

Brother Knows Best III

“It gives you comfort, *and* it turns you on, right?”

Dash tugged at his own sleeve, a sure sign he was nervous. Chase had seen enough of his computer to assemble the facts. “That’s it,” he squeaked.

“So this must be like winning the lottery then,” the younger brother smirked.

Dash growled to himself quietly. He dared not escalate or direct it in any way just now, so Chase let it slide. He didn’t need to break him down to have this discussion, but he sure could if he needed to.

Chase had instigated a sit down discussion between them both, what was supposed to be the first measured attempt at figuring out the madness they’d both since found themselves in. Tensions had cooled between them, but there was still an underlayer of animosity. Chase’s control had been reactive, chaotic so far. This was to clear the air, and make sure Dash understood the direction things were going in.

It was supposed to be an attempt at even ground, but there was no even ground when poor Dash was wearing his diapers and served some milk in a sippy cup. Chase knew this, but as far as he considered, his brother was in his natural place now.

“So you should have no argument with diapers at all times, and absolutely no potty usage.”

Dash grunted, and looked away.

“And with that will come lots of fun new rules! You’re doing so well with bedtimes and stuff, and soon,” Chase’s tongue savoured, “Soon you won’t even have to worry about changing yourself.”

It amazed Chase that the further along things had gone, the more Dash’s frustration and anger had manifested itself in the most childlike of ways. Dash sat simmering in defeat powerlessly, practically pouting.

“I just want to be sure I’m giving you exactly what you want,” Chase smiled, but mostly to himself.

Dash’s face grew hot. “What I want? You’re blackmailing me!” his little brother snapped.

Chase certainly didn't feel offended at the accusation. He'd resorted to underhand tactics, sure, but his hand had been forced. The only thing as strong as Chase's will to threaten was Dash's desire to obey. A match made in heaven.

"I'm motivating you!" Chase laughed. "And I don't like the 'B' word. Throw that around again and you're going over my knee, got it?"

Dash's face fell, and he tried something Chase never saw coming.

"...How much do you want?" he whispered firmly.

Chase was genuinely on the back-foot, and he genuinely hated to see his brother look upset. It was a fine line Chase was walking, breaking him into obedience, and he had not done this for money.

"Dash, I don't-" he tried to reply firmly, but the older husky cut him off.

"Please, I have savings. Just delete what you have, and drop all of this. I'll find you somewhere to live, help you get a job."

Chase raised a paw to silence his brother. He was hurt, again, by the thought of being pushed out of here. "You haven't learned anything, have you?" He'd come to enjoy his brother's company, but maybe Dash didn't feel the same way. It was weird, but Chase felt they were connecting while he fed him bottles and put him in diapers. He was ready to double down on babying his older brother, and saw an opportunity to seize even more control.

He took a pause before replying. "I'm sorry to hear you're willing to pay me *not* to baby you. I actually think you're being sorta reckless with your finances if you think that's a good idea."

Dash's eyes started to water. It looked like he'd bargained on that working, but Chase had steeled.

"In fact," he continued, ready to drop the newly-inspired hammer "I don't think you should be trusted with them *at all*, so I expect your bank login details and your cards to be handed over when we're done, got it, baby brother?"

Dash was speechless, his eyes watering further. Chase wasn't proud, but he was damn happy with himself for thinking of another means to strip control away from his brother. He'd already achieved access to his brother's laptop, social media accounts, and emails. His bank account would be incredibly useful too.

“We need to buy more diapers, and there’s a few other things we could spend money on. It should be my job to do it really!” Chase’s sense of authority swelled, feeling good about himself as his mind raced with plans. He’d seen some things in Dash’s saved pictures and bookmarks that he’d love to implement around the apartment, but could never achieve with no money of his own. This was a perfect opportunity.

“T-that’s my money, I earn it,” Dash whined, bordering on crying. Whatever position of strength he’d built himself up to try and push Chase out of the apartment had crumbled in one easy swoop.

“And you’ll still earn it,” Chase reassured confidently, “I’m not taking anything away. Big bro is just gonna make sure it’s put to good use. I’ll get you all of the baby things you need. There’s no need for you to worry about this stuff, it’ll help you be a better little guy!”

“Chase, this is crazy…” Dash said, pleading for some leniency, but his younger brother’s mind was set.

“Are we going to do this *again*?” Chase sighed. “You’ve already bent to my will with every other demand; you’d rather keep your bank card and have your Facebook become a gallery of perversion for all to see?”

Chase knew by the look on Dash’s face that he’d won this battle too. He never even needed an answer.

Chase was going to put Dash’s money to good use immediately. Dash followed behind his enthusiastic brother in red-faced shame as the various sections of the baby department drove home his nightmares. Too scared to admit he wanted some of it, and too terrified that his brother would be the in the driving seat if it happened.

Dash’s only relief was that he was too big for the various highchairs, cribs, bouncers, walkers; the countless accessories and furniture that existed across the store, so Chase couldn’t spend money on half of the products.

Not that that was much comfort, as they found a selection of playpens and Chase’s eyes lit up. It was what they came for.

“I think this one’s perfect,” he exclaimed, turning to his little brother.

Dash all but whimpered at the thought of sitting inside it. The playpen consisted of several wooden sections that you could connect and shape together, making a caged area as compact, or as wide as the pieces allowed. And it was going to sit in Dash's living room.

"It's rated for larger kids, like bears and stuff," Chase said warmly as he read through an attached chart, "so it'll give you lots of space, with some tall bars so you can't escape!"

The bars weren't big enough to stop Dash escaping, but if he knew anything, it's that once he was put inside he wouldn't be getting out without permission.

The older husky folded his arms defensively, wanting to be anywhere but here in case anyone realised he was diapered, or who they were really shopping for. He couldn't hide his embarrassment or play it cool. He'd have begged Chase to get on with it if doing so didn't also mean they went home with far more babyish methods to humiliate him than he'd ever known.

Chase took a photo of the stock code, and as he did, Dash took notice of the price. His heart sunk, not because of the cost, but remembering Chase was carrying his bank card now. While he trusted his word that he'd be responsible and only use it to fund their new lifestyle, he knew his own wages were being turned against him now. Dash used to buy video games, but now all he was getting was more diapers than he could comprehend, along with new toddler furniture.

"Just some bed rails, and I think we're done," Chase mused, before walking purposefully beyond the playpens, until he stopped dead in his tracks in front of a selection of baby gates, with a mischievous grin across his muzzle.

"Oh, *come on*," Dash begged quietly, "they make those for stairs you know!"

"But it fits in door frames too. I could block off the bathroom," Chase teased.

Dash gasped, but reasoned wisely. "I-I don't even..." he said, his voice dropping to a desperate whisper, "I haven't been using the toilet! You know that!"

Chase reached over and ruffled his panicked brother's hair. "I know. You're my good boy."

The younger husky turned and continued his journey to the bedroom section, while Dash tailed along obediently. He wondered if Chase was ever seriously considering the baby gate, as protesting was usually fruitless.

It was exhausting trying to debate every bright idea his younger brother had, especially as it was so close to thoughts he'd fantasised about in the past. But Chase having the idea and the permanent will to execute it was a much scarier prospect.

"These are adorable," Chase said wistfully while staring at colourful plastic guard rails.

Dash sighed and silently accepted it was happening. At the end of the day, these weren't going to impact his life too much. The playpen was a much bigger concern.

He watched his brother examine them further, checking to see if they'd fit the bed back in the apartment. His attention to detail was unlike anything Chase had shown in the last few years, taking every care to ensure this was done properly. Lucky me, Dash thought sarcastically.

With no protest or comment to be made, Chase also recorded this product code, and beckoned his little brother warmly as he started to walk away. There was a real excitement in Chase's demeanour Dash noticed; it turned out he got a real joy from babying his brother, and Dash had *no* idea how to take that. He felt so small, but it wasn't close to a comfort at that moment.

"Chase, wait," Dash swallowed, watching his brother stop unexpectedly. "Are we really doing this?"

Chase narrowed his brow, confused.

"Look," Dash fidgeted, trying to summon the courage. It wasn't *another* protest, he just had to be sure. "This has all been so weird, but it is what it is." While trying to avoid using the D-word, Dash couldn't have been more aware of the thick diaper between his legs, barely concealed in public. "But we're about to spend money, real money, on more stuff."

"You really doubting me keeping you in diapers now, after everything so far?" Chase said concerned, but commandingly. "This isn't a phase; it's your life. It's *our* life now."

Dash's head sank into his shoulders as Chase said the D-word in public without so much as a care. He glanced around quickly to see if anyone overheard.

"So you better get used to it," Chase then said neutrally. It was practically a warning.

Dash knew he was getting a playpen with absolutely certainty, and it was probably only the beginning of Chase's wild ideas.

"Did you get everything you needed today?" Chase was asked as he started the purchase for the furniture he'd chosen. Dash stood self-consciously near the tills as he watched his little brother toy with his bank card between two fingers.

"More or less," Chase smiled friendly, "I just can't wait to see my little brother kitted out in his new playpen."

Dash tried to ignore him, turning away and praying no one could tell he was diapered, or worse, wet. He didn't want Chase to know either; besides the one use of the word earlier, he'd not made any kind of big deal about checking or mentioning Dash's diaper that evening.

"Great, thank you, sir," the clerk said, "Your delivery slot is tomorrow morning."

Dash would have scoffed at his brother being called "sir" if the reality of his humiliation hadn't just hit him. One more night before his dwindling adulthood slipped another notch.

Chase treated them both to a burger before leaving the mall, where the silence surrounding Dash's diaper finally ended.

"Do you want a change before we go home?" Chase prodded slyly, but Dash, feeling entirely too exposed and terrified at the idea of being changed in public shot it down.

"No way, not here, please..." he pleaded. "I'm not all that wet."

Chase merely raised an eyebrow, reaching underneath the dinner table where he firmly grasped Dash's crotch. The older husky nearly choked on the last of his meal.

"It might be your lucky day," Chase admitted, "but I don't think you should be saying "no" to a nice offer like that. Next time I might not ask."

Dash blushed, but in feeling too exposed in public, he grumbled instead of apologising. No part of him wanted his younger brother to change him in the mall, but confusing what he wanted and what he should expect was his mistake.

Dash panicked as the apartment door buzzed. "C-Chase!" he yelled.

"Answer it!" the younger husky barked from the bathroom. "I'm still wet!"

With a huge sigh of resignation, Dash answered the intercom and allowed the delivery men entrance. He was still in his footed pyjamas, Chase not electing to change him yet, knowing from experience Dash didn't tend to fill his night diapers until later in the morning.

He absolutely did not want to answer the door like this, to accept several boxes of baby furniture no less, and cringed in anticipation for the men to reach the front door. Chase ambled from the bathroom to get dressed while towelling his fur, and there was no way he was going to re-emerge dressed in time.

Dash anxiously tried to twist his body to see how obvious his padded butt looked, but only noticed how deafeningly loud his crinkling was instead. Maybe if he just didn't move an inch...

There was a shuffling outside, and a knock on the door. He steeled himself, and opened it wide.

"H-Hi," he squeaked. So much for playing it cool.

"Delivery from Critter Comforts?" a gorilla mumbled while eyeing a small tablet in his paw. Towering in frame, his eyes lifted to gaze down at the pyjamaed pup in the door frame, and suppressed a grin.

Dash gulped and nodded, stepping backwards to allow the gorilla to take the tall, thin boxes inside. He moved as gingerly as his could, but he could still hear and feel his own diaper crinkle between his thighs.

He hoped by standing sheepishly by the wall and open door that the gorilla wouldn't look too hard before he left, but sadly for Dash, it wasn't going to play out quickly enough.

"You can leave them here!" Chase said suddenly, smiling friendly as he stuffed his fluffy arms through a tank top. He gestured at the space between their sofa and the kitchen area, where the gorilla nodded and stacked them neatly.

Dash became aware he was standing right in front of his open door, and rather than risk a neighbour walking by, he swallowed his pride and tried to stealthily waddle to hide in his bedroom. As he tip-toed, happy to let Chase take command of the delivery, his younger brother flashed him a look of warning not to go anywhere.

Dash blushed, and tried to stay out of the way by hiding his crotch behind a pillow on the sofa. He gulped as he realised his sippy cup was sitting at the breakfast bar, next to his bib, but tried to reason to himself that no one wouldn't suspect it was for him. Not unless the gorilla noticed he was diapered too.

He wasn't used to his apartment being so inconsiderate to outsiders now, but Chase was more than happy to leave the babyish evidence lying around. His diaper bag was resting beside the arm chair, but thankfully nothing was too visible.

"Lenny's just coming up behind me," the gorilla announced, as with perfect timing, a bear scooted into view with even more of the boxes. "Just a couple more," the gorilla smiled.

Sure enough, the thin boxes piled up, each one possibly holding two or three sets of bars each. Chase had sure bought enough pieces to fashion enough space inside.

The bedrails followed, much to Dash's dismay, but it at least meant the gorilla and bear moving on, and leaving a neat pile of boxes for the huskies to deal with.

"Your instructions should be inside," the gorilla instructed, while tapping away at his tablet. The bear simply stood by, arms swinging. He seemed a little less bored than his colleague, glancing around the apartment. His eyes darted from the playpen boxes to the sippy cup, back to the boxes, and then nervously smiled towards Dash on the sofa.

A playpen for *bears* in an apartment with two dogs. Dash sunk deeper into his seat. The bear at least had to be suspicious!

Chase dragged his paw along the tablet to sign, as the gorilla continued to speak. "If you do have any difficulty, just call our number on the receipt here..."

"It's a playpen," Chase laughed, "how hard could it be? I just can't wait to stop my little guy wandering around."

"Indeed, sir," the gorilla smiled dryly. "You have a good day."

"I, uh, I think your little guy needs," the bear sniffed, then nodded in Dash's direction. The older husky's mouth almost hit his lap.

Chase bellowed a laugh. "He is due about now!"

The gorilla, however, glared towards his colleague and nudged him towards the door before punching his bicep. "You're gonna get us fired!" he loudly whispered.

"What?" the bear whined, "I was trying to be helpful!"

Chase shut the door, and turned to Dash with the biggest shit-eating grin. "I'm glad other people are starting to notice..."

Dash fell onto his side dramatically, covering his face. No one had ever interacted with him like that before. What if they told someone? What if someone he knew found out about it? He could never face such a nightmare.

"You're not even stinky. He just smelled your *pee*." Chase mused, happy with himself, "More water for you I guess!"

Chase did indeed stick with this idea, and after being changed, Dash spent more time in the day keeping up with bottles of water being handed to him. This obviously meant he was wetting his diapers faster than before, and getting changed a lot sooner. It was definitely a demeaning way to spend his Saturday, not even to ignore the fact that Chase spent the same time unpacking and assembling the playpen.

With a slight adjustment to the living space, he was able to nestle it between the sofa and the wall, creating a caged area that Dash simply dreaded being dumped into.

“I know this will take some getting used to, so I got you a surprise to pass the time,” Chase said parentally. “I know how much my baby brother lives video games!”

His tone was so condescending, but Dash couldn't help but light up his eyes, and expected his brother to have made the first grown up act of compassion since the diapering.

Chase opened the last box, and revealed a colourful joypad; a toddler's joypad. Dash's heart sunk. He'd barely touched his Playstation recently, too restricted in his new lifestyle. Now it seemed Chase's teasing would only drive a wedge further between the husky and his old entertainment.

“In you get, and you can play with it.” Chase opened the gate on the playpen, and Dash, sitting on the floor dumbfounded, tried to stand up, before Chase tutting at him. “*Crawl* in, little guy.”

Dash couldn't believe he was serious, despite everything so far, and weakly put one paw and knee in front of the other and crawled over the wooden threshold, feeling extremely exposed as his diaper wiggled slowly in the air. The gate was shut and latched behind him.

“Now,” Chase lectured, holding the new toy, “Only big boys can open that gate, and you might hurt yourself if you try to climb over. There'll be consequences if you're not where you're supposed to be, understand?”

“Chase..!” Dash whined loudly, the effects of his brother's control hitting him harder as he realised how trapped he was.

“Do you understand,” Chase reiterated, “or do you want to find out what the consequences are?”

Dash didn't want to *know* what the consequences would be, and couldn't face the thought of a spanking or anything else delivered by his brother. He nodded his head solemnly, and Chase handed over the joypad happily, before ruffling his older brother's hair.

“Good boy, you play with your new toy” he said victoriously, before picking up the empty baby bottle on the floor. “Time for a refill.”

Dash looked down at his already soaked diaper, knowing he had no option but to drink what came back.

He pressed one of the buttons on the joypad, and it horrifyingly responded with a count of “1, 2, 3!” In an irritating sing-song voice. Dash shuddered, and didn't press anything else.

He then heard the familiar shutter-click from Chase's phone; another photo taken of him to add to the blackmail bank. Sitting in a playpen, wearing nothing but a wet diaper and holding a baby toy... Dash sighed, and chose not to respond.

His extended humiliation continued through the evening, only being released from the playpen to have his diaper changed and eat dinner. It was torturous sitting there, cut off from everything else in his life. He could only watch as Chase played the video games he couldn't anymore, unable to even converse with his brother as he chatted over his headset with some friends. Not that he really wanted to, feeling defeated, demeaned, and grumpy stuck sitting on his ever-filling diaper.

Chase only took breaks to grab himself a beer and snacks, and top up Dash's baby bottle, providing him with winks and grins as he filled up his baby brother while enthusiastically teasing him about being able to play alongside his big brother's squad with his new controller.

It wasn't until Dash whined and flopped backwards on to some cushions that Chase seemed to acknowledge him with real attention. Attention that Dash really didn't want.

"Guys, I need to sit this one out," Chase said nonchalantly, as he waded through equipment menus. "My brother needs a diaper change, and it's nearly his bedtime."

Dash almost bounced off the floor onto his knees.

"Gimme fifteen, yeah?"

Who was he talking to? Were these friends who knew Dash was his only brother!?

"What the fuck are you doing!?" Dash tried to whisper, paws wrapped around the playpen bars tensely.

"Are you arguing about a diaper change *again*?" Chase glared, taking his headset off.

"Who did you just tell?" Dash blurted.

"Does it matter?" he scoffed, releasing the playpen gate, "Go brush your teeth, you shouldn't be watching this big boy stuff anyway."

Dash stormed off, as much as one could do in a thick diaper. He brushed his teeth in a fury. He'd lost track of time in the playpen, but bed was a relief next to the degrading boredom he'd suffered in the shadow of his brother's fun.

As he emerged from the bathroom, he turned to his bedroom, but Chase was waiting, and shaking his head before clutching the older husky's hand.

Oh shit, Dash thought. He'd just wanted to suffer the bedtime diaper change and get away from his brother, but now he feared he really was in trouble.

Chase led him in the opposite direction, confusing Dash, until he was led into the spare room where Chase slept, and it all clicked into place. The new bed rails were attached to the single bed within. Dash froze, and Chase held his paw firmly, letting him absorb it.

"You know, it didn't make much sense the way things were," he said with a drop of malice, "Baby brother in the master bedroom... As you can see by the playpen, your diapers aren't the only changes I'm going to be making."

Chase nudged him towards the bed, and Dash, helpless and worried, lay down for his change as expected.

Chase had the diaper bag ready, unfolding another of Dash's thick diapers, and sliding it under his willing brother.

"I really wanted to spank you for that outburst, and I might just tomorrow," he warned crossly, "but seeing as you don't want a diaper change, *you don't get one.*"

Dash was confused, and watched as Chase suddenly but carefully took a scissors to his already wet crotch. He slid it downwards repeatedly, tearing the plastic gently, covering the majority of Dash's padding surface from crotch to between his legs. He then lifted the fresh diaper and pulled it tightly up and around the existing diaper, before taping it closed, the warm soggiess of the existing diaper squishing back against his skin with more pressure.

Dash did not know where Chase had learned to do that, something Dash had never even tried himself as his diapers were always thick enough to his satisfaction. As expected, the bulk of this was beyond his measure, as his thighs failed to close the gap. Dash's head was spinning. So thick and already soaked.

Chase stood up with the diaper bag and sighed, rubbing his muzzle. "I'm sorry buddy," he said softly, "but I've been pretty lenient with your temper so far."

Dash hung his ears. His frustration had wilted away, and he sat on the bed ready to be scolded, powerless. It felt exactly like he once did as a teenager, following a fruitless tantrum with his parents.

Chase picked up the crumpled duvet he'd not tidied since the previous night, and shook it to drape over his baby brother. Dash scooted backwards quietly, and lay down. How small he felt now, with his brother's wider fame towering above him.

“I’ve already told you this is how things are going to be from now on,” the younger brother said, covering Dash and tucking the duvet against the bed sides. “And misbehaviour is going to mean punishment, got it?”

Dash nodded, defeated. He knew how this had all transpired, but it still felt so alien, so degrading to be treated like this by Chase.

“I need to hear you say it,” Chase said, with his arms folded.

“I understand...” Dash said quietly.

“I understand, *big bro.*”

Dash swallowed hard. “I understand. Big bro.”

Chase smiled. “Good boy. I don’t like it when we fight, so I hope you’ll have learned your lesson by the morning.” He turned out the light and closed the door.

Dash lay in the dark, comforted yet controlled by the mass of wet diaper enclosed around him. The events of the last few minutes, never mind the days, had yet to be digested. Chase taking his bed, his room. The sheer thickness and babyishness of his diaper. The fact that some guys online may or may not know his brother changed his diapers. His finances.

One browse of Dash’s laptop and Chase had seized everything he could get his paws on, and now the older husky had little to no say in his life anymore.

Dash went to work every day, humiliated and diapered, and came home to get his diaper changed, babied, and put to bed while Chase enjoyed himself in Dash’s hard paid-for home. In utter disbelief, he knew this was his life now.

Like almost every night for the past few days, Dash once-more felt a dull ache in his balls as he lay back in his bedtime diaper. He’d been ignoring it, not daring to accept that he wanted to jerk off in his new circumstances.

Fuck, was all he could think as he lay in the dark, wide awake. Chase didn’t even need to blackmail him to get the basest obedience and regression out of him. The threat of punishment was enough, and now he really needed to behave for Chase as well as simply go along with it. Freedom was a far cry away.