it up in his mouth and excitedly shook his head from side to side.

*Perfect! This was a perfect gift for his Mimi!*

He jumped in place once.

Twice.

Three times—

'Don baby, come here boy!' Alpha Becky's voice called from where she was sunbathing with Jareth just a few meters away, and Don bolted over to receive some loving scratches from the pair.... They both smelt like sun-block (Becky much more than Jareth) and seawater. 'Good boy. Don't go too far, baby. I don't want to lose you.'

Don gave a reassuring honk; he wasn't going to get lost! The beach only had two directions, after all. It was like a very, *very* long street! And he was good at finding his way around streets!

'Aw, buddy, did you get another shell for Mimi?' Jareth asked, affectionately tapping a finger between Don's eyes. 'She's gonna love that one.'

*She was!* Don gave another honk, wiggling his long neck so that his head flopped side-to-side, before tapping his feet and running in circles around the two alphas.

'You gonna go give that to her now?'

Another honk of confirmation and Don veered off from his circling to make towards the house they'd been staying in.

He opened the door with very little trouble and began sniffing around the place as he searched for his pretty pink Mimi.

She wasn't in the lounge room, or the kitchen.... *Bedroom?*

Don made his way into the bedroom, and sniffed at the suitcases by the door. One for Jareth, one for Becky, and one for him and Mimi!

Mimi, who.... Wasn't in her bed...?

Don deposited the shell in the suitcase next to a piece of driftwood he had collected for himself, and began to sniff around.

Mimi wasn't in the little bed Becky had set up for her and Don. And she wasn't on the bed.... Was she *under*—

A low whine came from under the bed and Don honked with concern.

*His Mimi!*

Was his Mimi okay?!

Don flopped to the floor and pushed his head past the blanket that hung off the edge of the bed until he could see her— Pressed into the corner of the wall and breathing heavily.

*'Mimi? Pretty pink?' Don gave a snuffle as he edged towards his mate. 'Is my pretty pink Mimi okay? What is wrong with my pretty pink Mimi?'*

*'Babies,' Mimi whined back. 'Need Mama. Mimi is having babies.'*

*'BABIES?!'*

Don hit his head on the bottom slats of the bed as he tried to clamber out from under it.

Mimi was having babies?!

His pretty pink Mimi was having babies!

He gave a loud honk, tapping his feet frantically and circling as he tried to think about what to do.

Alpha Becky!

Mimi needed Alpha Becky!

He had to go get Alpha Becky!

Now! Now! Now!

Don sprinted out of the room, honking loudly over and over as he hurried out of the front door and ran at full speed back towards the beach.

*'ALPHA BECKY!' he honked as loudly as his little lungs would allow. 'ALPHA BECKY! ALPHA BECKY!'*

*'Don?!' Becky's voice cried, and Don saw her rolling over to look for him. 'What's wrong? What's wrong, boy?'*

*'Mimi! Babies!' Don honked loudly, skidding to a stop by Becky's side. 'Mimi is having babies! Now! Under the bed!'*

*'She's what?!' Becky exclaimed, scrambling to her feet.*

Her knee met Alpha Jareth's stomach in her hurry to get up, and the man let out a surprised grunt of pain before rolling over and trailing after her and Don.

Don didn't think he'd ever seen Alpha Becky run so fast before; even when she'd been panicking, and scared something was going to hurt her, she'd never run this fast— He had to leap up and grab ahold of her arm so he wasn't left behind like Alpha Jareth was.

Becky made it to the house in minutes, slamming into the doorframe in her hurry to get inside. She knocked over a small table in the hall as she tore past it to the bedroom, and then suddenly she was half-crammed under the bed, reaching out a hand and cooing for Mimi to come over to her.

Mimi let out a pitiful whine and scooted across the floor to cuddle into the curve between Becky's arm and chest, and Don quickly joined her; licking her frantically all over as she quivered and whined.

‘It’s okay, baby. I’m here,’ Becky comforted. ‘I’m here. You’re gonna be okay. I promise. I’m here....’

Don honked his own comforts as Mimi licked at Alpha Becky’s arm, and he lay his head over Mimi’s back.

Her labour felt like it took days; though it couldn’t have been more than an hour or two. Don and Becky stayed curled up with her half-under the bed the entire time she struggled; all the while Jareth hung back, nervously asking if there was anything they needed.

By the time it was over Mimi was exhausted and Don was licking at the shapeless little blobs that lay by her side, cleaning them off while Mimi rested.

A moment of soft quiet breathed through the room before Don heard the quiet *thump* of Jareth sitting down on the floor.

‘How... is she?’ Alpha Jareth asked, slowly scooting closer and closer until he could rest his head on Becky’s hip. ‘Is everything okay?’

‘I think so,’ Becky answered, quietly. ‘There’s... four of them.’

‘Four?’

‘Yeah,’ Becky breathed, and Don saw a small, wet tear roll down her cheek. ‘*They’re so small.*’

‘Can I see them?’

‘Mhm,’ Becky sniffed, and carefully rolled so that light peaked in under the bed from behind her shoulder.

It was soon obstructed by Jareth; who moved up to peer at Mimi and her brood.

‘Aw,’ he cooed. ‘That’s what baby mimics look like? They’re so cute.... Is it okay to touch them?’

‘Mm... maybe not yet...’ Becky gently placed a hand on Mimi’s side and pet her. ‘Give Mimi a little longer.... How are you, girl? Are you okay?’

‘*Mimi did not like that,*’ Mimi groaned, and Don gave her a lick. ‘*Mimi does not want to do that again. No. No....*’

Becky pressed a kiss between Mimi’s eyes, and Mimi gave a purr. ‘Brave girl,’ Becky said.

A little *grup* sound came from one of the babies, and both Mimi and Don quickly leant forward to lick it.

Don couldn’t believe it.

He was... a *dad*?

That was the word for it, right?

That’s what Alpha Becky called Ken.

*Dad.*

Don was now... a dad. To four little mimiclings!

He slowly moved so he could curl around his babies, pressing them gently between himself and Mimi, and let out his own purr.

Mimi had done a good job and made four babies. That was a lot!

*Four perfect little babies....*

Don examined them closely.

Hm....

They were going to need things to shapeshift into, soon, weren’t they...?

*Yes. Yes! They would! They certainly would!*

Don gave a snuffle, licking Mimi lovingly before squeezing out from under the bed and (after climbing over the top of Jareth and accidentally stepping *in* his mouth) hurried around the room to gather up things that would be good for his babies to turn into.

Shells, and sticks, and pebbles, and socks, and a spoon, and a comb—

*Anything* that was roughly the right size was scooped up in Don's little mimic mouth and carried under the bed to be placed besides Mimi.

*Perfect! Perfect!*

Don gave a proud honk as he deposited his large mouthful, and then he tapped his feet and scurried out into the room again.

He wanted his babies to have *choices!*

He was going to give his babies as many choices as he could find!

Because he was a good boy, and he was going to be a *very* good dad!

—END—

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