

Brother Knows Best I

Dash was ready to explode. All he'd asked was that his younger brother would tidy up while Dash was at work, but as he arrived home to his apartment, the younger husky was asleep on the sofa, and it looked like he'd barely lifted a finger all day.

Dash strolled around his apartment, his blood boiling at each infraction. Junk food crumbs and empty packets on the floor in front of his dozing brother. His Playstation idling on the TV. A sink full of dirty water and dishes. Half-emptied drinking glasses on the sideboard. And worst of all, a wet towel on the floor in the bathroom, with piss splashed over the toilet seat.

Incidences like this were almost a daily occurrence. There was always something to come home to that bugged him, and he regretted not having the assertiveness to stamp it out earlier.

Dash walked back into the living space. His brother hadn't stirred at all, and Dash let his backpack drop to the floor with a thud. The younger husky snorted, and sat up slightly. He was still wearing his tank top and pyjama shorts, with unkempt fur, probably having slept in all morning, before lazing the afternoon away.

"Chase," Dash growled, furious. The older husky never liked confrontation in anger, and especially hated having to chew out his younger brother. He'd always wanted to nurture and guide him, but Chase's post-college life was in a spiral, and expecting the barest acts of gratitude for taking him in seemed too much to ask now.

The younger husky rubbed his eyes, and as he realised the situation he was stuck in, guilt swarmed over his face.

"Dash, I'm-" he bumbled to no success, as his brother cut him off.

"No more fucking excuses!" Dash snapped, his voice breaking. He'd put up with his brother's nonsense for over a month now. A month that had grated for too long. "It's too late. Stop being so fucking useless. Get a job, and get out. You can't stay here anymore."

Chase's ears folded backwards as he lay awkwardly on the sofa. He'd never heard nor expected an outburst like this from his brother, and sat silently, startled.

"It's late. I'm going to bed," Dash snarled, turning away. "I've got work tomorrow. *Again.*"

The older husky brushed his teeth in a fury, eager to shut himself away for the night. He knew he shouldn't have to hide in his own home, but if he took one more look at his brother or the mess, he'd probably blow a fuse. Nonetheless, he picked up the wet towel and wiped down the toilet seat before storming out of the bathroom and going to his bedroom.

Dash undressed and tried to calm himself. He was immediately starting to feel guilty about snapping, unmeasured. He didn't believe shouting would ever be truly productive, but maybe it would get his point across for now.

He sighed, annoyed at himself for losing his cool. His shoulders and neck felt tight. Dash valued his own space, and having his brother here had worn down on him more than he'd realised. Dash had had a long day. Work led immediately into dinner and drinks with friends.

He didn't like coming home so close to bed time on a work night; it normally left him little time to unwind, not that he was getting that as of late.

As he stood, delaying putting some pyjama bottoms on for bed, he couldn't help but feel drawn to some proper stress relief. Stress relief that resided under his bed.

Dash slid the underbed storage open gently, and stared inside at the diapers and baby clothes lying neatly inside. He'd not worn a diaper in the weeks since his brother moved in, fearful he'd be caught out, but tonight he was going to throw caution to the wind. He'd be showered and on his way to work before his brother would stir awake, just like every other morning.

He took one and unfolded it over his bed, then sat his butt down. The fresh padding felt extra nice after a long wait. With relish, and a rapidly hardening member, he quickly squirted lotion across his groin, and pulled the diaper up between his legs, sealing it around his erection. He groaned softly to himself, trying to be as silent as possible.

Now enthralled by how amazing the diaper felt, he booted his laptop, and decided to make it worth his while. He could flick through some pictures, maybe read some erotica. Anything he pleased to entertain himself.

As he flicked through his collection of stories, he found some older files regarding diaper discipline and retraining. His already stressed mind immediately thought about his brother, and the piss-marked toilet seat.

Dash shut his laptop incredulously. All he wanted was to relieve himself and get some sleep, not be weirded out by the thought of his brother in diapers too! His erection softened, and he rolled over in a grump.

As the diaper crinkled around with his movement, his penis squirmed and grew hard again against the lotioned crotch. Dash thrust against his mattress, trying to focus on anything other than his current living conditions, but in his frustration he couldn't separate the fantasy of his brother, the dirty apartment, and diapers. He thought about the toilet, and being forced into diapers. Himself, his brother; it didn't matter. The image was relevant, powerful, and it was turning him on.

It didn't take the husky long to cum with ease, filling the front of his diaper, grunting, shuddering and sweating. Being in a diaper for the first time in a month would do that to him.

With his muzzle panting, dribbling into his pillow, his stress relief was short lived, and he was immediately confronted by the guilt of chewing his brother out, and the immediate shame of where his mind went while he humped.

He'd apologise tomorrow after work, Dash told himself, after his outburst was given long enough to sink in.

Chase hadn't slept well, and laid around the spare bedroom until he was sure Dash had gotten up and left for work. He was disappointed and hurt, and didn't want to face his brother first thing in the morning.

Dash had always been the good son. Twenty five years old. College graduate. Good job. Nice apartment. Chase and his older brother had been close for as long as he could remember, inseparable as kids. When the older husky left home to study, Chase was more bummed out than he'd ever admit.

Chase hadn't quite lived up to the same expectations. Having failed and repeated his first year of college, he eventually dropped out and tried to come home. His parents were furious at the wasted education money, and weren't so welcoming. The younger husky ended up on his older brother's doorstep, desperately in need of a push, of some help. But he was too ashamed to simply ask for guidance.

Chase got out of bed, stepping over dirty shirts and underwear as if they weren't there. The living area was still a bit messy he realised, and planned to tackle it after some food and a shower. The thought of being kicked out made him ill, and he was silently furious at Dash for threatening him when he needed support.

Groggily, before he could wander to the kitchen to find some breakfast, his nose started to twitch. The husky had always had a strong nose, and this smell was definitely something new, unpleasant. A scent of piss, but nothing like the coldness of the bathroom.

With his curiosity piqued, he followed his nose, and padded over to his brother's bedroom door, where he could feel a draft, and the smell wafting across his muzzle. His face wrinkled, and he opened the door cautiously.

Dash's bedroom was almost immaculate. Yesterday's clothes draped over a bench, and a slightly overcrowded bedside table, but otherwise everything was in its place. Chase growled to himself; the cleanliness only reminding him of the previous argument.

The window was open, with a gentle breeze swaying the curtains, and no doubt the source of the draft carrying the smell. He focused instead on the scent, and poked around. His first suspicion was a wet bed, but the duvet and mattress were dry. Chase was a little disappointed; he would have loved something like that to throw back in his perfect brother's face.

He then spotted the small trash can in the corner of the room, and endeavoured to empty it, ridding himself of the smell for the day. What he found instead changed everything.

Chase laughed to himself. A wet diaper! Not only was his brother probably a bedwetter after all, but he was wearing diapers too! He didn't know what to do with this new information, but it sure made him feel a little less inferior.

Though as he mulled it over, some things didn't add up. Why was he only smelling this now? And he was confident Dash wasn't wearing diapers around the apartment every night. Determined to uncover more little secrets, Chase spun round and threw open the closet doors. Nothing. He tried the same with the bedside table, but he found nothing but boxers and socks. He frowned some more, and realised the bottom of the bed had two long drawers.

Chase hunched over and pulled the drawers open as far as he could, and there they were! He wasn't ready to see it though. Diapers stacked and sorted, more than he could picture, but ultimately expected. It was everything else that blew his mind.

Giant baby clothes, pacifiers, sippy cups, baby bottles. Like an enormous hidden stash of babysitting equipment, but all of the clothes and diapers were for adults. Baffled, Chase closed the drawers. He couldn't comprehend what he was seeing, so he sought answers in the best place his could think of; Dash's laptop.

He climbed up onto his brother's bed and sat down, powering the laptop on, and resting it across his thighs. Chase didn't let the need for a password slow him down; the brothers liked the same stuff, more or less, and a password hint can be more than helpful to someone with that familial knowledge.

After a number of failed attempts, and a little reflection and research, Chase was logged in, and the previous program windows from the night before were waiting.

Chase's mind spun. His jaw dropped. Pictures and artwork of guys in diapers. Some as babies. Some being sexy. Wet diapers. *Shitty* diapers. Chase could not believe his brother was into such weird stuff. And then he found the erotica.

Chase couldn't help but start reading the only opened story; a story about someone useless getting put in diapers and babied because they need a restart in life. Was this going to be *him*? Was his brother looking at stories and ideas to 'punish' Chase for not getting a job? Would this be the alternative to getting kicked out? *Diapers!?*

Chase scoured every corner of the laptop he could think of. The internet history was peppered with Dash's perverted thoughts; weird websites and more pictures of big baby adults than Chase could understand. Dash's private photos were another matter. Selfies, poses, and even some videos of him wearing diapers and baby clothes. Most didn't show his face, but some did. Chase saw and learned things he never knew existed, and it all painted a very different picture of Dash.

Chase went to make coffee, to get some air and digest what he'd seen. He didn't think Dash would really force all this baby stuff upon him, but Chase wasn't going to give him the chance. He was still mad and not thinking rationally, but he realised now he had the perfect ammunition to fire back at his brother.

Dash came home and opened his apartment door having felt awful all day. He planned to remain strong regarding the feelings behind his outburst, but at least apologise for the nature of it. He wouldn't, couldn't, kick his brother out, no matter how much he wanted his privacy back, but Chase needed to shape up, and Dash was reaffirmed in helping him achieve it.

Chase was sitting on the sofa, relaxed, clearly waiting for his older brother. Dash was immediately impressed; maybe he wouldn't have to go too hard on him this evening, the cleanliness of the kitchen and bathroom depending.

“We need to talk,” the older husky stated, setting his backpack and keys down.

“Oh, we really do,” Chase smirked.

While not in the mood for his brother’s tone, Dash mistook the cheer in his voice for a miracle of success. Had Chase actually done something productive with his day? Maybe the proverbial kick up the backside had achieved *something*. The living room had been straightened out a little, at least.

Dash took a seat in the armchair adjacent to his brother on the sofa. He wanted to start with the apology, but his brother’s arrogance was starting to irritate, so he side-stepped it. “There’s going to be a lot of changes from here out.”

“You can say that again,” Chase smirked.

Dash bristled. “Do you think this is funny?”

Chase exhaled deeply, and bit down on his thumb. “I’ve learned a lot today, bro, like, a mind-blowing amount of shit.”

Dash shifted awkwardly in his seat. He didn’t know what Chase was talking about, but with the amount of secrets he had in his life, it was enough to make him feel uneasy. He tried to remain poker-faced, in control of the conversation. This was about Chase, he reminded himself.

“And what’s that?” the older husky questioned, holding his nerve.

Chase turned his gaze to the floor, like he was trying to decide what to say. “I- I thought you were wetting the bed,” he finally said, to Dash’s hidden dismay. “I could smell it this morning, this stench, you know? Then I found the diaper.”

Dash was deathly still now, and he had to know if Chase had discovered anything else. He didn’t wet the bed, but he’d happily allow the pretence if it saved him further embarrassment.

“But...”

A bead of sweat ran down Dash’s brow.

“...then I found everything else, and I was *really* confused. Giant baby clothes? Giant baby diapers? Why would you own that? So, I needed to understand. I checked your laptop.”

Dash felt sick, like he wanted to rage and throw up at the same time. “Get the fuck out of my apartment,” he breathed, trying to conceal a panic attack.

“Bro, it’s okay,” Chase raised a paw, “I saw the pictures, the stories... your history. I know what gets you off, what you want. I was so mad at you, but then I felt *bad*. Felt bad that you were going through all this in secret.”

Chase let the words hang. Dash’s paws were clamped to his thighs. He didn’t speak.

“So, I want to make a deal. You let me stay here, and you can have everything you want. All that stuff. No need to hide it.”

“You’re out of your mind,” Dash laughed deliriously, and stood up. He felt light-headed, and as much as he needed to control the situation, he wanted his brother out of his sight immediately. “You think you can go through my stuff, my privacy, and *stay here*?”

“We’re brothers,” Chase replied hurtfully, “we’re supposed to have each other’s backs.”

“GET. OUT.” Dash seethed, incredulous that his brother could sit there and say these things.

“I don’t have anywhere else to go,” Chase stood up now, both brothers glaring eye to eye.

Chase’s eyebrows narrowed. He was being an asshole, but taking zero pleasure in it.

“Your laptop didn’t just show me all your secrets; it gave me your facebook, your linkedin, and your inbox. I’ve changed your passwords! If you push me, mom and dad, your boss, your friends, everyone will know you dress up like a fucking baby!”

“You little shit.” Dash’s rage ran cold, his legs weakened. There wasn’t much physical difference in the brothers; Chase was a little chunkier, but Dash considered throwing a punch nonetheless. Or tackling him to ground. They hadn’t fought since they were kids, as brothers would do. Instead, Dash broke eye contact first, wilting under his brother’s threats. He couldn’t have anyone find out about his interests.

“You made me do this!” Chase reached down and grabbed something from behind a cushion, then threw it at Dash’s chest. He couldn’t react quick enough, and realised a folded diaper had fallen to his feet.

“I’ll show you how things are going to be from now on,” Chase snapped. The younger husky looked pissed. “Put the diaper on *now*. I promise you that if you don’t, you’re fucked.”

Dash snorted. “You’re ridiculous. If you think I’m just going to-”

Chase’s gaze narrowed. “I have an email scheduled to send to dad in less than an hour. With pictures. If you’re not wearing that diaper by then, I’m not cancelling it.”

Dash couldn’t believe his brother’s fury. His voice was bubbling with anger. Was this really happening? “You’re bluffing,” Dash replied, weakly.

“Would you rather wear your diapers like I told you, or let Dad see what you really are?” Chase said coldly. “Your call, bro.”

Dash tried to bargain with him, hoping that this would blow over the next day when they’d all calmed down. “I wouldn’t kick you out, y-you know that right?” the older brother said, whimpering without intent. “I was just frustrated.”

“I know that you can’t kick me out *now*,” Chase replied, wounded, before sitting down again. “The diaper.”

“You don’t really want me to... to see me?” Dash gulped.

“I’ve already seen the pictures. You’re going to get what you wanted, so just do as you’re told... I know you like being told what to do.”

Dash's hands trembled as he started to undo his trousers. He and Chase hadn't seen each other naked since they were young kids, and the thought of putting a diaper on was far, far more embarrassing than simply getting undressed.

"Everything off," Chase said, as Dash stripped his trousers down his legs. The older brother obeyed, and took his polo shirt off too.

Dash stood there in his boxers as if wishing Chase would balk and call the whole thing off, but it never came. Instead, as Dash bashfully removed his underwear, Chase lifted his phone upright. Dash stood like a deer in the headlights, paws and tail covering his privates.

"We're going to make a video," Chase stated, "As long as you do as you're told and accept that I'm here to stay, you have nothing to worry about from me. Got it?"

Dash nodded weakly. He now feared this wasn't going to disfuse tomorrow, but there was always hope he could convince Chase to delete the video after he'd calmed down.

"Good. Put that diaper on while confessing what... to what you do."

Dash swallowed hard. He heard Chase's phone beep, and his younger brother watched intently. He unfolded the diaper shakily, and flatted it on the floor. He lowered himself onto it, and couldn't look straight at the camera. "My name is D-Dash..." he started, voice choking, stuttering. "I like to wear and use diapers, and dress like a b-baby."

Dash pulled the diaper up between his legs. It would probably be the worst diapering he'd performed in a long time, but he desperately wanted this over with. He was petrified in front of the camera.

The older husky finished the tapes and sat up on his knees. His paws awkwardly hung, concealing the white padding around his hips, but the camera knew what it was by now. He looked up at his brother pleadingly, but Chase continued to film it. "You want to be kept this way don't you?"

Dash nodded and stared at the floor. "...Yes."

He exhaled in relief, and terror, as the phone beeped once more, sealing the footage in Chase's hands.

"I'm sorry, brother," Chase suddenly said, genuinely. "But I always had your back. I thought you'd have mine."

Dash scrambled to his knees, terrified that Chase was suddenly about to ruin him. "Chase, you've made your point. I'm sorry!"

The younger brother simply slipped his phone back into his pocket however. "I know you are."

Dash could see the betrayal and sadness in his brother's eyes, and realised how horribly things had become messed up. "C-Chase, let's fix this."

"We're going to," Chase smiled hopefully, before turning to a full grin, "I got lots of ideas how to make you less of a dick, and you've got no way out of it now."

The younger husky towered over his diapered brother, and rested a paw on his head. "I'm the big brother now, so don't think about taking that diaper off until I say so."

Dash's hands were shaking. He looked up at Chase, pleading silently. His younger brother had never shown such assertiveness before. Dash should have been proud of him that day, but Chase's moment to take charge could ruin his life.

The older husky was too stunned as Chase shifted his paw down his brother's head, and brought him closer for a hug. Dash's face rested against the husky's thigh, unblinking.

"We'll work out some new rules in time."

That kick up the backside had certainly worked.