

BROTHER KNOWS BEST



PART V

Dash dropped his backpack as he arrived home, and tidied it aside with the shoes he removed. On his way to his new bedroom, he opened his shirt and undid the button and fly in his pants, before tossing all of his clothes into his laundry hamper.

He still hadn't made the rough adjustment to sleeping in the spare room, even though he'd moved all of his possessions in now. Diapers were stacked in the drawers beside the single bed, which had a wall on one side, and a set of bed rails on the other. A mixture of what baby clothing he owned hung beside the adult clothing he mostly wore to work. His boxers and briefs were nowhere to be found.

Standing in nothing but his diaper now, yellow and swollen from his day at the office, he cupped a paw around the backside and between his legs to check its squishiness. With no say in when he got changed, it didn't make much difference how wet he found himself, but the husky was determined to not let it become invisible to him. If he stopped thinking about how wet he was, and when he needed a change, he really would be no more than the helpless toddler his brother was sculpting him into.

Dash then picked up one of his more colourful striped tee shirts and slipped it over his head. With a short moment just to himself on his phone checking his notifications, he then plugged the device in and left it behind, before walking out across the living room, to where the playpen resided, stepping through the gate, shutting himself in, and completing his mandatory home-from-work routine.

"Hey, baby boy," his younger brother said as he placed food packages away in the kitchen cupboards.

Chase had actually starting taking charge of some household duties, including shopping for groceries today. Granted, it was Dash's money, and his younger brother was still forcibly in charge of the diapered husky. Dash was just relieved that challenging him on his desires to be the "big brother" had paid off, even slightly.

Dash sat his wet butt down onto the floor in the playpen and the brothers chatted a bit about their days, before Chase finally wandered from a tidier kitchen, opened the playpen and told his brother to lie down.

Dash knew the procedure, and obeyed, spreading his legs and allowing his brother to get a good look at how much he'd soaked his work diaper. Today had been a heavier drinking day, and it clearly showed. Anyone could make a snap judgement about how close Dash was to filling it up, but Chase loved to delay the inspection on work evenings, taking a good look at the obviously wet diaper, and having an exaggerated sniff for a stinky diaper. Dash rolled his eyes; like he'd ever do such a thing in his office.

Chase had one surprise for his brother though while he was down there, and poked his index finger right inside the leg guard. Dash almost yelped in shock, not that he wasn't used to his brother actively embarrassing him, but because the feeling of his finger was so unexpected.

Dash didn't protest though, merely grunting and blushing a little harder than usual.

"Pretty wet, bro!" Chase smiled, "But I think we can wait for a stinky first." He rubbed the older husky's hair, who grumbled as he sat up.

Dash knew he wasn't getting changed yet before the charade had begun. The thick diaper and stuffer he nervously wore to work every day always held out, and solidified a routine of spending his evenings soaked before he'd poop himself after dinner and Chase would finally change him for bed.

The longer Dash could hold out from messing often meant the longer he'd delay being put to bed, but it was of little benefit when Chase either left him in the playpen and played video games, or dumped him in front of cartoons. It felt like an age since Dash had played his own Playstation, or chose what TV he wanted to chill out to. He was too restricted living his "best baby life" to do anything for himself.

Chase handed him a sippy cup full of water, just to ensure that diaper was given further use before bedtime. Dash started drinking it automatically; he had come home in enough mercifully dry diapers from work to know that Chase wasn't impressed with him skipping his fluids, which now often meant every diaper change was earned.

His younger brother turned on some cartoons on the TV, and returned to the kitchen to start making dinner. The living room was more or less in a tidy condition (an attempt had been made, at least), and Dash hadn't come home to any real irritants the past few days. Dash really should have been proud of Chase's recent improvement, but it was tough for him to accept it after everything that had happened. Maybe the latest usurping of his finances and bedroom were just what his younger brother needed to inspire some adulthood in himself.

Once again Dash was stuck in his playpen with his sippy cup, plush toys and cartoons as his only source of entertainment. The husky was not even allowed to carry his phone during playpen time, but occasionally managed to be granted his laptop to "catch up on work" so long as he didn't push his luck.

Dash's boredom and idle hands just meant he sat there that evening, realising it had been a few days since he'd last jerked off, and quickly made a mental note to enjoy that build up after he was put to bed. He could count the number of times on one hand that he'd cum since this began. He'd go for days without thinking about it, humiliated and powerless under his brother, until the overwhelming babying and diapering eventually kicked things into top gear. He couldn't deny what his balls wanted.

He was released from the playpen, where he carried his sippy cup to the table and sat down. Chase was clumsily moving back and forth before setting down a steaming pot of macaroni, cheese and bacon on the table. It smelled really good, but it was a tricky meal to screw up.

"Well done, it looks good!" Dash tried to say encouragingly, realising his brother deserved it, even if he was blackmailing him into babyhood.

"Careful, it's hot," he said bashfully as he spooned a serving onto Dash's plate before his own. The younger husky was just about to sit down before remembering that Dash needed a bib, with the older husky for a split-second hoping he'd be spared that one extra degrading difference between them as his cute blue bib was fastened around the trimmed fur of his neck.

Chase explained enthusiastically how many recipes he'd looked up, and the stuff he was going to try that week. Dash tried to conceal his shock as he realised just how seriously his brother had taken their

argument. Maybe there was some hope these childish but dangerous blackmail games he was playing would come to an end if he sparked some real maturity.

Dash wanted to tell him he was proud of the effort he'd made, but didn't say the words as he could hardly forget the exposed big wet diaper between his legs. He finished his meal with a mix of guilt and frustration.

Dash at least offered to clear the table and wash up, but that simple privilege of autonomy was shot down. Chase scooted him back to the sofa with a bottle of milk, bib still hanging over his chest, before attending to the plates himself. Dash was always downgraded to a baby bottle full of milk sometime before bed, giving him enough to wet himself with during the night.

The older husky drank the fresh bottle a little, but his full belly from dinner was beginning to move things along; he blushed, and looked over his shoulder. It wouldn't be long before he was squatting and messing his diaper. Again. But if he did it now, and forced it out, he might not have to do it in front of his brother when he returned from the kitchen. Dash hadn't mastered stealthily filling his diapers, but so long as his brother's back was turned, he might just get away with missing that particularly humiliating squat tonight.

He set the bottle down, spread his legs, and hunched down slightly. The sofa wouldn't exactly hide him, but it might do enough. His heavy, wet diaper sagged a little as his stance widened. He closed his eyes, and started to push. It didn't take long for him to start filling his diaper, little by little, trying to muffle his grunts as it sat beneath his cheeks. He made a mental note to try and use the toilet at work for this more often.

"Uh oh!" he heard, and popped his eyes open wide. Chase was staring at him from the kitchen as he wiped his paws down. "Has someone left big bro a stinky surprise?"

Dash whimpered mid-squat and mid-act, and followed-through with another push. Caught red-handed, but he'd still fared better than being watched entirely.

Chase crossed into the living room and rounded the sofa, before tugging back the waistband of the heavily used diaper. "Whew! Guess it's time for your bedtime diaper and pyjamas, huh."

Dash glanced at the clock. It was barely passed half-seven, and he instinctively whined wordlessly in fear of being sent to bed already. It didn't mean it necessarily *would* be his bedtime, but he'd protested without thinking anyway.

"Unless you want to stay up and finish your bottle," Chase said, as if offering an olive branch to leave his older brother in his stinky diaper. Dash nodded without thinking.

The younger husky picked it up and sat down on the sofa, spreading his legs a little. "Come on, little bro," he said, patting his lap warmly.

Oh no, Dash thought. *No way*. He squirmed.

“You don’t want bedtime, then it’s bottle time. Now sit down.”

Dash knew it was an order he ought not to protest again, and carried his mushy bottom towards his brother. He was guided to turn and lie across Chase’s lap, with his head resting on one knee and the small of his back against the other. Chase narrowed his thighs, propping Dash’s lower half and diaper in the air awkwardly. He felt like an oversized infant, awkwardly cradled. The bottle was stuffed into his mouth, and Chase’s other paw crushed against Dash’s diapered backside. The older husky’s eyes bulged, and he almost coughed out the milk dribbling down his throat as the poopy diaper squished into a thoroughly awful mess against his butt-cheeks and taint.

“There we are,” Chase cooed as Dash blushed furiously and tried to carry on drinking, “Comfortable, lil bro?”

This was killing the older brother. An early bedtime would have been a sweet relief. A nice genuine dinner turning into mortifying babying summed their relationship up perfectly right now.

With Chase’s paw clamped on his butt, he tried to suckle and swallow the milk faster to get it over with, but there was only so much he could extract from the bottle each time. His paws were frozen in place, his legs twitching and stuck in the air as he was forcibly curled between his brother’s legs.

Dash focused on his milk, and was offered a little more comfort as Chase released his grip on his brother’s diaper. The older husky’s eyes drifted helplessly towards Chase’s phone in fear, as he saw his brother lift it into the air, camera ready, and framed his baby brother strewn over his lap, snapping a few pictures of the husky blushing, sucking, with his diaper bulging and used.

He whined audibly, powerless to do anything about the further updates to the mortifying material collected of him. Chase could so deftly reduce him to a whimpering mess just by reminding him of the photos and footage he had of his baby brother. The younger husky dropped his phone onto the sofa and firmly slapped his paw back against the older husky’s stinky bottom. Chase was making the clean up far worse for himself, but he didn’t seem to care.

Dash heard the bottle gurgle as the last drops fell through the teat, and he seized that relief. A diaper change, a bedtime, the playpen, *anything* would be better than this.

Chase withdrew the bottle as the last drops leaked and dribbled down the husky’s muzzle. He helped Dash sit up off his knees, but instead of setting him free, he maneuvered his brother’s butt on to one of his thighs, and planted him down, with his knee doing further damage to the mess between his brother’s legs. Dash quivered and tensed up. It felt like it was everywhere.

Chase seemed to ignore the reactions to the mess bubbling and spreading in that diaper, even though it was part of his masterstroke of embarrassing the husky, and instead just used the large bib to wipe the droplets of milk from his brother’s muzzle. “Such a messy baby! It’s why we need a bib for your milky bottle, isn’t it?”

Dash wanted to plead to be released and cleaned up, but Chase was too busy, and started to pat his back as he bounced him lightly on his knee, further squelching the poopy diaper against the humiliated husky. He felt himself suddenly burp, without warning, and covered his mouth ashamed as Chase ceased the patting and pulled him closer for a hug.

“What a big boy! Well done. Getting it all out.”

The bouncing continued lightly, as Dash’s genitals were inducted into the filth of the diaper. It felt so gross, so uncomfortable, but *so good*. His penis was awakening again. It was definitely time for some private fun, once Chase was done with him. A thought that just embarrassed him further while his fantasies were twisted in reality by his younger brother.

After his fifteen-minute eternity on the sofa, Dash was lain down on a change mat in the bathroom. His bedtime diaper and supplies were beside him. He knew this was going to suck, even if he just had to lie there for it.

Chase pulled open the tapes carefully, and coughed, laughing and covering his face with the back of his paw as he peeled the front of the diaper open. “WOW,” he choked, “someone is a big stinky baby tonight!”

Dash was well broken down into a blushing, regressed state but was still able to glare back at his brother. “This is on you!” he said stupidly.

Chase raised an eyebrow, and lifted the diaper back up before putting the messy crotch back in place heavily. Dash was already pleading and apologising before it was back in place.

“I didn’t mean it like that!” he cried out, afraid he would be stuck in it for the night or sent to bed in it. He shuddered.

“Don’t bite the hand that wipes you, *baby brother*,” Chase warned. “Wouldn’t be the first time you got yourself in trouble with a change, would it?”

Dash turned away. He all too well recalled from the weekend before last, of how he was doubled for bed instead of changed. He really didn’t need something like that on a work night too.

“Put your pacifier in, and stay quiet until we’ve got your jammies on,” Chase said, “It’s for your own good, I’m sure you’ll agree.”

Dash obediently reached across to the pacifier sitting on top of his folded pyjamas, and stuck it in his muzzle. To great relief, Chase released the diaper again, with less fanfare.

If being cradled in his messy diaper was bad enough, being changed like this sucked almost equally. Of all the things foisted upon him, being changed out of a messy diaper was still one of the toughest to endure. Particularly when Chase had made it as bad as this one.

Silent and mortified, he lay still and moved his legs when commanded while his brother wiped him down over and over and over. He really hoped this would be as much of a lesson for Chase, one that might see a reprieve from so many poop diapers.

"Another day, another dirty diaper," Chase mused as he finally balled it up for the trash. "Such is the toddler life, huh?"

He knew Dash couldn't answer verbally, but his facial expressions said enough.

With his knees tucked up to his chest, Dash's cheeks were cleaned last, before a fresh diaper was placed beneath him to lower on to. His butt was lotioned and powdered before he lay down again, only leaving his crotch to finish. Unashamed, and like he'd done so many times before, Chase squirted lotion onto his brother's genitals and rubbed it in, but tonight, to his great embarrassment, Dash's erection returned and sprung up beneath his brother's paw.

Chase chuckled as he wiped his paws clean. "I never want to hear you complain about this ever again. You love being a baby!" He dunked some baby powder over his brother's front, and stood up to leave the bathroom. "Try and calm down. Don't go anywhere!"

His brother left, and Dash dared a peek over his paws towards his rock hard member. He wanted to jerk it right there and then, with the fresh diaper on his butt feeling feeling so comfortable, but he absolutely couldn't let his brother see such a thing happen.

Chase returned with a small box, and Dash hadn't softened at all.

"A new surprise came in the mail today," he smiled, unzipping the little black package. Dash was confused, but expected something dumb and babyish to be used against him. Dash was wrong.

His little brother held a small metal penis-shaped cage. A chastity cage.

Dash recoiled onto his paws, almost scooting off the diaper on the mat. He spat the pacifier out.

"Chase! You can't be- come on, please!"

Fuck! What could he do? If Chase played the blackmail card again it would mean this cage goes on. Dash's heart was racing. His eyes started to water. He was going to lose *another* freedom, one of his precious few left.

"Whoa, whoa, settle down!" Chase said genuinely, paw raised and trying to ease his panicked brother. "I'm not doing anything, yet." He set the cage down on the closed toilet lid. "Or ever."

"But I have noticed that you rebel more after you've cum in your diapers... and well, I can see a rebellion is due... and I want to raise an obedient baby brother."

Dash eased off, but his nerves were still raised. He knew this tone; something was happening here, regardless of the cage.

"I know you've been squirting in them. I can smell it when I change you in the morning. So consider this a new rule; you have to tell me when you've had a *big boy accident* in your diaper. If I change you or find out first, then there'll be consequences, and that might involve spending some time with our friend here." He gestured to the small cage as if it were nothing.

"I know this stuff must be a little less fun after you do it, but you must understand that your place is in diapers. As my baby brother. If you can't accept that, then you don't get this privilege anymore, got it? So if you squirt, there's no early changes, no breaks. Still a baby."

Dash swallowed. Hard. This was insane, but no more insane than any of the other rules thrust upon him. He knew he would get used to this, and that unnerved him.

"Do you understand?"

Dash nodded quietly. This was, in a horrible way, the nicest rule his brother had concocted for him.

"I need to hear you agree."

"Yes, Chase," Dash whined, but relieved.

"I'm proud of you," he beamed. "You've been so behaved, for the most part. I'm glad you know where you belong."

Whether the threat of waterworks worked and changed Chase's mind, or it was always just a warning, Dash wouldn't know. He sat back on the diaper properly. His penis was at least soft now, as Chase lifted the diaper up and taped him in until morning. He adjusted the leg guards and the bulk, and patted the diaper gently, before extending his paw to lift his brother off of the floor.

Dash was lifted up easily with one arm, and tugged straight into his brother's chunkier body, where Chase wrestled one arm around him and rubbed his hair playfully. "PJ time!"

Dash had almost forgotten it was bedtime, such a whirlwind was that diaper change. Hours ago he was sitting in meetings, all grown up apart from his hopefully-concealed bulky butt, and now he was being slipped into footed pyjamas by his younger brother. The zip was pulled up tight for him, and his pacifier washed and returned.

The older husky crawled into bed obediently. He wasn't tired, but he knew he could at least lie in bed and use his phone. It was better than "staying up" mindlessly in the playpen in ways.

Chase tucked him in, gave him his plush toy and a filled sippy cup that, as usual, needed to be finished before he got changed in the morning.

They wished each other good night, evening though "night" had barely arrived, and the light was switched off. Chase returned to whatever grown up stuff he wanted to do for the rest of the night while his older brother lay in stunned silence in bed. He turned over on to his side, and finally in privacy, his

penis grew hard again in Pavlovian response to lying in his bed diapered. He could see the chastity cage had been placed on top of his diaper drawer, as a reminder, but it only gave him a moment's pause.

His paw was already unzipping his pyjamas and sliding down to his padded crotch. Messy diapers, merciless babying, and a humiliating dominant keeping him in his place. He could never let Chase know how badly it turned him on when his dick would finally awaken, in thought at least. He took one look at the chastity cage, and as his diaper throbbed once more, he figured telling his brother about his "big boy accident" in the morning couldn't be all that bad, right?



