

Brother Knows Best II

Dash had never had his diaper changed by someone else, and never could have imagined that the first person to change him as an adult would be his brother. Being forced to put that diaper on, under threat of exposure, was such a blow to the head that the other details, the implications of his brother's first demand never sunk in, never crossed his mind. Now he was flat on his back, his diaper full of poop, and his brother, with a number of wet changes under his belt, was ready to clean him up.

That first night was a blur. Chase had been true to his word, angry as he was. Dash had put the diaper on, and as a result of his compliance, no one found out about his secret hobby. Dash quickly learned that Chase was not to be messed with.

Dash barely ate his dinner that first night. The brothers didn't seem to know what to do in each other's company following the diapering. After Chase's smug victory faded, Dash got dressed, not that a shirt and pyjamas could stifle the noise of his crinkly bottom walking around the apartment. Realising that his appetite wasn't there, and had no desire to be in his brother's presence, he gave up on dinner and tried to get an early night.

The revelations of the night had made him sick to his stomach, and he could barely sleep. The diaper around his loins felt alien, uncomfortable; a million miles from the pleasure they normally derived from him. He wet himself eventually, with the hot splash and trickle between his legs only making him feel worse. He felt so removed from control over his own life; how had he ever fantasised about something like this?

The hours rolled on. Dash tossed and turned. Waking, sleeping, waking again. He was never comfortable, and as dawn arrived, he was up and out of bed long before his alarm sounded, with a sleep-deprived headache in tow. In all his discomfort and grumpiness, he ripped the diaper off; against Chase's wishes. He'd deal with his brother later, and in that moment doubted Chase would follow through with it all after a night's sleep. He wasn't that much of a jerk, and they could both pass it off as a *very* weird night to cringe over later.

As he showered, dressed, and drank coffee to make himself more functional for work, Chase emerged from the spare room. Dash grumbled about leaving for work as he grabbed his backpack, and walked out the door, earlier than normal. As he sat on the bus and remarked to himself about how right he was about Chase not following through, his phone vibrated, again and again.

He was receiving comments from friends on one of his Facebook status updates. In his groggy haze, he started off confused, having not posted anything in a few days. Then a terror struck like no other, and he fumbled to unlock his phone as fast as his shaking paws would allow. He found an update that was both a relief and a gut punch.

"Fucking hell, wet the bed last night. WTF."

The comments so far were nothing more than a few friends laughing it off, telling him he couldn't sleep on their sofa, and warnings about leaving your phone unlocked. Dash's heart was racing though, and he messaged Chase in jumbled text, to which his brother replied, chillingly.

"I told you not to take your diaper off."

“I had to go to work!” Dash lied. If he could bury the furious disobedience as fear, Chase might stop.

“I was getting up to put you in a new one.”

Dash was sweating now, feeling like an idiot for testing his brother.

“I’m sorry,” he replied, “it won’t happen again!” He needed to defuse this quickly, having no idea what mood Chase was in. He realised now, more than ever, just how much his brother had him under his thumb.

“What do you think is the most embarrassing picture of you?”

Dash started to feel dizzy. How could he even answer that?

“Well?”

“I don’t know, Chase, I’m sorry... please stop this.”

Chase didn’t reply. Instead, a number of pictures of Dash appeared. Selfies, wet diapers, dirty diapers, baby clothes. Dash whimpered and tried to conceal his phone on the bus.

“Which is the most humiliating, baby?”

Dash was really starting to panic now. He couldn’t do this to him. He was terrified whatever he answered was going online.

“Chase I’m BEGGING.”

“Answer now or I’m posting all of them, bedwetter.”

“OK, stop!! The baby clothes.” Tears welled in Dash’s eyes. His friends, coworkers, family were about to see him dressed as a baby... or so he feared.

“I thought it would have been the shitty diaper personally... I mean, seriously?”

Chase was right; Dash had lied convincingly he hoped. He didn’t want anyone to see that he not only wore diapers, but pooped them as well. He then exhaled weakly (though with some relief) as Chase informed him there was a diaper in his backpack, and that he had to put it on immediately after arriving at work.

He was safe, but knew that he couldn’t risk disobeying his brother again. Chase was either calling a magnificent bluff, or truly had the will to expose his older brother for everyone to see. Dash had to believe the latter now.

Just like that, the older husky was forced to adjust to wearing diapers at work. Chase hadn’t made it too clear initially, but the younger brother was dead set on making Dash wear them all of the time. The older brother had just arrived home after a long, paranoid day at work. Lacking sleep, his nerves were shredded, worrying that everyone in his office had heard him crinkle and smelled his inevitable wet crotch. While saving himself from being outed as a baby, he’d likely be exposed as being in diapers within days. What horrified him on his arrival though, was that Chase was ready to change his first diaper.

Dash's younger brother was stepping up to controlling him in ways Dash didn't prepare for; he assumed Chase was just being dumb by forcing him into diapers, but the new 'big brother' was determined to get his paws dirty as well as bark orders.

Dash had never met another diaper wearer in person (though communicated with enough online regularly), and having Chase tug down his work trousers for a diaper check and subsequent change was a dream wrapped up in a nightmare. He was too fragile that first day, that the caveat-full change came as a warped comfort. Chase had him in a thick diaper for bedtime before they'd even eaten dinner. This turned into their first routine; the younger husky changing and diapering the older both before and after work each day.

Chase's first time sealing the tapes around his brother's waist, watching him nervously scoot back onto his feet with a babyish crinkle, gave him a swell of pride and power he'd not felt in a long time. A responsibility, a job to do. His brother craved this submission and humiliation, and he was the perfect one to turn Dash's home life into a fantasy, even if he was rejecting it now. Change would always be scary.

And as Dash adapted to his brother cleaning his piss drenched fur twice a day, he considered himself lucky enough that he could tug his diaper down at work whenever he needed to poop. Though as he sat on the toilet Friday afternoon, diaper around his ankles, he hoped he could convince Chase to let him use the bathroom, otherwise he'd be in real trouble for the weekend.

It was their first weekend together after Dash's world was turned upside down. Chase had spent his free time during the week scouring through Dash's laptop, trying to draft rules and a grander plan. He aimed to get more of the baby clothes out of Dash's drawers now that they had time to waste.

Despite the several diapers he'd now changed, the younger husky had never considered that Dash appeared not to have pooped all week, until his new baby brother was visibly struggling after dinner Saturday evening.

"You've been doing it *in work*?" he glowered as Chase rubbed his tummy in discomfort.

"You never said I couldn't," Dash grumbled, realising he just shot himself in the foot.

"Oh yeah?" the younger husky laughed, "Well there's your rule number one; no more toilets for you!"

Dash groaned and tried to walk off his cramp.

The two had cooled on one another slightly, though the animosity was still a barrier that had made for an awkward Saturday. Chase had made Dash parade himself around the apartment all morning in his one-piece pyjamas, with his pacifier dangling from his neck line. Dash was able to forget about most of his ills as the warmth of his diaper and pyjamas enveloped him on the sofa. It had been so long since he'd been able to relax like this openly, but as soon as Chase decided to interact and change his diaper, the humiliation and anger flooded back. It didn't help that Chase had been teasing about revealing new "rules" that were due to be set as he stripped that wet diaper away.

That diaper led Dash here, pacing his living room, desperately wanting to relieve the cramps and despising the thought of filling the back of his wet, puffy diaper like this.

Chase wasn't letting him out of his sight though. "Tell you what," he said warmly, "if you just do it now, I'll get you into a fresh diaper right away, and we can play some games before bed, how about that?"

Dash glared back at him in discomfort. The last thing he wanted was to degrade himself so badly in front of his brother, then cozy up for video games as if nothing was weird between them.

"Your other option is I change you now anyway," he followed up, his warmth dropping a few notches, "and not change you again until morning."

Dash growled. "Y-You don't want to change this," he grunted, "believe me." Dash had showered off enough of his own dirty butt-fur to know how unpleasant it was.

"Don't you worry about me, little bro," Chase laughed condescendingly, disappearing to collect a fresh diaper and some wipes. "I'm here to look out for *you*."

Dash would have rolled his eyes right out of his sockets if he wasn't suffocated by irritation at the comment, the discomfort in his stomach, and thoughts of his impending humiliation. The prick had such a nerve claiming to be looking out for him...

"Okay then, have it your way," Chase said sternly, before placing the new diaper on the floor. "Lie down."

Dash raised a paw, once again pushed into a corner so effectively. "Stop..."

"See?" Chase smirked, lifting his phone up, "I don't know why you argue with me when you just end up agreeing anyway."

Dash clutched the arms of the sofa nervously. The need to let it out almost invalidated the fact that his younger brother was watching. He just had to accept that it was coming out and going into his diaper regardless, and this was *far* better than sleeping in it.

"Here we are, baby's first poop," Chase said seemingly randomly, until Dash realised he was being recorded again. He wanted to whine, and plead, but it would surely only make the footage even more embarrassing for him.

Instead, Dash let go as much as he pushed, and with an uncontrollable grunt-come-whimper, his diaper filled up at the seat, faster than he could push it out. It was a truly powerless experience, having held it for so long, that once the barriers released, his body forced it out under the pretence of 'control'. Wave after wave, his diaper filled, spreading, a great mushy lump between his cheeks.

Almost out of breath, paws clutching the sofa, he looked up red-faced to signal he was done, giving the camera quite the shot of his exasperated face, he realised.

Chase wasn't done though, letting out a theatrical "pee-yew", before laughing hysterically, and walking the camera around to get a closer look. His façade of caring stern big brother faded as the young, dumb college boy within was clearly unprepared for Dash letting go like that.

Dash leaned still, butt protruded, afraid to move and make it any worse. Chase tugged back the waistband above Dash's tail, to no real use, and then swatted hard against his brother's butt- sending the mess gurgling past Dash's balls, and a horrid stench out the top of the

diaper. Chase's laughs turned into a cough as he smelled it first hand, and stopped the recording.

"Oh boy," he said, sounding overwhelmed by the experienced. Dash was mortified, and floundering as his caretaker wavered.

Dash slumped to his knees, head on the sofa; thighs aching from the mass evacuation of his bowels. "Come on," he pleaded, "You said I could take it off now..."

Chase appeared to steel himself, and silently motioned for Dash to lie down. The younger husky exhaled thoroughly, flexing his fingers.

Lying down, careful not to sit directly on the mess between his legs, Dash took some pleasure from how much of a dork Chase looked, eyes wide and tall, knowing his brother *had* to be terrified in the face of a huge dirty diaper. Maybe the younger brother would realise what a huge mistake this all was, and drop diapers from both their lives.

Chase started by taking a deep breath, and untaping the diaper with nervous hands, revealing a used diaper unlike anything he'd seen before. He looked like he was ready to throw up. "This is the most disgusting thing I've ever seen," he breathed carefully.

Sensing his regret, Dash tried to save his own pride, and talk him out of the "no toilets" rule. There was no way Chase would tolerate this on a daily basis, and if Dash could convince him against poopy diapers, it would be a small but considerable victory.

"You do this for *fun*, so don't try even try it," Chase shut him down immediately. "I can get used to having a big dirty diaper every day; but can you?"

Chase was right, and Dash didn't know how to respond, especially after that first cold baby wipe slid across his butt, humbling and sending him right back into his position of no power.

"Just as I thought," big brother laughed. "I think you can get used to them though."

Dash whined, perfectly in time from his brother's comment as another wipe slid right up his ballsack. He didn't think it could get much more degrading than this.

"Hush now and let big brother work," Chase said. "Just be thankful I stopped recording after you pooped yourself."

If Chase was still suffering through wiping up his own brother's mess, he was hiding it well, fearlessly attacking with wipe after wipe. Dash was worried that it had given him an even greater sense of authority, if it were possible.

Every wipe was sending Dash further and further into embarrassment. This was so much worse than having a regular diaper change. Dash was commanding; every tut or verbal tease making Dash feel smaller while his brother braved the messy diaper and the enormous job to get him cleaned up. It made him feel so dependant on Chase, and while flat on his back, with his legs in the air, having his butt wiped, he was regressing before he realised he could stop it. Dash was so vulnerable; his brother had given him the week from hell, but at the same time, Chase was the only one here to take care of him. In the absence of his independence, diaper changes had become one of few comforts.

Before Dash knew it, his butt was being lifted onto another diaper, dangled by his ankles without Chase so much as beckoning for his brother to help. Baby powder was sprinkled enthusiastically, drowning any lingering smells from such a messy diaper, and the fresh padding pulled, tucked, and taped around his waist.

Dash was floored. He felt two feet tall in his brother's presence, and Chase seemed to realise. The teasing had stopped, shifting tone into more caring, softer words. Dash heard him coo "all better now, huh?" and realised he hadn't taken in much of anything else said before that. Chase patted the powdery-poo between his brother's legs, and ruffled his tummy fuzz gently.

Dash sat up on his butt, dazed, as Chase balled up the dirty diaper and removed it from the living room. A fresh diaper made an incredible impression after something so gross. He sat there, unsure where to move, waiting for his big brother to return.

And return he did, sporting Dash's one-piece pyjamas in one hand, and oversized baby bottle in the other. Dash felt himself blush; no resentment or humiliation, just as a gentle embarrassment that his brother could see, and know what he really was. He wanted to fight it, to rage against the uncalled for threats to his personal life, but as Chase held the pyjamas open caringly for him to step into, he felt a tenderness he'd sorely lacked ever since he first started fantasising about a daddy whisking him off of his feet.

The zipper was done up slowly to his neck fur, pulling the soft cotton snugly against his body, and the tenderly compressing the padding between his legs. It was far more intense a feeling for him, having someone else simply diaper and dress him.

Chase was able to guide and park his brother's butt onto the sofa, plopping down with a crinkle. He could hear Chase bumbling around the kitchen, filling the bottle, and waited bashfully for his brother to bring it back, full of milk, before Chase casually popped a beer bottle open for himself, with his thumb.

It was one of Dash's beers, and he wanted to join in with drinking with him.

"Chase..." he said lightly, "It's been a long week, can I have a beer instead?" Dash was taken aback about how gingerly he was tiptoeing around his younger brother, asking permission to drink something *he'd* bought with his hard-earned wages.

Chase frowned as he sat down beside his babied brother, wrestling one of his thicker arms around Dash's neck, and forcing the back of the older dog's head down into his lap.

Dash wriggled, and tried to protest, but Dash kept a weight on his chest until Dash settled into his place.

"Now I don't think that's appropriate for little guys, do you?" Chase said, humoured, "A nice big bottle of milk, and an early bedtime is just what you need after a tiring week!"

Dash grimaced as Chase lifted the bottle of milk with his other paw, and turned it down towards Dash's muzzle. As small, comforted, and as humbled as he'd felt this night, he couldn't forget that Chase blackmailed him into this position. A twenty five year old dog, diapered and bottle fed forcibly by his younger brother.

Dash growled, but it was nothing more than a puppyish protest, and before he could speak or move, the bottle teat was shoved into his open mouth, where he was told to settle, and drink. Dash grew red faced, and knew better than to continue with any rebellion.

The comfort of being diapered was fading away as he remembered exactly how he got here, drinking a bottle from his brother's lap. He grouchy sucked and swallowed the milk, and Chase relaxed his paw in tow, shifting it from Dash's chest to his ears, where he caressed and stroked his brother softly. Dash resisted the urge to melt all over again as he slowly finished the bottle, but the sensation of drip-fed milk onto his tongue and his brother's touch was giving him heavy eye-lids. His torturous week had given him little comforting sleep, but here he was, about to doze off in the torturer's lap.

It was Chase setting down the empty beer bottle that made Dash realise he'd drifted off entirely, and his brief jolt made Chase aware too. It didn't take Chase long to nudge his brother up off of the sofa, where he prodded him to pad his way to bed. Dash wanted to argue so much on principle, but while rubbing his eyes sleepily, he could see the benefit of falling right back asleep. So much for video games.

Chase had set Dash's pacifier on his pillow, no doubt while rescuing his baby bottle earlier. He tried to ignore it as he settled in under the covers, but Chase was behind him, ready to tuck the duvet in and guide the pacifier into his brother's muzzle.

"I'm surprised you don't have a teddy bear," he mused, while smirking, seeing the pacifier in place for the first time. Dash couldn't have been sure, but the younger husky looked victorious at dropping his brother into babyhood, with a hint of genuine enjoyment.

Dash didn't reply, feeling entirely embarrassed and foolish at being coerced into bed so babyishly, and so early.

"I'll take you shopping, if you're good," Chase winked, before turning off the lights. "Goodnight, baby brother."

Dash whimpered, stuck between a mix of humiliation and lack of power in his situation. It hit him hard, once more, as Chase shut the bedroom door, and he could hear the muffled sound of Chase carrying on his night (or beginning it, now that the baby was put to bed). He heard his Playstation powering on, Chase no doubt about to enjoy himself well into his Saturday night.

Dash rolled over, realising the pacifier was still in his mouth, as the bulk between his legs squeezed his genitals. He bit down on it, not just feeling babyish, but so incredibly deprived of his adulthood. It was overwhelming, and as he squirmed in bed he realised his penis was twitching, trying to get hard amidst the soft material. It felt like the first time he'd felt it since Chase took over, and now he was conflicted, and disturbed that he was taking some enjoyment from it all.

"You've been blackmailed into diapers," he told himself, "Stop it." But his penis only throbbed harder. He lowered a paw under the duvet, just to readjust himself and stop the discomfort of an awkward diaper boner, but his paw lingered none the less.

Oh what a world of trouble Dash was finding himself in now.