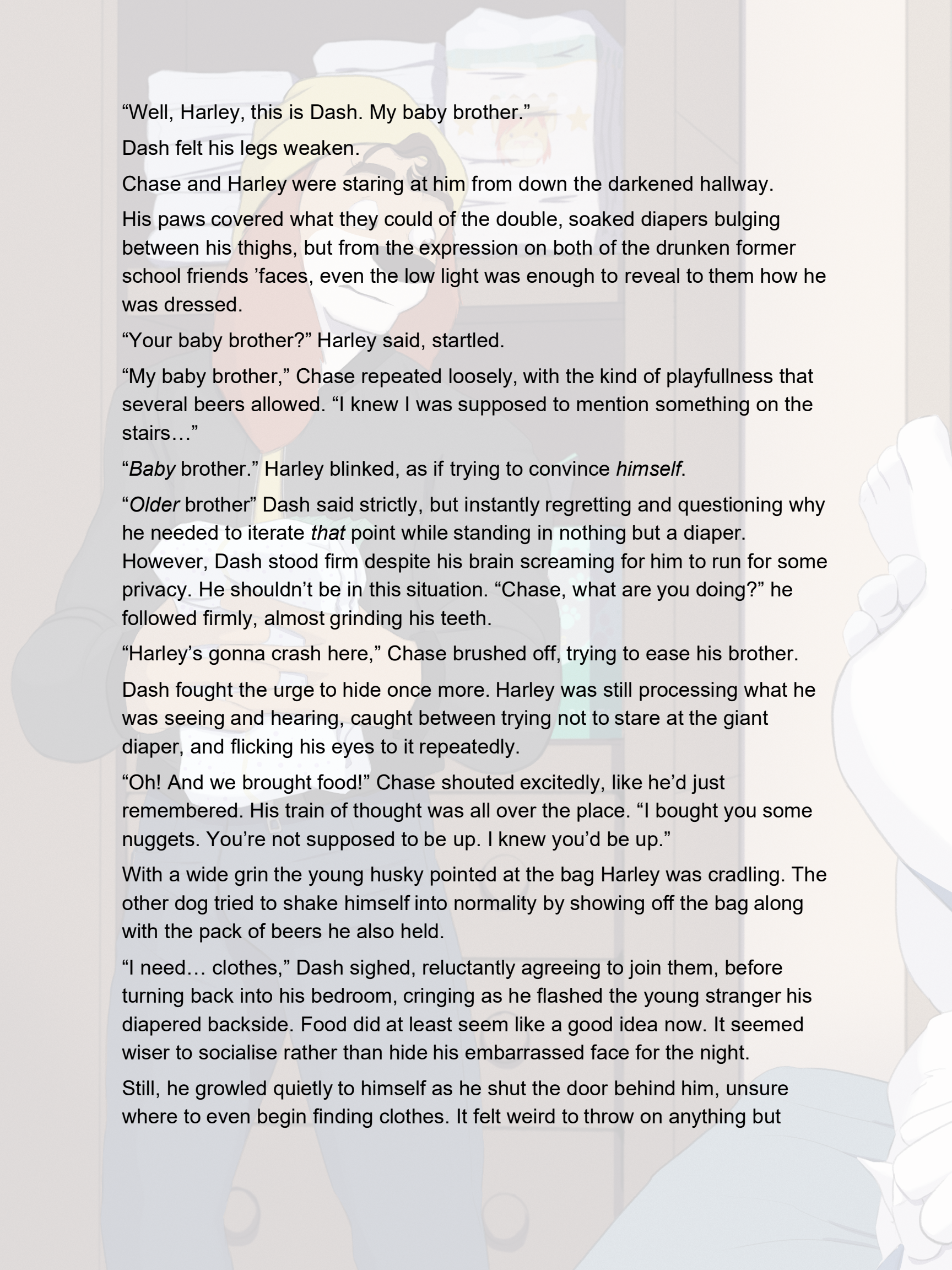


BROTHER
KNOWS

BEST

PART XII





“Well, Harley, this is Dash. My baby brother.”

Dash felt his legs weaken.

Chase and Harley were staring at him from down the darkened hallway.

His paws covered what they could of the double, soaked diapers bulging between his thighs, but from the expression on both of the drunken former school friends' faces, even the low light was enough to reveal to them how he was dressed.

“Your baby brother?” Harley said, startled.

“My baby brother,” Chase repeated loosely, with the kind of playfulness that several beers allowed. “I knew I was supposed to mention something on the stairs...”

“*Baby* brother.” Harley blinked, as if trying to convince *himself*.

“*Older* brother” Dash said strictly, but instantly regretting and questioning why he needed to iterate *that* point while standing in nothing but a diaper. However, Dash stood firm despite his brain screaming for him to run for some privacy. He shouldn't be in this situation. “Chase, what are you doing?” he followed firmly, almost grinding his teeth.

“Harley's gonna crash here,” Chase brushed off, trying to ease his brother.

Dash fought the urge to hide once more. Harley was still processing what he was seeing and hearing, caught between trying not to stare at the giant diaper, and flicking his eyes to it repeatedly.

“Oh! And we brought food!” Chase shouted excitedly, like he'd just remembered. His train of thought was all over the place. “I bought you some nuggets. You're not supposed to be up. I knew you'd be up.”

With a wide grin the young husky pointed at the bag Harley was cradling. The other dog tried to shake himself into normality by showing off the bag along with the pack of beers he also held.

“I need... clothes,” Dash sighed, reluctantly agreeing to join them, before turning back into his bedroom, cringing as he flashed the young stranger his diapered backside. Food did at least seem like a good idea now. It seemed wiser to socialise rather than hide his embarrassed face for the night.

Still, he growled quietly to himself as he shut the door behind him, unsure where to even begin finding clothes. It felt weird to throw on anything but

pyjamas at this time of night, but he shuddered at the thought of his diaper standing out, curvy and pronounced under those close-fitting bottoms.

This was insane. What was Chase *thinking*? He'd set up the entire apartment to be extra babyish, not that it looked particularly grown up lately either. It just reminded Dash how stupid it felt to have a playpen and highchair permanently in the open. This wasn't normal.

Chase had to have put two and two together when he invited Harley back. He knew exactly what he was doing. Or he was an idiot. Dash could have believed either of those options.

And why didn't he own a single piece of clothing to hide the wet double diapers he was carrying around his waist!?

He settled on a pair of shorts and a bathrobe. The boys would hear his diapers, easily, but they both knew he was in one and at least this would hide the bulk from any more staring.

The others were giggling to themselves as Dash left his bedroom, which didn't help Dash's paranoia. With the lights on, the high chair and extended playpen from Dash's cozy night were clearly visible.

Harley at least flashed the older husky a slightly apologetic look. Now in the living space, with the lights on, Dash did recognise him vaguely from years back. A rusty spaniel with fluffy ears down to his shoulders, and dark curly hair just escaping from beneath a beanie. He'd matured into a similar wide-eyed young adult as Chase, though with slightly less of the drunken goofiness.

They'd split the take out bags on the table; fries, wings, and nuggets all smelling particularly good, even now, while Dash was still embarrassed and annoyed.


Harley tore open the packaging for the beer bottles, with Chase stopping him from sliding one towards his older brother.

"Ah ah," he tutted, "Not for the little one."

Dash groaned to himself.

Harley once again spaced out, like he was trying to process what he was being told. "I've drank way too much for this," he finally said. "So he's a *baby*."

Dash blushed considerably as he took his seat, very well aware of the thick and soggy diaper he just put pressure on.



"It's not difficult," Chase replied. "Dash likes to be a baby. So he lives like one."

Dash slumped in his seat. They were talking *about* him and he was right here! He wanted to defend himself, to try to explain some of this madness to the younger stranger, but how could he? What could he even say? He picked at his nuggets, dipping them in some sauce, just to do *anything* else.

Harley's mouth opened to speak, but he stopped. He looked at Dash. He looked back to Chase. "So he likes playpens and stuff?"

"And stuff," Dash smirked, "He's a little handful."

"Are you babysitting him?" Harley followed, struggling to accept each new layer of the situation.

"Babies need, like, *a lot* of work," Chase reinforced while devouring a wing, messily. "You saw that diaper when you came in right?"

"It was so big!" Harley said, finally acknowledging it out loud. He looked at Dash apologetically.

"So *big*," Chase repeated, almost singing his torment in glee. "Because it's full of pee."

Dash almost swallowed a nugget whole. This was intolerable.

"He pees in them!?"

"*Dude*, yeah, and we're lucky we didn't come home to a stinky baby."

"CHASE!" Dash finally yelled, spraying deep fried chicken breadcrumb in front of himself.

"No," Harley laughed slightly in disbelief, but found himself drawn to the highchair and playpen once more, confirming that on top of everything else these surreal facts were likely true. "...He doesn't."

"Bud, don't talk with your mouth full," Chase said, finally addressing his brother. "And dude, I put him in those diapers before I left tonight. If he'd needed to *y know*, he's not getting to that bathroom for it."

"I just... I can't believe you put him in diapers," Harley exhaled, but continued to pick at fries.

"He enjoys it," Chase smiled towards Dash, whose face was burning, "And hey! Seeing as he's awake, you wanna see me change one? You wanna *help*?"

Enough was enough. Dash glared. "Chase, I am NOT-" he pointed.

"Bro," Chase spoke loudly, arresting his older brother's protest. "If you don't want changing I will add two more layers and leave them there until the day after tomorrow. *After* you spend time in the corner, got it?"

Dash gulped. He wondered what game his brother was playing, but it seemed very simple; he was going to embarrass him in front of his friend. Harley at least seemed to be failing to keep up, which should have been the slightest comfort in ways.

He felt foolish for ever leaving his bedroom, but falling into Harley's sight would have been inevitable if he was staying the night. He dreaded what would follow his diaper change. Breakfast in the highchair? His morning in the playpen? Cartoons? Baby clothes?

Dash growled, frustrated, but Chase was staring him down. This wasn't a bluff.

"Go get your supplies," Chase ordered, casually, "A thick stuffer, and one of those really cute new diapers you got."

Dash resisted a follow up comment, and ate the last of his nuggets.

"Chase," Harley sighed, "When I thought about grabbing a drink I never in a million years expected my night to end with changing giant diapers."

"So that's a yes!" Chase beamed.

Dash stood up from the table and turned his back on them both before he felt the full heat of his blushes. Chase had specifically requested one of the diapers that most resembled current baby diapers. He was going to look like an overgrown infant in front of Harley.

Back in his bedroom, Dash found himself weighing up the disadvantages of being slapped with two more layers and sitting in it all day, but he hated the idea of risking a rash, and it wasn't going to spare him an embarrassing timeout if Chase stuck to his word. What he was already wearing was soaked and heavy enough without making it worse.

With dread, he put down his new diaper, stuffer, wipes and powder on his bed, after straightening the duvet out to lie down on.

He heard one of the dogs tidy the take out wrappers, and the sound of more beers popping open as the caps hit the table. They dogs were already playfully drunk, and Dash probably would have found it a little bit adorable if

he wasn't a source of their amusement and fascination. He doubted his diaper was going to go on straight. At least the velcro tapes on these could be readjusted by him in secret...

"Okay!" Chase said excitedly, as they both appeared in the doorway, beers in hand. "Butt down. Pacifier in. I don't want any back-chat in front of our guest."

Dash winced before he stripped his robe away and sat back. He left the shorts on, to save his modesty for a few more seconds, despite knowing the cost would be one of them taking them away. He reached across his bed and placed his pacifier in his mouth. It should have been no more embarrassing than anything else, but it was humiliation by a thousand cuts. No babyish act was too small to be inconsequential.

Harley leaned down and picked the diaper up from the bed, studying it wide-eyed. "It looks just like a tiny baby diaper, but you know, *huge*," he remarked.

"It's called an, uh, 'Prince Pants', or somethin 'like that," Chase explained, incorrectly. Dash gnawed his pacifier teat and suppressed the urge to correct him on the brand new 'Potty Princes' fearing there was no win to be had.

"Are these for like, baby bears, you know, bigger babies than pups?"

"Oh, oh no," Chase laughed as he tugged the waistband of Dash's shorts and yanked them down over the wet diaper. "These diapers are specially made for big guys like my brother. Not everything is from the baby bear section. Dash doesn't fit in baby bear diapers too well, but it didn't stop him a few years back!"

Dash whined, and covered his face. How was this happening?

"But it looks just like a real..." Harley rubbed his eyes.

Chase shrugged. "Big babies need big baby diapers."

Chase pulled the tapes from the first diaper, then the second, and Dash felt the weight of both diapers (and swollen stuffer) release from his crotch and cage. His eyes almost popped as he felt cool air on his privates. He'd been so worried and distracted by everything else so far, that it wasn't until it was on display that he realised Harley also would see his locked up dick.

It was hard for Dash to look at either of them while this tag-team change took place, but Dash and Harley locked eyes as soon as the cage was on display. Harley, finally, said nothing, instead his mouth staying slightly agape in shock and confusion.

Chase didn't allow Dash any time to dwell on one singular embarrassment, as the wipes touched his fur soon after, and his brother started to clean him for a new diaper.

Harley finally spoke. "Whoa, gentle!" He was leering down at Chase's wiping technique, critically.

"He's a big boy!" Chase defended himself.

"*You* said he was a baby," Harley chided. "You don't wipe babies like that."

"Fine, expert butt-wiper," Dash threw his hands in the air, smirking, "*You* wipe, I'll powder."

Harley sighed quietly to himself, ignoring Chase and turning again to Dash.

"You okay with this, big guy? You won't be my first."

Dash's immediate reaction to being wiped by a stranger should have been to recoil and run, but that comment ensnared him, and if he proved a point against Chase, it was a rare win. Besides, who else had Harley changed?

Dash nodded, bashfully.


Harley smiled awkwardly, and at the end of the bed the two dogs passed the Princely diaper between them, and then swapped their places. Harley rolled up his sleeves, took one of the wipes, and touched Dash's butt gently. The older husky tensed immediately, but Harley caressed him, carefully.

"Pretty weird that you're putting your actual baby brothing skills to good use on such a big baby, huh?" Chase said blankly, while toying with the new diaper in both paws, not letting an ounce of silence linger as Dash was cleaned.

Dash winced. Harley had changed his own baby brother. *Of course*. He was baffled by Dash and giant diapers! Why did he foolishly think Harley might have changed someone his own age?

"It's good that one of us is capable, don't you think?" Harley said dryly, and Chase at last had no retort.

Dash stared at the ceiling. He worried his blushes might kill him if he made eye contact with his changer once again. He felt a wipe touch the base of his sack, beneath the cage. The elephant in the room. His cage tightened. This part was going to be excruciating.

A faint, stylized illustration in the background shows a person with blonde hair and a beard, wearing a white shirt, changing a dog's diaper. The dog is lying on its back, and the person is using their hands to adjust the diaper. The scene is set in a simple, light-colored environment.

Harley continued slowly, until he was satisfied the job was done everywhere but Dash's butt, where he instinctively grabbed both ankles, and unexpectedly lifted Dash's legs as best he could, with some effort.

"I normally, uh, just tell him to lift," Chase laughed at the technique, as Dash's eyes widened considerably.

"I got this," Harley grunted, pulling both used diapers from under the big baby and letting his tail pop free. "But get that new one down for me."

Chase draped the fresh diaper on the bed, as Harley hiked both of Dash's ankles onto his shoulder. One of the spaniel's paws, and a wipe, reached Dash's elevated bottom, and started to rub.

If Dash moved an inch, he felt like he'd bring the whole process down around him, but he was too humiliated to budge, frozen in place as the younger dog ensured his butt cheeks were as fresh as could be before lowering him back down onto a new diaper.

Dash lay on the bed, slightly stunned, as he felt the dusting of baby powder start to fall over him. Chase had joined in helping again, the powder in one hand and his beer in the other, ensuring the cage was snowed under, which also just seemed to perplex his friend.

"That's too much, man, there's no point overdoing it," Harley criticised.

"Funny though," Chase defended himself, but realised Harley didn't even chuckle as he pointed at the buried chastity cage. "Geez, you take this VERY seriously."

"I guess changing *my* younger brother was never a joke," Harley replied as he lifted the front of the diaper into place and helped position it, carrying on as if the cage wasn't even there. He then took a moment, which Dash realised was him assessing the two tapes on either side, before he neatly pulled the wings up over Dash's hips and taped him in securely.

"Yeah, but your little bro was out of diapers at a normal age." Chase folded his arms, bottle of powder still in one paw as he surveyed his newly diapered brother. "You're pretty good though, even with, you know, *the upscaling.*"

Harley patted Dash's thighs gently and winked down at the red-faced baby.

"He made it easy for me."

Dash realised he'd smiled back at him through his pacifier, and then blushed. He hadn't even realised how toddlerish he'd turned in front of this cute young man. Chase's friend had changed him, and he'd let him do it again. He wasn't

thinking with a clear head. Part of him knew it, but it wasn't enough to stop him. He was tired, and he let himself *melt* from the experience.

"I did joke with him about finding a babysitter," Chase said, seemingly impressed that someone else had surpassed him so easily. "I didn't think it would be the dude I was drinking with all night though."

Harley brushed it off and picked his beer back up. "I'm not an expert, I just changed a lot of diapers. But I *do know* that that's a little guy who needs his bed."

Dash groaned quietly. He was rubbing his eyes, and really starting to feel the mid-night wake up and change. There was a real temptation to stay up with the boys while they drank into the very late night and early morning, even if it meant he was sucking on a bottle of milk, but his sleepy, toddlerish ways were winning this battle.

"Alright, you heard the expert," Chase ordered, putting the baby powder down finally. "Say thank you to Harley for wiping your butt."

Dash thanked them both as he drew the duvet back up over himself and nestled the waiting Plush Puppy under his arm. Far beyond blushing anymore, he then suddenly cringed slightly to himself; he'd rolled over so easily for both them. One wink from a cute dog and he was putty being tucked into bed with a clean diaper.

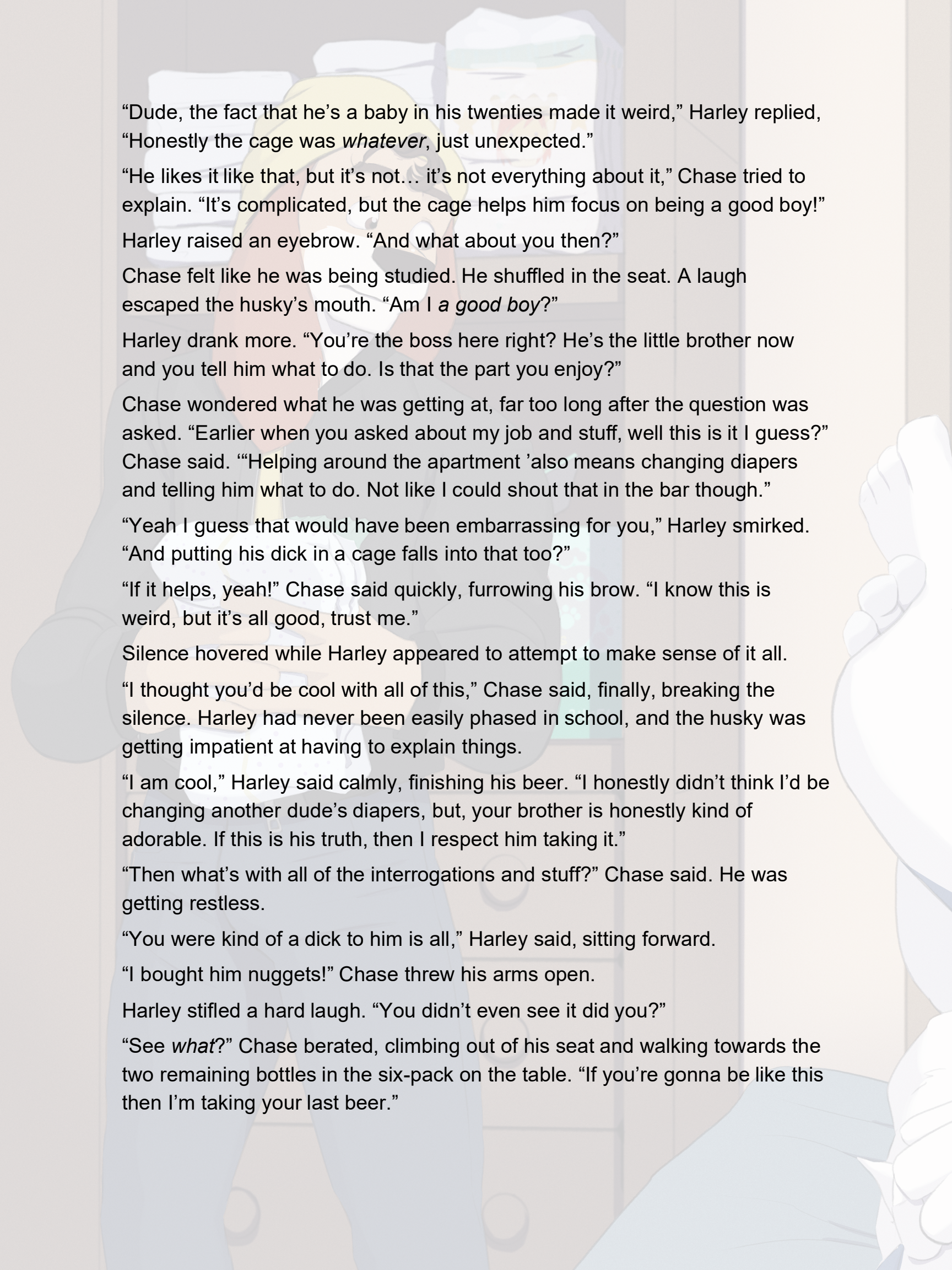
"What's his deal, really," Harley said quietly.

Chase stepped inside the playpen to get to the sofa, and watched the spaniel follow him, as his eyes darted from the toys to the toddler building blocks on the floor.

"What are you talking about?" Chase said carefully, relaxing his head wearily on the back of the chair.

"Your brother has, like, a sex cage on his dick. You said he likes being a baby, but I dunno, does he *like it* like it?"

Chase finished the beer he was holding in a long, final gulp. "Did the cage make it weird?"



“Dude, the fact that he’s a baby in his twenties made it weird,” Harley replied, “Honestly the cage was *whatever*, just unexpected.”

“He likes it like that, but it’s not... it’s not everything about it,” Chase tried to explain. “It’s complicated, but the cage helps him focus on being a good boy!”

Harley raised an eyebrow. “And what about you then?”

Chase felt like he was being studied. He shuffled in the seat. A laugh escaped the husky’s mouth. “Am I a *good boy*?”

Harley drank more. “You’re the boss here right? He’s the little brother now and you tell him what to do. Is that the part you enjoy?”

Chase wondered what he was getting at, far too long after the question was asked. “Earlier when you asked about my job and stuff, well this is it I guess?”

Chase said. “Helping around the apartment ’also means changing diapers and telling him what to do. Not like I could shout that in the bar though.”

“Yeah I guess that would have been embarrassing for you,” Harley smirked. “And putting his dick in a cage falls into that too?”

“If it helps, yeah!” Chase said quickly, furrowing his brow. “I know this is weird, but it’s all good, trust me.”

Silence hovered while Harley appeared to attempt to make sense of it all.

“I thought you’d be cool with all of this,” Chase said, finally, breaking the silence. Harley had never been easily phased in school, and the husky was getting impatient at having to explain things.

“I am cool,” Harley said calmly, finishing his beer. “I honestly didn’t think I’d be changing another dude’s diapers, but, your brother is honestly kind of adorable. If this is his truth, then I respect him taking it.”

“Then what’s with all of the interrogations and stuff?” Chase said. He was getting restless.

“You were kind of a dick to him is all,” Harley said, sitting forward.

“I bought him nuggets!” Chase threw his arms open.

Harley stifled a hard laugh. “You didn’t even see it did you?”

“See *what*?” Chase berated, climbing out of his seat and walking towards the two remaining bottles in the six-pack on the table. “If you’re gonna be like this then I’m taking your last beer.”

“That you were a dick!” Harley laughed in disbelief. “You made a song and dance about him needing a diaper change, and you clearly invited me ‘round without warning him. Or me in fact.”

“I was *not* a dick,” Chase said popping one more bottle open. “And I was supposed to warn you on the stairs, you must have distracted me.”

“You weren’t a dick? So embarrassing him like that is normal then?”

“I’ve had too many beers for this.” Chase shook his head dramatically, as if it would clear his head, then started to drink his new bottle. “You said you were cool!”

Sure, he embarrassed Dash a bit but he *liked* it. That’s what the cage was for!

“I *am* cool,” Harley reiterated, “But what if I wasn’t? What if I’d laughed in your brother’s face? Or is *that* what you wanted?”

“No!” Chase said loudly, before hushing his voice. “Of course I didn’t.”

“Then what did you want? Why did you bring me here?”

Chase growled, but it was towards himself. He tossed the last beer bottle towards his friend to catch, who missed, but the bottle luckily bounced on the sofa.

“I just wanted to hang out, like we used to,” Chase admitted. He’d missed his friend, but he couldn’t admit *that* much. “You were always the cool one in school, that’s all.”

Harley opened the beer and raised it towards Chase, toasting him slightly.

“Neither of us were cool, dude...”

Chase crashed back into his seat. “You made it weird now!” he said, almost pointedly. “I don’t want to get late-night-drunk-mopey.”

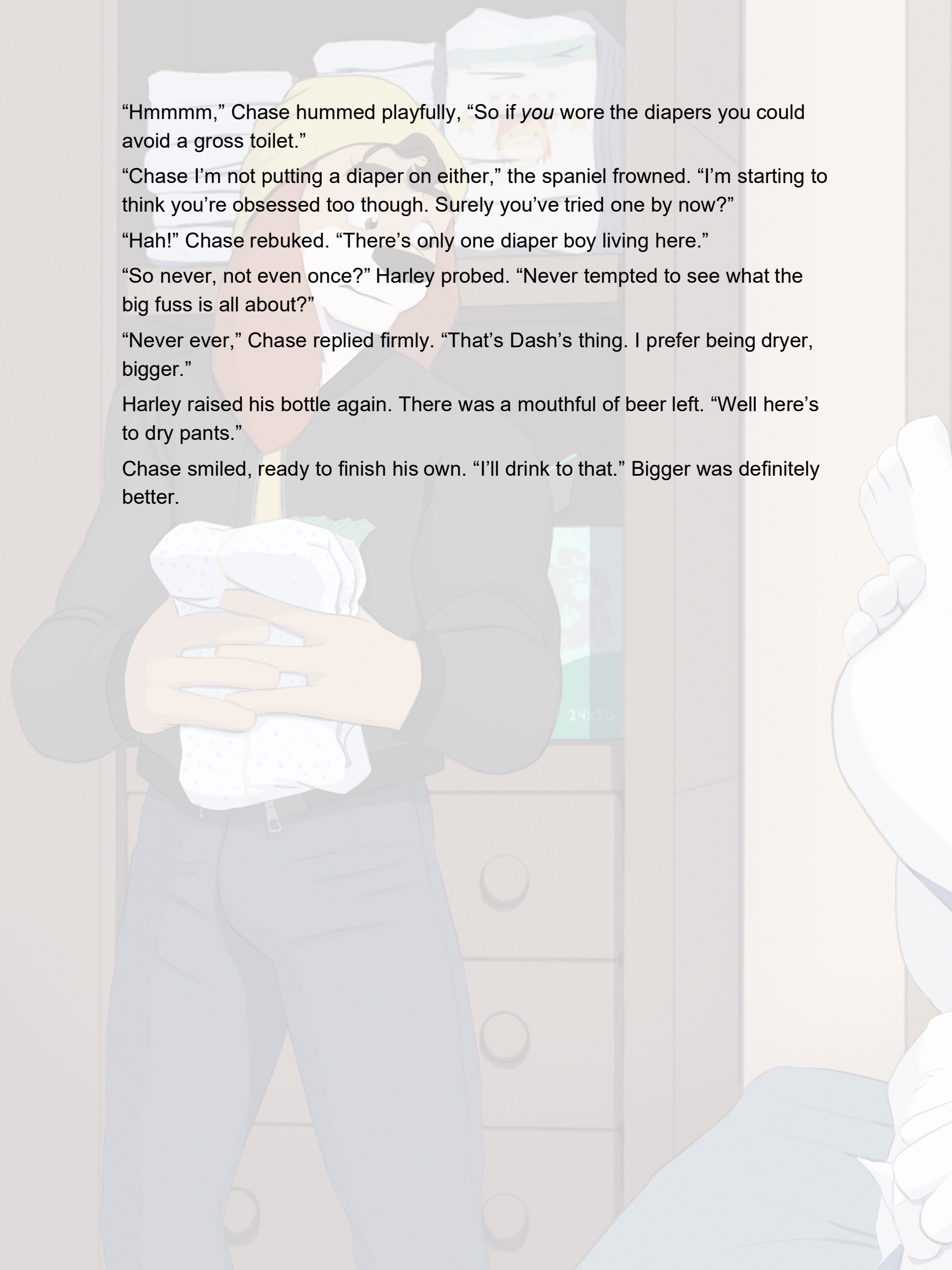
“*I did?* You’ve got us drinking beers in a giant playpen.”

“If you don’t think this is *awesome*,” Chase gestured to the wooden bars, “We can go to yours next time.”

“I dunno... My roommates piss on the toilet seat,” Harley joked. “Maybe you got lucky in ways.”

“So you’d rather change a diaper than clean a toilet seat!”

“I’m not putting my roommates in diapers, thank you very much,” Harley scoffed. “That’s a *leap*.”



“Hmmm,” Chase hummed playfully, “So if *you* wore the diapers you could avoid a gross toilet.”

“Chase I’m not putting a diaper on either,” the spaniel frowned. “I’m starting to think you’re obsessed too though. Surely you’ve tried one by now?”

“Hah!” Chase rebuked. “There’s only one diaper boy living here.”

“So never, not even once?” Harley probed. “Never tempted to see what the big fuss is all about?”

“Never ever,” Chase replied firmly. “That’s Dash’s thing. I prefer being dryer, bigger.”

Harley raised his bottle again. There was a mouthful of beer left. “Well here’s to dry pants.”

Chase smiled, ready to finish his own. “I’ll drink to that.” Bigger was definitely better.

