

**BROTHER
KNOWS**

BEST

PART VI



Chase dropped the Playstation controller on the sofa beside him in a huff. His gaming had stopped being fun the more the silence from the empty playpen became apparent. He was used to his older brother crinkling around in there after dinner, waiting for his bedtime diaper change.

This was Dash's fourth late night at work this week. His brother never used to stay behind at work before, and would take his work home with him if needed, almost to a rule. Now Chase couldn't help but think this was a deliberate choice, especially as it was a Friday and beyond 9m already. None of the previous nights had seen him home this late.

Chase was ready to message his brother when his phone beeped first. It was Dash, saying he needed a change. Chase was pretty sure Dash had no more spare diapers with him in his bag, and combined with the time he was asking for one, none of it made sense.

"Get your soggy butt back home then, I'll have one ready," was all Chase could think to reply.

His brother replied, with typos, stating he was on the way. It was unlike him.

Chase wandered into his brother's bedroom, and picked up one of the thicker diaper options from the bedside table. He laid it on the bed, and readied his brother's baby wipes and powder. Chase then went to leave the room, but with a second thought, also grabbed a stuffer and laid it down with the diaper. Whatever his brother was up to, he wasn't going to work tomorrow, and Chase could make sure his night-time diaper was chunky enough to remind him of his place.

Dash finally arrived home thirty minutes or so later. He'd obviously been drinking, but looked like he was trying to play it cool. His jeans were dark, but a clear wet patch could be seen around his butt cheeks, and down one leg.

Chase smirked to himself, and decided to ignore the drinking part for now. *"Oh, bro, what happened?"*

Dash stumbled over his words, blushing furiously for an excuse.

"Well we can't do this on the bed, buddy," Chase interrupted, *"take your pants off and lie down right here. I'll clean you up!"*

Chase turned away to crack a full smile, and fetched the diaper and supplies from Dash's bed. Sensing how much his brother had had to drink, plus the bottle he was going to force on him, Chase grabbed a second stuffer. A little extra waddle in his step would be worth it.


When Chase returned to the living area, Dash had successfully stripped, and was tugging a very wet looking onesie over his head, before adding it to the clothing pile of shame on the floor. He then sat down gingerly in nothing but his soaked diaper, afraid to put pressure on it, but failing miserably. It squished audibly against the hard wooden floor.

"How much did you have to drink?" Chase asked.

Dash's face lit up like he was caught in headlights, but rapidly tried to brush it off.

"Umm," his baby brother replied before laughing nervously. *"A bit?"*

Chase knelt down, setting the supplies to the side before prodding Dash's drenched crotch with his finger. *"A bit!? This,"* he said while repeating his prod, *"is why you need thicker diapers at work, especially if you're going to be drinking afterwards. Even the floor is wet!"*



Dash raised his head with great effort as his tapes were ripped open. "You should have put a change mat down!" he grumbled in return, almost throwing his arms in the air.

"Fine, I'll add one to the shopping list," Chase retorted as the diaper opened and splatted flat onto the floor. "And this seems like more than 'a bit', doesn't it?"

The older husky laughed to himself again, before the cold wet tapes even touched his fur. He then tried to stifle his giggles, but it was difficult. He spotted his pacifier near the wipes, and immediately jabbed it into his mouth.

"Alright, mister big boy," Chase said as he finished the hefty clean up of his regressing brother. "I know you're just dying to curl up in bed, but you need some food and a big bottle of water first."

Chase slid the new diaper under his brother's butt, with both stuffers, powdered him, and taped it shut before the drunk husky even knew what was happening. He was too busy giggling to himself, and Chase had no idea why.

Chase patted his diaper, and left him there to get some dinner. As he dumped some leftovers into a pan, he watched his brother fail to sit up, then turn and clamber onto his hands and knees before getting upright. Between the alcohol and the thicker diapers, he genuinely seemed to struggle and looked very much the part of a jelly-legged toddler.

"This's too thick!" Dash tried to grumble behind his pacifier.

Chase ignored him while filling his brother's biggest baby bottle with cold water. He'll be thankful in the morning when his bed isn't soaked.

"Drink this!" Chase ordered, while leaving the food to sizzle. "Hurry up, and don't pout."

Dash made a face protesting that he wasn't pouting, that definitely still looked like a pout, but he obediently stuck the nipple in his mouth and started to drink.

With his brother occupied, Chase draped his bib around his neck and snapped it shut. He nudged the husky towards the dining table.

Dash was half way through guzzling the water when a steaming baby bowl landed on the table in front of him. He looked tried, unenthusiastic about eating, but even Chase knew it was best to get some food into him before he slept.

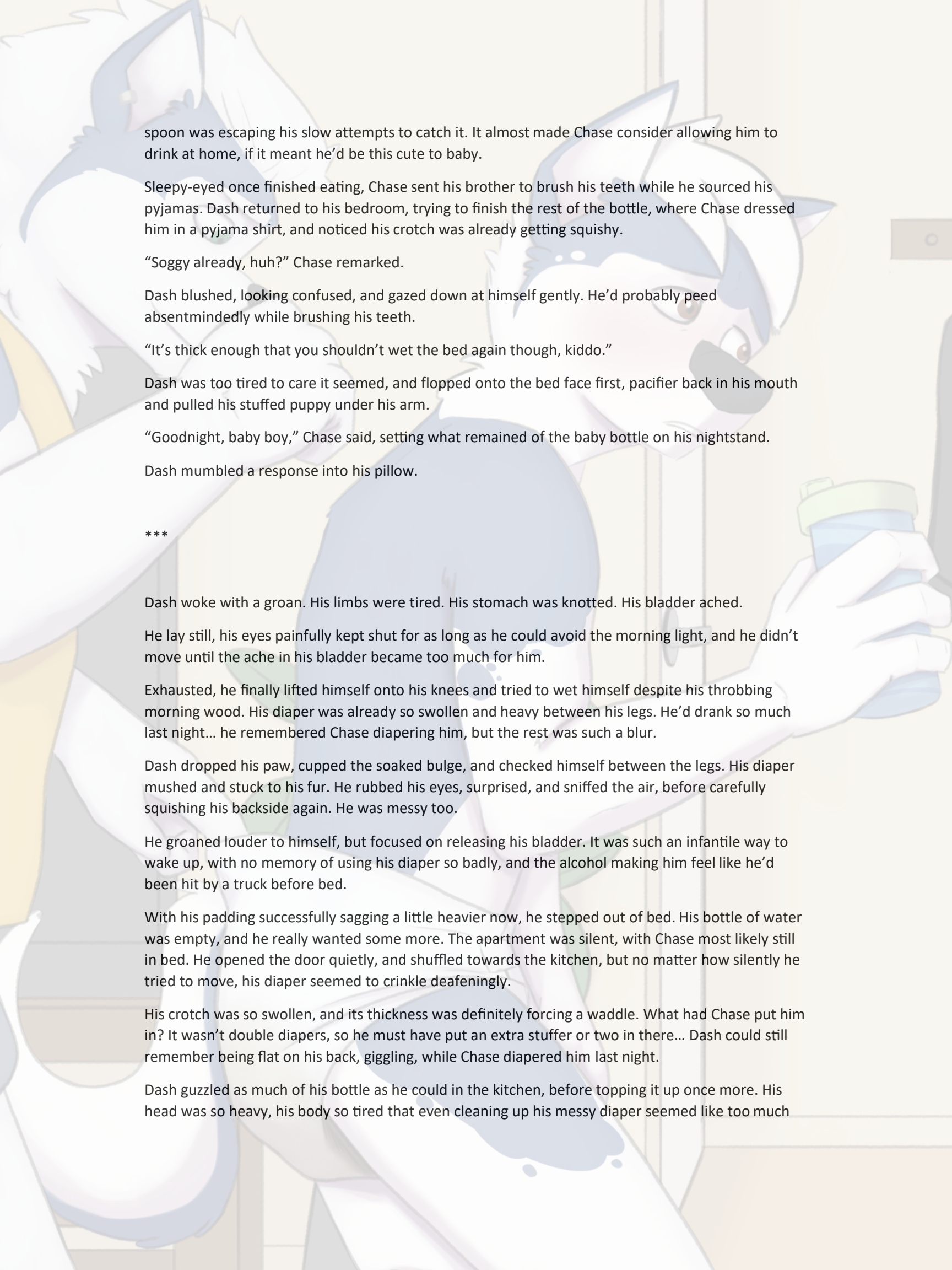
"I know it's *way* passed your bedtime," Chase said, "but you'll feel a lot better in the morning if you eat something."

Dash set down the bottle, and slowly realised there was no cutlery. Or at least there was, but Chase was holding it, and spooning up some of the meal before blowing it to cool down. He looked ready to protest, but only a childish whine escaped his lips.

"I know you're tired, baby bro, but the sooner you eat, the sooner we can tuck you into bed!"

Chase swung the baby spoon towards the husky faster than his slowed brain could comprehend, and he obediently, bashfully opened wide to receive it. The food was tasty and the delivery method was perfect for his drunken baby brother. He looked so overwhelmed by trying to catch the spoon.

Chase decided to make it more stimulating for him, and made airplane noises in between laughs as he zoomed food towards his brother's mouth. Even Dash started to laugh, and plead as the zooming



spoon was escaping his slow attempts to catch it. It almost made Chase consider allowing him to drink at home, if it meant he'd be this cute to baby.

Sleepy-eyed once finished eating, Chase sent his brother to brush his teeth while he sourced his pyjamas. Dash returned to his bedroom, trying to finish the rest of the bottle, where Chase dressed him in a pyjama shirt, and noticed his crotch was already getting squishy.

"Soggy already, huh?" Chase remarked.

Dash blushed, looking confused, and gazed down at himself gently. He'd probably peed absentmindedly while brushing his teeth.

"It's thick enough that you shouldn't wet the bed again though, kiddo."

Dash was too tired to care it seemed, and flopped onto the bed face first, pacifier back in his mouth and pulled his stuffed puppy under his arm.

"Goodnight, baby boy," Chase said, setting what remained of the baby bottle on his nightstand.

Dash mumbled a response into his pillow.

Dash woke with a groan. His limbs were tired. His stomach was knotted. His bladder ached.

He lay still, his eyes painfully kept shut for as long as he could avoid the morning light, and he didn't move until the ache in his bladder became too much for him.

Exhausted, he finally lifted himself onto his knees and tried to wet himself despite his throbbing morning wood. His diaper was already so swollen and heavy between his legs. He'd drank so much last night... he remembered Chase diapering him, but the rest was such a blur.


Dash dropped his paw, cupped the soaked bulge, and checked himself between the legs. His diaper mushed and stuck to his fur. He rubbed his eyes, surprised, and sniffed the air, before carefully squishing his backside again. He was messy too.

He groaned louder to himself, but focused on releasing his bladder. It was such an infantile way to wake up, with no memory of using his diaper so badly, and the alcohol making him feel like he'd been hit by a truck before bed.

With his padding successfully sagging a little heavier now, he stepped out of bed. His bottle of water was empty, and he really wanted some more. The apartment was silent, with Chase most likely still in bed. He opened the door quietly, and shuffled towards the kitchen, but no matter how silently he tried to move, his diaper seemed to crinkle deafeningly.

His crotch was so swollen, and its thickness was definitely forcing a waddle. What had Chase put him in? It wasn't double diapers, so he must have put an extra stuffer or two in there... Dash could still remember being flat on his back, giggling, while Chase diapered him last night.

Dash guzzled as much of his bottle as he could in the kitchen, before topping it up once more. His head was so heavy, his body so tired that even cleaning up his messy diaper seemed like too much



effort, as much as he wanted a shower. Even if he had the energy, he still needed permission from his sleeping brother to take his diaper off anyway.

Instead, he could enjoy his limited freedom while Chase still slept. He could do whatever he wanted until he woke up! Watch anything on TV, play anything on his Playstation. He walked into the living space, smugly ignoring the playpen. It had been so long since he could do this...

But with his head too heavy, Dash, with a casual concern for his stinky bottom, crashed down onto the sofa. All the freedom in the world, and his brain wasn't there; his hangover had zapped him. He turned on some Saturday morning cartoons, and nuzzled his baby bottle.

Last night was the first time Dash had drank alcohol in countless weeks. He'd gotten into a habit, all too willingly, of staying late in work.

Just when he'd started to get used to being in his office in diapers, a large collaboration project and more group meetings had eroded his privacy a little. It was "easy" to wet himself at his desk, but he was far more paranoid doing it at a meeting table surrounded by teammates. His butt felt far more exposed, his crinkles more prominent.

This exposure, coupled with the extra work, had left him feeling distracted and disorganised. An extra hour and a half to work after hours in peace seemed to settle Dash, and allow him to feel more in control. Normally, he'd never be the type put in an extra unpaid shift, but staying put started to feel appealing when the alternative was sitting in the playpen and getting an early bedtime...

Chase seemed understanding too, so it bought Dash a little control over his own life again. When his teammates suggested they go drinking after work Friday and drown the extra stresses of the week, Dash was all too eager to follow along and defy his baby life a little further.

Dash changed his diaper in the afternoon, with Chase's permission, though he felt guilt smack him as he neglected to mention the drinking part. He was sure he could hide having one or two drinks easily enough though.


He was still an adult, no matter what his brother had blackmailed him into. It shouldn't matter if he had a drink after work or not. He didn't need to feel guilty about it! If anything, he needed this after the weeks of stifled life he'd led with Chase.

Dash couldn't remember how badly the "one or two drinks" had gone; he knew for sure he'd had more than that after happy hour cocktails turned into vodkas. He remembered making his way home, his painful bladder on the bus... but apart from the hazy memory of his diaper change, the rest was a blur now.

As his Saturday morning cartoons ran on, Dash realised he couldn't pay attention. The thick, squishy diaper was perfectly cushioning his butt as he slouched and drank his bottle, and it was forcing his morning wood to return with strength.

Dash tried to ignore it, as due to a painful new rule it would mean embarrassingly admitting to his brother *again* that he'd had a "big boy accident" in his diaper if he followed through. Though with his messy backside and Chase asleep, the longer he dwelt on it the more alluring the opportunity seemed to engage his throbbing erection.

Horny, but still too tired and hungover, the husky figured his best course of action was right where he was. He wasn't hidden away in his bedroom, but right here on his own sofa, in his own apartment. It was sense of ownership he'd not felt for some time, and despite how much the diaper



he was wearing, or the playpen he could see, was turning him on, it was that pleasure in feeling like his own man that really helped.

He rolled over, clutched the nearest cushion, and started to rub his thick, wet crotch immediately, before straddling the cushion and thrusting himself against it. His dirty diaper squished between his legs, and his balls tightened. Dash knew this was going to be satisfying.

Until he then heard paws hit the floor, and footsteps coming from his old bedroom.

Oh for fuck-

He threw himself off the pillow and tried to sit casually as the bedroom door opened, and a sleepy Chase emerged in his boxers and a dishevelled tank top.

“Morning,” Chase drawled, with a yawn.

Dash stood up, instinctively deciding to go hide in his bedroom and finish what he started. He had to pass his brother to get there of course, and he nervously tried to disappear before his obviously-in-need-of-a-change diaper caught his younger brother’s eye.

“Morning, big bro,” Dash replied, as his cheeks flushed. Being seen like this was inevitable, but it still embarrassed him.

“Not so fast...” Chase then said, turning to where Dash had frozen on the spot. He was wrinkling his nose.

Dash felt his younger brother’s finger peel back the waistband of his sticky diaper, clearly enough to make the younger husky exhale exaggeratedly.

“You’re going nowhere like that, mister,” he warned, scuppering Dash’s plans to finish his deed. “*And* we need to talk.”

Dash had no idea what about, which only made him feel more anxious about his alcohol fuelled night. Had he done something when drunk?

“Go stand in the corner,” Chase said firmly.

“What?” Dash spat, offended by the childish suggestion. It really shouldn’t have surprised him, but with enough embarrassing babying and threats of blackmail, Chase had never needed to firmly punish him like this.

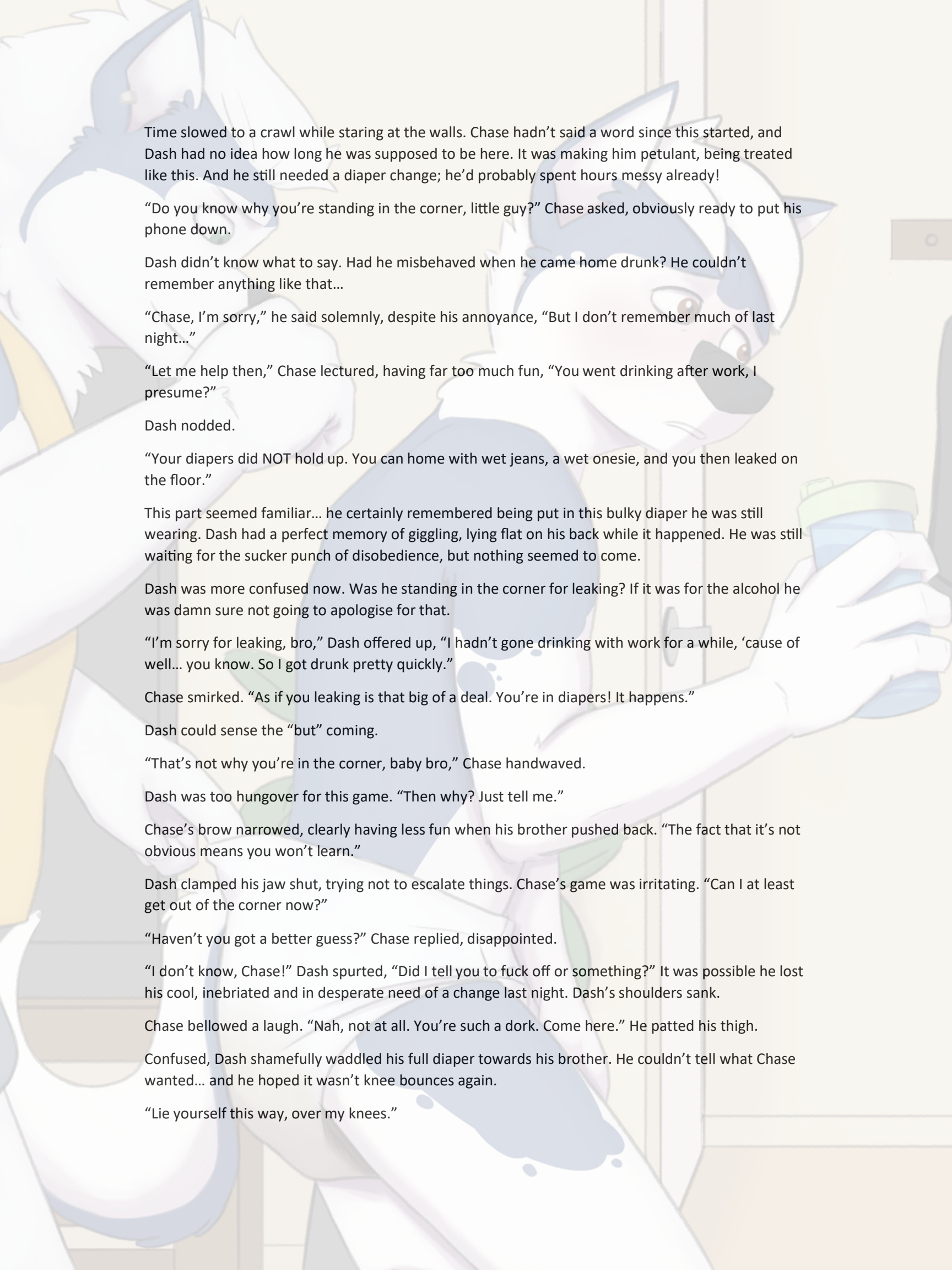
“If you don’t know why, then you better go stand there and start thinking.”

Chase didn’t seem annoyed, but he sure as hell sounded parental.

Dash wasted time further by standing there with his mouth open in disbelief. As if the whole morning hadn’t made him feel small so far, this was hammering him down further.

With an audible, irritated pout, he knew better than to disobey, and walked to stand in the corner of the living room. He felt dumb, staring at the wall this close...

He heard his brother pop open a soda, hit the sofa and browse his phone, almost like he was ignored and invisible in the corner. It only annoyed Dash further, and he hadn’t yet considered the reason he’d been sent here.



Time slowed to a crawl while staring at the walls. Chase hadn't said a word since this started, and Dash had no idea how long he was supposed to be here. It was making him petulant, being treated like this. And he still needed a diaper change; he'd probably spent hours messy already!

"Do you know why you're standing in the corner, little guy?" Chase asked, obviously ready to put his phone down.

Dash didn't know what to say. Had he misbehaved when he came home drunk? He couldn't remember anything like that...

"Chase, I'm sorry," he said solemnly, despite his annoyance, "But I don't remember much of last night..."

"Let me help then," Chase lectured, having far too much fun, "You went drinking after work, I presume?"

Dash nodded.

"Your diapers did NOT hold up. You can come home with wet jeans, a wet onesie, and you then leaked on the floor."

This part seemed familiar... he certainly remembered being put in this bulky diaper he was still wearing. Dash had a perfect memory of giggling, lying flat on his back while it happened. He was still waiting for the sucker punch of disobedience, but nothing seemed to come.

Dash was more confused now. Was he standing in the corner for leaking? If it was for the alcohol he was damn sure not going to apologise for that.

"I'm sorry for leaking, bro," Dash offered up, "I hadn't gone drinking with work for a while, 'cause of well... you know. So I got drunk pretty quickly."

Chase smirked. "As if your leaking is that big of a deal. You're in diapers! It happens."

Dash could sense the "but" coming.

"That's not why you're in the corner, baby bro," Chase handwaved.

Dash was too hungover for this game. "Then why? Just tell me."

Chase's brow narrowed, clearly having less fun when his brother pushed back. "The fact that it's not obvious means you won't learn."

Dash clamped his jaw shut, trying not to escalate things. Chase's game was irritating. "Can I at least get out of the corner now?"

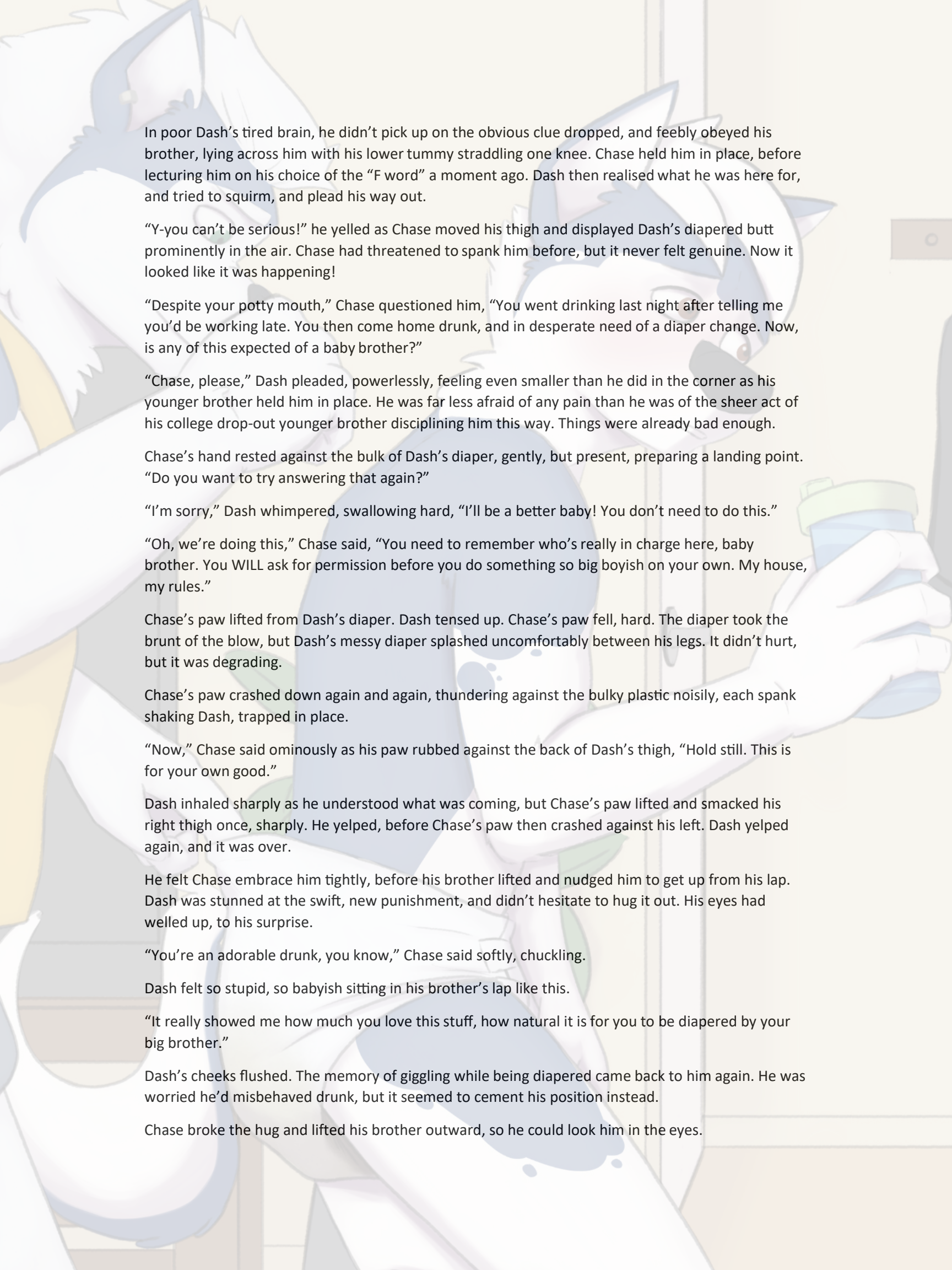
"Haven't you got a better guess?" Chase replied, disappointed.

"I don't know, Chase!" Dash spurted, "Did I tell you to fuck off or something?" It was possible he lost his cool, inebriated and in desperate need of a change last night. Dash's shoulders sank.

Chase bellowed a laugh. "Nah, not at all. You're such a dork. Come here." He patted his thigh.

Confused, Dash shamefully waddled his full diaper towards his brother. He couldn't tell what Chase wanted... and he hoped it wasn't knee bounces again.

"Lie yourself this way, over my knees."



In poor Dash's tired brain, he didn't pick up on the obvious clue dropped, and feebly obeyed his brother, lying across him with his lower tummy straddling one knee. Chase held him in place, before lecturing him on his choice of the "F word" a moment ago. Dash then realised what he was here for, and tried to squirm, and plead his way out.

"Y-you can't be serious!" he yelled as Chase moved his thigh and displayed Dash's diapered butt prominently in the air. Chase had threatened to spank him before, but it never felt genuine. Now it looked like it was happening!

"Despite your potty mouth," Chase questioned him, "You went drinking last night after telling me you'd be working late. You then come home drunk, and in desperate need of a diaper change. Now, is any of this expected of a baby brother?"

"Chase, please," Dash pleaded, powerlessly, feeling even smaller than he did in the corner as his younger brother held him in place. He was far less afraid of any pain than he was of the sheer act of his college drop-out younger brother disciplining him this way. Things were already bad enough.

Chase's hand rested against the bulk of Dash's diaper, gently, but present, preparing a landing point. "Do you want to try answering that again?"

"I'm sorry," Dash whimpered, swallowing hard, "I'll be a better baby! You don't need to do this."

"Oh, we're doing this," Chase said, "You need to remember who's really in charge here, baby brother. You WILL ask for permission before you do something so big boyish on your own. My house, my rules."

Chase's paw lifted from Dash's diaper. Dash tensed up. Chase's paw fell, hard. The diaper took the brunt of the blow, but Dash's messy diaper splashed uncomfortably between his legs. It didn't hurt, but it was degrading.

Chase's paw crashed down again and again, thundering against the bulky plastic noisily, each spank shaking Dash, trapped in place.

"Now," Chase said ominously as his paw rubbed against the back of Dash's thigh, "Hold still. This is for your own good."

Dash inhaled sharply as he understood what was coming, but Chase's paw lifted and smacked his right thigh once, sharply. He yelped, before Chase's paw then crashed against his left. Dash yelped again, and it was over.

He felt Chase embrace him tightly, before his brother lifted and nudged him to get up from his lap. Dash was stunned at the swift, new punishment, and didn't hesitate to hug it out. His eyes had welled up, to his surprise.

"You're an adorable drunk, you know," Chase said softly, chuckling.

Dash felt so stupid, so babyish sitting in his brother's lap like this.

"It really showed me how much you love this stuff, how natural it is for you to be diapered by your big brother."

Dash's cheeks flushed. The memory of giggling while being diapered came back to him again. He was worried he'd misbehaved drunk, but it seemed to cement his position instead.

Chase broke the hug and lifted his brother outward, so he could look him in the eyes.

"Next time you want to go drinking, you tell me," Chase said, genuinely, "And... I'll make sure you've got a bigger diaper on."

Dash wanted to vocalise how stifled he felt, and how it had led to him "sneaking out" in the first place, but he felt far too small to speak up now. Instead, he nodded quietly.

As if Chase's surprises hadn't made Dash feel small enough already that morning, he then heaved his brother, with a not-early-enough warning, over his shoulder and stood up from the sofa with a grunt.

Dash felt tiny, embarrassed, and powerless by the implications that Chase could carry him over his shoulder. They were more or less the same height, but his younger brother was always the stockier one. This unexpected show of strength was shocking.

"...and after that," Chase was saying as he carried his brother right to the shower, "We'll put you in a nice thick diaper today, with something cute on, and you can rest that silly big boy hangover in the playpen while I make some tasty breakfast."

Dash groaned. His babying was going to consume his adulthood all over again if he didn't speak up soon. But what could say against his brother's will to control him?

"Don't worry, little guy, big bro's got you!"



