

Movie Day!

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Movie Day!

by [Ot3srock](#)

Summary

Froggy and Daddy have a movie day.

“G’mornin’, Froggy. You ready for our day, sweetie?”

Froggy nodded, smiling at his Daddy. “Mobie, Daddy! Mobie day!”

“Yep. We’re going to the movies. Is your pull-up wet?”

“Mhms, Daddy. An has ta potty.”

“Thank you for telling me, angel. Let’s go potty.” Sapnap lifted the Little and carried him to the bathroom. He set Froggy down in front of the toilet and removed the Little’s pants and pull-up, then sat him on the toilet while he got Froggy’s toothbrush ready.

Froggy hummed as he peed, a little song only he understood. Sapnap chuckled and held out the toothbrush.

“Teeth time, angel. Open up, baby,” he instructed.

Froggy opened up and let Daddy brush his teeth, spitting when he was told to. When he was done, Daddy got him into a clean pull-up and then carried him back to his room.

“Alright, baby. What do you wanna wear?”

“Titch! Wanna weaw Titch ‘weatew!”

“Alright, angel. Daddy will grab your Stitch sweater. Stay right here, baby.” Daddy tickled his tummy and walked over to the dresser, grabbing out Froggy’s blue Stitch sweater and some black sweatpants. He grabbed out some blue socks and brought them over to the bed. He lifted Froggy’s shirt over his head and replaced it with the sweater, then pulled the socks onto the Little’s feet. Once those were on, he slipped the Little’s pants on, tickling his tummy. Froggy giggled, kicking his legs happily.

“Okie dokie, angel. Time for breakfast.” Daddy lifted him up and carried him downstairs, setting him down at the table and then going to the kitchen.

He made some waffles and sausages and carried them back to the table and set the plate in front of the Little. He fed the Little, eating his own in between Froggy’s bites. When they were done with breakfast, they did one last potty break and then got into the car. Sapnap drove to the movie theater, putting on some light music while they traveled. When they got to the movie theater, Sapnap carefully got Froggy out of the car, taking his hand and leading the Little into the building. They’d bought their tickets beforehand because interacting with people was anxiety inducing for both of them. So they bought their tickets online and already knew what they wanted from concessions.

“Hello, what can I get started for you?” the concessionist asked, smiling.

“We’ll take a large popcorn, a medium Dr. Pepper, a small lemonade with no ice, these peanut butter gems and these gummy worms,” Sapnap requested, putting the candies on the counter.

“Do you want butter in your popcorn?”

“Yes, please.” Sarnap felt Froggy grip his hand, eyes darting around the room to every bit of stimuli everywhere. He knew they’d need to leave the area soon before the Little got too overstimulated.

“Alright, sir. We’ll have that right out for you.”

“Thank you.”

When they got their popcorn and soda, Sarnap had Froggy carry the candy and his drink while he carried the popcorn and his drink. They scanned their tickets at the podium and went to their theater, settling into their seats.

“Are you excited, baby?”

Froggy nodded, sipping at his lemonade as the trailers played. “Yes, Daddy. Excited ta see Sonic,” he whispered.

They’d gone to see the first one together and it was only natural that they see the second together, too. It was a great way to spend time together and both really loved the game and the characters. By the time the movie started, Froggy was vibrating in his seat, excited for it to start. He flapped his hands, almost knocking over the popcorn. Sarnap carefully put a hand on his arm.

“Careful, angel.”

“Sowwy, Daddy.”

“It’s okay, angel. Let’s just watch the movie.”

When the movie was done, Froggy was squirming in his seat, waiting for the lights to come back up. Sarnap looked at him and then picked up his cup, which was empty. The Caregiver had an idea of what was wrong with the Little.

Froggy tugged his sleeve. “Daddy?”

“Yes, angel?”

“Gotta potty.”

“Alright, angel. Let’s go potty now.” Sarnap stood up, taking their trash with them and leaving the theater. Froggy toddled next to him, one hand holding his Daddy’s and the other trying not to grab the crotch of his pants.

“Daddy…” he whimpered, biting his lip.

“I know, baby. Just wait a couple more minutes.” Sarnap went into the bathroom and into the handicap stall, pulling the Little’s pants and pull-up down and then sitting Froggy on the toilet.

The Little peed, humming the same tune from earlier. When he was done going potty, Sapnap helped him up and pulled up his pull-up and pants. After a quick check to make sure the bathroom was mostly empty, they went and washed their hands and left the theater.

“Are you hungry, baby boy? Want something for lunch?” Sapnap asked, looking in the rearview mirror as he pulled out of the parking lot.

“Yes, please, Daddy. Wan Taco Beww. Shawe wif Papa an bubbas,” Froggy replied, grabbing his stuffie from the seat next to him and playing with its arms.

“That’s very sweet, angel. We’ll stop at Taco Bell.”

When they stopped, Sapnap put in all of their regular orders. He paid for their order and went back home, content with their day.

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