

"Come on, Kory, turn it off. I need the TV," Bako whined, not that his younger brother was moved by his infantile pout.

"Eh, relax, puddles, Barney isn't on in the afternoon," Kory drolled, eyes transfixed on his video game.

"Don't call me that," the older fennec growled, self-consciously trying to conceal his diaper as he tugged on his shirt.

"Sorry, forgot you don't leave puddles," Kory smirked, "How could you with massive *diapers* on."

It was true. Bako seemed to be wetting heavier than ever, and it had just planted him in between the choice of more embarrassing changes, or wearing his night diapers around the house. He chose the diapers, knowing it meant less opportunities for Kory to gleefully volunteer to diaper him.

"It's my turn on the TV," Bako tried to affirm, and avoid Kory's attempts to distract him.

"Alright, alright," Kory said, pausing his game, "you can play too." He slid another Gamecube joystick across the carpet to Bako's feet.

"Kory..." Bako growled. The game wasn't two player, and they both knew it.

"What? It's a special controller, you get to be the bad guys!" Kory replied enthusiastically, as if his brother was five years old.

"Kory, it's not even plugged in!" Bako said exasperatedly.

"It's special!" he laughed to himself.

Bako snatched the TV remote, changing the channel as his younger brother was caught up in his own immaturity. Kory noticed quickly enough, and yelled, jumping to his feet to try and steal the remote back. The ensuing stand off was enough to attract unwanted attention, with their mother's voice emerging from the next room over.

*"Boys! Share, or there'll be no TV for anyone!"*

The brothers glared silently at each other, mutually trying to work out how to proceed.

"Mario Kart. Play you for it," Kory grumbled, accepting the impasse.

"No way," Bako rejected, "you've already had your turn."

"And you know I'm better than you..."

"You're *not* better than me," Bako huffed in disbelief.

"Oh really?"

"Really!"

Kory's was defiant. "Then play me. If you win, you can have the TV all day."

"All week, whenever I want it."

"No! That's not fair. What do I get if you get a week? Dad won't let me play games all week."

"Okay, instead of me having the TV, you don't-" Bako took a moment to strengthen his voice, "you don't get to change me for a week."

"Pfft, you know my allowance depends on me putting you in pampers, right?"

Bako, again, tried to ignore his taunts. "I guess you're not better than me after all, little buddy."

"Fine! But if *I* win, you're asking Mom to take the highchair out of the garage, and *I* am feeding you dinner tonight, deal?"

Bako was startled by his brother's determination to one-up him. He knew his brother didn't like changing diapers, but only did it to make himself 'bigger' than Bako. What nine year old wouldn't want a chance to be the big brother after all?

Feeding him dinner was a considerable step in pushing him back into his babyish ways. It was bad enough he never really escaped the crib, but the thought of his parents bringing back the highchair or anything else they'd stored away made Bako nervous. He gulped briefly, but accepted. "No changes, no checks. One week."

"Deal" Kory said, contemplating the other, less rewarding chores he'd have to do for his allowance money. The brothers shook hands.

Bako had no intention of losing anyway. He had eight years on his brother, and the thought of keeping him at bay, if only for a week, was too good to turn down.

They each grabbed a controller (Bako's definitely plugged in this time), and loaded the game.

"Best out of three."

Bako nodded. His paws clutched at the buttons as Kory worked through the menus. They picked their characters ("Shouldn't you be picking Baby Mario?" Kory immediately commented.)

"Let's pick *Baby Park*" Kory chuckled, selecting the first track. "Something fitting for you."

"Your mistake," Bako smirked confidently, flying into a fine head-start. Despite Kory's best efforts, Bako took first place easily, with the younger fennec getting lost amidst the chaos of computer characters attacking his kart.

"We should have kept it one on one..." the younger brother grumbled, moving swiftly to the next track. Bako once again timed his start perfectly, and raced ahead. Kory was able to maintain distance this time though, and quickly whacked his older brother with a red shell. Before Bako could regain any acceleration, the computer controlled characters plowed through, knocking him to one side, eventually costing him the race. He crossed the line as Kory cackled in amusement.

"See? Bako wins *Baby Park*, obviously, but not the big boy tracks!"

Kory ignored moving on to the next track, which only frustrated Bako more after a defeat. "Aaand speaking of big boys and babies, let's check your diaper. Don't want you to leak and cost you the race."

"Urgh! Not now, Kory!" The diapered fennec blurted out. Trying to resist Kory only ever made things worse, and Bako knew this too well.

"This could be the last time for a week!" Kory feigned offence. "What is it mom says anyway? 'It's for your benefit, not mine'? So quit complaining."

He stood up and walked around behind Bako. "No point checking the front, the house across the street can see you're wet!" Bako's crotch was indeed swollen already. "Lift your tushie for me, little mister."

Bako resented the tone in his voice, but it was normal these days. He shifted himself off of the ground a little, to give Kory a better look of how wet he was.

"Hmmm," he heard his brother ponder, "as much as I'd love to change it *right now*, it's not used enough. These diapers are expensive, right? And it's not like you've gone...." he taunted, pulling the waistband back for a theatrically cautious sniff, "*you know*."

With that, he playfully, but firmly swatted the thick padding on Bako's butt. The older brother's butt hit the floor in surprise, face flaring red.

Bako tried to compose himself. Kory teasing him always threw him off, and there was no point getting angry or upset about it. He was his younger brother, and he'd always try to undermine him, diapers or not.

"Do *Rainbow Road* for the last one," Bako fretted impatiently, gathering his words and hoping the final, edgeless race track would prove too much for Kory and see him fall to his doom. He wasn't going to lose. There was no way he was sitting in that high chair tonight.

"Oh, you moron," Kory grinned, selecting the track before the look of confusion registered on Bako's face. "Did you really think I sucked at this one?"

"Yeah, we'll see," Bako's voice cracked, trying hard not to show his nerves. He could grandstand all he liked, but Bako's demeanour had changed the moment Kory pulled his waistband back, shrinking down to a more docile little fox. It was no wonder he never escaped babyhood.

The final race began, and both brothers nailed their starts. Bako was sweating now, and he could feel the heat between his paws and the joypad. One mistake could be fatal, and so far it looked like Kory hadn't been bluffing.

"I haven't seen you move this fast since you dropped a load in front of the boy next door!"

Bako grimaced. His frustration would only make him ride harder; it would backfire on Kory.

"Whoa, don't strain too hard there, big guy, I don't want you to poop and spoil the race. Having your poopy diaper changed, and then getting put in the high chair. Imagine that!"

"Shut up, twerp!"

Bako was in first place, but Kory once again managed to shell him from behind, leaving Bako powerless to watch the recovery animation before his character could back into the race.

"Whoa, such a potty mouth for such a potty pants," Kory said sarcastically, "Where's that pacifier when we need it."

Bako merely growled, trying not to distract himself by trying to retort. He had ground to catch up on, and fast.

They were in the final lap, Kory maintaining his lead. Bako exhaled in excitement as a weapon box generated him invincibility. He inhaled in excitement, shoulders tightening with tension as his speed boosted, invulnerable kart hurtled through the track. He could catch Kory in the dying seconds and steal a victory, if he was lucky-

But Bako wasn't. In his anger-fuelled racing style, he cornered too fast, risking everything, and drifted sideways off the edge of the track. It was over. By the time his kart was back on the road, Kory had crossed the finish line. His brother had beaten him, and the results were horrifying.

Kory was already on his feet, arms in the air as Bako sat, mouth agape, stunned and silent.

His younger brother, the victor, turned to him, an insufferably wicked smile painted across his face.

"You know what you have to do now, right?"

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Bako's mother squealed and cooed at him as he dropped the 'revelation'. The high chair was coming back.

She clearly interpreted Bako's embarrassed horror for bashfulness when he asked for it for dinner. It had been a few years since he last used it, but like everything else in his life, the babyish stuff he had left behind as a younger teen was slowly returning.

Bako watched his father lift it slowly into the dining area, the impending, large wooden frame joining the furniture once more. He felt a knot in his stomach that Kory had won, and at seventeen years old, he was going back in. He'd secretly hoped that his parents would have stopped it, but if he was still sleeping in a crib, why would this really be any different?

Kory was on the sidelines, absorbing everything that was happening. The dining table was laid out for three, and a plastic plate was provided for Bako, "just in case it fell all that way down".

The steps into the chair were humiliating for the fennec, but he couldn't ignore the comfortable security he got as his wet diaper met the cushion, and the tray closed shut. Like the crib, it wasn't so bad for him, so long as he didn't feel belittled. That was never going to happen this evening though, as Kory smiled politely with a wicked glint in his eyes, watching their mother take out Bako's newest bib; a 'gift from Kory' emblazoned with 'My Brother is Awesome'. She had bought it after Kory started helping out, completely oblivious to the mischievous side Kory brought to babying his older brother.

"Mom, can I feed him?" Kory asked enthusiastically.

"Bako can do it himself, sweetie," she replied cautiously, though neither spoke as if Bako was there. Less than five minutes away in his chair, and it was like he wasn't part of the discussion anymore.

Kory turned his head to look at Bako, implying for him to speak up. Bako desperately wanted to ignore him, as Kory wouldn't risk acting up too much in front of their parents... but at the same time he knew Kory would be hell to deal with down the line if he didn't comply with the terms of the bet.

"I-its okay," he said, trying not to sound too grumpy about it.

Kory beamed, and bounced from his chair. ("Don't forget to eat your own dinner!" their dad warned.) The younger fennec couldn't reach high enough, so he pushed the high chair in a circle (with some difficulty) until it faced the work surface, to which he then hopped from a chair and clambered up to sit on. Their mother sighed and face-palmed at his antics, but ignored him and carried on with her meal.

The boys stared each other down, Bako glaring, and Kory in silent delight. The younger fennec already had the baby spoon in his paw, lifting some mashed potato towards Bako's muzzle and waiting for his obedient brother to open wide.

"Come on, little buddy, open up!" he said playfully, knowing full well Bako would resent it.

Bako's cheeks once again turned pink, and it was amazing that it wasn't his permanent shade by now. Kory guided the spoon in, taking care not to spill any, as the older brother closed his muzzle and swallowed. This was going to be excruciatingly long.

"I'm so glad to see you boys getting along now after that silly argument earlier!"

"I'm sorry, Mommy," Kory said with patented faux-innocence, lifting some peas into the air, "We sorted it out." He practically stuffed them into Bako's mouth as it opened to speak.

"Kory, your dinner is getting cold," their father warned again, as Bako swallowed his peas helplessly.

Kory frowned, clearly not wanting to turn away from taking care of his little brother. "Okay, last one," he said cheerily, feeding Bako some small pieces of cut up chicken.

Bako looked relieved to get his hands on his own dinner, But Kory just grinned, and dropped from the work surface, 'forgetting' to leave Bako's cutlery behind. He took his seat rapidly, before Bako could even speak up, and wiggled his fingers outside of their parent's view.

Bako tried to suppress a growl, not wanting to dig his fingers into his mushy food. He picked at the chicken instead while he could, but Kory's look of disapproval said enough. Reluctantly, he dipped his fingers into the potatoes, scooping some up into his muzzle.

Bako did the same with the peas, humiliated as his paw and muzzle became dirtier with food with each scoop. Kory had masterminded him into acting more babyishly against his will.

"Oh, *Bako*, is this really why you wanted to use the high chair?" His mother said, half-bemused at her seventeen year old's infantile behaviour.

Bako's ears lowered in surprise, as the fennec with a dirty paw and bib looked thoroughly embarrassed to be caught in the act.

"Well, you may as well finish up, mister messy paws." His mother started clearing their own side of the table, leaving Bako with no choice but to spoon the last of the food into his muzzle with all eyes on him. His cheeks burned, and Kory finished his own meal, with no need to conceal his giggling at this point.

"Hey, sport, dishes or diapers?" their father asked Kory, whose face suddenly looked like it was stuck irritated between a rock and a hard place. Bako knew he was faking it.

"I hate dishes, Dad..." he whined.

Their father laughed, and stood up, rolling up his shirt sleeves and taking Bako's plate away to the sink.

"In that case," their mother said, "go take Bako for a change. Run him a bath, and get his PJs ready, okay?"

Bako was horrified on too many levels. Kory had *\*never\** run him a bath before, and worse yet, it was barely after 6pm. He'd be dressed for bed before seven at this rate...

"Mom, it's so early..!" Bako tried to weigh in.

"Sweetie, you *need* a change, and you've got food everywhere! Might as well get your jammies on while you're at it." She released the tray from the high chair, setting him free.

Bako dropped to his feet, and couldn't argue about the change, feeling the damp squish around his butt.

Kory was ready, grinning, and waiting. "Come on, little dude," he teased, grabbing Bako's clean paw, "let's get you cleaned and into fresh pampers!"



