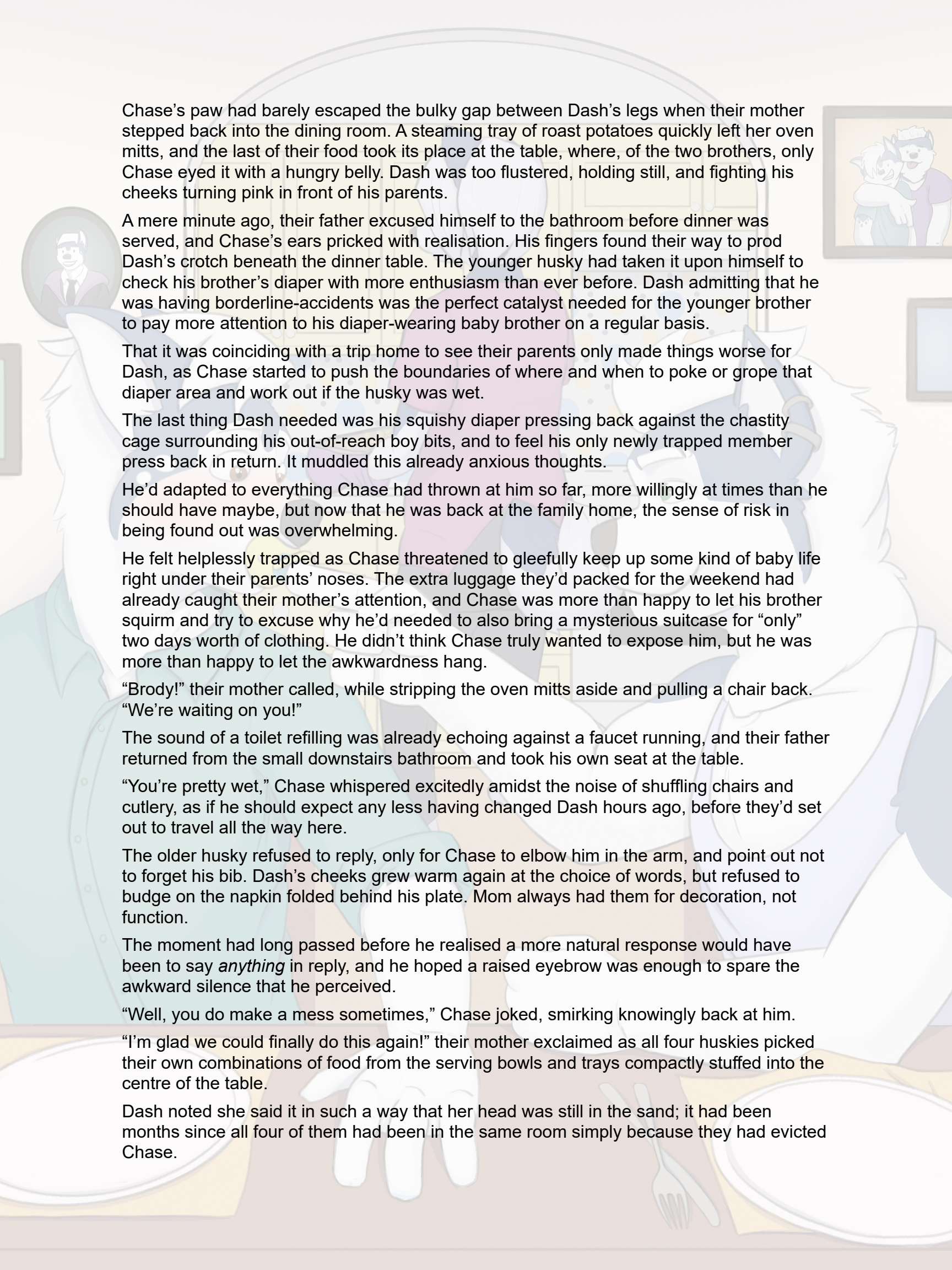




**BROTHER
KNOWS**

BEST

PART VIII



Chase's paw had barely escaped the bulky gap between Dash's legs when their mother stepped back into the dining room. A steaming tray of roast potatoes quickly left her oven mitts, and the last of their food took its place at the table, where, of the two brothers, only Chase eyed it with a hungry belly. Dash was too flustered, holding still, and fighting his cheeks turning pink in front of his parents.

A mere minute ago, their father excused himself to the bathroom before dinner was served, and Chase's ears pricked with realisation. His fingers found their way to prod Dash's crotch beneath the dinner table. The younger husky had taken it upon himself to check his brother's diaper with more enthusiasm than ever before. Dash admitting that he was having borderline-accidents was the perfect catalyst needed for the younger brother to pay more attention to his diaper-wearing baby brother on a regular basis.

That it was coinciding with a trip home to see their parents only made things worse for Dash, as Chase started to push the boundaries of where and when to poke or grope that diaper area and work out if the husky was wet.

The last thing Dash needed was his squishy diaper pressing back against the chastity cage surrounding his out-of-reach boy bits, and to feel his only newly trapped member press back in return. It muddled his already anxious thoughts.

He'd adapted to everything Chase had thrown at him so far, more willingly at times than he should have maybe, but now that he was back at the family home, the sense of risk in being found out was overwhelming.

He felt helplessly trapped as Chase threatened to gleefully keep up some kind of baby life right under their parents' noses. The extra luggage they'd packed for the weekend had already caught their mother's attention, and Chase was more than happy to let his brother squirm and try to excuse why he'd needed to also bring a mysterious suitcase for "only" two days worth of clothing. He didn't think Chase truly wanted to expose him, but he was more than happy to let the awkwardness hang.

"Brody!" their mother called, while stripping the oven mitts aside and pulling a chair back. "We're waiting on you!"

The sound of a toilet refilling was already echoing against a faucet running, and their father returned from the small downstairs bathroom and took his own seat at the table.

"You're pretty wet," Chase whispered excitedly amidst the noise of shuffling chairs and cutlery, as if he should expect any less having changed Dash hours ago, before they'd set out to travel all the way here.

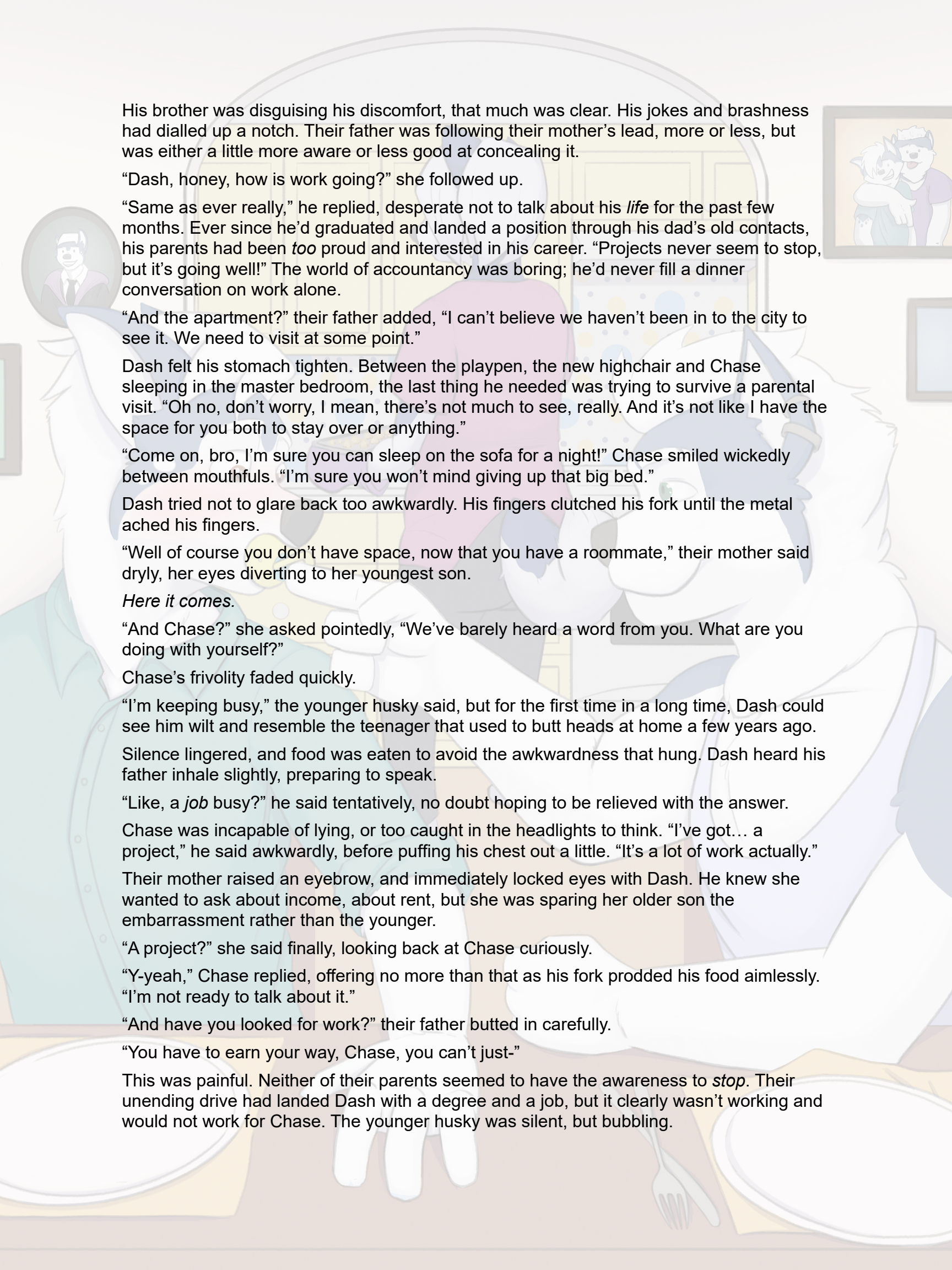
The older husky refused to reply, only for Chase to elbow him in the arm, and point out not to forget his bib. Dash's cheeks grew warm again at the choice of words, but refused to budge on the napkin folded behind his plate. Mom always had them for decoration, not function.

The moment had long passed before he realised a more natural response would have been to say *anything* in reply, and he hoped a raised eyebrow was enough to spare the awkward silence that he perceived.

"Well, you do make a mess sometimes," Chase joked, smirking knowingly back at him.

"I'm glad we could finally do this again!" their mother exclaimed as all four huskies picked their own combinations of food from the serving bowls and trays compactly stuffed into the centre of the table.

Dash noted she said it in such a way that her head was still in the sand; it had been months since all four of them had been in the same room simply because they had evicted Chase.



His brother was disguising his discomfort, that much was clear. His jokes and brashness had dialled up a notch. Their father was following their mother's lead, more or less, but was either a little more aware or less good at concealing it.

"Dash, honey, how is work going?" she followed up.

"Same as ever really," he replied, desperate not to talk about his *life* for the past few months. Ever since he'd graduated and landed a position through his dad's old contacts, his parents had been *too* proud and interested in his career. "Projects never seem to stop, but it's going well!" The world of accountancy was boring; he'd never fill a dinner conversation on work alone.

"And the apartment?" their father added, "I can't believe we haven't been in to the city to see it. We need to visit at some point."

Dash felt his stomach tighten. Between the playpen, the new highchair and Chase sleeping in the master bedroom, the last thing he needed was trying to survive a parental visit. "Oh no, don't worry, I mean, there's not much to see, really. And it's not like I have the space for you both to stay over or anything."

"Come on, bro, I'm sure you can sleep on the sofa for a night!" Chase smiled wickedly between mouthfuls. "I'm sure you won't mind giving up that big bed."

Dash tried not to glare back too awkwardly. His fingers clutched his fork until the metal ached his fingers.

"Well of course you don't have space, now that you have a roommate," their mother said dryly, her eyes diverting to her youngest son.

Here it comes.

"And Chase?" she asked pointedly, "We've barely heard a word from you. What are you doing with yourself?"

Chase's frivolity faded quickly.

"I'm keeping busy," the younger husky said, but for the first time in a long time, Dash could see him wilt and resemble the teenager that used to butt heads at home a few years ago.

Silence lingered, and food was eaten to avoid the awkwardness that hung. Dash heard his father inhale slightly, preparing to speak.

"Like, a *job* busy?" he said tentatively, no doubt hoping to be relieved with the answer.

Chase was incapable of lying, or too caught in the headlights to think. "I've got... a project," he said awkwardly, before puffing his chest out a little. "It's a lot of work actually."

Their mother raised an eyebrow, and immediately locked eyes with Dash. He knew she wanted to ask about income, about rent, but she was sparing her older son the embarrassment rather than the younger.

"A project?" she said finally, looking back at Chase curiously.

"Y-yeah," Chase replied, offering no more than that as his fork prodded his food aimlessly.

"I'm not ready to talk about it."

"And have you looked for work?" their father butted in carefully.

"You have to earn your way, Chase, you can't just-"

This was painful. Neither of their parents seemed to have the awareness to *stop*. Their unending drive had landed Dash with a degree and a job, but it clearly wasn't working and would not work for Chase. The younger husky was silent, but bubbling.

"He's doing really well," Dash butted in suddenly. More silence fell. He needed to back that up, *now*. "He's got his project, and, he's, well he's too embarrassed to admit it but he's cooking and cleaning in return for a place to live."

Dash could feel Chase's gaze at the side of his head, but dared not make eye contact until their parents relented. He wasn't trying to embarrass his brother, and he hoped Chase was taking it the right way. The last thing he needed was him lashing out at all sides, or just taking it out on him later...

Their parents' eyes were on Chase again, and the younger husky tried to brush it off as the truth. Dash thought they looked surprised, and wished they could show a little more admiration, even if it was a lie.

"Well," their mother said, "I'm glad you're paying your way."

The table was cleared after dinner. Dash helped move the plates to the kitchen, and excused himself while some dessert was prepared. His urge to pee had grown quickly since standing up, and wanted to hide in the bathroom to do it, just in case.

Dash locked the door and undid his trousers, sliding them to his knees quickly. His soggy crotch drooped, and he checked his backside; there was still some room, but he'd need a change sooner rather than later. How on earth they'd manage this, he didn't know. Maybe Chase would be kind enough to let him do it by himself in the spare room... but everything his brother had suggested in the lead up to this visit didn't inspire hope.

His bladder ached, but he was at least thankful he was aware of the urge to go, rather than being unsure if he had let go at all during dinner. His accidents were a problem for a different weekend.

Dash clenched his muzzle a little, and let his bladder go carefully. He felt his piss run behind his balls, dribbling down the already saturated front to gather near the rear. It made him acutely aware of the cage.

Glad to be relieved, Dash pulled his trousers back up and flushed the toilet to keep up appearances.

Back at the table, Chase was sitting alone, and he stared Dash down as he took his seat again. He winced as he felt his diaper squish a little more than felt safe, making a mental note to ask Chase about changing.

Their mother was shuffling around the kitchen prepping dessert, and their father had vanished to the living room for unknown dad reasons, no doubt finding something else to do rather than sit trying to make conversation.

"Did you go peepee?" his younger brother quizzed babyishly, a little louder than Dash would like.

"Shut up, man," he whispered back. "She could hear you." Chase had been so quiet during the meal that Dash had felt bad, but if *this* was how he would otherwise act, then maybe his mopey silence was better.

"Wow, someone is fussy this evening," Chase tutted, quietly at least, before bellowing towards the kitchen. "Mom, how long more? I need my sugar!"

"It's cooling, Chase, *relax*."

Chase turned towards Dash and smiled widely. "Fear not! I have just the thing to keep fussiness at bay!" His paw dug deep into his shorts pocket, before he presented Dash's pacifier in his palm.

Dash felt his eyes grow wide. "What the fuck are you doing!?"

"See? I was right, you are so fussy," Chase whispered delightfully, "Open wide like a good boy."

"Absolutely not," Dash said defiantly, his paws clutching the table edge. "She's right over there!"

Sure, their mother's back was turned through the archway in another room, and had been since Dash returned to the table, but there was no guarantee either parent wouldn't suddenly return to the table.

"If you keep being fussy, then it's an early bedtime too," Chase warned. He poked his finger between the ring of the pacifier and pointed it towards his brother.

"Not here, you can't—"

"Try me."

Chase, as usual, was immovable, and as much as it pained him to think it, Dash knew the faster he accepted it and put it in his mouth, the sooner the risk would be over.

He closed his eyes, and agreed to the nightmare, leaving his mouth open a little.

"Hold it for 10 seconds, okay?" Chase asked sweetly, as if challenging a toddler, just as he placed the nipple between his brother's teeth.

Dash's face glowed red as he sat there, exposed in their dining room. He could feel sweat building. Ten seconds was an eternity like this. Every sound from the adjacent rooms set his nerves off, but he was afraid to turn his head and watch the doorways, lest he make it *really* easy to be caught red-faced.

Chase counted down on his fingers mercilessly, and as his last index finger fell, Dash practically spat his pacifier into his own hand, and hid it away in his own pocket.

"Well done!" Chase beamed, before ruffling his brother's hair.

Dash pushed his arm away, fighting the urge to throttle him.

"Well done what?" their father said as sat down at the table, both happy and disappointed that dessert hadn't arrived in his absence. "Amber? How long, honey?"

"You're just like your son!" she retorted, teasing, "You'd have had it by now if you'd helped, honey."

Brownies with raspberries and cream were served, and they were worth the wait, though Dash was a little incredulous that fruit was added when he could have just had more chocolate instead.

As dessert ended with a full belly squeezing against his waistband, he remembered that he really needed to talk to Chase about changing and taking care of more problematic toilet business.

Dash stood up and felt a worrying dampness in his jeans, right where his diaper ended and his thigh began. The husky glanced down discreetly at a small dark patch on the dining chair fabric, and quickly tucked it in place under the table. It would dry before anyone noticed it.

He nudged Chase, and as their parents moved plates away from the table, he felt his brother tightly grasp his diapered butt, followed by the younger husky chuckling in his ear.

"Can I just go—" Dash whispered, but Chase immediately cut him off.

"We need ten minutes," Chase announced, before simply walking towards the stairs.

"Then we'll join you in the living room."

Dash followed awkwardly, paranoid.



"You worry too much. If you just say it with confidence, they won't even question that you're going away to *change your diaper*," Chase sang.

Dash knew that, but even still, the entire situation was leaving him meek, and worried about everything he needed to hide this weekend. It was hard to summon confidence in this position.

The brothers collected their luggage from the hall and climbed the stairs. They were sleeping in the new spare room; Dash's old bedroom that had been redecorated into two single beds. Before they entered, Chase couldn't help but gaze down the hall towards the shut door of his old bedroom.

"I think it's a study now," Dash said as his brother took a moment.

"They didn't waste much time."

"Hey, it's not like mine is recognisable anymore," Dash comforted as he moved ahead over the threshold, before beckoning Chase in so he could finally get his diaper off.

Chase shut the door behind him, and opened the suitcase of changing supplies. Dash had his jeans on the floor already, but fidgeted anxiously.

"Chase, I..." he started to ask, but found himself both afraid and embarrassed.

"What's up buddy?" his brother responded without turning away from the suitcase.

You're so dumb. Just tell him.

"I should go to the bathroom," he said, trying to stand tall, "While we're doing this."

"Do you need to poop?" Chase asked bluntly.

Dash nodded.

"You can do it right there, bud," Chase said, turning around and tossing wipes and a diaper across to Dash's old bed.

"C-Chase, I'm not doing *that* here!"

"That's what you said about the pacifier, and you had it in your mouth like, a second later."

Chase was impossible. This was too much!

"This is different," Dash said, trying to fight his voice from raising, "This is being stinky at our parents' house!"

"So? My baby brother doesn't use toilets," Chase flexed his fingers animatedly, "And when it happens I'm here to take care!"

"This is insane," Dash said, his voice dropping to frenzied whisper, "I'm not doing it!"

"Well you can try holding it for the whole weekend then," Chase said smartly, before pushing his brother's chest and forcing him to land his wet bottom on the bed. "Won't that be fun."

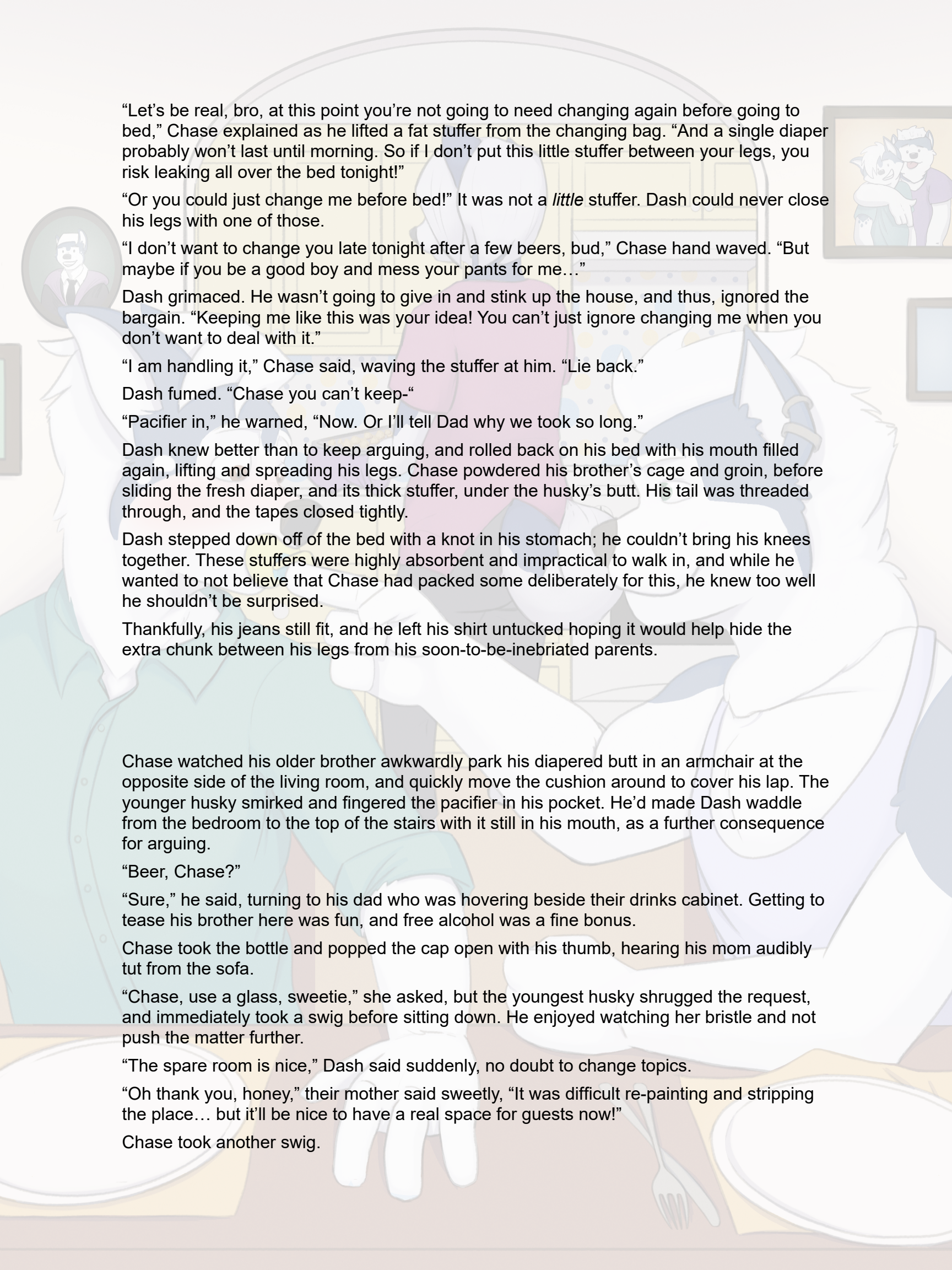
Dash growled. If that was what it would take...

"Come on, lie back, legs up."

Dash obeyed and folded his arms. It felt completely surreal to be lying in his childhood bedroom as his diaper was stripped off by his brother. Dash had spent countless days wearing in secret, diapering himself on this very bed while fantasising someone else was doing the task.

"You know," Chase smiled, "They're opening a bottle of wine down there, so this is going to need to be thicker if it's to last all night."

"Thicker!?" Dash replied, sitting up quickly. Chase was doing this deliberately!



“Let’s be real, bro, at this point you’re not going to need changing again before going to bed,” Chase explained as he lifted a fat stuffer from the changing bag. “And a single diaper probably won’t last until morning. So if I don’t put this little stuffer between your legs, you risk leaking all over the bed tonight!”

“Or you could just change me before bed!” It was not a *little* stuffer. Dash could never close his legs with one of those.

“I don’t want to change you late tonight after a few beers, bud,” Chase hand waved. “But maybe if you be a good boy and mess your pants for me...”

Dash grimaced. He wasn’t going to give in and stink up the house, and thus, ignored the bargain. “Keeping me like this was your idea! You can’t just ignore changing me when you don’t want to deal with it.”

“I am handling it,” Chase said, waving the stuffer at him. “Lie back.”

Dash fumed. “Chase you can’t keep-“

“Pacifier in,” he warned, “Now. Or I’ll tell Dad why we took so long.”

Dash knew better than to keep arguing, and rolled back on his bed with his mouth filled again, lifting and spreading his legs. Chase powdered his brother’s cage and groin, before sliding the fresh diaper, and its thick stuffer, under the husky’s butt. His tail was threaded through, and the tapes closed tightly.

Dash stepped down off of the bed with a knot in his stomach; he couldn’t bring his knees together. These stuffers were highly absorbent and impractical to walk in, and while he wanted to not believe that Chase had packed some deliberately for this, he knew too well he shouldn’t be surprised.

Thankfully, his jeans still fit, and he left his shirt untucked hoping it would help hide the extra chunk between his legs from his soon-to-be-inebriated parents.

Chase watched his older brother awkwardly park his diapered butt in an armchair at the opposite side of the living room, and quickly move the cushion around to cover his lap. The younger husky smirked and fingered the pacifier in his pocket. He’d made Dash waddle from the bedroom to the top of the stairs with it still in his mouth, as a further consequence for arguing.

“Beer, Chase?”

“Sure,” he said, turning to his dad who was hovering beside their drinks cabinet. Getting to tease his brother here was fun, and free alcohol was a fine bonus.

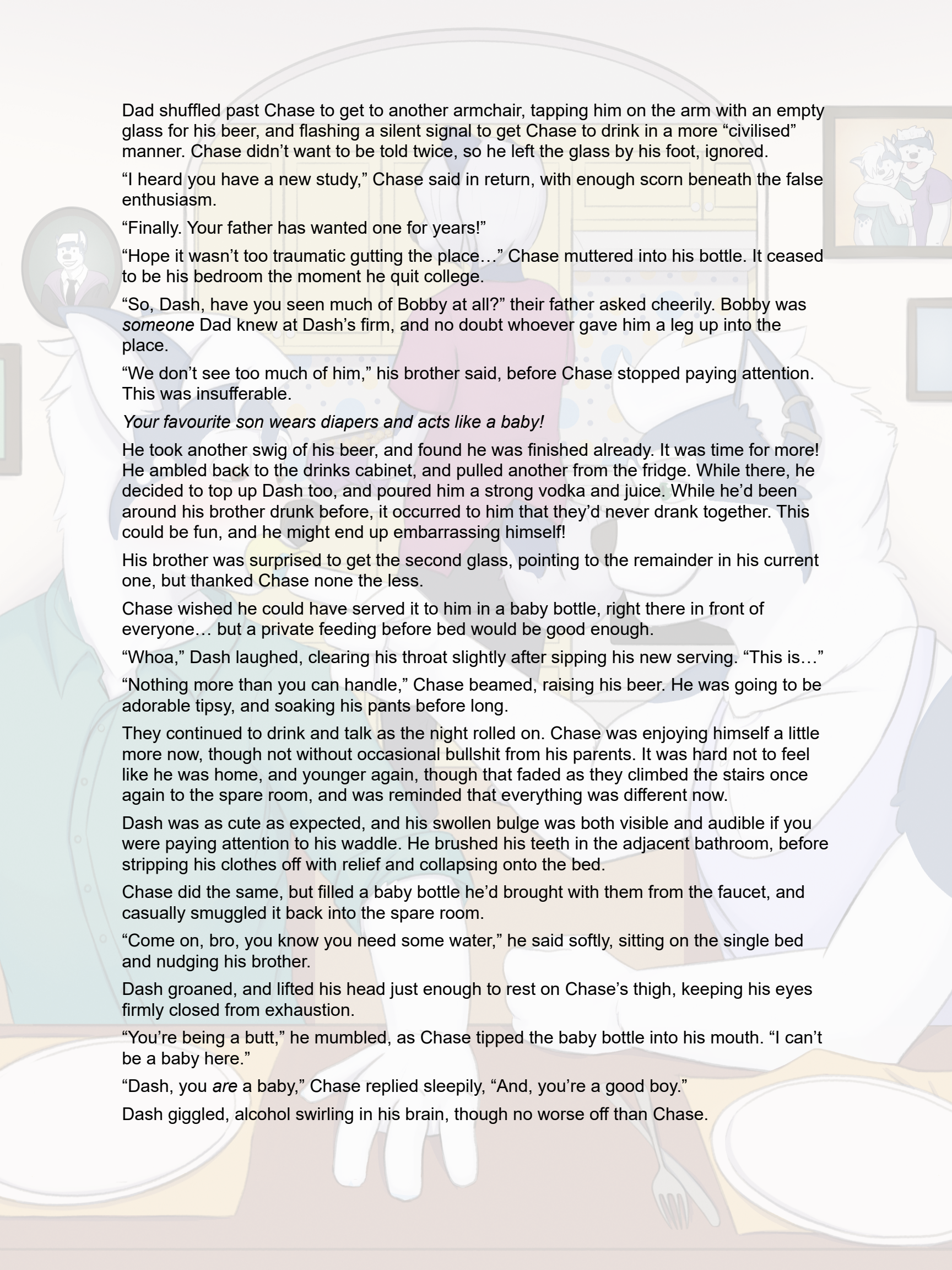
Chase took the bottle and popped the cap open with his thumb, hearing his mom audibly tut from the sofa.

“Chase, use a glass, sweetie,” she asked, but the youngest husky shrugged the request, and immediately took a swig before sitting down. He enjoyed watching her bristle and not push the matter further.

“The spare room is nice,” Dash said suddenly, no doubt to change topics.

“Oh thank you, honey,” their mother said sweetly, “It was difficult re-painting and stripping the place... but it’ll be nice to have a real space for guests now!”

Chase took another swig.



Dad shuffled past Chase to get to another armchair, tapping him on the arm with an empty glass for his beer, and flashing a silent signal to get Chase to drink in a more “civilised” manner. Chase didn’t want to be told twice, so he left the glass by his foot, ignored.

“I heard you have a new study,” Chase said in return, with enough scorn beneath the false enthusiasm.

“Finally. Your father has wanted one for years!”

“Hope it wasn’t too traumatic gutting the place...” Chase muttered into his bottle. It ceased to be his bedroom the moment he quit college.

“So, Dash, have you seen much of Bobby at all?” their father asked cheerily. Bobby was *someone* Dad knew at Dash’s firm, and no doubt whoever gave him a leg up into the place.

“We don’t see too much of him,” his brother said, before Chase stopped paying attention. This was insufferable.

Your favourite son wears diapers and acts like a baby!

He took another swig of his beer, and found he was finished already. It was time for more! He ambled back to the drinks cabinet, and pulled another from the fridge. While there, he decided to top up Dash too, and poured him a strong vodka and juice. While he’d been around his brother drunk before, it occurred to him that they’d never drunk together. This could be fun, and he might end up embarrassing himself!

His brother was surprised to get the second glass, pointing to the remainder in his current one, but thanked Chase none the less.

Chase wished he could have served it to him in a baby bottle, right there in front of everyone... but a private feeding before bed would be good enough.

“Whoa,” Dash laughed, clearing his throat slightly after sipping his new serving. “This is...”

“Nothing more than you can handle,” Chase beamed, raising his beer. He was going to be adorable tipsy, and soaking his pants before long.

They continued to drink and talk as the night rolled on. Chase was enjoying himself a little more now, though not without occasional bullshit from his parents. It was hard not to feel like he was home, and younger again, though that faded as they climbed the stairs once again to the spare room, and was reminded that everything was different now.

Dash was as cute as expected, and his swollen bulge was both visible and audible if you were paying attention to his waddle. He brushed his teeth in the adjacent bathroom, before stripping his clothes off with relief and collapsing onto the bed.

Chase did the same, but filled a baby bottle he’d brought with them from the faucet, and casually smuggled it back into the spare room.


“Come on, bro, you know you need some water,” he said softly, sitting on the single bed and nudging his brother.

Dash groaned, and lifted his head just enough to rest on Chase’s thigh, keeping his eyes firmly closed from exhaustion.

“You’re being a butt,” he mumbled, as Chase tipped the baby bottle into his mouth. “I can’t be a baby here.”

“Dash, you *are* a baby,” Chase replied sleepily, “And, you’re a good boy.”

Dash giggled, alcohol swirling in his brain, though no worse off than Chase.



As his brother drank, Chase checked his diaper as best he could reach. The crotch was swollen, but there was plenty of room between the legs. Just as expected with the bulkier stuffer.

He smiled to himself. Perfectly judged caretaking.

The nipple fell from Dash's mouth, with a third still left in the bottle. The older husky was done drinking, done staying awake. Chase gently moved his leg, and Dash responded by rolling over onto the pillow and almost instantly drifting off.

Chase set the bottle on the table beside Dash, and fell into his own bed, satisfied with the visit so far. Things were so much easier when Dash was his. If only their parents knew, if they could see how he'd stepped up! How much their favourite child had kept secret from them.

Dash woke up disorientated with a headache of regret, and opened his eyes slowly expecting blinding sunlight. He was greeted with mostly darkness, though it didn't help too much. He grunted quietly to himself as he realised his stomach was what had woken him, or more specifically, the mess he'd been ignoring for hours was hitting a crisis point.

There was no way he was doing this, despite the urgency turning to desperation. He buried his head under his pillow. He wasn't shitting his diaper at his parents' house, even if everyone else was asleep, but burying his head made no difference.

Dash sat up quietly, wearily. He could see Chase fast asleep in the dim light, drooling down his pillow. Leaving the bed, he tip-toed to the door, and left for the bathroom, clicking both doors shut slowly behind him.

Another cramp hit him. He was painfully tired.

His thumbs had wriggled into the waistband of his diaper before he'd stopped to consider the consequences. What Chase wanted was too much. He couldn't have his parents know he pooped diapers. He just couldn't. He wasn't a baby all of the time, no matter what Chase said or wanted.

Even if he filled his diaper, yet broke the rules and changed himself now, he hated the idea of trying to clean up in the middle of the night *and* smuggle a stinking diaper out of the house somehow.

Not here, no way.

With some clumsy effort, his diaper hit the floor, and he stepped free.

For the first time in a long time, Dash sat on a toilet, and did his business.

With an enormous sense of relief, his diaper was then shuffled back up his legs, and he fitted it around his loins as best he could to avoid anymore leaking. The warm squish pressed behind his balls, and he craved falling back into bed in so cozy a diaper.

He flushed the toilet and held still for as long as his sleepy brain would allow. He was paranoid about waking people up, but his manners couldn't allow a toilet to be left in that condition until morning.

When Dash was sure he heard nothing more than the tank refill, he quietly made his way back to his old bedroom. Crossing the hallway in nothing but his diaper was terrifying, but exhilarating. He felt like a teenager again, hiding his antics from oblivious parents, though he couldn't remember ever being this deliberately daring back then.

Quietly he opened and closed the bedroom door again, but as he turned around to sneak into bed, he almost yelped to see Chase standing in the middle of the room, his silhouette barely standing out between both beds.

“Did you just?” Chase whispered, sleepy and possibly a little drunk still.

Fuck this.

“I’m not shitting my pants here!” Dash whispered bitterly, rubbing his eyes. “Let’s just sle-” But Chase had other ideas, and what Dash failed to realise in the dark until it was too late, was that Chase was cradling his crotch in one paw. A stream of piss erupted from the tip, and splashed across Dash’s bed.

Dash should have reacted, but he stood still, powerless, with the splashing of liquid upon mattress ringing in the room. He couldn’t see how badly the bed was affected, but he knew well enough from the noise that Chase’s stream was not a short one.

‘You FUCK,’ Dash breathed, with tears welling in his eyes. He just wanted to go back to bed and now it was ruined!

Chase rubbed his own eyes and crawled back into his bed, rolling right up to the side next to the wall, which Dash realised he was doing it to make space in the single bed.

“Crawl in if you want,” he said behind already closed eyes. “But in the morning we’re telling Mom you wet the bed.”



