

Adam & Frank Part IV: Gay Dads Being Gay Together

By Champ ([Patreon.com/ChampTehOtter](https://www.patreon.com/ChampTehOtter))

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 consequentially 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 otters 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?"

"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 splashing him in the warm bath water. The fox had poured about half a bottle of bubblebath 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 headfur.

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 to 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 makin 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.”