


BROTHER
KNOWS

BEST

PART XIII






Dash closed his bedroom door behind him painfully slowly so it would avoid making a sound. Despite the late-morning light filling the apartment, Harley was passed out on the sofa in the living space, surrounded by a barrier of an armchair and playpen bars from Dash's setup the night before. The baby toys were still scattered on the floor, including the house the husky had built from toddler blocks. The image of it should have been comical, but it only cemented how ridiculous Dash felt, especially now that he was stealthily hunting for food and water in his pyjamas and soggy overnight diaper. The very diaper that Harley, of all people, had taped him into.

The husky had already laid in his bed until boredom, hunger, and an empty baby bottle was too much for him to tolerate. Despite everything that had happened the night before, he was so reluctant to waddle his diaper around in front of Chase's friend, especially if the silent apartment meant Chase was asleep and unable to act as a buffer to how exposed and embarrassed he'd be to be seen as he was.

His unrest was made all the more perilous by the mess in his diaper that he *didn't* make last night, as he found himself stepping out of bed with a heavy abdomen signalling his inevitable need to push. Dash couldn't think of many babyish things he wanted to do less in front of Harley.

Harley might have wiped and diapered his butt the night before, but he was still a stranger. Dash couldn't follow through with messing himself willingly. If he was lucky enough to have sold himself to Harley as a weird-but-cute boy who needed his diaper changing, he'd never live down the thought of sending him away with the lasting memory of him stinking out the apartment.

Dash then realised that he'd never considered using the bathroom, and suddenly resented and respected that it hasn't crossed his mind; the last time he'd used a toilet, Chase had

A cartoon illustration of a dog, possibly a husky, wearing a white diaper and dark sunglasses. The dog is sitting on a light-colored floor, looking towards the viewer with a neutral expression. The background is a simple, light-colored room with a grey sofa and a wooden chair visible.

retaliated by painting him as a bedwetter to their parents. He might not be incontinent, but he felt anti-potty trained. Trying to break that wasn't a risk worth taking.

It was all the more reason to be quiet and get what he needed before either of them stirred. The apartment was deathly silent. Dash tip-toed from the bedroom door to kitchen area of the apartment; he'd fill his bottle, grab a bowl of cereal, and then he could disappear back to his room to hide. It sucked to be confined with nothing but his phone to stare at, but it was the best option to save his blushes, especially if the worst of it passed into the seat of his diaper. If Chase berated him for attention, then, he'd try to explain and stay hidden. Surely, of all things, Chase wouldn't want his friend experiencing *this* level of madness too?

He tip-toed lightly towards the kitchen and stuck his bottle under the faucet, filling it, and screwing the teat back on. One job down. He then found a plastic bowl, prying it from the cupboard with surgical precision, and emptied in some dry chocolate cereal with more rustling than he liked. He retrieved a small spoon, and finally pulled some milk from the fridge, splashing it into the bowl and edging the fridge door closed again.


Success!

"Hey, little buddy," the husky heard, spoken groggily, and he almost threw cereal across the floor, twisting in shock. Harley was sitting up, rubbing his eyes with a groan.

Dash wanted to apologise for waking him, but he was so struck about being caught in exactly what he was trying to avoid.

"D-Did I?" Dash asked apologetically, suddenly conscious that there was so little he could hide. Not that Harley didn't know almost everything at this point anyway.

"Not at all, man," Harley hand-waved. "I've been in and out for the last while. Sunlight and sofas aren't good for a late sleep."



Dash watched him stretch, in nothing but a shirt and his underwear, and forced himself to look away before he stared, or blushed.

Stop objectifying him just because he changed your diaper!

The husky set his things down at the table, figuring it was his best option. It was too late, and impolite to flee back to his bedroom now, and sitting here would keep his bulging pyjama pants somewhat obscured.

“Do you, uh, want some cereal? Coffee, maybe?” Dash offered, desperate to find anything to block any awkwardness from floating up.

“I don’t think I can eat yet...” Harley said wearily. “Coffee though... I can get it myself, if that’s cool? I don’t want to disturb you.”

“Help yourself,” Dash smiled, before digging in to his own breakfast. Harley shuffled his way over to the kitchen, either hungover or just exhausted. If Chase was in the same condition, Dash feared Harley would never leave the apartment before his own bowels gave up.


“Oh wow, are they Chocolate Chunks?” Harley laughed.

Dash blushed. Surely he wasn’t the only adult who still ate these? Being in diapers didn’t mean every single thing he did was childish...

“Mhm,” he confirmed, sheepishly after swallowing another mouthful.

“Awesome,” Harley followed up, sincerely. “I’ve not had those in years. My mom was a tyrant about sugary shit... I know what I’m buying later!”

Harley set his steaming cup down on the table, joining Dash. The husky concealed his panic. He didn’t know how to make conversation with this guy while his big wet bedtime diaper squeezed between his legs and a fresh baby bottle sat beside him on the table.



“You must have been pretty late, huh?” Dash finally squeezed out.

“I don’t even know!” Harley answered, struggling to access the information. “I know we ate everything. Drank everything. Who knows what else. It was good though. It’s been too long since I hung with your brother.”

Dash suddenly feared that Harley didn’t remember diapering him, but quickly discarded that thought. He was sitting here with a baby bottle; Harley would *surely* act weirder if that was new.

“We didn’t, uh, wake you or anything?” the spaniel followed up.

“I was out like a light,” Dash dismissed. “I’d been up since seven for work. I was *done*.”

He took a swig from his bottle, with the most confusing mixture of self-conscious embarrassment and confidence. He was drinking it, right there, in front of a normal person. Was he doing it because Harley was hot? Because he changed him? Was this flirting? Was he flirting by *drinking a baby bottle*?


Dash stopped sucking, and the bottle made an embarrassing squeak as air returned to the nipple. Harley stared it down.

“You’re so funny,” the spaniel said, suddenly, but Dash didn’t think he meant it like he was a comedian.

The husky felt his face glow hot.

“It’s like watching a toddler, but...” he said, gesturing at the size of Dash, before breaking into a smile. “I still don’t get it.”

Shit, Dash thought. Harley was drunk changing him last night. He wasn’t as cool with this as the husky dreamed.

An illustration of a dog sitting on a couch with a baby. The dog is a white and grey spaniel, wearing a white baseball cap and sunglasses. He is holding a blue baby blanket. The baby is a small, dark-colored dog, possibly a spaniel, wearing a white onesie with a blue pattern. The dog is looking at the baby with a slightly concerned or thoughtful expression. The background is a simple, light-colored room with a wooden floor and a grey couch.

“I-,” Dash stuttered, trying to save himself. “It’s hard to explain, but...”

“No, sorry!” Harley winced. “I didn’t mean... It’s just, you look so natural doing *all this*, but you also have a job? I’m struggling to see both sides. Maybe I need to follow you into work some day.”

Phew!

Dash bit his tongue slightly, unable to hide his relieved smirk. He couldn’t help remember the feeling of Harley pulling the front of that new diaper up between his legs.

Don’t say it.

“I mean if you wanted to,” he laughed, trying to be casual.

DON’T.

“I sometimes need to be changed at work too.”

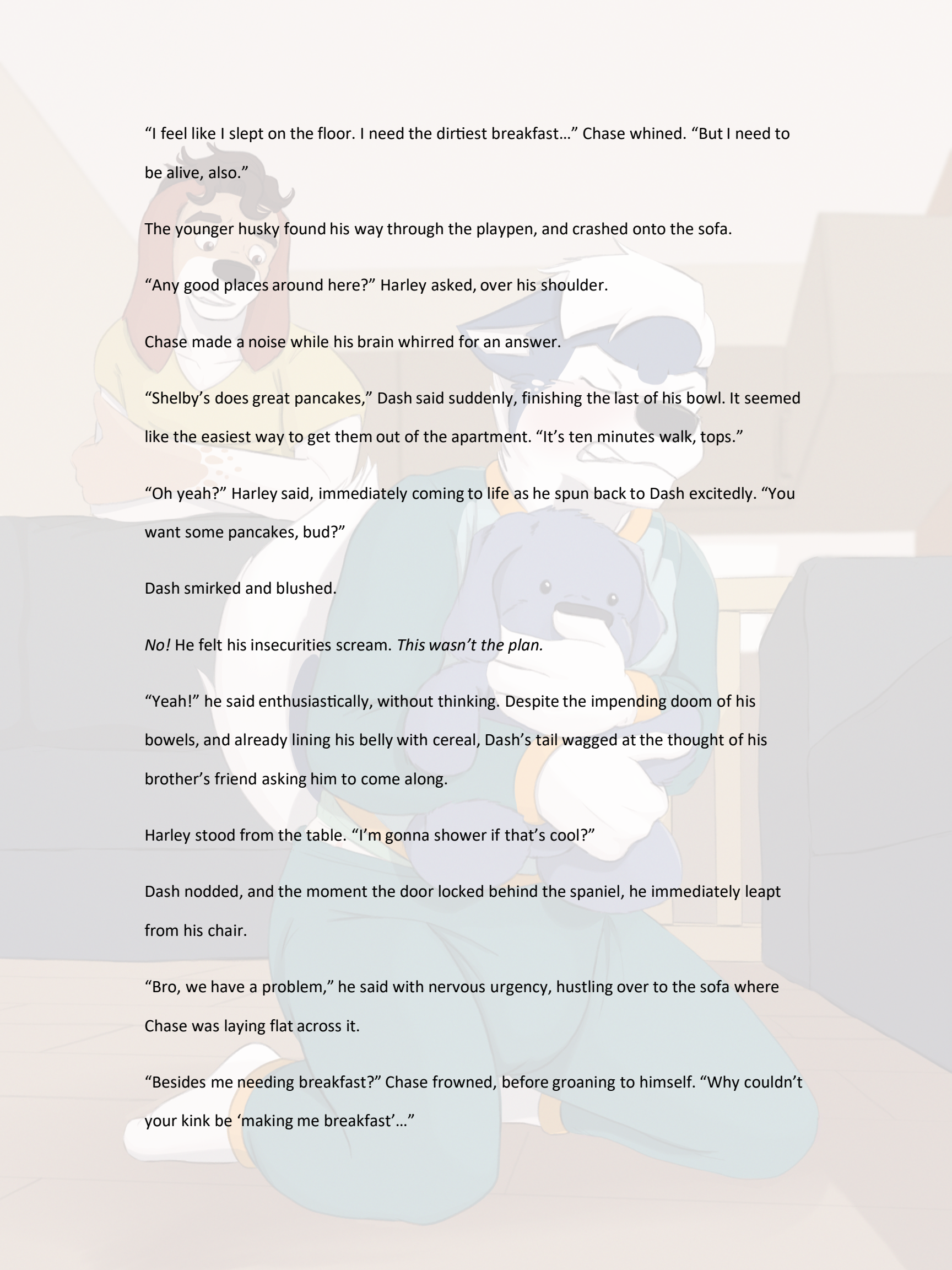
Harley’s eyes widened, and the younger spaniel seemed lost for an answer.

Dash’s heart stopped. He’d made it weird. He needed to fix it. Sure he’d diapered him, but it was drunk, late night antics. It didn’t mean it was something he *wanted* to do again.

A door handle creaked across the room, and Chase’s door opened, revealing a crumpled, slump-shouldered husky in nothing but his boxers, looking even worse off than Harley.

Dash opened his mouth to apologise, to play off his stupid joke, but Harley immediately beat him to it, turning his attention to Dash’s brother.

“Dude, look at you!” he laughed. “Did you stay up without me?”



"I feel like I slept on the floor. I need the dirtiest breakfast..." Chase whined. "But I need to be alive, also."

The younger husky found his way through the playpen, and crashed onto the sofa.

"Any good places around here?" Harley asked, over his shoulder.

Chase made a noise while his brain whirred for an answer.

"Shelby's does great pancakes," Dash said suddenly, finishing the last of his bowl. It seemed like the easiest way to get them out of the apartment. "It's ten minutes walk, tops."

"Oh yeah?" Harley said, immediately coming to life as he spun back to Dash excitedly. "You want some pancakes, bud?"

Dash smirked and blushed.

No! He felt his insecurities scream. *This wasn't the plan.*


"Yeah!" he said enthusiastically, without thinking. Despite the impending doom of his bowels, and already lining his belly with cereal, Dash's tail wagged at the thought of his brother's friend asking him to come along.

Harley stood from the table. "I'm gonna shower if that's cool?"

Dash nodded, and the moment the door locked behind the spaniel, he immediately leapt from his chair.

"Bro, we have a problem," he said with nervous urgency, hustling over to the sofa where Chase was laying flat across it.

"Besides me needing breakfast?" Chase frowned, before groaning to himself. "Why couldn't your kink be 'making me breakfast'..."

A faint, stylized illustration of two dogs sitting on a grey sofa. The dog on the left is brown and white, wearing a yellow shirt. The dog on the right is white and blue, wearing a blue shirt. They are both looking towards the right. The background is a simple, light-colored room.

“Yes!” Dash whispered desperately. “I need to... I have to... you know, and Harley’s *right here.*”

Chase broke into a tired laugh. “That’s not an emergency, buddy.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” Dash placated him, taking a second, but losing none of his urgency.

“Can I just go into the bathroom when it’s free, do it quickly, and take a shower?”

“Why?” Chase scoffed. He wasn’t buying this.

Dash stood silent for a beat. “Seriously? I really need to go,” he exaggerated, though he knew it wouldn’t be long before it was true, “and your friend is here! I can’t just take a dump in front of him.”


“If you wait long enough it sounds like you won’t have to worry about making the choice,” Chase offered. “Problem solved.”

Dash’s toes curled into the floor. “That’s not... Chase you know what I’m asking, right? It’s one thing to do it with us, but Harley is *normal*, and a guest.”

Chase’s paw rubbed his hungover face and pinched the bridge of his nose. “Bro, just, stop worrying okay? Sit down, watch some TV.” He was too hungover, and apparently done with the conversation.

Dash knew better to be stunned by Chase’s behaviour, but it was no easier to accept it. His jaw hung, before his shoulders and tail slumped. He circled the sofa and walked through the playpen gate, defeated.

“Look,” Chase said, sighing reluctantly. “I won’t make a big deal out of it, okay? Just do your business like you always do.”



Dash nodded, and took a seat on the floor, like he always did for Saturday morning cartoons. "...thank you."

Chase stood up slowly, and Dash winced as his brother left the playpen, locking the gate behind him. He flicked on the TV and navigated to the heavily restricted profile in his own name to find something childish to watch, not that he had much option this particular Saturday, with every other streaming option still locked behind new codes he didn't know.


Chase returned from Dash's room holding Plush Puppy and Dash's pacifier, tossing them to his brother. Dash caught Plush Puppy gently and immediately cuddled him into his lap. His pacifier went firmly into his mouth, and his choice of entertainment started to life on the big screen.

He trembled as the cramps built. Whatever his options were, they faded as the relief of letting go seemed more and more tantalising. He gripped Plush Puppy, controlled his breathing, and waited for the cramp to fade.

He couldn't, wouldn't, let it happen. He only needed to hold out for as long as it took for Chase to also have his shower. He could then run away and realistically fill his pants in the bathroom before immediately cleaning up and getting ready for second breakfast. For once, by some miracle, he believed Chase wasn't up to no good, so all he had to do was hold it for ten minutes or so.

The bathroom door finally unlocked as Harley returned in the same clothes, but looking entirely fresher than how he'd woken up. Dash tried not to look for too long, for so many reasons, but the spaniel's dark, damp curls clinging above his eyes were enticing, while his-

STOP!

A cartoon illustration of a dog character with white fur and a black patch around its eye, sitting on a grey sofa. The dog is wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt and blue pants. It is holding a blue stuffed animal that looks like a dog's head. In the background, another dog character with brown fur and a white chest is visible, sitting on the same sofa. The scene is set in a living room with a wooden floor and a lamp in the background.

Dash tried to mentally slap himself. He needed to let go of this fantasy, fast. The longer he thought about Harley changing his diapers again, the harder it would be to accept it might never happen again, especially after the spaniel's reaction at the table.

And even if it *did*, the complications of him being Chase's friend on top of everything else that was going on between the brothers made things far too difficult to navigate.

Dash overheard the two friends make some small talk while Chase appeared to finish his coffee. Dash adjusted his pyjamas to cover up any peekage at the small of his bag, and then clutched Plush Puppy a little tighter in agony as the heaviness in his lower abdomen threatened further unwelcome cramps. The younger husky then finally moved for his own shower, stripping and tossing his clothes into his bedroom before he even reached the bathroom.


Dash could suddenly feel the awkward air as he became the elephant in the room; this was a considerable step from Harley watching him drink a baby bottle at the table. If he was an adult with toddler accessories at breakfast, he now felt on display in a far more natural, toddlerish act. Harley said nothing at first, until Dash realised he had leaned over the back of the sofa, gazing at the television with curiosity. "What are we watching, kid?"

Dash's cheeks grew hotter in several notches, and he remembered his pacifier was in his mouth just as he started to speak. He removed it, and cleared his throat.

Not now...

"It's *The Little Kingdom*," Dash cringed, mainly because of the variety of little kids cartoons he'd tried, this was one of the few he genuinely enjoyed. As if it would have been better to be seen watching something *really* dumb, like that alphabet show last night...

He sat up slightly on his knees, trying to calm his innards.



“Oh yeah? Is that what you call the playpen? Is it your little kingdom?” Harley said playfully, before adopting a deeper, theatrical voice. *“Everything between these bars...”*

Dash laughed, and caught himself, suddenly conscious of how childish he felt.

“Or is it this little guy’s kingdom?” the spaniel continued, ruffling the top of Plush Puppy’s head.

“It’s mine I guess,” Dash mumbled shyly.

“They do look like all of *your* toys,” Harley said, as his eyes scanned from the building blocks to the toddler game controller. “Plus, you got those Prince diapers on too right? From bedtime?”


Dash realised he could in fact blush harder. Finally, Harley acknowledged the diaper from bedtime.

The spaniel stepped around the sofa and let himself into the playpen. Dash felt himself tense up. This was... this was everything he could have imagined, if he could strip his insecurities away, but all at the worst time. The spaniel closed the gate, and took a seat on the sofa behind Dash, almost welcoming him to sit against his legs.

Dash exhaled sharply, suddenly, as the cramps returned, trying to pass the aches through his breathing.

“Uh, you okay?” Harley asked, confused and concerned.

“I-I’m sorry, I...” Dash exclaimed, and climbed to his feet quickly. Plush Puppy’s beaned-bottom hit the floor. The husky tried to hurry to the gate to escape, but Harley, so confused and concerned, wouldn’t let him escape. Dash felt his wrist gripped by the stranger.

A faint, light-colored illustration serves as a background for the text. It depicts a woman with long, wavy brown hair and a white face, wearing a yellow top. She is sitting on a grey couch. Next to her is a dog with white fur and dark patches, wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt and white socks. The dog is sitting on the floor, leaning against the couch. The scene is set in a room with light-colored walls and a wooden floor.

“No, please, don’t,” Harley said, clearing his throat in a hurry. “I should be sorry. I shouldn’t have come in here.”

“It’s not that,” Dash winced, as his knees bent, almost rocking his stomach to avoid filling his diaper. “I just need to-”

Dash had never been too concerned about how well he could hold himself after months in diapers, until that moment. The cramps had intensified to a crescendo of nothing more than a whimper escaping a face of overwhelmed physical relief. The struggle to keep his sphincter clenched had become too much, and turned into a push that Dash wasn’t entirely sure he had mentally instigated.

Dash filled his diaper, right there, in front of his crush.

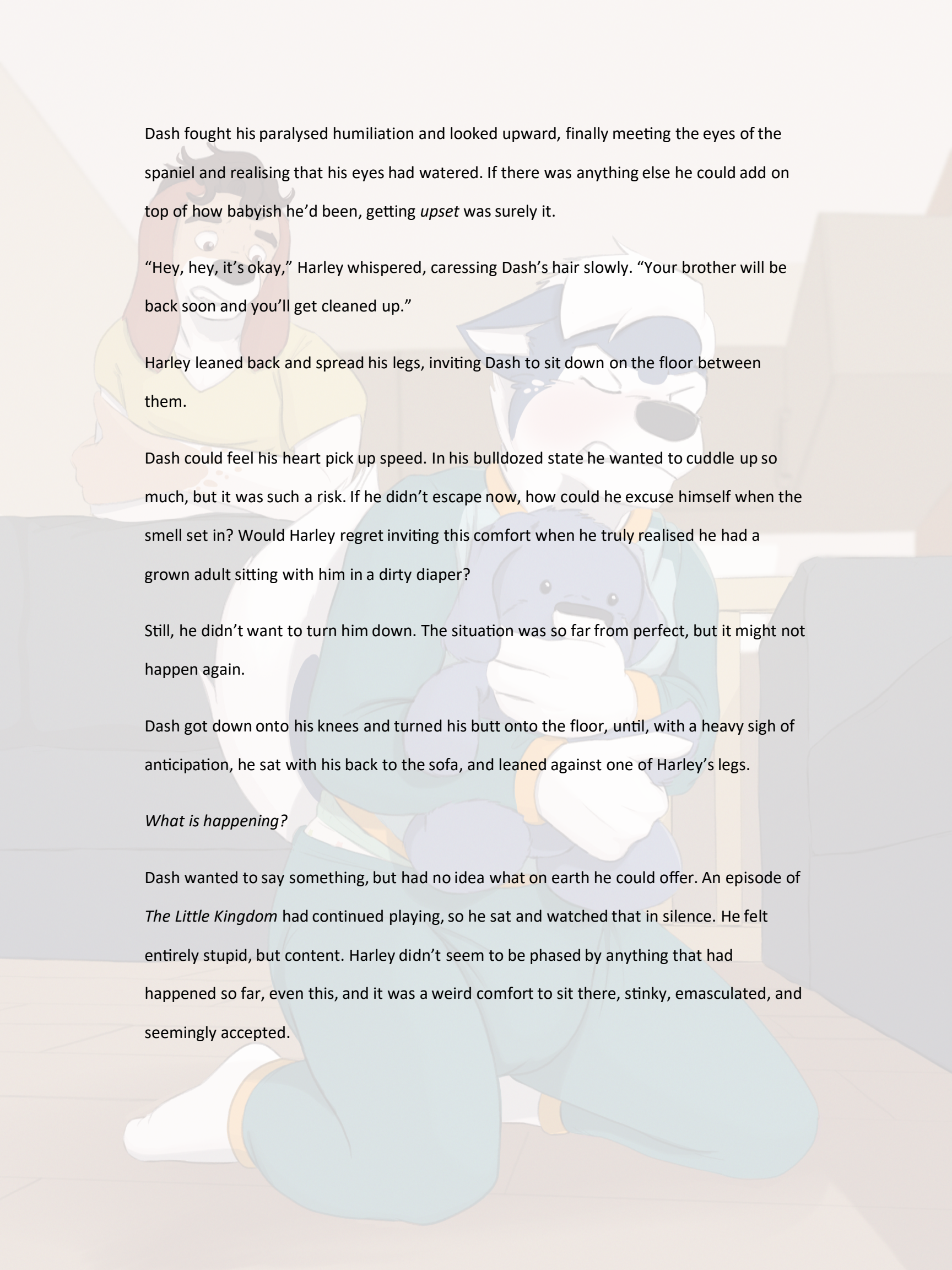
He gasped, with his eyes locked on his feet. Harley’s paw had remained unmoved on Dash’s wrist, but now shifted slightly and took the husky firmly by the hand. Dash squeezed back as the follow-up cramps began, and the husky squatted and grunted, pushing the rest of his much needed mess into the seat of his diaper.

He squatted in silence when he was done. He didn’t have the words to excuse what had happened, and just wished for the bathroom door to open so he could run for the shower.

Whatever Harley had really thought of him from a brief but intimate view of him living as a toddler, Dash feared it was now a far worse opinion having witnessed such an accident.

He plotted to run for his bedroom instead, to wait out the bathroom becoming available.

“Are you okay?” Harley finally asked quietly, holding his paw no less intimately.



Dash fought his paralysed humiliation and looked upward, finally meeting the eyes of the spaniel and realising that his eyes had watered. If there was anything else he could add on top of how babyish he'd been, getting *upset* was surely it.

"Hey, hey, it's okay," Harley whispered, caressing Dash's hair slowly. "Your brother will be back soon and you'll get cleaned up."

Harley leaned back and spread his legs, inviting Dash to sit down on the floor between them.

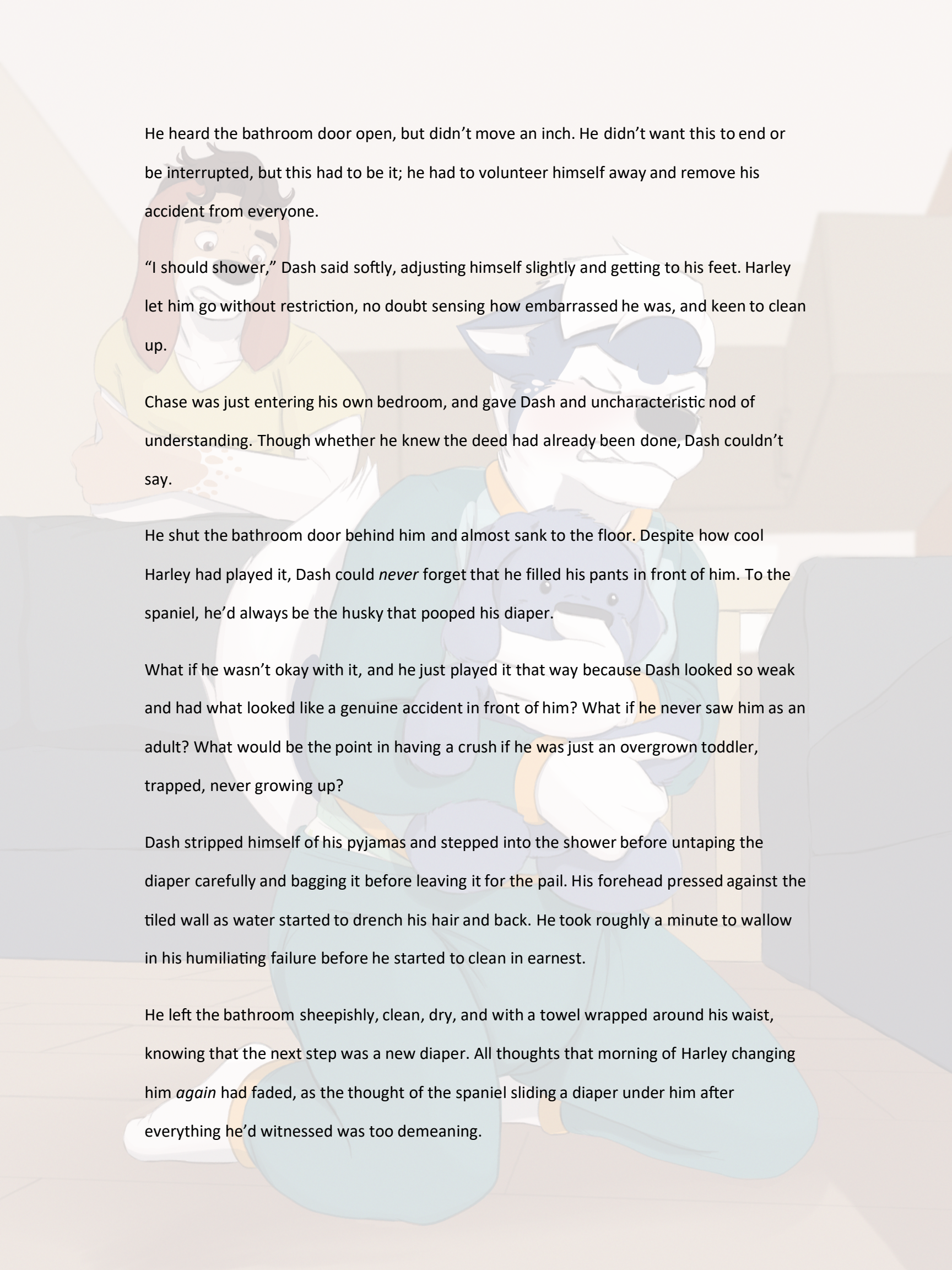
Dash could feel his heart pick up speed. In his bulldozed state he wanted to cuddle up so much, but it was such a risk. If he didn't escape now, how could he excuse himself when the smell set in? Would Harley regret inviting this comfort when he truly realised he had a grown adult sitting with him in a dirty diaper?

Still, he didn't want to turn him down. The situation was so far from perfect, but it might not happen again.

Dash got down onto his knees and turned his butt onto the floor, until, with a heavy sigh of anticipation, he sat with his back to the sofa, and leaned against one of Harley's legs.

What is happening?

Dash wanted to say something, but had no idea what on earth he could offer. An episode of *The Little Kingdom* had continued playing, so he sat and watched that in silence. He felt entirely stupid, but content. Harley didn't seem to be phased by anything that had happened so far, even this, and it was a weird comfort to sit there, stinky, emasculated, and seemingly accepted.



He heard the bathroom door open, but didn't move an inch. He didn't want this to end or be interrupted, but this had to be it; he had to volunteer himself away and remove his accident from everyone.

"I should shower," Dash said softly, adjusting himself slightly and getting to his feet. Harley let him go without restriction, no doubt sensing how embarrassed he was, and keen to clean up.


Chase was just entering his own bedroom, and gave Dash an uncharacteristic nod of understanding. Though whether he knew the deed had already been done, Dash couldn't say.

He shut the bathroom door behind him and almost sank to the floor. Despite how cool Harley had played it, Dash could *never* forget that he filled his pants in front of him. To the spaniel, he'd always be the husky that pooped his diaper.

What if he wasn't okay with it, and he just played it that way because Dash looked so weak and had what looked like a genuine accident in front of him? What if he never saw him as an adult? What would be the point in having a crush if he was just an overgrown toddler, trapped, never growing up?

Dash stripped himself of his pyjamas and stepped into the shower before untaping the diaper carefully and bagging it before leaving it for the pail. His forehead pressed against the tiled wall as water started to drench his hair and back. He took roughly a minute to wallow in his humiliating failure before he started to clean in earnest.

He left the bathroom sheepishly, clean, dry, and with a towel wrapped around his waist, knowing that the next step was a new diaper. All thoughts that morning of Harley changing him *again* had faded, as the thought of the spaniel sliding a diaper under him after everything he'd witnessed was too demeaning.



He hoped for a quiet, private diapering from Chase, and then making his excuses to skip getting food with them both, but as he slinked from the bathroom to his room without making eye contact, he was beckoned back towards the living space.

Dash winced before he turned back to Chase, and saw that his diaper was already unfolded on the floor in the playpen, and both of them were sitting waiting for him, looking more alive now than their hangovers had shown so far.

“Down here, buddy,” Chase pointed.

There was no escaping Harley seeing him getting diapered again, at the very least, and the older husky padded across the floor slowly, before nervously hanging his towel on the playpen bars, and stepping inside, casually trying to cover his caged penis with one paw.

As Dash lay down, resorting to finally revealing his caged genitals, he realised that Chase’s ‘no teasing’ clause remained; his brother had spoken truly about not making a big deal about things if he ended up messing.

He planted his feet on the floor and lifted his butt slightly as Chase adjusted the diaper beneath him, then lowered as he waited for his brother to unscrew the baby powder and sprinkle it over his cage and between his legs.

“We’re going out,” Harley instructed, “Don’t skimp on putting it between his legs.”

“Right, right,” Chase acknowledged, giving the bottle a few more hearty shakes on Dash’s thighs, forcing both huskies to cover their mouths slightly as it puffed into the air between them.

Dash caught Harley’s eye as the spaniel looked towards him and offered a quick wink. Dash blushed, instantly, and hoped his paw concealed the smile he couldn’t avoid. He was finding it hard to read exactly what Harley thought, but he once again seemed to be entirely cool

about everything happening. Dash considered he was being paranoid about everything, but it was a hard thought to conquer.

Chase then pulled the wings up on Dash's right hand side, taping them together firmly, before repeating himself on the opposite hip. "Any notes, sensei?" he prodded, mocking his friend just enough.

The spaniel rolled his eyes. "My work here is done."

The butterflies in Dash's stomach fell. He wanted to say something, *anything*, about Chase not being perfect. Any excuse to get Harley over again! But he was still too withdrawn in himself, and realised he was fetishising Harley teaching Chase how to be better big brother. He shuddered.

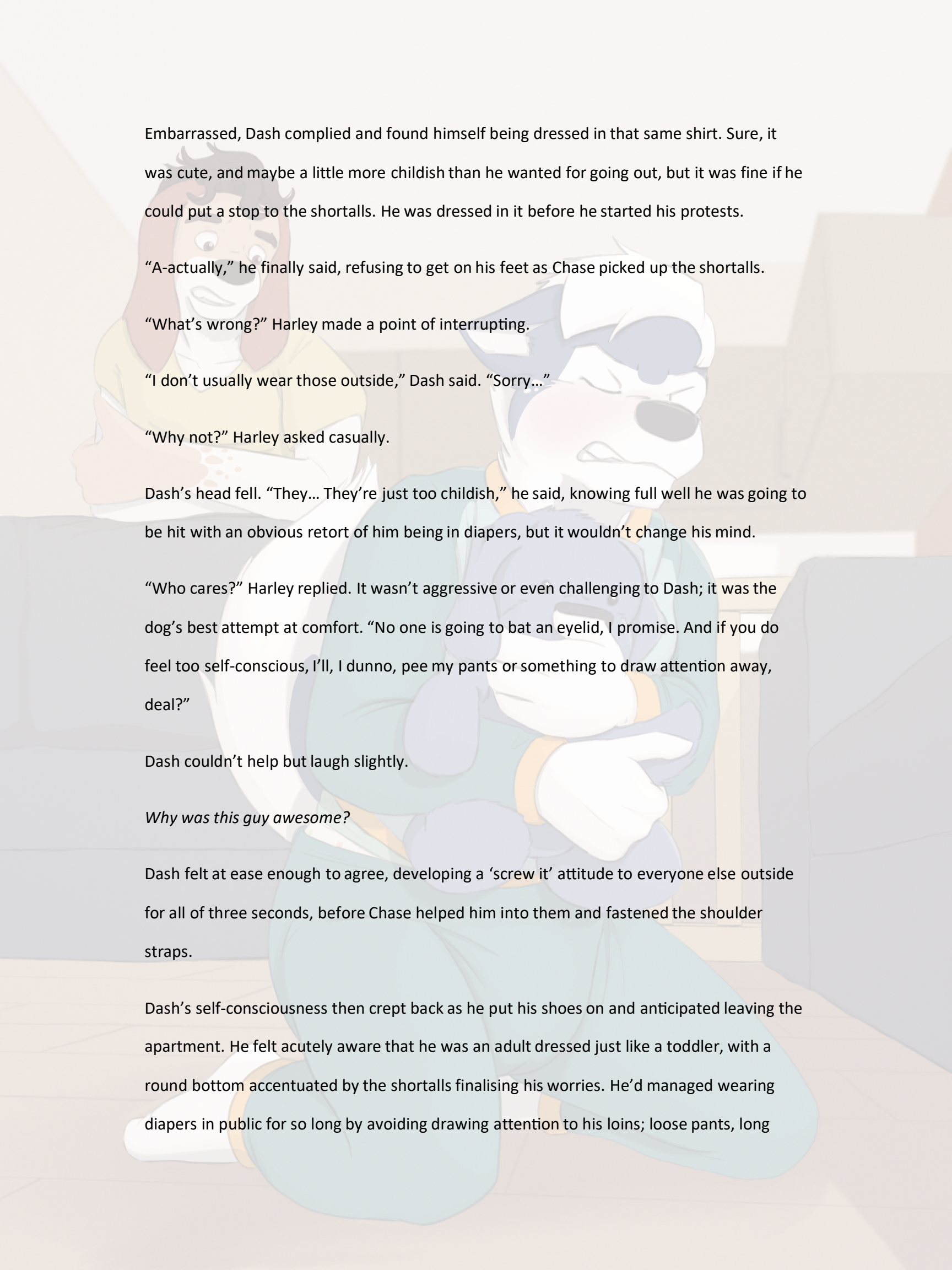
Dash sat up, silently acknowledging that Chase was good at taping diapers on him., and had been for a while.

"We picked an outfit for breakfast while you were cleaning your butt," Chase said excitedly.

Dash tensed up slightly. He'd already resigned to going with them, but he needed to put his foot down about the outfit lying on the sofa; he didn't feel comfortable wearing shortalls and a onesie outside.

"Ummm," was all he managed, as Chase picked up the onesie and stuck his arms through the insides, preparing to dress his brother.

"Harley thought this one was cute," he smiled as his paws popped out of each arm-hole and reached for Dash's. "Paws up!"



Embarrassed, Dash complied and found himself being dressed in that same shirt. Sure, it was cute, and maybe a little more childish than he wanted for going out, but it was fine if he could put a stop to the shortalls. He was dressed in it before he started his protests.

“A-actually,” he finally said, refusing to get on his feet as Chase picked up the shortalls.

“What’s wrong?” Harley made a point of interrupting.

“I don’t usually wear those outside,” Dash said. “Sorry...”

“Why not?” Harley asked casually.

Dash’s head fell. “They... They’re just too childish,” he said, knowing full well he was going to be hit with an obvious retort of him being in diapers, but it wouldn’t change his mind.

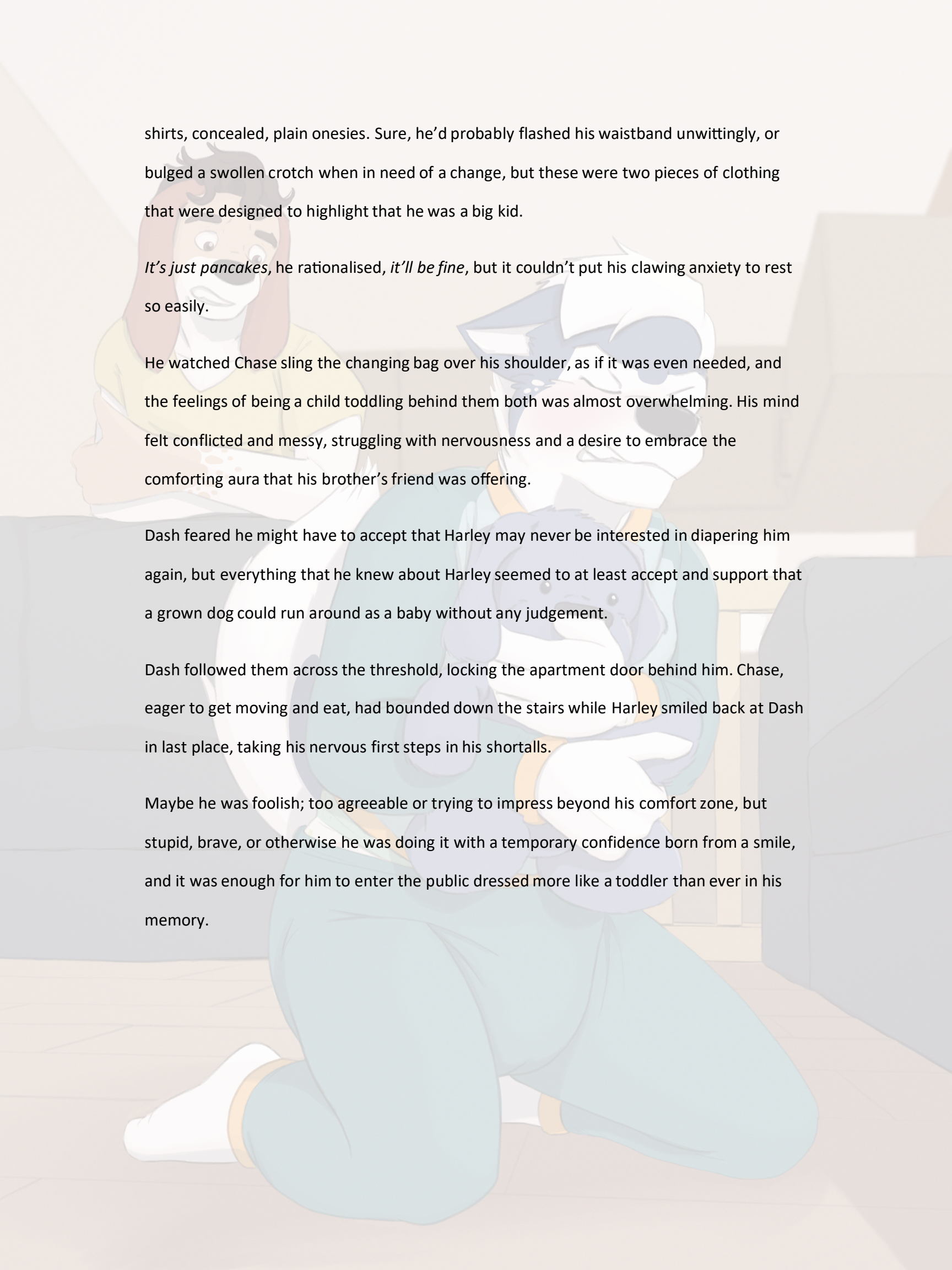
“Who cares?” Harley replied. It wasn’t aggressive or even challenging to Dash; it was the dog’s best attempt at comfort. “No one is going to bat an eyelid, I promise. And if you do feel too self-conscious, I’ll, I dunno, pee my pants or something to draw attention away, deal?”

Dash couldn’t help but laugh slightly.

Why was this guy awesome?

Dash felt at ease enough to agree, developing a ‘screw it’ attitude to everyone else outside for all of three seconds, before Chase helped him into them and fastened the shoulder straps.

Dash’s self-consciousness then crept back as he put his shoes on and anticipated leaving the apartment. He felt acutely aware that he was an adult dressed just like a toddler, with a round bottom accentuated by the shortalls finalising his worries. He’d managed wearing diapers in public for so long by avoiding drawing attention to his loins; loose pants, long



shirts, concealed, plain onesies. Sure, he'd probably flashed his waistband unwittingly, or bulged a swollen crotch when in need of a change, but these were two pieces of clothing that were designed to highlight that he was a big kid.

It's just pancakes, he rationalised, *it'll be fine*, but it couldn't put his clawing anxiety to rest so easily.

He watched Chase sling the changing bag over his shoulder, as if it was even needed, and the feelings of being a child toddling behind them both was almost overwhelming. His mind felt conflicted and messy, struggling with nervousness and a desire to embrace the comforting aura that his brother's friend was offering.

Dash feared he might have to accept that Harley may never be interested in diapering him again, but everything that he knew about Harley seemed to at least accept and support that a grown dog could run around as a baby without any judgement.

Dash followed them across the threshold, locking the apartment door behind him. Chase, eager to get moving and eat, had bounded down the stairs while Harley smiled back at Dash in last place, taking his nervous first steps in his shortalls.

Maybe he was foolish; too agreeable or trying to impress beyond his comfort zone, but stupid, brave, or otherwise he was doing it with a temporary confidence born from a smile, and it was enough for him to enter the public dressed more like a toddler than ever in his memory.



