

BROTHER KNOWS BEST

PART VII



"I really like this one," Chase mused, as the photo of Dash appeared on the TV. It depicted the husky sat on his bed, legs spread, with a visibly soaked, thick, baby-printed diaper between his legs.

Dash was sure that the reason his younger brother liked the picture, was not due to how wet or thick that diaper looked, but because Dash's face was visible; identifiable, embarrassed, and exposed.

Chase was lounging comfortably on the sofa, with his older brother's laptop across his knees, and sharing a particular slideshow collection of images with the television.

Dash was trapped in the playpen, frozen in shame as his brother casually commented on each one, unable to put a stop to the procedure. He was looking at the highlights reel of every picture he'd taken of himself for the past few years; every picture that now lay in Chase's hands.

Even if he were brave enough or strong enough to leap to his feet and attempt to smash the laptop, Chase had already taken every precaution to protect his wealth of blackmail material. He'd changed Dash's laptop password. Backed up the files to his own on-line account. Seized every one of Dash's useful accounts that he could think of, including his email, social media, and banking. He was the big brother now; he controlled everything.

"And this one!"

The next photo was even more babyish. Dash was bashfully sucking on a pacifier, in a pair of snap-crotch shorts with a very pronounced diaper bulge.

The older husky regretted ever taking these photos, not that they'd ever left his own hard drive without cropping or otherwise hiding his face. They were only ever for his own private fun. Now they were weaponised.

And then followed Dash, proudly yet bashfully, displaying his thickly padded backside which had stained darkly, the diaper unmistakably dirty. And just like all of the other pictures in this slideshow, his face was clear and identifiable. Chase had made his point ten times over, and Dash was forced to sit there and let it continue.

"So tell me again that you don't think you should be in diapers anymore?" Chase asked, knowing that Dash had no reply that could change his circumstances.

Dash knew he was defeated, and worse, the defeat was pushing him right back into an obedient state. His attempt to fight for some independence, to fight against his diminishing adulthood was crushed.

He'd felt he needed to gain some control back, as Dash had realised he'd stopped paying attention to wetting himself. Chase had encouraged him to drink more water over time, and combined with the convenience of being permanently in diapers, he'd developed a habit of absent-mindedly

wetting himself as soon as the urge would strike. It was convenient, and it beat needing to hold his bladder.

When he was first forced into wearing diapers to work, he was good at mentally tracking his own usage. He knew how much each diaper could take, and what he could drink during the day to stay within those limits. It kept the risk low, and still in his control, despite what he was being forced to do.

Now that was all slipping. He noticed that his diapers would be swollen, with no idea of how many times he might have urinated in the preceding hours. That lack of awareness made him feel small, feel like his diapers were becoming a little more necessary than they had been forced upon him.

The husky's messing routine had mostly set in stone too. Come home from work, and fill his diaper after dinner. Because it was so clockwork and in a safe location, Dash failed to realise that he willingly letting go as soon as that urge hit too. It never felt problematic until Dash bowels kicked a little earlier than normal one evening, and he tried to hold it until after dinner.

It became uncomfortable fast, and he found himself giving in and embarrassing himself; stinking his pants before having to sit and eat.

A part of Dash was worried he was losing control, or at least, logically had allowed his body to relax about it for far too long. He wanted to fight back, but every time he found himself with a sodden crotch or sudden bulky bottom, it pushed his buttons. He felt a little more helpless, a little smaller, and the desire to fight back was quelled for a while.

It didn't help that he'd become so comfortable with Chase babying him. Aside from the fact that it stemmed from blackmail, he found himself all too willing to be obedient. Sure, it sucked at times, but Dash was mostly finding that embarrassment was all too effective at holding his mindset in a more submissive state. And he was sure that Chase's humiliating rule surrounding him having to admit to masturbating was making him get off less, which had the domino affect of keeping his babyish desires intact.

But the stranglehold of this babyish mindset shattered, and landed Dash right in the middle of Chase's reinforcement session in front of the TV.

Dash had once again woken up wetter than he remembered going to bed. The yellow bulge between his thighs was enough to give him a concerning blush, before the babyishness of his scenario took over, and he indulged himself by straddling his pillow. It was the weekend, and felt like such a little *bedwetter*, like never before in his life.

He made short work of his pillow, and as pleasure left him, Dash was burdened by nothing but regret and shame. He was allowing his life to spiral into bedwetting and incontinence... he hadn't fought hard enough, hadn't challenged Chase on what was actually happening. He didn't want to *need* diapers.

And before he had time to make some breakfast and recover from this guilt, his mother had phoned, leaving him to chat while all too aware of the wet diaper under his pyajmas, impounding his humiliation further. He'd barely hung up after the call, when Chase emerged from his room, proudly deciding that the next chunk of Dash's income was going towards a high chair.

"Mom wants us to visit," Dash said, barely taking in what Chase has declared, and he saw the brief flash of irritation cross his brother's face.

"When?" He replied, without missing a beat, though his jovial tone had lowered for sure.

"I dunno yet, but she's been pushing for this for a while..." Dash said carefully. He didn't know how his brother would react after being kicked out of home for dropping out of college.

"Well let's find a weekend," he said, with his eyes lighting up, and gazing straight towards Dash's saturated morning diaper. "Won't *that* be fun."

Dash endured his typical, initial blush, but for once it didn't push him further into obedience.

"What? N-no!" He said, startled but firm. "No way."

Diapers at their parents' house? Chase was going too far.

"It's not up for debate," Chase said, trying to kill the protest and no doubt expecting Dash to wilt. He held aloft Dash's laptop. "Now let me show you this highcha-"

"Chase, are you out of you mind?" Dash said, shocked, as the clarity of his stripped adulthood came flooding back.

Chase closed the laptop, and put it down on the dining table. "What makes you think this gets to stop? How many times do I have to remind you."


"It's too far!" Dash said nervously. He didn't know how to say the words, which made him feel weak, unable to grasp at the adulthood he needed. He cleared this throat. This was his apartment, his earnings, his life. He was the older brother, and he needed to stop this before he became incontinent too.

"Chase, this is too much-" he started, but typically for his meek standing, Chase cut him off simply.

"What is?" He replied, his brow narrowing, asking despite likely being unwilling to accept whatever Dash could offer in return.

"All of this, I mean, I'm in too deep here, you see that right?" Dash said, pleading. He didn't want to admit his new found accidents, but he needed to convince Chase. It was now or never. "I'm having accidents... I've been in... in diapers too long. I don't think I'm fully aware when I wet myself. I can't do this. I can't be a toddler every day!"

"Why not?" Chase retorted. "You're doing a good job so far. And it's not *all of the time*, don't give me that. You still go to work, you still get to stay up late-ish. Eat normal food. Watch TV. See your



friends. I can list many, many things that you could still lose if you wanted to be a toddler *every day*.”

“Are you even listening?” Dash almost stomped in frustration. “This is going to make me incontinent!”

“And?” Chase said sternly. “You’re wearing diapers all of the time. What does it matter anymore?”

Dash froze. He really hadn’t expected his brother to be so indifferent about his changing bodily habits.

“Chase, I don’t *want* to be incontinent! I’d be in diapers for life...”

“You already are.” Chase replied calmly, clearly uninterested in putting the brakes on things. “You belong in diapers. It doesn’t matter to me if you need them or not. What I know is, my baby brother is so in love with this idea that he owns diapers, and baby clothes, and baby *things*, and that his laptop was filled to the brim with all of these fantasies, these stories, these *pictures*!”

“And that someone who owns all of those things, and wets himself, couldn’t possibly be a big boy, could they? Someone who belongs in diapers, and owns all of those things, they couldn’t possibly be entitled to all of those big boy privileges!”

Dash felt himself wilt. He needed to be stronger, but why oh why was hearing that stuff such a turn on to him? His ears pointed backwards. He tried to steel himself, straightening his back.

“Chase,” he breathed, “What you’re doing isn’t fair. You think you’re giving me what I want, but this isn’t it!”

“So what, you have some accidents and you think you need to return to adulthood?” Chase said, growing tired of his brother’s protests. “That’s not the road you’re on here. And you’d be wise not to argue further.”

“Chase...” he begged, “I don’t want to lose control like this!”

“Don’t you? I see how much you blush when you realise how wet you are. How babyish you get. Instead of worrying, imagine *that* every day!” Chase swelled, dominantly. “And I’ll be here to check you, and change you, and keep you from harm. You haven’t *lost* control. You’ve handed it over. You just have to accept this is happening. I don’t want to remind you what happens if you don’t.”

“You’re bluffing,” Dash growled, resisting angrily for once. “You always have been. You wouldn’t do that to me. ‘Cause *I’ve* seen the way you look back at me! You enjoy taking care of me, and you’d lose everything too!”

“Don’t,” Chase warned darkly, “‘cause I do enjoy putting you in your place. I would rather take care of you, but that won’t stop me talking to someone you work with, at random, on Facebook. Don’t forget I can *be* you and no one would know the difference!”

Dash felt his anger grow, but instead of pushing forward, he whimpered. The risk was too real. Maybe he was the one bluffing after all; he wouldn't have the courage to truly test Chase while his reputation was on the line.

"Show me you agree," Chase said, disappointed but firm. "Take your pyjamas off."

Dash's paw shook as he pulled his bottoms down, and lifted his shirt over his head, until he was standing before his brother in nothing but his wet diaper. What choice did he have?

"Sit down," Chase ordered next, pointing towards the playpen. "Pacifier In."

Dash stuck the pacifier in his mouth and rolled his jaw, almost biting through the teat, burning enough energy to stop himself from fighting back. They couldn't have an adult argument without Chase treating him like a kid. He obeyed, and walked towards the baby prison.

"Good boy," Chase said, a little warmer, but still antagonised as he closed the gate shut. "Now stay there and cool off, and no one in your office has to find out that you wet yourself."

Dash felt smaller by the second as he squished down on his wet padding, trapped within his own life. Chase was able to dismantle him all too easily now, with no way to stop him. How had he let things get this far? He'd lost an argument he needed to win and was now willingly sitting in a playpen in his own apartment, until he was given permission to leave. Chase was right, he did enjoy it a little too much at times. He didn't know who the real Dash was anymore. The one who'd grown to enjoy his younger brother changing his diapers, or the one who seemingly saw sense and fought back? It was too much for him to process. Even his frustration, and his anger felt infantile; like how he couldn't articulate why he didn't want this every day. Maybe his toddler side was his true nature. A submissive boy, all too willingly to be told what to do and how to act.

And so, Chase's presentation only beat this home further.

"And so far, this is just the stuff you took of *yourself*," Chase warned. He moved with delight onto footage of Dash hunched and pooping his diaper, recorded by the younger brother.

Dash wanted to ask if Chase was done, if this was enough to prove his point, but the pacifier was almost glued to his mouth.

"I'm glad the message is sinking in," Chase said, setting the laptop aside. He stood up, grabbing Dash's change bag, and towering above his brother in the playpen.

"I don't want to hear anymore protests. You're in diapers, and that includes when we visit Mom and Dad. And if you start having accidents, then that's what you're wearing them for. I don't care if you become incontinent or not, but it changes nothing."

Chase wasn't asking for a response. He was stating the law. Dash just looked back up at him. His heart was racing. Diapers, in front of his parents. He couldn't even imagine what that weekend would look like, but he had to believe that if Chase wanted to out him to their parents, he would have done it already.

He watched his brother unlatch the playpen, but instead of beckoning him out, Chase stepped inside.

“Lie back,” he ordered, as the diaper bag hit the soft mat.

Dash complied quietly, still sucking his pacifier. His morning change had been delayed significantly and he was so eager to be cleaned up that Chase’s touch was welcome. The younger brother took firm control, and spread the older brother’s legs, before clamping one paw right between his thighs, clutching the wet diaper and squishing it against Dash’s privates. It wasn’t so much a diaper check, as a reinforcement of what Dash was wearing.

“You’re getting changed because I allow it,” Chase said. “If I wanted you to leak, and sit in your piss, then that would happen. You’re getting changed, because I *want* to take care of you. Do you understand?”

Dash nodded, instantly humiliated by the younger husky’s tone, as Chase opened the diaper bag and firmly placed wipes, lotion, and powder beside Dash’s leg. Chase wasn’t annoyed, but he was exerting serious control vibes. It was a power play, and Dash was unable to do anything except follow along. He could only watch as the tapes were ripped open, and his wet diaper pulled away.

Chase’s nose instantly wrinkled, lowering his muzzle a little closer to the diaper, and Dash’s crotch.

“This explains everything,” Chase said, almost breaking into a laugh.

Dash’s eyes widened in terror, as he realised that between his panic, the phone call, and the argument, he never told Chase that he’d humped his diaper. He’d broken the rule.

He opened his mouth to speak, but Chase thrust a finger upright, silencing him.

“You know the rules, baby brother,” Chase said victoriously, yanking the used diaper from under Dash’s butt, balling it up, and tossing it aside, well practised. “And you know the consequences.”

“Chase, don’t! I just-“ Dash tried explain, as best he could while in the diaper change position, until Chase warned him that one more word would also earn him a spanking.

Dash was speechless, doing himself a favour for once that day. He wanted to explain, to avoid getting the dreaded chastity cage put on his genitals, but he was so weak after his morning that he couldn’t face a spanking on top of everything else.

He could only lie back, stunned, as Chase grabbed each of his legs, one by one, so he could clean the fur between his thighs. The shell-shocked husky was being treated as little more than an infant, not trusted to move his own limbs out of the way of the change.

Once he was wiped down, Chase took his time administering plentiful squirts of lotion, and lathering the sweet oily perfume into his brother, genitals and all. Dash could barely watch the lengthy, babyish change, choosing instead to lie back, staring at the ceiling while blushing and working on his pacifier. It was a weird mixture, to feel so belittled, comfortably babyish, and staring down the barrel of a cage for his dick.

He felt Chase's paws rub their way between his legs, until his legs were hoisted, and his butt cheeks given the same attention, until he was lowered again onto a fresh diaper. Worries and anxieties about what his permanent diaper state meant for his bladder control aside, this change was dream-like.

But the pleasantries turned sour rapidly, as when he expected the next thick diaper in line to be pulled between his legs, Dash felt something a little more alien, as his balls were ensnared by something hard. It was happening already. He raised his head sharply, nervously, to see what was going on, but Chase quickly warned him not to move.

Dash obeyed, but started to breathe a little faster as he could see his genitals in Chase's paw, with a hard ring encircling his balls. His brother slipped the shaft of the cage until it connected in place. With a click, the device was then sealed.

"It's no surprise you were fighting back so hard today," Chase said, "And I was just thinking about which privilege you'd stomped your way out of earlier..." He gestured at the plastic encasing Dash's penis. "I think this is perfect, don't you?" A thin key dangled from the younger husky's finger, before it was pocketed away.

Dash realised Chase had stored the chastity cage in the changing bag all this time, as if waiting for an opportunity. Dash had done so well to avoid it until now, adhering to every masturbation rule Chase had demanded. Yet he was locked now, after *one* slip up. Maybe if he hadn't argued this would never have happened...


Dash was panting as the pacifier fell from his mouth. He could feel his dick instantly throb against the cage, halting uncomfortably with no where for it to go. Sure, he'd enjoyed some fiction and pictures of guys locked, but he'd never bought one for himself. Chase had taken the idea and run with it.

"Don't look so shocked," Chase smirked. "We both know this will make a better baby brother out of you, and it has been coming." He picked up the baby powder, lifted his brother's legs again, making Dash squirm and whimper as his thighs squeezed beneath his locked genitals, and dusted the baby brother's butt.

Dash was lowered, cage bobbing and throbbing, before Chase continued to diaper him, unhindered. The diaper was sealed shut aggressively over the nullified penis, at which point Dash gasped loudly in discomfort. It was turning him on, nightmarishly.

"Chase, please," he begged, too stunned to offer much more resistance, only to find Chase was immovable.

"I don't want to hear it," Chase hand waved, "If it helps you be a better baby, then we know it works. If it doesn't, then I'll have to review the rest of your privileges and find what really motivates you."



Dash was afraid. He'd challenged his brother on pushing things too far, and it had only landed him in an even worse position. He was losing everything that made him feel like an adult. Soon he'd be left with nothing but his job, and if that wasn't paying for the apartment, food, and diapers, he feared Chase would take that away too.

His brother was re-packing the diaper bag and ignoring his startled demeanour, as his paws cupped the front of his diaper, feeling the odd, hard shape of the cage beneath.

"Stop playing with yourself," Chase finally joked, as he picked up the diaper bag and left the playpen. "Throw your wet diaper in the trash, buddy."

Dash's head was spinning as he let go of his crotch, and picked both himself and the diaper up. He waddled his way to the kitchen, dumped the heavy diaper, and returned to Chase who was opening the laptop up again.

"I need to show you this highchair!" he said cheerily, as if he hadn't crushed his brother into babyhood. The television was still mirroring his screen, and he swapped to a web browser of a tall wooden chair, in bear motif. "This baby bear furniture is great!" he declared, "It'll take your weight easily. They do everything, cribs, car seats, changing tables..."

Dash was already too beaten to react. If Chase wanted it all, then it was happening, he knew that.

"So I guess we're buying a high chair?" he said lightly. It would have been a fantasy months ago...

Chase wasn't done tormenting his brother, offering a mischievous glance up from the screen. "Ask me for it," he grinned.

"What?"

"Ask your big brother to buy you a highchair."

Dash blushed. He could already feel the cage tightening again. Of course he wanted a highchair, but the circumstances and embarrassment of this...

"It's my money," he said, stupidly, feebly.

"It's *my* money," Chase said, smiling, "And it's my decision."

Dash wasn't stupid enough to know he was being toyed with. He shuffled his feet, and scratched this elbow. "Chase, will you buy me a highchair."

"Big bro," he was corrected.

"Big bro," he blushed, intensely, "Will you please buy me a highchair."

"With pleasure," Chase said, and he wasn't lying. Dash was forced to stand and watch him order the furniture, with *his* credit card. He wasn't concerned about the cost, but it made him feel so removed from his own property and responsibilities.

The transaction was completed, and his days at the dining table were numbered.

“See?” Chase laughed suddenly, “I knew that cage would make you a better baby. What a good boy!”

He stood up and grabbed his brother tightly under one arm, ruffling the older husky’s hair.

‘And I can’t wait to strap you in it!’





ME.
NE.

LOOK
CIOUS.
PLESS.
OSED.



WHAT WOULD YOUR
WORKMATES SAY?