

Alien's Diapered Pet Pt. 25-27

by Champ (champthehotter.com)

Spot learns all about dinner, bedtime, and bath time as his new and exciting life as a cherished and pampered pet continues, and he begins to suspect he's not the only little in the Beringan household...

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A Beringan dinner was quite a rowdy affair full of laughter, horseplay, singing, and of course, mischief. Despite Daddy's admonishments regarding my strict training, the moment his back was turned, my paci gag got 'lost', and my cock cage 'malfunctioned'. Then, it became a competition to see who could sneak me a sip of beer, feed me a bite of 'Big food,' or coax me closer to a diapered orgasm without him catching on.

"Hey, guys, come on!" Daddy said, spinning around to catch his mischievous brothers in the act of spoiling me for the umpteenth time. "No, no, Koa, don't feed him the— HEY! Lissenger! I said no beer! Are you trying to get him dru— *BERENGER!* Don't think I don't see you sneaking your paw down there!"

Koa froze mid-handoff, holding up a dripping spoonful of stew with an exaggerated look of innocence. Lissenger quickly ducked the mug behind his back, the amber liquid sloshing onto the seat below him. Berenger only grinned, unabashedly continuing to reach into the leghole of my diaper at half speed as I bit my lip.

"You are a bunch of big kids, do you know that?" Daddy fumed, batting Berenger's paw away. "Do I have to turn on my proximity sensors in the *Feasting Hall* of all places? I have half a mind to ask the Father to intervene..."

The three culprits stood there, shuffling their feet and avoiding eye contact as Daddy chewed them out, subtly looking over Daddy's shoulder and nodding to signal reinforcements. Before Daddy could finish scolding, three more relatives crept up behind him, snickering as they joined in the mischief. Moments later, Daddy wheeled around.

"HEY. What did I just— Grrr, you guys are hopeless!" Daddy growled, looking all around him in exasperation before throwing up his hands in surrender. "Fine. Do what you want with Spot. Just don't expect me to clean up after him when he makes a huge mess!" Defeated, Daddy plopped down on the bench in a huff as the brothers resumed spoiling me rotten.

A buff green marten named Vigga put an arm around Daddy's shoulders and squeezed.

"Now, now, don't mind them, lad. They're just excited to pay their respects to the clan's first pet. They'll get it out of their system... eventually. Anyway, tonight is your night. You've earned your first band, and we're all proud of you! Let's get you some ale and celebrate properly, eh?"

Daddy rolled his eyes, prompting another shoulder squeeze from Vigga.

"None of that, now! I taught you better than to scowl at the dinner table, especially on your banding day. Or are you trying to make your mentor look bad?" That got Daddy smiling at last, and I smiled too seeing him loosen up a bit. "Atta boy! There's that Beringas pride! Let's have a toast."

Daddy's kin soon had him forgetting all about his indignation as they plied him with drinks, backpats, and congratulations for a successful first venture.

It didn't take long for the room to erupt into song. They belted out tunes both familiar and improvised, waving their mugs in rhythm and laughing as they sang about battles, family, and even mundane pastimes. I was mortified when Lissenger struck up a tune about me:

"Spot's a cute adorable pet

You can be sure that he will be wet..."

My face turned beet red when Berenger joined in with his contribution:

"Spot likes milk and makes it too

Fills his diapers full of goo..."

The Father's addition was sweeter, bringing cheers and applause:

"Spot's our treasure head to toe

More important than he knows..."

Vigga rounded out the tune with another verse that had me beaming:

"Spot will never be alone,

He's found his place within our home..."

The verses kept coming, some heartfelt, some downright embarrassing. The assembled Beringans seemed to have their own system for deciding which lines would become cannon in "Spot's Song," and the ones that made me blush the hardest always earned the loudest cheers. I cringed, blushed, and giggled as they held me aloft, fawning over me and filling the room with raucous applause. Daddy, too, found himself on the receiving end of the family's affections. In fact, once he loosened up, I didn't see that smile leave his face the whole time.

I was overwhelmed by the love and attention, but no matter how excited they got, the big beasts were careful not to be too rough with me. Over the course of the night, I got to try all the Beringan dishes, relishing the opportunity to break my restrictive diet. They also got me rather tipsy, feeding me strange ales and giggling at my reactions, particularly at the more bitter or sour ones. And of course they were endlessly fascinated with my boy parts, finding every excuse to examine me closely with their curious paws.

I don't know how long we were there, but I do know I got many more enthusiastic (and often completely unnecessary) diaper changes before Daddy picked me up to place me in my stroller, pronouncing it bedtime for the family pet. Suddenly, my pacifier reappeared and my cage ceased to malfunction. With a promise to be good, the pacifier did not go back in my mouth, but the departure was far from over; everyone had to pet their favorite little human on his way out!

I giggled as I was petted and tickled by more paws than I could count, with several family members coming back for seconds. A chorus of waves and farewells rang through the air as my caretakers rolled me out of the Dining hall, my stomach heavy with beer and treats and my balls much lighter than when I arrived.

As the cool evening air hit us, I could suddenly smell the ale on my breath. Fireflies — or something very like them — flitted through the purple dusk as we strolled over the softly lit grounds.

"Well, Spot certainly is a hit with the boys!" Said Daddy, chuckling. "Though they certainly do spoil him. I think half of the family has a mind to try and take him for themselves!"

"Can you blame them, Sir?" asked Laffy. "He's the cutest thing on two legs!"

"I think *everyone* is happy and proud of your achievement, Master," added Maffy. "They're just showing they care."

"Uh huh," said Daddy, smirking. "Or they just like to cause mischief!"

While the trio reminisced about the day's events, I sorted through my own thoughts. Despite all the attention, the *groping*, and the alcohol, I'd managed to glean a bit more about my new '*family*' and the world they inhabited. Added to the other tidbits I'd picked up along the way, I suddenly had a lot to consider.

The Beringas Clan: On the surface, they looked like a bunch of big, friendly, green-furred mustelids: An excitable skunk, a fierce badger, my goofy marten daddy, the fatherly wolverine, and the rest. But beneath their playful exterior lay a formidable intelligence and a strong warrior spirit.

Beringans saw themselves as modern warriors, though based on what I'd overheard between Nyctos and Daddy in the market, it had been quite some time since any real war had broken out involving the core clans. Even so, Beringan's lives were far from mundane. Several of their merry songs featured graphic tales of mayhem and mischief that were relatively recent events. With such exciting topics as thwarting space pirates, defeating beasts barehanded, and casually chopping off the heads of surprised assassins, Nyctos' words rang true: One underestimated a Beringan at their own peril. I was fortunate to be on their good side.

Powerful, respected, dangerous. And I was somehow one of their pets. Which brought me back to my own preposterous situation: Diapered and helpless as I was wheeled back toward my comfortable, colorful, *inescapable* nursery. I had no control. I couldn't even take off my own *diapers* anymore thanks to Daddy's fancy alien tech. And worst of all, I was to blame.

This was exactly what I *said* I wanted before Daddy snatched me from my home, and he never let me forget it. Then again, after meeting *Princess*, I had a feeling pets like me often ended up in diapers one way or another, no matter what they did.

For an advanced society, they sure had an unenlightened view on sentient rights. My very existence here was... problematic. What if someone else saw me and wanted a human for themselves? Hadn't Daddy said something about humans being unprotected? That sounded ominous, but I had no way of knowing the true extent of the danger to humanity, and frankly, I didn't want to think about it right then.

My dark thoughts were put on pause when we entered my nursery. The crib, the colorful foam floor, the soft music, and the gentle lighting felt like an invitation to finally relax and turn off my brain after a long day full of unfamiliar people and places. Daddy smiled down at me as he unstrapped me from my stroller.

"We've had quite a day, haven't we, little guy?" he said, slipping a couple fingers in the leg hole to check for wetness. "Hmm, I don't think we need to give you another

diaper change before bed. We can also skip rubbies and let your little bits have a rest, seeing as my brothers took care of *that* little need several times over tonight."

"Thank you Daddy," I sighed, relieved for the respite. Daddy kissed me on the head causing me to melt a bit and wet my diaper.

"That's my good boy. I'll let the boys put you to bed. If you want to stay up a little later with them, that's fine, but don't forget, you *are* still recovering, my pet." Daddy tweaked my nose and ruffled my hair before turning to the two otters, who stood at attention, looking very formal in their dress caps.

"Everything's settled, you two. The family is happy with your new roles, and I'm sure Spot will be too. Did you know that back on Earth, he lived completely alone with NO full-time caretaker?"

The two otters gasped, paws flying to their mouths in horror. Daddy nodded gravely.

"And he had to relive that today when he got lost in the market. I monitored his stress response the whole time; the poor thing was *terrified*. We must never allow him to wander off on his own, for his *own* sake. A Beringan should never feel alone or scared.

Can I count on you two to guide our precious pet and show him he's safe and protected with his family?"

"We shall guard him with our lives, sir," said the twins, saluting in unison.

I had a sinking feeling in my stomach. *Great*, I grumbled to myself, annoyed and, embarrassingly, a little touched. *Now I'll feel guilty for getting them in trouble if I escape. And what was with all that family talk, anyway? I already had a family. On Earth!* Darn these ridiculous creatures for making me feel things.

After Daddy left, I asked if I could speak, remembering my earlier agreement with the twins about waiting for permission. The two otters grinned at each other.

"Gee, I don't know, Maffy... should we let him talk?"

"Gosh Laffy, that's a tough one. I was thinking we should just pop his nuckie back in. He's so much *quieter* that way. Better behaved too."

They began to giggle behind their paws while I huffed, stomping my feet and crossing my arms in indignation.

"Oh, alright," Laffy said at last, patting my head. "We're only teasing, little one. You may speak."

"About time." I muttered, hands on my hips. Despite my show of annoyance, I couldn't hide the quaver in my voice as I glanced toward the crib, knowing I would be stuck there alone all night. "So... you're gonna stay and babysit a little longer? How long can you stay?"

The twins exchanged a look, then broke into matching grins, chattering over each other.

"As long as we like!"

"This is our room now!"

"We're your official full-time playmates and bodyguards!"

"The family has decided!"

I stepped back, wide-eyed at the flood of information.

"W-wow, really? I... I don't know what to say..."

"Yeah! I know! We didn't expect it either!" said Maffy, holding up his paws with a shrug.

"It's *great* news!" laughed Laffy, throwing up his arms in celebration. "We get to spend more time with our favorite buddy! Guess we'd better get diapered too, huh?"

"Right you are, brother!" chimed in Maffy, "and then we can learn *all about* the times of day!"

I narrowed my eyes at the eager otts as they scrambled to grab diapers. They chatted excitedly, each picking out a thick white one decorated with yellow smiling stars. I was beginning to suspect there was some ulterior motive at play for their long stay in the nursery. Was this just a convenient excuse to indulge in a little bit of crinkly fun? A slow smile crept across my face as I waddled after them.

"Don't tell me you *want* to wear diapers," I said, leaning on the changing table just as Laffy started to lie down for his change. The otters froze, diapers in hand, looking scandalized.

"Us? Like *diapers*?" asked Maffy. "No, no, no. We were just doing it to make *you* feel better!"

"Yeah, so you wouldn't be the only one!" Laffy added quickly.

"Oh really?" I said, crossing my arms and smirking. "Then why are your rudders wagging so hard?" I could see their ears growing red. They cringed as I pointed and shouted, "I *knew* it! You *do* like them!"

"Well, *his* rudder might be wagging." said Laffy, pointing to his brother. "He likes 'em *more*!"

"No, *he* likes 'em more!" Maffy huffed, arms crossed, diaper still clutched in one paw.

Laffy and Maffy began play-fighting like little otter pups, wrestling and bopping each other with diapers before collapsing into a fit of giggles as they pulled me into the fray with a few well placed tickles and kisses.

Satisfied that they had each won the nonexistent argument, they padded each other up in big, poofy diapers and hurried me over to the TV. In front of us was a gigantic holographic vidwall surrounded by big soft cushions – enough for a whole audience.

"Pick a seat!" said Laffy, eagerly fiddling with a little black square that activated the screen. "Your Daddy hooked us up with the best streams about the stars and moons and planets and everything! We already picked out the perfect show to teach you all about it!"

"It's called Pantherian Star Scouts," added Maffy, clapping. "We're so excited for you! It's a cartoon we loved watching when we were pups!" I watched their rudders wagging furiously, filling the room with crinkles.

"Excited for *me* huh?" I said, chuckling. "I'm beginning to wonder who the *real* littles are here... Hey, wait a second, are you *babies* like me now?"

Maffy paused and looked over to his brother with a cool expression.

"Gee, Laffy, I think it may have been a mistake to take that pacifier out after all. You still have it nearby?"

"Sure do, brother!" said Laffy, holding up the big binky. Laffy and Maffy advanced on me with devious grins.

"N-now hey, you two!" I said, fighting to keep a straight face as I held up my hands and backed away. "I was just asking because I'm new here, you know? I m-mean, you two are pets too, right? I thought maybe you *had* to be here like me..."

The two brothers blinked and looked at each other. Then, they burst out laughing.

"Pets? Us?" Laffy was leaning on Maffy to keep from falling over, while Maffy ended up on all fours, eyes screwed shut as he fought to catch his breath. I was beginning to think I should feel insulted when, finally, Laffy elaborated. "Oh, no, no. We're not pets. Servants, yes, but not pets."

"Is there a difference?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"We're full citizens of Homeworld just as Master is," said Maffy, turning his nose up slightly. "We simply came from other circumstances."

"What my proud brother means is... there are *levels* here on Homeworld. Even among the *great* houses Beringas is among the top."

"And are you from a great house?" I asked, leaning forward with interest.

"We're from the rings," he said pointing toward the sky. "Just a little independent colony, nothing special."

"But we're special where it counts," said Laffy, tapping his head. "You want to talk about tech, talk to a ring colonist who relies on tech for survival! We were the go to guys in our sector! The best of the best!"

"So when we got an invite to enter voluntary servitude with the Beringan Blues..."

"We jumped at the chance!"

"And here we are!"

"Yes, here we are!" The two brothers nodded at each other as if this explanation made perfect sense. I stared for a few moments. Whatever answer I expected, I definitely didn't expect *that*.

"So... voluntary servitude?" I said slowly. "Like... indentured servants?"

"Or cadets," said Maffy, waving his hand. "I don't know if it translates perfectly. Working for the Beringas Clan is an honor and a privilege, and we serve our clan with pride."

"Yes! Much pride!" chimed in Laffy, puffing out his chest with a loud crinkle. I laughed into my hand at the ten foot tall otter posing majestically in a big poofy diaper.

"You two are very silly," I said.

"So are you, crinklebutt," said Laffy, grinning. "Come on Maffy. Let's get him! We'll show you what happens when you laugh at the Laffy brothers!"

I tried to get away, but they were much bigger and faster. I didn't even make it five steps before I was enveloped by Maffy's soft furry grip.

"I got his arms! Commence the tickle assault in the name of the Maffy Brothers!"

"Nohohoho!" I said, giggling uncontrollably.

There was no mercy, not from the otters, and not from all the milk and ale that flowed right through me as they tickled the daylights out of me. I ended up leaking all over the colorful rug and having to be changed *yet again* by my alien caretakers. My cheeks flushed as I realized I had gone at least two days without using a potty or changing my own diaper. I was going to become diaper dependent at this rate!

"Wow, guess you *did* need a change after all. What a super soaker. We're gonna hafta double you up for bed, aren't we?" smirked Maffy.

"We'll make my special superstack. It's unsoakable!" exclaimed Laffy, running to grab some stuffers while Maffy soaked up the puddle I'd left with a hand towel.

"We can change you right here," said Laffy, laying out the changing pad. "That way we don't miss cartoon time!"

I sighed and blushed as I was laid back on the floor in front of the TV. Laffy assembled an incredibly thick diaper, layering thick soaker pads in the front and back, with a stack of thinner ones down the middle. There would be nowhere for my pee to escape to once I was sealed inside, and probably no way to walk properly either.

Maffy stood over me, putting his paws on his hips with a crinkle.

"Hey, no fair, Laffy! You got to diaper him last time!"

"Well, there's only one way to solve this!" said Laffy, bringing out his favorite flipping stone. "Let's flip again!"

"No way," said Maffy, "It's my turn!"

"Okay, let's do it together," Laffy offered. "This is a two otter job anyway." Maffy nodded in agreement and bapped a paw on the remote.

"Spot, you don't need to worry about all this diaper business. Just look at the fun cartoons! We'll be done in a jiff!" The two of them set to work taping the massive diaper around me while I turned my attention to the screen, silently amused by their silly antics.

Alien letters flashed across the screen and a voice announced the title: *Pantherian Star Scouts!* In bounded the cutest cartoon characters in sleek jumpsuits: A pink lioness cub with a bow in her hair, a bright turquoise bird with a cute yellow beak and prominent cheek feathers, a stocky brown bear cub with a scar on one eye and a bright friendly smile, and a blue otterpup, with a permanent heads up display over one eye

The animation was colorful and fluid, and the idea behind the Star Scouts was genuinely stellar. I imagined this show would be quite the hit on Earth. The theme song went on as the four characters showed off their special skills in an out-of-this-world montage.

Ursos the bear cupped his paws to his mouth and called out, gathering the team for a paws-in cheer. Purrsula, the lioness, put a device to her ear, raised her eyebrows, and made a dramatic announcement that got everyone racing to the helm to peer at the viewscreen. Squeaks the otter tapped his HUD and pointed to a starmap, lecturing the group. Finally, Peck the bird pointed to the sky in amazement, then pulled out a stringed instrument and began to sing to the group as they clapped along.

The theme music came to an abrupt halt as Ursos held up his paws and pointed directly at me.

"By Silos! What have we here? A new viewer! Hello, little adventurer! Are you ready to learn about the stars?"

"Uh, Ursos," said Purrsula, "I don't think the newbie knows what Silos is... he's kind of new here..."

"Well then, he's in luck because that's what we're going to talk about today! Did you notice that big star in the sky when you arrived?"

I jumped slightly as Maffy picked me up in his arms and carried me over to the beanbags.

"Enjoying the show, little one?" he asked with a bright grin, settling us down onto a super-soft cushion.

"I forgot where I was for a second," I said, glancing back at the vidwall. "It felt like they were talking to me..." The two otters grinned at each other.

"Of course! This show is designed to speak to little babies like yourself, so I'm not surprised."

"Heyyyy," I said, smirking.

"Shhhh, you'll miss the show!" said Laffy, plopping a big bowl of blue kibble in my lap.

I found myself sandwiched between the two otters, my thighs spread wide by my thick padding as they fed themselves – and me – the salty blue snack. I sighed, sinking into the soft memory foam as we watched the show. I would have great difficulty getting up on my own, but I was so comfortable I didn't care.

"Hey, Star Scouts!" called Purrsula, "I do believe our audience is multiplying!"

"Why yes it is!" said Ursos, looking out at us. "If it isn't our two favorite Scouts from the rings, back after all these years!"

"They're talking about *us* Maffy!" Squeaked Laffy, bouncing up and down.

"Calm down, Laffy, it's just an interactivitooon," said Maffy.

"Is not!" Laffy winked at me. "The star scouts are REAL!"

"That's the spirit, Scouts!" said Ursos. "Now, are we ready to learn? Paws in, everyone, if you're ready to learn!"

I rolled my eyes but put my hand in with the otters. Together, we threw our hands up with a Star Scouts cheer and just like that, I became a Scout too. As silly as it all was, I found myself giggling and laughing with my otter playmates as we watched the show.

The episode covered the basics of Pantheria's visible celestial features and times of day. The main star was called *Silos*, and the secondary one was *Cadens*. The third

source of illumination, ring shine, occurred only under certain conditions. Peck pointed to the sky.

"Hey, I see Pantheria's rings glowing bright tonight! This calls for a song!

When Silos falls below the sky,

and Cadens follows close behind,

the rings come out to shiiiiine!"

"You're gonna love Peck's songs," said Laffy, vibrating with excitement. "You can't get them out of your head!"

"Yeah," squeaked Maffy, "that's how we remember the times of day and all sorts of stuff! Let's sing along!"

With much coaxing, the two otters got me to join in. They were openly delighted by the unique auditory quality of my human voice.

"He sings as beautifully as a bird, Maffy, don't you think?"

"Why yes, brother! As smooth and gentle as Peck himself! What a voice!" I blushed.

"Stop, you guys, I'm not *that* good..."

"Humans are full of surprises," said Maffy, grinning, "but this little human is starting to yawn... I think we'll have to watch more cartoons after the dawwwwwn!"

The two otters stopped the show and picked me up. I tried to protest, but I was rubbing my eyes, and my eyelids were drooping fast.

As I ended the day in my crib, tucked between two luxuriously soft balls of blue fur, I had to admit life didn't seem as dire as it did when I first woke up on that ship, hurtling toward a destination unknown. Was it crazy to think that maybe part of me was *glad* I had been taken on this fantastic journey? Was it... bad?

I frowned, fingering the tag on my collar with a mix of pride, comfort, and shame. I felt as if I was betraying Bret and all of humanity because I was Daddy's now. But I told myself something that made me feel better: That for Bret's sake, and perhaps humanity's it would be best if we never returned.

In the morning I was awoken by the soft stirrings of the otter brothers. Apparently, there was no middle ground between dead asleep and wide awake for these two, because the moment their eyes opened, they leapt out of the crib squeaking their little otter squeaks.

"Time to get up! Time to get up! It's the getting-up soooooong!" cried Laffy, doing a few squeaky circuits around the crib.

"Come on brother! It's time to get the baby out of beeeeed!" sang Maffy, in a cheerful but chiding imitation of his brother's little ditty.

The two otters worked in tandem to unlatch and lower the crib rail. They quickly checked my diaper and determined that I'd wet heavily overnight, but Laffy's unsoakable otter stack had held. I was still yawning and rubbing my eyes when they picked me up — one under the arms, one under the legs — and carried me toward another part of the nursery.

"Here we are! The baaaathroom! Time to give little babies a baaaath!" sang Laffy, in a cheerful squeak.

The bathroom was just what he described: A room with a bath — a big, luxurious tub the size of a small pool set into the floor — and it was already filled with steaming water.

"Computer! Add otterberry scent!" chirped Laffy, and suddenly the scent of rivers, seagrass, and sweet berries filled the air. But there was one important element missing.

"Where is the toilet?"

"Toilet?" the big blue otter laughed. "There are no toilets in the nursery, silly baby. You've got your *diaper*. Unless... you need some *help*?"

I glanced toward the wall and noted the hanging enema hoses and bags. I shook my head quickly. "No, no no. I don't need help. I just... I mean do I really have to use my diapers for *everything*?"

"Ohhh, I get it," said Laffy, winking at Maffy. "He's playing a *game*." He beamed at me. "Yes, little one. You *do* have to use your diapers for everything. We'll teach you all about it with... the *diaper* song!"

"N-no, that's really okay!" I stammered, waving my hands, my face burning. "No diaper so—"

"Ohhh, diapers are for little boys,
they fill them up with so much joy!
You can piddle til they sop,
the diapers soak up every drop!
Perk your ears 'cause here's the scoop,
the diapers also hold your—"

"Ohhh, gods," I groaned, covering my face in embarrassment as they sang, swinging me back and forth to the tune.

"One, two, threee!" they cried, and I sailed through the air, splashing down in the warm tub.

"You dummy! You forgot to take off his diaper," said Maffy.

"It's a *floatation device*," said Laffy, crossing his arms and sticking out his tongue.

I bobbed in the tub with my padded butt sticking out of the water and shot them an annoyed look. The diaper soaked up the bathwater like a sponge, swelling so large it felt like I was wearing a giant pocket pussy. Every squirm produced a warm, wet squish that tickled in ways I didn't want to admit. I stifled a moan.

"Aww, looks like he's having some fun!" said Laffy. "I wanna try too!" With a joyful squeak, he belly-flopped into the tub, splashing me. "Ohhh gods.... Th-this feels so good, brother!" he called out as his diaper swelled up.

Maffy rolled his eyes, but I could tell he was tempted. His ears flattened and he glanced around. Then, cautiously, he stepped into the water. His eyes fluttered shut as his own diaper expanded.

"Well? Do you like it?" asked Laffy.

"Y-yeah," Maffy admitted, a dumb smile spreading across his muzzle as he began rubbing the front of his swollen padding.

Well, if *they* were doing it, so could I, I thought. But the moment I tried to touch mine, my cock cage hardened, locking everything away. I pouted as the two otters groaned and wriggled with obvious delight.

Were they teasing me on purpose?

Laffy finished first, shivering in his soggy seat. "Oh, gods! I'm cominnnnngggg!" he cried, unloading into his diaper.

Maffy let out a cute, high-pitched squeak as he climaxed, then slapped a paw over his muzzle, eyes wide in embarrassment.

"Did you two have fun?" came a voice from above.

We all froze. Daddy stood over the tub, flanked by Lissenger and Berenger. The otters looked like someone had poured a bucket of ice down their diapers.

"Ah! M-master!" cried Laffy.

"W-we can explain!" squeaked Maffy, ears folded low.