

Adam & Frank

By Champ (<https://champtehatter.com/>)

Frank the otter is having some accidents, but Adam his helpful fox roommate has a crinkly solution that will fix everything. Sure, some may say that Adam is a little *too* helpful, but he's just looking out for his otter friend. Honest!

Chapter 1: Stormy Weather Ahead

“Hey, Frank, check out this funny calendar I got at the store!”

“What is that? A potty chart?”

“Yeah, I thought it would be perfect for your room.”

“Hey, c’mon, man. that’s not funny.”

“Oh, c’mon, it’ll be cute!”

“Do NOT put that thing up man.”

“Okayyyy!”

“I see you walking toward the bedroom! If I see that thing up there, I swear...”

The otter shook his head and sighed as the red fox’s tail disappeared into his room. His roommate was too much sometimes. Sure, he had had a little trouble staying dry at night the last few weeks, but it wasn’t like he **needed** diapers at night. He was just trying them out... for... what was it that Adam had said to talk him into wearing diapers at night instead of just washing the sheets like he always did?

Adam yelled out from the other room, which seemed to be his permanent volume level.

“Hey, Frank! This thing is wild! It’s got a space for daytime AND nighttime accidents. And STICKERS!!!”

“Hey, I’m cooking here! And aren’t you a little old to be that excited about stickers?”

“Oh my gosh, I found the perfect spot for it! I’m gonna try out some of these cool stickers!”

“I thought I told you...gah, you know what, never mind,” said Frank before giving up and muttering to himself. “I’ll just take it down tonight when I go to bed.”

“Hehehe...Well, we have to put a storm cloud on last night’s spot, since you woke up wet.”

“I didn’t ask you to check me in the mornings, you know. I can do that myself!”

“Oops... I think I put that in the daytime spot...”

The otter stirred the Spanish rice and did his best to ignore his roommate’s antics. Didn’t the guy ever hear of Xanax? And why was Adam so good at talking him into things? First Adam got him that infantile fox plush. Then the ‘babbling brook’ noise machine even though he didn’t NEED a noise machine to go to sleep. He still hadn’t figured out how to shut THAT thing off. Soon after came the *diapers* when he started wetting the bed... wet... wet? The otter looked down.

“I’m wetting?! What the hell...”

The otter ran to the bathroom to try and salvage what he could of his pants and get on the pot, leaving the rice to burn.

“And a storm cloud here. And a storm cloud here. And a storm cloud here... Ooh, let’s try out these thunderbolts! ...Hey! What smells good?”

Thirty minutes later, they were both at the kitchen table eating burgers and shakes from Five Geese, and Frank was looking particularly grumpy.

“Hey, don’t worry about it. No use crying over burnt rice!” Said the fox, clueless as ever.

“It’s not the rice I’m upset about,” said the otter, crossing his arms and frowning. “It’s... I... oh geez, I can’t even say it,” moaned the otter, covering his head and scrunching his eyes shut as if it could all just be a bad dream. “How could I wet myself right there in the middle of the kitchen?”

“Oh yeah, dude! That was crazy! I think you better get used to wearing diapers, bud. I don’t think you have any control at all!”

“I am NOT going to wear diapers, ADAM,” said the otter, swatting at his friend and missing. “You’re supposed to tell me it was a freak occurrence, not try to encourage it!”

“I’m just sayin’,” said the fox, rolling his eyes as he popped another fry into his mouth. “Trust me, you’ll thank me when they get here. And,” He looked at the clock on the microwave, “isn’t it time for your night diaper, Mr. Otter?”

“What do you mean, ‘when they get here?’” he asked, as the fox got up to walk toward the otter’s room again. “Hey! You are NOT ordering more diapers for me, Adam!”

“Too late, already ordered ‘em after your little accident,” said the fox, waving the otter’s remarks off with the back of his paw.

His bushy red tail disappeared into the room again, leaving the otter to stew in his own juices. Moments later, he leaned out of the bedroom and waved a thick and crinkly object in his hand. There was no mistaking what it was.

“Get on in here, Frank. You know the drill.” The Fox disappeared back into the bedroom.

“I’m not doing that tonight. Not tonight, do you hear?” the otter called back. “I can put it on myself when I want to.”

“I’m *waiting*, Frank. We do this every *night*, Frank. You remember what happened *last* time you tried to put on your own diapers, Frank. And if you leak again, I’m going to start putting you in *double* diapers, Frank!”

“Fffine!” the otter said, exasperated, before adding, “...I’ll come after I finish my burger.”

“I’m counting to *five*, Frank.”

“Alright! Alright! ...Sheesh.”

The otter shrugged his hoodie up and gave a sheepish look to no one in particular, before he scurried off after the fox.

Lying in his bed later that night, the otter looked down at the puffy padding between his legs.

“Maybe Adam is right about the nighttime diapers... but why did he have to get these ones with the cutesy designs?”

Giggling baby llamas graced the front of his diaper. It was admittedly adorable, though it was hard to appreciate just how much when he was the one wearing them. He shifted in the bed which elicited a loud crinkle. He tried to close his legs and he failed. He sighed, then he looked up at the calendar, and all of the stupid rain clouds and thunder bolts his roommate had stuck on it.

He tried to pull it off the wall, but it was nailed in tight and wouldn't tear. He would have to get a hammer. In a fit of frustration, he tried to at least remove the stickers, if just out of spite, but those were also stuck tight. Finally he just huffed and lay back in bed, trying to ignore it. But there it was taunting him. He looked back up at the calendar above his bed and hugged his little fox plush.

"Looks like rainy weather for the week," he grumbled, before turning off the light and drifting off to the sound of running water.

That morning, the otter awoke to Adam checking his diaper.

"Wakey, wakey, otter pop! Oh my, somebody's extra soggy today, and, uh oh! ...what's that smell?"

The bleary-eyed Frank did his best to fend off his irritatingly sunny companion but sat bolt upright when the smell hit him. He instantly regretted it.

"Ewww..." he said, cringing, and looking over to his fox friend for help.

For once, the fox did not have a clever comeback for him.

"I'll... um... I'll start the shower," he said in a quiet voice, and padded off to the bathroom, leaving Frank to stare in disbelief at the garment between his legs.

Frank looked up to the calendar, which showed storm clouds with rain and a lightning bolt. Clearly it was meant to signify a wet and messy night. He looked at the forecast for the rest of the week and shuddered. He hoped this was not a sign of things to come.

Padding out of the shower, he found the fox back in the bedroom. Adam seemed to have found his footing because his sunny demeanor had returned, unfortunately.

"Hey, there, stinker, cheer up. You're just in time for your first daytime diaper! Okay, which do you want, llamas, or puppies? Ooh, I know... dinosaurs!" he said, with a conspiratorial grin, as if he might convince the otter that *these* diapers were 'cool'.

"How about none of the above? Is that an option?" the otter asked, hopefully.

"Haha, that's a good one Frank. Dinosaurs it is." Sensing the otter's continued defiance, he put his hands on his hips. "Now you *know* we don't want to risk a repeat of what happened yesterday, do we, Frank?"

"Great. Now comes the lecture."

“This is serious, kiddo. We gotta keep you padded ‘til we figure this out. Nobody has to know, it’s just you and me here. Now just come here and lay on the bed.” The fox spoke as if coaxing a nervous pet into a new home as he patted the changing mat.

“If it’ll end this terrible ordeal, then fine. I’ll wear the diaper.”

The otter flopped down on the bed, knowing that he wasn’t going to get out of this one, or be given the dignity of putting it on himself.

“Well I can’t guarantee that, but at least it’ll keep you safe, kiddo.”

“I was talking about having to listen to your annoying voice,” Frank retorted. He quickly looked away to avoid witnessing what was happening to him.

“Haha, good one, Frank. What would you do without me?”

“Enjoy some peace and quiet for once?”

“You should be more thankful,” said the fox, bringing the diaper up between the otter’s legs. “Your roommate is willing to help you like this without any thanks or compensation. Just out of the goodness of his heart. I even bought your diapers, and here you are throwing snide comments. If I didn’t know you were joking, I might be really hurt!”

“Save it for the screen, drama queen. I’ll show you what hurt really looks like—hey, not so tight! Oof!”

The otter winced as the fox gave a particularly firm pat to the front of his diaper.

“All done, and ready to take on the day! I trust you can dress yourself?” he asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Yes, yes, yes. Now get out of here and let me get dressed in peace!”

The otter shooed the fox out of the room, practically pushing his roommate out the door. Alone in his room, he leaned back against the door and breathed a sigh of relief. He loved his friend to bits, but he could be exhausting sometimes. All the time. His gaze fell to the calendar on the wall, and he set his resolve. He was going to get rid of that stupid calendar. If nothing else, he could at least do that!

Again he tried to tear it off the wall with little success. Then he tried to pry the nail off, and finally in a fit of rage he set his feet against the wall, literally standing sideways as he pushed at the wall with his feet. No matter what he did, the calendar wouldn’t budge. All that resulted was a very sweaty and out of breath otter panting to catch his breath. What was this thing made of anyway?

“Must... get... hammer...” he gasped between breaths. “Gotta...get...dressed...”

The otter found to his consternation that his diapers were too thick to fit under any of his pants. The only thing in his dresser that managed to squeeze over his thick posterior was a pair of old sweatpants, and they did not leave much to the imagination as the outline of the diaper clearly stood out under the stretchy fabric.

“Maybe it’s not that bad...” He thought, checking himself out, twisting this way and that experimentally. The crinkle of the diaper was clearly present under his clothes, louder in fact than normal if that was possible. “It’s that bad,” he sighed, and looked for something to cover it up.

He quickly threw on a loose shirt and hoodie despite the summer heat and headed out the door.

“Where are ya goin’?” the fox asked from the couch as Frank passed the living room.

“I’m going to the hardware store. And maybe to buy some new clothes to fit over my diapers. This is all I have that fits.”

“That’s the spirit, buddy! You’re gonna have to wear ‘em, you might as well adapt! How about I come with ya?”

“No, that’s... that’s really alright,” said the otter, reluctant to let the fox meddle in his plans any more than he had.

“Oh nonsense, you can’t drive anyway. You’re too short! Let’s go, shorty. Why do you need to go to the hardware store anyway?”

The fox barraged the otter with questions and comments without waiting for an answer as he grabbed the keys and was out the front door. Frank had to hurry to keep up with him.

“Well, here we are. Posh Kosh!”

“Isn’t this a store for babies?”

“Noooo...” said the fox patting the smaller otter on the head. “Well, yes. But they have clothes designed for diaper wearers! And you *are* wearing a diaper.”

“Oh, this is ridiculous,” said Frank, as he jumped out of the car and waddled after his companion. “I’ll look ridiculous! It’ll never fit!”

“Nonsense. We’ll just find some clothing for baby rhinos or something. Do try to keep up, little otter, or I’ll have to get you a carrier!”

As they stepped inside the gigantic building, they were met with an incredible array of clothing of all sizes and colors. The fox looked positively gleeful as he grabbed a cart and rushed off to look at all the clothes. The otter was afraid to let his companion out of his sight for fear of what he might put in the cart, but he needn’t have feared because the fox quickly returned to scoop him up and strap him into the child’s seat.

“Hey! What are you doing?”

“Oh, hush,” said the fox. “You would never have been able to keep up with me on those little stubby legs anyway. Especially with the waddle you have going now. Ooh, these oughtta come in handy,” he said, noticing a display of pacifiers by the entrance and grabbing a pack of extra-large ‘monkey mufflers’.

“This guy has the attention span of a gnat. Hey! You better not put that in the cart! You better take that OUT of the cart! This isn’t funny, Adam!”

“Do I look like I’m joking, otter tot? Now hush, or I’ll have to test these pacifiers out here and now.”

The otter squeaked out a few nonsensical noises and shut his mouth tight. It was embarrassing enough that he was in here in the first place. And sitting in a shopping cart like a toddler, no less. The fox, meanwhile, seemed perfectly comfortable pushing a full-grown otter around in a cart, and picking out baby items and clothes for him like it was the most normal thing in the world.

“Ooh, look at these onesies! Aren’t they just adorable? And they’ll keep your diapers nice and snug so that they don’t sag down. Trust me, you’ll want them.” He said, as he held various onesies up against the otter.

“Do I even get a choice in the matter?”

“Of course you do, silly! Elephants or sailor stripes?”

“Ugh. Neither. Let me out, I want to pick my own clothes!”

The otter struggled to get out of the safety-locking crotch straps as the fox just shrugged and tossed both items into the cart. Then Frank noticed they were approaching a sales associate.

“Oh no. No, no no! Please don’t talk to her. Please don’t-”

“Oh, excuse me, ma’am. Ma’am!” The fox flagged down the pert young cat who looked at them quizzically. “Hi, there, I’m Adam. This is my roommate Frank. Nice to meet you. I know this is a bit unusual, but Frank here has been having a little *potty problem*”

He spoke these last words through his teeth and held up a hand to the side of his mouth as if he was whispering, though everyone in sight could definitely hear him.

“He’s got to get some clothes that he can wear over his *diapers*. Can you recommend anything that would be good for an active toddler about yea big?”

He held his hands up to the side of the otter, indicating the height of the toddler in question. The otter smacked his forehead. Subtle, he was not.

“Er... ah... yes, actually!” She said. Her expression went from perplexed to thoughtful as her problem-solving mind quickly took over and she rattled off some things that the otter might wear. “The onesies are a must - I see you’ve got a few but you need at least two weeks’ worth in my opinion. That’s all you really need around the house. And then you have your active wear such as rompers and shortalls when you’re out and about... oh, you know what, just follow me.”

The fox and the cat rushed through the store tossing various items into the cart, a whirlwind of energy as their incessantly energetic personalities fed off of each other. By the time they were done, they had collected enough items to stock a small daycare, or perhaps start a clothing store of their own.

“I get that we need the clothing,” said Frank, as they made their way back to the car with their haul, “But do we really need all these *accessories*?”

He held up a pacifier clip with little baby giraffes running across a green leafy background.

“Paci clips... bottles... bibs? A CAR SEAT? Really, Adam?”

“Oh hush, kiddo. It’s all part of the fun. Let’s make your little problem a fun thing, not something to be sore about. Besides, you didn’t have to pay for it, so why are you complaining?”

“Because I don’t want to walk around looking like a goofy toddler all day. And did we really have to get these cloth shortalls with the crotch snaps?” he asked, twisting around to try and see his own tail, “They make my diapers so obvious!”

“Oh hush, you look adorable. And there’s no point in trying to hide your diapers. It’ll just stress you out. Just act normal, and nobody will even notice!”

“Act normal he says. Nobody will notice, he says. Did you notice all the stares we were getting when you made me try on the clothes in the middle of the store? You could have at least let me change back after!”

“Oh yeah, I guess there we did get kind of an audience... and I think a few of them were taking pictures too... or they might have been filming... I don’t know. Anyway, I threw those old sweatpants out. You won’t need any of your old clothes now.”

“Wait, wait, hold the phone. They were what?! Recording us? That’s it. I’ve got to leave the state. If this ends up on the news, I swear to god I will end your life before ending mine!”

“As if, little one! You’re getting way too worked up over nothing! Now let’s test out that car seat.”

A few minutes later the fussy otter was strapped into his new car seat which had very effective child safety lock features, as he came to realize very quickly.

“See? Works like a charm. There’s no way you can get out on your own. It’s just your size too! Now, where were we going next?”

“The hardware store,” huffed the defeated otter.

“And just whyyyyyy are we going to the hardware store, little one?”

“To get a hammer.”

“Hmm, I don’t know if you should be playing with hammers, you could hurt yourself.”

“Just go to the damn store.”

“Okay, kiddo, whatever you say!”

At the hardware store the otter insisted on doing his own shopping this time, but was surprised to find that - dressed as he was - he was quickly picked up by the staff and brought to the lost and found, where he was returned to his ‘Daddy’.

“Roommate!” He corrected for the dozenth time as the fox thanked security effusively.

“I don’t know what I would have done if you hadn’t found my little boy for me.”

“You oughtta watch your kid closer, mister. They found him holding a hammer! He coulda hurt himself!”

“I know, I know. It’s my bad. I’ll watch him much more closely in the future.”

He stared at the otter scornfully as he said these last few words causing Frank to feel somehow guilty, even though he’d done nothing wrong. The little otter just looked down at his feet sheepishly as he was led out of the store by the larger fox. Soon, he was back in his car seat while Adam sat up front in the driver’s seat.

“I’m gonna have to get you a harness, kiddo. I can’t have you running off like that again.”

“I’m not a baby, I don’t understand why I hafta listen to you!” said Frank, crossing his arms and pouting.

“Well, you sure look like one from where I’m sitting,” said the fox. “Look, let’s just get you home and we’ll talk about it after your nap.”

“Nap? Since when do I take naps?”

“Since now, Mr. Grumpy Pants. You look like you could use one.”

“Do not!” The otter said, a big yawn belying his claim of wakefulness.

“Whatever you say. When we get back, you’re taking a nap, and we’re going to have to get some new furniture for you too.”

But the fox needn’t have answered the argumentative otter, because he was already fast asleep.

“We’re getting you a crib for sure, little guy. You’re just too little to sleep in a... aww. The poor guy’s all tuckered out.” He drove the rest of the way home in silence.

Adam smiled as he tucked his little boy into bed, and kissed him on the head, giving him his plushie to hug and a pacifier to suckle, which the sleeping otter immediately accepted, his mouth curling into a smile as he snoozed peacefully.

Adam had loved his friend for a long time, and he knew Frank loved him back, but Frank wasn’t happy as an adult. Adam always saw the lonely little guy beneath the otter’s grumpy exterior and knew he wanted to adopt the cutie as soon as they met. It had taken a lot of patience, but finally here he was. His own little boy happy and safe sleeping in his big boy bed for what would be the last time. The plushie, the noise machine, the calendar, all of it had been leading up to this point.

He smiled as he tapped the calendar, which had a little logo on the bottom right hand corner that read "Potty Brake Inc."

"Best money I ever spent," said the fox, and with that he flicked out the light and softly shut the door.

Chapter 2: Big Changes

“Back ‘er up! Right there!

Okay guys, here’s an extra hundred bucks, just hang tight for a while ‘til I give the signal.

No, you don’t have to worry about anything on the walls.

Yes, you can keep anything you like.

No, you can’t take a selfie with the ‘world’s biggest baby otter’ just because that Posh Kosh video went viral and you want to show it off to your friends.

Yes, if Posh Kosh corporate called and said they’d give us free merch for life in exchange for a selfie with the ‘World’s Biggest Baby Otter’ I’d let them take one.

What’s that? They did? Okay, fine, but you better not wake him up, or I’m taking that hundred back.”

Frank awoke from his slumber to find his roommate in the process of changing his wet and messy diaper.

“Hey there sleepy head! Hold still now, this is a delicate procedure!”

“Wha? Whafappanun?” the otter mumbled around his pacifier, before becoming aware enough to spit it out. “H-hey! W-what happened? Why am I in a dirty diaper?!”

“Hmm... how can I put a positive spin on this?”

The fox paused and thought for a second, then gave a big smile and spoke in a cheery voice.

“You just made stinkies and pee-pees in your diapers like a *good* little boy!”

“Oh no!” the otter groaned. “Not again!”

“I tried,” the fox said, with a shrug. “Well, what did you expect? You’re in them for a reason. I mean, just look at your potty calendar, it’s a disaster! Storm clouds and lightning bolts everywhere!” The fox shook his head in disappointment.

“You! Put those there!” the otter yelled at the top of his lungs.

“Are you saying it’s *my* fault you pooped and peed your pants twice today?”

“I’m beginning to wonder!”

“Hey! Settle down for a second, will ya? You’re gonna get it everywhere!”

The fox brought the front of the diaper back between the otter’s legs just in time to catch a stream of pee that erupted from the aggravated otter, followed by a loud ‘BLORT’.

“Whoa. Guess you weren’t done yet,” said the fox, as the otter buried his face in his plushie.

“It’s hopeless! My life is over!”

“No worries, lil’ guy, it’s nothing your ol’ buddy Adam can’t handle! We’ll get you cleaned up and into a new diaper in a jif!”

“I think you fail to recognize the source of my dismay. I don’t need diapers!”

The foxed calmly balled up the diaper and tossed it over his shoulder right into the diaper pail, all without breaking eye contact.

“Really, Frank?” He raised an eyebrow. “You’re on your third change of the day and you tell me you *don’t* need diapers?”

The otter’s face grew hot.

“Well, okay. I admit I’ve had a *few* accidents as of late.”

“That’s not a revelation, Frank. Anybody who takes a look in the diaper pail can see you’ve been having a lot more than a ‘few’. Face it, little man. You need diapers. You need looking after. And I don’t think you should even be *entertaining* the idea of regular underwear after the number of accidents you’ve had over the last two days. Let’s just work on keeping you clean and dry, for starters, hmm? Now are you ready to turn that frown upside down and let me put you in a fresh diaper?”

The otter crossed his arms and glared, though he knew in his heart of hearts that Adam was right.

“Okay, maybe the frown thing was too much to hope for,” said the fox, looking defeated before continuing on. “I mean, I *could* tickle you into smiling, but that wouldn’t be very fair of me now would it?”

“Stop it!” said Frank, fighting off a smile as his companion wiggled his fingers. “You’re not gonna make me smile! Okay, I might be smiling but I’m not happy about this! Adam!!!”

Despite his best efforts, Frank soon found himself grinning and giggling at his roommate's antics.

"That's my good boy!" said the fox, unfolding Frank's thick diaper and ruffling the little otter's headfur. "Now whaddya say we test out these new stuffers?"

Soon, the otter was in a nice fresh diaper with extra soakers. Adam insisted on picking out his clothes and dressing him, and the annoyed otter found himself dressed up in a pair of adorable choo-choo shortalls that seemed made to show off his puffy butt.

"Can't I wear some normal clothes?"

"These *are* your normal clothes, kiddo!" The fox replied absent-mindedly as he quickly packed a jungle-print diaper bag, slung it over his shoulder, and dragged the otter out the door.

"Talking to you is like talking to a brick wall, but dumber. Can't you get it through your skull that I'm not a ba..." The otter looked around at the strangers in Posh Kosh uniforms milling about the living room. "...by? Um... Adam?"

"Yes, Frank?"

"What are all these Posh Kosh employees doing here?"

"I'm hungry. Are you hungry? I'm starving!" said the fox, pulling the otter towards the front door. "Let's eat out. I don't feel like cooking, and as of yesterday, your kitchen privileges are revoked!"

"Why are you giving the Posh Kosh employees a thumbs up, Adam?"

"No time to explain, off we go!"

Once again, the otter had little time to question the fox's actions as Adam grabbed the keys and rushed out the door. Frank was, unfortunately, still attached to Adam by the paw, and a moment later they were both out of sight.

"...Why is there a giant Posh Kosh truck parked in front of the driveway, Adam?! ADAM!!!"

Once again, the otter found himself helplessly strapped into his car seat, at the mercy of his manic roommate's whims.

“You *do* know I’m like six years older than you, right?” asked the infantilized otter. “If anything, I should be in charge of *you*!”

“You know what your problem is, Frank? You haven’t had lunch yet.”

“I don’t think lunch is my biggest problem right now, Adam.”

“Of course it is, kiddo! It’s the most important meal of the day!”

“Isn’t that breakfast?”

“Oh my gosh! You missed that too? No wonder you’re such a fussy pants today! We gotta get something in your belly quick!”

“Slow down, Adam! You’re making me carsick!”

Minutes later, the car sped into the McBurger’s parking lot.

“Here we are!” said the fox, hopping out of the car and unbuckling the little otter.

“We’re going inside?!” squeaked the otter, as he was lifted out of his seat. He looked down at his babyish attire and back to the fox in horror. “Couldn’t we just take the drive through?”

“I mean, we *could*,” said the fox, grabbing the diaper bag, “but then you wouldn’t get to play on that cool indoor playground!”

“You must be crazy if you think I’m going to play on the playground, Adam. Just...put me down and I’ll wait in the car.”

“I don’t know, I’m pretty hungry, Frank. If you don’t come in, I might just eat *both* our lunches. Are you *sure* you don’t wanna come in?”

“Yes, it’s fine, just put me down.”

The otter looked at the fox expectantly.

“...What?”

“You’re still carrying me toward the restaurant, Adam!”

“Oh, look, here we are!”

The inside of the McBurger’s was absolutely packed. “So much for fast food,” thought Frank. He begrudgingly accepted the fact that he would be a tote bag for the next thirty minutes or so as they got in line.

Suddenly he felt a tug at his crotch followed by the pop of several snaps coming undone.

“What the- Hey!!”

“Diaper check!” cried the fox, reaching a few fingers into the leg holes of the squirming otter’s diaper and feeling the padding. “Hmm, you’re a little wet, but not too bad,” he remarked, a little too loudly. Seemingly satisfied, he snapped the buttons back up.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” The otter hissed, mortified. “People are beginning to stare!”

“Just checkin my little guy for leaks!” replied the fox at full volume, giving the otter a big hug and patting his diapered butt.

“I’m going to kill you when we get home,” said the otter into the fox’s ear as he was bounced and shushed.

Eventually they made it to the front of the line.

“What do you want, kiddo?” asked Adam.

“Well...”

“Got it.”

“I didn’t ord-”

“I’ll take a number two with extra ketchup, and a kid’s meal for the little tot here. Oh, and do you have milk? You do? Oh, good. Two should be enough to fill this bottle, right? This little super soaker is a thirsty one! Yes, that’s him. He’s a little shy. Still isn’t potty trained but we’ll get there, right squirt? Oh, do you have highchairs? Right by the door, of course. How could I have missed them? Actually, could you warm up that milk for me?”

The otter was plopped in his highchair and secured in with childproof straps. He swatted ineffectually at the quick fox as a bib was secured behind his neck, and a bottle of milk was placed in front of him.

“Drink up, kiddo, so you can grow big and strong!”

“No way, Adam. I’m not going to drink from a baby bottle!”

“Do it or I’ll feed you your kid’s meal by hand!”

The otter growled and put the teat to his lips. He was going to have to have a long talk with his friend about boundaries when they got home.

Once he figured out how to suck the bottle effectively, he was rewarded by a burst of sweet liquid on his tongue. It was surprisingly delicious, and he found himself gulping it down hungrily as the first sustenance he'd had all day reached his belly. He was surprised again when he found himself sucking air and he opened his eyes. He didn't even realize he had closed them!

"Hungry, were we?" said the fox, causing Frank to jump in his seat. He was sitting there with his hand on his chin and a shit-eating grin plastered on his muzzle.

"No," replied Frank, too quickly. "I hate milk."

"Uh huh. Sure. Well, your chicken nuggies have arrived, kiddo. Dig in before they get cold!"

The otter looked down at the ketchup covered nuggets before him. He supposed that he would have to eat them with his paws since there was no cutlery in sight.

"Can I get some napkins over here?"

"Just finish your meal, kiddo. No point in cleaning you up twice."

The otter finished his meal in silence, while the fox munched on his burger.

"Okay, I'm done! You can let me down now!"

"Okay sweetie, hold your horses. Let me wipe off your face and pawsies first. There we go."

Frank was grateful when he was finally out of the highchair and back on his own two feet.

"Alright kiddo, run along and play with the others while Daddy finishes his lunch."

The otter looked over to the netted-in play area and back to the fox.

"I am NOT going to play in the playspace, Adam. I don't care what you say, there is no way you are convincing me to go in there."

Moments later, he was standing in the confines of the indoor playground, looking up at the twisting tubes and slides of the gigantic play structure.

"How does he do it? How does he talk me into these crazy situations every damn time?"

He looked over at his fox companion. Adam was just staring at his phone, munching his fries absent-mindedly. He could try to make a break for it, but the stern looking tigress keeping watch didn't look like she would miss a thing like that. He made a move toward the exit and was immediately given a warning blast from the whistle.

"No leaving the play area unattended!" she yelled.

"Sheesh! Alright, alright," he said, backing away from the exit.

After a few minutes of standing around hoping Adam would look up and let him out, he shook his head and headed for the play area. Maybe that would help him pass the time until he could go home and throttle his roommate. He was immediately given another warning blast from the whistle.

"No shoes in the play area!" bellowed the tigress, pointing toward the cubbies by the entrance.

"Fine, fine," said Frank, mumbling to himself as he took off his new velcro sneakers. "I didn't even wanna play in this stupid play thing anyway."

He crawled into the nearest tube and looked around. It seemed a lot bigger on the inside than it did from the dining area. He found himself twisting and turning through different areas, until he bumped into a panda cub about his size.

"Oh hey there. I'm Alan. What's your name?"

"Oh great, a native. Uh... Hello, earth child. I come in peace," Frank said loudly and slowly, eliciting a giggle from the panda.

Frank smiled as well.

"The name's Frank. Sorry, I'm not good with kids. But, uh, say, you wouldn't know the way out of here, would you? I'm planning a jailbreak." He was only half-joking.

"Ooh, I like this game! Yeah! Follow me!"

Frank crawled after the panda cub through several rooms, going higher and higher. He looked out of one of the clear plastic portholes and felt almost dizzy. How big was this place anyway? A few turns ahead he realized he had lost his new friend.

"Hello? Alan?"

"I'm down here," came the panda's voice from a nearby tunnel. The otter quickly crawled after the sound of the voice and suddenly the floor took a steep downward drop. He squealed as he found himself hurtling forward down a series of tight turns that deposited him into a giant ball pit. His squeal of terror had turned to laughter by the time

he landed, and soon he found himself splashing around in the colorful plastic pit, tossing balls at Alan and the other cubs, while a volley of balls was tossed back at him.

Adam looked up from his 'Gruffr' app and smiled at the sight of Frank actually having fun for once.

"He sure is a cutie," said a large friendly bear sitting nearby. "He yours?"

"Oh yeah, I just adopted him. He's still adjusting to his new life, but I think he'll be okay."

"You're gonna be a great Daddy, I can already tell. So do you have a partner, or is it just you and him?"

"Just us for now," Adam replied, thinking about how his focus on Frank had drawn him away from the other important aspects of his life. "I'm so busy thinking about being a good caretaker that I guess I never took the time to find the right guy..."

The bear's ears perked up at the mention of 'guy' and he adjusted himself in his seat, his pants suddenly becoming a little less comfortable in front.

"Aww, that's too bad." He said. "You're quite the catch!"

Adam's eyebrows raised in surprise as he turned his head, giving the bear a second look.

The bear caught it and pressed his advantage.

"I see how patient and loving you are with the little squirt. A guy like you?" The bear made a dismissive gesture with his hand. "If you do start dating, you won't be on the market for long."

"What about yourself?" asked the fox. "Got any kids? Boyfriends? Husbands I should know about?"

"Hehe, no no," said the bear, waving his hand. "I'm single and ready to mingle. Always did want a little tyke of my own to look after, though. I just never found the right person to settle down with." He gave a meaningful glance to the fox before looking away wistfully.

"Tell me the truth, now," said Adam. "Why did you really come over here? It can't be my rugged good looks."

"You want the truth?"

The bear waved his phone screen and Adam could see that it too was open to 'Gruffr' The text read 'nearest contact, 0 feet.'

"I take it you're sloppyfoxy92?" asked the bear.

The fox laughed and shook his head. "That would be me! Nice to meet you, er..." Adam looked down at the profile he had just been checking out. "DeepPawDaddyBear?"

The bear clenched his paw into a fist and grinned. "What do *you* think?"

"I think I should give you my number."

"I can cook too!"

Just then a tigress tapped Adam on the shoulder. "Excuse me sir, but I believe this little one is looking for you. I think he needs a *c h a n g e*, if you know what I mean."

"Oh, uh, thank you, ma'am!" said the fox. He had let himself get too distracted. He picked up his otter buddy under the arms and theatrically sniffed his pants.

"Uh oh, somebody needs a diaper change," he said in a voice loud enough for everyone to hear.

"What are you talking about? I don't need a..." And then he noticed that he did indeed need a diaper change, and he went stony faced. "Adam. We're going home."

"Not until you get your change, little one,"

"*Now*, Adam."

"My, my, aren't we the bossy little one," said the bear, chuckling. "Do you need some help there, foxy? Looks like he's going to be a handful."

"And just who the hell are you?" asked the little otter.

The fox's expression of consternation changed as a mischievous grin crossed his muzzle.

"You know what, I *could* use some help. Thank you, er...Ha! I still don't know your real name!"

"Bryson. And you must be Adam. And what about the little bundle of joy here?"

"This little stinker is named Frank. Now that the introductions are out of the way, let's get this pamper packer changed!"

“No! No! Nooo-mmmf!” cried the otter, as the bear scooped him up and popped the paci dangling from his shortalls into his mouth.

The patrons of the restaurant seemed to find this scene very amusing. There was quite a bit of laughter and a few people clapped.

“We do parties and playdates too!” called the fox. “Wave bye-bye to your new friends from the playground, little guy,” said Adam, as they departed into the bathroom.

In the bathroom, the otter was laid on the changing station directly opposite the door.

“Step aside, fox, and let me show you how it’s done!”

The bear grinned as he grabbed all the supplies from the diaper bag. Being the big brother to a dozen or so bear cubs had made him a practiced hand at changing a bigger toddler’s diaper. Frank’s shortalls were quickly removed as all the buttons flew apart with a quick yank from the bear.

Before Frank knew what hit him, his diaper was off, and the wipes were flying across his fur. He whined into his pacifier at the humiliation of being changed in plain view as various patrons entered and left the restroom, but there was nothing he could do that wouldn’t prolong the process further, so he just lay there while the bear wiped down his crotch and lifted his legs to clean under his tail.

In no time at all, Bryson had the soiled diaper balled up and into the trash, and a fresh diaper was slid under the otter’s behind, brought up spreading his freshly powdered legs apart, and taped tightly around his waist. The fox gathered up the shortalls and stuffed them in the diaper bag, leaving the otter in just his onesie which was already being snapped up by the bear.

“There we go, all fresh and cute as a button!” said Bryson, giving the otter a pat on the butt.

The otter grunted into his paci and pointed frantically to the bag, wishing for his shortalls back.

“Now, now, little ott tot,” said the fox. You can wear your favorite shortalls again once they’ve been washed. You’re plenty dressed as you are, now let’s get you out of here and back home.”

The bear and the fox made sure to exchange numbers before they left.

“You know,” said Bryson, with a wink, “in case you ever need a babysitter... or a boyfriend!”

Back in the car, the little otter was furious. As soon as they were both inside, he spit out his paci and let the fox have it.

“This time you’ve gone too far, Adam! When I get out of this thing I’m gonna... I’m gonna...I don’t even know what I’m gonna do, I’m so angry!”

The poor otter was exasperated and exhausted from playing.

“Loosen up, kiddo. I saw you playing in the ball pit, don’t tell me you didn’t have fun.”

“Okay, fine. I may have had a *little* fun. But I never asked to be treated like a baby! Don’t you get that, you idiot?”

“All I know is that was the longest I’ve seen you relax and have fun since I’ve known you, and I think you needed that little break,” said the fox, with a hurt expression on his face.

“Did you ever stop to think that maybe I don’t *want* your help? Did you ever think maybe it’s time you got a *life* Adam, and stop ruining *mine*?”

Adam flinched at each inflected word as if he had been hit, his ears folded back as he cried out, “I’m only doing this because I love you!”

The fox covered his mouth. He had let the ‘L’ word slip before he could stop himself.

“Y-you, what?” said the otter, suddenly lost for words.

Chapter 3: You Heard the Man

Adam brought his paws away from his muzzle and sighed.

“Yes, Frank. I love you. Always have.”

Frank was stunned. He looked down and furrowed his brow.

“Well... I... love you too,” the otter begrudgingly growled, causing the fox’s ears to perk up a bit. “But I’m still very angry with you,” he added quickly. “What were you *thinking* embarrassing me like that?”

“Frank, I... I’m sorry.” The fox sighed, hanging his head in shame. “Ever since I’ve known you you’ve been so *unhappy*, and it- it hurts so bad to see you like that, Frank. I always tried to be there for you and show you that you weren’t alone, but nothing I did seemed to help.”

Their eyes met in the rearview mirror. Frank never thought that his roommate could be anything other than sunny and enthusiastic. He never imagined that his moody demeanor had any effect on Adam at all.

“And then you started having accidents, and I finally had something I could *do* for you. I know you’re not a real baby, Frank, but I just thought... I don’t know, I thought that maybe you would finally see me as something more than just a stupid annoying fox.”

“I know what you’re doing, Adam,” said the otter, shaking his finger at the pitiful looking fox. “You’re doing that *thing* where you turn the conversation *around* on me. But it won’t work *this* time! Do you hear? Hey! No crying, now. Stop it! That’s not fair!”

“All I wanted was to see you smile,” said the fox between sobs, “and you were smiling in there! Laughing, even! I thought I finally did something *right* for a change, but all I did was fuck everything up! Again!”

The fox bared his teeth and pounded the steering wheel as he spat out these final words.

“Adam! You...” The otter stopped and sighed. “you didn’t fuck up. I didn’t mean to call you stupid. I was just... Look, I know you meant well. And maybe I have been too hard on you lately. Can we just forget the whole thing and go back to being normal adult roommates?”

“Is being my little guy the worst thing in the world? Can’t you let me *try* to make the person I love happy, Frank? Even for a little while?”

“Now don’t give me that look, Adam. Stop it! You’re gonna make me cry too!” The otter felt a lump in his throat as he looked at his friend’s pitiful face. “Aw shit, Adam. If it means that much to you, I’ll try it your way... for a *little* while.”

“Y-you will? You’ll really give it a try? You promise?”

“Yes, Adam, I promise. Now will you stop with the waterworks before you get us both killed? You’re still driving!”

The fox sniffled and nodded, beginning to brighten up again.

“Thank you, Frank. Just don’t forget your promise when you see the house,” said the fox.

“Oh god, what did you do Adam? Adam? Adam!!”

The front door of the apartment opened to reveal a very fussy otter being carried by a very happy fox.

Frank gasped as he laid eyes on the living room. It looked like a pre-school and a nursery had collided, and then a toy truck decided it was a good time to crash through the wall and join the party. He wriggled out of Adam’s grasp and rushed around, asking a million questions about what happened to their apartment.

"Adam? Why is there a playpen in the middle of the living room?"

"It's to keep fussy otters from getting into trouble while Daddy's busy."

"Why is there a gate blocking the kitchen?"

"You lost your kitchen privileges yesterday when you ran off in the middle of cooking dinner, remember?"

"Why is there a lock on the bathroom door?"

"You're wearing your bathroom, sweetie. What do you need to go in there for?"

Frank walked into his room and stopped dead in his tracks.

"Adam?" he said in a slow, calm voice. "...What did you do with my bed? ...And my dresser? ...and EVERYTHING ELSE IN MY ROOM?!"

"Uhhh.... SURPRISE!" said the fox, smiling and throwing out his hands.

"No, no, no, no , NO, NO, NO!!" said the otter in a rising fury. "This is..."

The only things remaining from that morning were things Adam had given to Frank. The calendar still sat on the wall, which was now covered in colorful decals of forest animals and scenery. The noise machine now sat on an open shelf below a big changing table, next to stacks of babyish diapers. And the fox plush was in a blue crib big enough to easily hold a full-grown fussy otter.

“This is not going to work! My room mate’s crazy! I think I might just have to kill him,” said the otter, pacing and speaking to himself rapidly.

“Now hold on, Frank. You promised you’d try it *my* way for a while, didn’t you?”

“Adam, I didn’t expect you to toddler-proof the house and turn my room into a nursery!”

“Of course you didn’t! That’s what makes it a surprise, silly!” said the fox, booping the otter’s nose.

“Adam! Come on, I mean... look at this place!” said the otter, sliding open his colorful new dresser drawers to find nothing but more diapers and baby clothes. “It’s...It’s...”

“Perfect for my little boy?” asked the fox, scooping the otter up and bringing him over to the crib.

“Adam...” said the otter. “I’m warning you... if you put me in that crib...”

“A promise is a promise, kiddo,” said the fox, “didn’t your parents ever teach you that?”

“That’s not fair,” said the otter, pouting as the fox looked down at his pocket, and pulled out his cell phone to answer a call.

“Speaking of parents, it’s your mom calling! Ooh, it’s a video call. Wonder what she wants?”

“Don’t you answer that phone, Ad-”

“Hello, Mrs. Otter!”

Frank smacked his forehead with his paw and dragged it down his face as an older woman’s voice filled the room.

“Why hello, Adam. I’m so sorry to disturb you but my little Frank isn’t answering his phone.”

Frank was frantically trying to signal Adam to say he wasn't home, but his roommate, seemingly oblivious to the significance of his gesticulations, just shot him a thumbs up.

"Oh, he's right here. Would you like to talk to him?"

"Why yes. It's the funniest thing, you see. I saw a 'viral video' today of some otter being dressed up as a baby by a fox... and I could swear they looked just like you and Frank!"

"Yes! That was us! Today!"

"Noooo," said his Mom, sounding amused. "You're pulling my leg!"

"No, I'm really not. See? Here he is!" The fox turned the camera so that Mrs. Otter could get a clear view of Frank in his crib in nothing but a diaper and onesie.

"I think he must really want to talk to you because he's been waving at me like crazy!"

"Oh my goodness," said his mother, covering her mouth. "Isn't that just the cutest thing! I haven't seen him like that in... well, since he was a baby!"

"Isn't it just?" said the fox. "And it's no surprise to me that he went viral. He's just about the cutest thing on two legs! Oh, but I can't imagine how it feels to know your son's a celebrity!"

"Oh, Just wait 'til I tell my bridge club," said Mrs. Otter. "They'll get a kick out of this! Oh! Herb! Get over here. Take a look at your son!"

This can't be happening, thought Frank. I must be in some terrible nightmare. Please let me wake up now!

A stocky looking otter in a baseball cap appeared on the screen.

"This better be good, Mama. I'm watchin' the game!"

He took a casual sip of his canned beer, then he looked down at the screen.

Here it comes, thought Frank. The old hardass is gonna let me have it!

"Wahahaha!" his father bellowed. "Well hey there, squirt! Is it nap time already? You were right, Mama, this is way better than watchin' the game! What's the matter son, cat got your tongue?"

“This little guy sure was talkative a minute ago,” said Adam. “I couldn’t get him to sleep!”

“I was just telling Adam that the ladies at bridge night are going to flip when they hear that my Frank is the biggest baby otter that’s all over the internet right now.”

“Zat so?” said Papa Otter, taking another sip from his beer and smiling down at the cute image of his son on the screen. He seemed a lot nicer than when Frank was an adult, Frank thought. Wait, he *was* an adult. All this baby treatment was getting to his head.

“I could bring him by bridge night if you want. That’ll really knock their socks off!”

“Oh would you?” said Mrs. Otter. “Oh, the ladies would absolutely flip!”

“Oh no, don’t do that, now,” said Papa otter. “If you let those old ladies get their paws on him, there’ll be nothing left for you to take back home! Those old ladies are vicious!”

“Oh Herb, stop!” said Mrs. Otter, batting at Papa Otter playfully.

“Heyyy, I’m just jokin’ around,” he said, holding up his hands in surrender.

“Well, since you’re here, I might as well ask your advice,” said Adam. “This little guy is being a fussy pants and won’t go down for his nap. Do you all have any tricks that could help me get him to settle down and go to sleep?”

“Well,” said Mrs. Otter, “I know what always worked for me is I’d sing him a lullaby, or play some music and he’d go right to sleep.”

“No, no,” said Papa Otter, “what you do is, you put a little rum on your finger, see, and then you give it to the kid and it knocks ‘em right out! That’s an old trick. Works every time!”

“Herb! You never did that, did you?”

“Maybe once or twice! Ow, hey!” he fended his wife off as she batted at him.

“Thanks Mr. and Mrs. Otter, you’ve been a real help!”

“Hey, no problem, kids!” said Papa Otter. “Now I’m getting out of here before Mama Otter has me over a barrel.”

“Oh, and Adam.”

“Yes, Mrs. Otter?”

“Be honest with me now, because Frank will never give me a straight answer. Are you and Frank... you know...”

“Happy?” asked Adam. “Very. Ah, but, we’re not boyfriends if that’s what you mean. It’s more of a... father-son type deal. No offense to Mr. Otter.”

“None taken,” said Mr. Otter. “I always said my Frank wasn’t the marrying type. I mean when a single guy his age has the same roommate for seven years, you gotta kinda put two and two together, you know what I mean?”

“Herb!” said Mrs. Otter, elbowing her husband in the ribs.

“What? I’m just-”

“Well, I can’t say I completely understand it,” said Mrs. Otter, turning her attention back to the screen, “but as long as you two are happy, I’m happy too. But you’d better be ready to share, Adam. Since Frank’s not going to be giving me grandkids, I want my turn at looking after the little one too!”

“Sure thing, Mrs. Otter,” said Adam. “I’ll see you at bridge night!”

“Ooh yes, see you then!” she said, clapping.

“Noooo...” whined Frank, burying his face in his hands. He couldn’t believe his parents were going along with this. He would rather they got angry and told him to grow up!

“You listen to Adam, Frank,” said Papa Otter in a voice that hovered between humorous and stern, “I’m not too old to come over and whup you myself if you cause too much fuss!”

“Thanks Mr. Otter, I’m sure he’ll remember.”

“Well, you heard the man,” said Adam, putting his phone back in his pocket. “You’d better listen to Daddy or you’re gonna have a very sore butt!”

Frank just crossed his arms and huffed as he was gently coaxed into a lying position by his new Daddy.

“Did anyone ever tell you you play dirty, Adam?”

The fox smiled.

“All the time. I’m a sly fox, after all,” he said, tucking Frank in like a little otter burrito and turning on the little sheep mobile above his head.

“Do you really think I can take a nap after that fiasco? I’m never going to be able to sleep again! My life is over. I’m... I’m...”

The otter let out a big yawn as the sheep began to spin and play a lullaby tune.

“There, there, little otter pop,” Said the fox, grabbing the otter’s comfort items as his eyes began to droop. “You’re just cranky from all that running around in the ball pit today. Here ya go, take your little foxy friend, and here’s your paci. There ya go, sleep tight, kiddo.”

The otter was still mumbling something into his binkie as his eyes closed and he nodded off. Finally all that could be heard was the suckling of his binky as the fox petted him.

“Such a cute lil’ guy,” he smiled, looking down at his former roommate. “I can’t wait to get those adoption papers approved.”

He turned on the baby monitor and left the sleeping otter to rest, but not before snapping another cute selfie with his sleeping boy and posting it on his SnoutPage. Then he stepped out of the room and made another call.

“Hey, Bryson! Yeah, I think this little guy’s gonna be more of a handful than I expected. Would you mind coming over and maybe staying for a night or ten? Of course you should bring the duffel bag. Always bring the duffel bag! Is that even a question? Alright, I’ll send you the address. See you soon!”

Chapter 4: Gay Dads Being Gay Together

Frank awoke to the sound of a fox making some very concerning noises from the other room. After a few minutes of rolling around, he managed to get himself unrolled from his burrito-like swaddling.

“What’s all that racket, I wonder?”

Frank struggled to pull himself up over the tall rails, but he managed to do it, although he wished he hadn’t when he saw how high up he was. He gulped and gripped onto the rails for dear life as he slid down, and landed with a squish on his bottom. He winced as he realized he was both wet and messy – again. No time for that now, though, he had to find out what was happening to Adam.

He toddled over to the door and into the hall. The sounds were louder here. He heard some thumping music coming from Adam’s room, and moaning, like maybe he had banged his knee really bad or something. He went over and pushed the door to Adam’s room open. Frank’s jaw dropped, as he saw a scene that could never be wiped clean from his mind.

There was his fox friend bent over his bed with a bear paw planted firmly in his rear. The room was strewn with sex toys. Cuffs, gags, dildos, you name it, and a very empty duffel bag was tossed to the side.

“Oh yeah, Daddy, do it just like that!” cried Adam.

Frank would have shit himself right there if he hadn’t already emptied his bowels at some point during his nap.

“A-Adam? B-B-Bryson?!” he finally squeaked out. The two furs turned to look at him.

“Oh!” said Adam, wide eyed and clearly caught with his pants down.

“What are you doing out of bed, little one?” asked Bryson, putting his paws on his hips and consequently pulling the moaning fox along with them. “Oops,” he said. “Hold on, foxy. Let me...here, maybe if I just... no, you go that way! The other way!”

“S-sorry,” squeaked the otter, his face positively glowing with embarrassment.

Frank quickly slipped out and ran back to his room while the bear used his available limbs to try and extricate himself from Frank’s roommate. Frank was at a loss. He didn’t really understand what was happening anymore with all the sudden changes happening around him, and he didn’t know what to do next. All of the set behaviors and routines he could usually fall back on were out the nursery window. He looked around.

Well, he supposed the first step was to change out of his dirty diaper. He toddled over to the changing table and picked up the nearest crinkly undergarment. It was then he realized he'd never really changed himself out of a diaper before and he didn't know where to begin. Just then, the door to his room flew open, and two very sweaty, panting men walked in.

"Hey *huff* there *huff* sport," panted Adam, stopping to rest with his hands on his knees. "You weren't *huff* supposed to see that!"

"No, he wasn't," said Bryson in a stern voice. "That's Daddy time, it's not for little otters' eyes! Now do you mind explaining what you were doing out of your crib, little man?"

Frank suddenly felt very guilty, even though once again, he had done nothing out of the ordinary.

"I-I-I woke up," stuttered Frank, "and I heard Adam making noises. I thought he was... uh... hurt. So I..."

"You got out of your crib by yourself?" asked Bryson, finishing his sentence.

Frank nodded and looked down at his feet.

"You know you could have hurt yourself, little one, don't you?" said Adam, finally catching his breath. "You should know better than that, kiddo!"

Frank didn't know better than that, and he said so with as much confidence as he could muster.

"Well, 'I didn't know better' just isn't gonna cut it, kiddo," said Bryson. "I see you've already got your diaper picked out. That's a good boy. Up on the changing table you go, then we're going to have a little talk about how good baby otters should behave!"

Bryson picked up the otter under the arms and plopped him down on the changing table with another squelch. Frank cringed as he was lowered onto his back, smushing the contents of his diaper even further in every direction. The bear unsnapped his onesie and passed it off to the fox who put it in a bright red yellow and blue hamper.

"Boy, where does it all come from?" the bear asked the fox, as he untaped the diaper to reveal the disaster area that was the otter's rump. "It's bigger than he is!"

"Don't I know it," said the fox, waving his hand in front of his face. "He's a stinky boy, this one!"

“Well, don’t you worry kiddo, ol’ Bryson’ll take care of you. This ain’t my first rodeo.”

And just as before, the bear used his years of experience raising siblings to make cleanup a snap. Adam was taking mental notes of how the bear was dealing with Frank. He seemed to know how to get the otter’s fussy nature under control with just a glance, or a well-phrased statement.

“Okay, kiddo, you’re all clean. Does that feel better?”

Frank nodded and blushed as his dirty diaper was gobbled up by the new dino-shaped diaper pail. Bryson was new. He didn’t like new. He was shy around new.

“I can see you’re still havin a tough time with all this baby stuff, huh?” he continued, eliciting another nod from the otter. “It’s all so new, and you only just started having accidents. Yes, Adam told me everything,” Bryson added, in answer to the otter’s questioning look.

“Adam,” whined the otter.

“Oh come on,” said Adam, “do you really think your accidents can be kept a secret at this point? You’re incontinent, kiddo. Plain and simple.”

The bear held up a paw, and Adam shut up. *Thank goodness for small blessings*, thought the otter. He was tense enough talking to this unknown quantity without Adam’s two cents.

“Here’s the deal, kiddo. You play ball with me and Adam, and I’ll make sure you have a little more freedom. We won’t keep you cooped up in the playpen or crib. And you can wander around to your heart’s content when there’s an adult nearby – as long as you keep an eye on your grownups and make sure you don’t lose them! Can you be a responsible otter and show us that you don’t need to be locked up all the time to keep you out of trouble?”

The otter blinked in surprise as the bear laid out his proposal. After a few moments’ consideration, he nodded.

“Y-yeah,” said the otter, relaxing a bit. “I can do that.”

He appreciated being offered a measure of independence, even if it was just a small step toward what he could do before.

“That’s my good boy!” said the bear, rubbing the otter's tummy and jostling him about in a playful manner. Frank couldn’t help but laugh as he was buffeted about by the bigger man’s powerful arms.

“Now let’s get you dressed and outta this stuffy nursery, huh? You can check out the toys in here once it’s cleared out a bit.”

“Ooh, video games!” Said the bear as they made their way into the living room. “Look at all these titles!”

Frank perked up at that. He liked video games too!

“Stay away from the top shelf,” said Adam. “Those are the mature games – too adult for little ones like Frank.”

“Oh yeah, sure. We won’t play those when you’re not looking.”

The bear winked at the otter who grinned behind his paws.

“You two are dangerous together,” said the fox, who couldn’t resist grinning as well. “I’m going to have to keep my eye on two big kids now, aren’t I?”

“Psh, dream on pipsqueak,” said the bear. “You’re not gonna tell me what to do! I could fold you in half and put you in my luggage! And don’t think that means I can’t do the same to you, munchkin,” he said to Frank, lest he forget.

The fox just laughed and let the boys pick out a stack of games from the approved selection. It looked like it would be video games for the rest of the afternoon.

Frank and Bryson actually got along really well, and the little otter’s shyness was soon forgotten as they bonded over ‘Smash Siblings’ and even a little bit of ‘Grand Theft Felony Offense’, which Adam pretended not to notice as he tried his hand at cooking dinner.

When dinner was finally ready, they stopped the game, and the big bear let Frank run ahead to the table. He sauntered up to the fox and gave him a playful little bite on the scruff of his neck.

“Mmm... dinner’s looking good!” said the bear, eyeing the fox up and down.

“Oh please don’t eat me Mr. Bear,” said Adam, throwing his arm over his forehead and looking to the ceiling. “I’m all tough and wiry, not like that roly-poly burrito over there!”

“Mm, that tater tot will barely fill my belly! Dinner better be good, or I might just have to eat *you* for dessert!”

The fox yipped as the bear smacked his butt and he hustled the pot of pasta over to the dinner table.

“Don’t threaten me with a good time!” said the fox, grinning back at the big bear.

Frank rolled his eyes at the corny exchange, but he was happy to see Adam finally getting a little attention from someone that wasn’t just from being the loudest person in the room. Bryson wasn’t such a bad development after all, he decided.

“Ready for a seat in the captain’s chair, kiddo?” said the bear, lifting the otter up and over the highchair.

“Hmm, I guess if I get to be *captain*...” said the otter, smirking back at the bear and raising an eyebrow.

“Oh, so now we’re bargaining, huh? Okay, captain Franky. I accept your terms,” said Bryson, lowering the otter onto the padded cushion and tightening the straps at his waist and crotch. “Everything’s ship-shape here, what’s your first order, Cap’n?”

“I command you to swab the poop deck.”

“Already did that in the nursery, Cap’n.”

“Then... bring me my dinner. The captain is hungry.”

“You got it, Cap’n! Right away!”

The bear returned with a ‘Pawsome-Squad’ toddler bowl full of spaghetti and meatballs, and a matching bib.

“Is this to your liking, Cap’n?”

The otter appraised the meatballs and finally gave a curt nod.

“It’s acceptable,” he said with a wave.

“And who would you like to serve you dinner tonight, Cap’n? Quartermaster Adam, or your First Mate, Bryson?”

“I’ll let you have the honor,” said Frank, crossing his arms and smirking.

Adam was amazed at the entire exchange. Not only was Frank playing along with Bryson’s silly seafaring scenario, he was actually willingly agreeing to being put into a highchair and being fed. Not even Adam thought he could get away with trying to feed

Frank by hand. But there they were doing just that, and not a scowl or sarcastic comeback in sight. He was definitely gonna have to hang onto this one. He smiled to himself as he tucked into his own plate of food.

Frank was definitely not ready for bed when dinner was finished. He was too amped up on the toddler energy of Bryson's pirate game, and whatever the fox had put into the spaghetti recipe.

"You put sugar in the sauce, didn't you?" asked the bear, as he watched the otter run around the living room like a toddler on a juice binge.

"Sure! Isn't that what everybody does?"

"How much did you put in?"

"Oh, about one... two... cups," said the fox.

"Oh boy," said the bear, rubbing the bridge of his nose. "Okay, here's what we gotta do..."

The two of them maneuvered themselves to corner the little otter behind the couch. When Frank tried to run past them, the bear swooped him up with his extensive reach and ran him toward the bathroom like a football.

"Code! Code!!!" said the bear, jogging in place as the fox rushed to put his paws on the pinpad.

The door blinked green, and the three of them spilled into the bathroom.

The fox frantically ran the bath while the bear grabbed Frank's new space themed toothbrush and pumped a dollop of bubblegum sparkle toothpaste on the bristles.

"Hurry up, Franky. You're a hot potato! We gotta get you prepped before you explode!"

"Hot potato?!" said Frank, caught up in the manic energy of the moment. "Oh no! What do I do?"

"Quick! Show me your chompers!"

The otter bared his teeth and the bear quickly brushed them and had him spit before splooshing him in the warm bath water. The fox had poured about half a bottle of bubble bath into the tub and the room began to fill with suds as they frantically rubbed

the little potato into a rich lather. Soon they were all covered in bubbles, and the three of them just squeezed into the tub, laughing and blinded by a wall of bubbles that had filled half of the bathroom.

“It’s a good thing we didn’t get dressed after our hot Daddy time earlier, huh Bryson?”

“Oh, yeah, huh? I didn’t even realize. I’m pretty much a nudist around the house anyway. Hey, is someone peeing on me? Frank!”

“Hey, at least he’s doing it in the tub!”

“Wait a second. He’s still wearing his diaper! ...Adam!!!” cried the bear, swatting blindly through the bubbles.

“What? I’m just trying something new!”

“Not with the kid in the tub, Adam! You’re gonna give him ideas! Do *you* want to clean up pee from every corner of the house?”

The otter giggled at the two furs play-fighting above him. As much as he hated to admit it, this day was the most fun he’d had in a long time. Maybe Adam was onto something. And he could at least play along for a little while. After all, it was just Adam and Bryson. It wasn’t like there was anyone there to see them. And a promise was a promise, after all. He smiled, knowing no one would see it behind all those suds. Yeah, he could play along for a little longer. Nobody had to know he was actually enjoying himself for a change.

After a good long rinse, the suds were cleared away, as was the otter’s soggy diaper.

“Okay, kiddo,” said the bear, putting the next part of his plan into action. “You’re all clean and brushed, and time for a change, then you know what happens next, don’t you?”

“I have to go to bed?” asked the otter, already preparing his pout.

“No,” said Bryson. “We get to meet all your new stuffed friends and put *them* to bed. Then we’ll read ‘em a story and say goodnight, and you’ll be the last one up cuz you’re the biggest!”

The otter clapped at this idea. He didn’t mind putting *other* babies to bed.

Bryson flew the otter down the hall, easily holding him aloft with his powerful arms. All the way over to the changing table, where the fox took his turn to change the

little guy. Frank was in such a good mood that he was even giggling at Adam's familiar routine of picking out the 'coolest' diaper for the night.

"Hmm, what'll it be tonight, champ? Baby llamas...puppies... Ohhh, I remember what you like," he said, with a foxy grin. "How about... Dinosaurs!"

"Yeah! Dinosaurs!" Frank clapped. Little did Frank know that while the fox was getting him into his nightly diaper, Bryson was busy hiding his new collection of plushies all around the nursery.

"Alright, kiddo," said the big bear. "Your mission should you choose to accept it is to find all the little critters and get them to bed!"

The fox and the bear followed behind their little toddler calling out words of encouragement as he gathered up the plushies, some of which were actually as big as the otter himself.

"There ya go, kiddo!" said Adam. "That guy was really high up there, wasn't he? What's his name? Softie? Yeah, that's a great name! Quick, get him in the crib!"

Adam gave Frank's padded bottom a pat and a nudge to usher him off.

"Now remember," said Bryson, "you gotta give 'em each a kiss on the head and say good night or they won't stay in bed."

Adam smiled as he watched Frank do that with each and every plush in the nursery. He wished he had ordered more nanny cams from Posh Kosh, but the 5 angles he had set up in this room would have to do for tonight.

Once they were all collected, Frank climbed up into the crib after them with a little help from the two larger furs, and they helped him read a bedtime story to all the plushies.

"Uh oh, looks like they're pretty sleepy," said Bryson. "What about you, little otter?"

"Nope, not even a little," said Frank with a big yawn.

"Well, then how about one of my world-famous bear massages?" asked Bryson.

This was Adam's cue to start the nursery music.

Soon, Frank was melting into the plastic covered mattress of the crib as the bear's warm paws massaged out any hint of tension from his little otter body. Frank

rolled over on his back once the massage was finished and looked up at the two smiling furs above him.

“Oh wow... that’s... this is so relaxing...”

“I’m glad you’re relaxed Frank,” said Adam. “Didn’t I tell you you’d like it if you gave it a chance?”

“Okay fine,” said the otter. “Maybe I could get used to this. I mean, as long as Bryson keeps handing out bear massages, that is.”

“It’s a deal kiddo,” said Bryson, ruffling Frank’s head fur.

Bryson put his arm around Adam’s shoulder, and the fox looked up at him with a tender smile.

“Now say goodnight to your two daddies,” said the bear.

Frank’s eyebrows went up – just for a second -- as he took in this new information.

“Goodnight Daddies,” he said, without a moment’s hesitation, and he smiled and closed his eyes as he popped in his pacifier and cuddled up to Softie and Baby Bear.

Adam made a silent fist pump and mouthed a big ‘thank you’ to Bryson as he savored the moment. This was by far the biggest highlight of the past seven years for him. Finally hearing the words he’d longed to hear since he’d fallen for the little guy and set his mind on adopting him.

Once the little otter was finally locked in his crib for the night, Adam and Bryson had some time to themselves snuggling on the couch.

“Wow. Today was a day. Definitely not what I expected when I got up this morning!” said the fox, leaning back against the bear.

“Yeah, me neither,” said the bear, his deep voice rumbling into Adam’s back as he hugged the fox to his chest.

“Wow, a man who knows how to use his paws to take care of a needy fox *and* take care of a fussy toddler”

“And I can cook!” the bear reminded him.

“How are you so good with the little guy, anyway?” asked Adam. “I’ve never gotten him to do the things I saw him do today.”

“Oh, you just gotta realize that he’s not a baby...” The bear let the statement hang in the air for a second as Adam cocked his head, before adding, “He’s a toddler!”

“Oh. My. Gosh...” said Adam, covering his open mouth with his paw, “I should have known! That makes so much sense! Because... uh... um... What’s the difference between a baby and a toddler again?”

“Well, toddlers are more active, and they crave independence. If you let ‘em feel like they have a choice, they won’t question why that choice is between a bottle or sippy cup. They’ll just be happy they’re in the captain’s chair!”

“That makes sense,” said Adam. “I do the same thing with his diapers and baby clothes, only it doesn’t work so well.”

“Well, it seemed to work tonight!”

“Yeah, okay, after you warmed him up.” Adam said, rolling his eyes. The fox looked thoughtful. “Huh. I guess he’s a toddler then.... But the nursery stays,” he added, resolutely.

“Oh, yes, definitely.”

“And I’m still gonna have my fun making him blush when we go out too. I mean it’s kind of our thing.”

“Sure, foxy, whatever you say. You’re the captain!”

The fox raised an eyebrow and looked at the bear.

“Don’t try your mind tricks on me, man,” said the fox, pulling away to face the bear fully. “I *invented* mind games.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it, foxy. You’re far too clever for me!” said the bear, holding up his paws in surrender.

“Glad you understand,” said Adam, crossing his arms and giving a decisive nod. Of course he knew that the bear was toying with him, but that just made him all the more attractive. He broke the silence and sexual tension that followed with a sound somewhere between a cough and a whine.

“Bryson, how are you so awesome? Did you know you would get along with me and Frank when you saw us at McBurger’s?”

“I knew I liked you, the little one was just the icing on the cake! Speaking of which, I see you squirming, and I think it’s time for dessert.”

The bear picked up the fox and carried him toward the bedroom.

“So, do you want another fist or do you want your mouth stuffed first?”

“You’re doing the toddler thing with *me* now, aren’t you?”

“Hehe, you catch on quick, foxy.”

“Well, then, plunder me booty, I guess!”

“Hehe, see? I *knew* I liked you, foxy.”

Epilogue: Happy Family

Six months had passed in the household, and a lot had happened in that time. They had moved to a much bigger house for starters. Pictures of the happy trio decorated every room telling the whole story. There was Frank dressed up as a pumpkin for Halloween, showing off his bag of treats to Bryson, while Adam's camera captured the perfect view of a diaper that was totally peeking the whole night. There was Adam and Bryson at their wedding, making them husband and husband, and some adorable photos of the baby shower they held when the formal adoption paperwork went through making them Frank's official parents. Of course Grandma and Grandpa Otter, as Frank's birth parents were now known, were a regular presence in their lives, and Bryson and Papa Otter hit it off like old friends, as they bonded over beers and sports in a way that Adam and Frank would never understand.

Frank's viral fifteen minutes of fame never died down, thanks to Adam's constant stream of adorable videos. The president of Posh Kosh himself had called Adam not long after he went on his little shopping spree, practically begging him to sign Frank for a long-term contract.

"Sales are through the roof! ...Lifetime supply! ...New mascot! ...Commercial spots!"

Those were the highlights of what Adam could make out from the president's nonstop stream of enthusiastic utterances. Of course he signed. Adam loved their clothes so much, they had him at lifetime supply! Besides, he loved capturing Frank's adorable antics on camera.

In fact, he was now in the middle of recording a Christmas unboxing video for the Posh Kosh FurTube channel.

"You're as bad as all my SnoutPage friends who got married and had kids," said Bryson. "Oh my gosh. Don't tell me you're going to make us have a joint SnoutPage account."

"Shush," said Frank. "I didn't get a personal call from the President of Posh Kosh by keeping this cutie all to myself. Besides, I made our joint SnoutPage months ago. Now quiet while I capture this precious moment of the baby playing with his new train set. Okay, kiddo! Action!"

The otter stood there in his striped shorts with his arms crossed. He hated this.

Adam put the Posh Kosh conductor cap on the grumpy little otter's head to complete the outfit, and placed Frank's paw on top of one of the trains, showing him how to play with his new toy train set.

"Choo! Choo!" said Adam, enthusiastically. "Now you try!"

"I'm not saying choo, choo, Adam!"

"You just did! Way to go!"

"That doesn't count Adam!"

"Does too! Now go on and play with your trains, I want a good video of my little boy having fun with his toys!"

"I'm not going to do it, Adam," said the otter, frowning and crossing his arms.

"I've got your mother on speed diallll," sang the fox.

The otter sighed.

"Choo. Choo." He growled, moving the train back and forth a few times.

"Great job, baby boy! That's the sound that trains make!"

"Great, now can you show me the sound a rock makes?"

"Franky, don't be silly! Rocks don't make any sou-"

"Exactly," said Frank, smirking, and walking off.

"Not so fast Franky," said Bryson, grabbing hold of the otter by his back straps. "You know better than that. What do you say?"

"Sorry, Daddies."

"That's right. If I catch you calling your Daddy by his first name again, I'll tan that hide! You're such a sweet otter when it's just us. Why do you have to be such a fussyface around everyone else?"

"Sorry, Daddy, it won't happen again," Frank lied.

The doorbell rang and in came Grandma and Grandpa otter, bearing yet more gifts for the tree.

"I hope we didn't miss all the excitement," said Papa Otter. "You wouldn't believe how long it takes this woman to get ready. You didn't have to change out of your church

clothes, you know,” he said, turning to his wife. “They were perfectly good for opening presents too!”

“Dear, that was almost 12 hours ago.”

“It ended after midnight! It still counts!”

“Go and watch your sports with Bryson dear. I know you two will find a way to escape to the man cave sooner or later. Adam, would you be a dear and help bring in the food from the car?”

“Leave the fruitcake! Trust me,” said Herb, behind his hand.

“I heard that, Herb! One of these days I’m going to take Adam up on his advice that wives of unruly husbands should ‘cage ‘em and peg ‘em’, don’t think I won’t, Herb. I already have it on my wishlist so Santa knows what to give to naughty husb- Oh my lorrrd... look at Franky! Oh, isn’t that just the cutest thing?”

Of course, she was absolutely right. Frank’s ‘Grumpy Choo-Choo’ video was already garnering millions of views and Posh Kosh would soon be sold out of their lil’ conductor outfits and toy train sets for months to come.

Soon, Bryson’s siblings all showed up with kids of their own in tow, and the house was a chaos of screaming and giggling kids, lively conversation, and too many cooks in the kitchen. Even Frank’s best friend Alan showed up – it turns out he was one of Bryson’s cousins that Bryson had been watching the day they met at McBurger’s.

Notably absent were Adam’s own parents. He had finally reached out to them, but he wasn’t surprised or upset when he didn’t hear back. He was happy with the family he had now.

“Help! I’m being cubnapped!” yelled Frank, as he was pulled off to play by the sea of cubs.

“Have fun, sweetheart!” said Adam, waving. “Bon Voyage!”

Later, as they unboxed the presents, it seemed everyone got something that made them smile with delight. Frank’s mom had indeed gotten the cage and pegging set she had wished for. It was labeled from Santa to Herb the Naughty Husband, much to Herb’s consternation, and everyone else’s amusement, and Bryson consoled the man, patting him on the back and telling him it wouldn’t be that bad. Bryson got a mug saying ‘World’s Best Dad and Husband’ from Adam and Frank, along with a letter saying how grateful they were to have him in their lives which made the bear tear up and hug them both. Adam got a pink collar from Bryson which he proudly wore right

away, and Frank got the latest edition of 'Grand Theft Felony Offense', also from Bryson, who winked at Frank as Adam blew a fuse.

"Heyyy! How did this get in here? This isn't age appropriate material for baby otters!"

Finally, everyone got together for a big family photo. And right in the middle was Frank, squeezed between his two dads, rolling his eyes with his paw on his chin as they kissed above him. The two men looked down and glanced at each other before giving Frank a big kiss on the head, and the camera clicked, capturing a smiling otter getting kisses from his two loving daddies.

Adam ran back to the digital camera, looked at the picture on screen, and smiled as he saw the image.

"This one's a keeper," he murmured to himself, smiling. And with that, he clicked off the camera and joined the family for the best family dinner he could ever hope for.