



BROTHER KNOWS BEST

PART IV

Brother Knows Best IV

Dash was struggling to sleep after the emotional wallop he'd endured. His soaked, double-thick diapers that he'd been denied the ability to change, coupled with a random raging erection in his sleep, had done him no favours either. He tossed and turned, in and out of sleep, awake for what felt like the fifth time, and rolled over onto his side. The wet bulk between his legs squished from the pressure, not allowing him to fully close his thighs.

His cock raged harder. It was only 1am.

He'd had enough; the disrupting sleep was breaking him. He wanted to scream to himself not to do it, but his paw was down the front of his diaper in a sleepy haze. He adjusted himself, and pulled out, relieved that his desperate erection was more comfortable now, lined up perfectly against the squishy insides.

Dash started to thrust his crotch against the mattress.

He didn't care that he'd been put to bed in the spare room, where his free-loading brother used to sleep. He didn't care about what it meant for his real bedroom every night from how, or that it was his younger brother that had done this to him. He just remembered, unflinchingly, that he loved diapers, that he loved being a baby really, that it turned him on. It was blackmail, but after all this time it was undeniably hot. His denied lust couldn't take it anymore.

He pulled one of his pillows down, stuffing it between his things, and rubbed his crotch against it even harder.

The husky could feel himself building; it really wasn't going to take much it seemed. He had tried to be quiet about it, but he was huffing and grunting with every other hump, until he felt himself unbearably close. He went silent, shuddering in the moments resting on the edge, before another few shaken thrusts saw him cross the line, and fill the front of his soaked diaper as his legs spasmed and his arms went limp.

He crashed his torso and muzzle flat on the bed, trying to bury himself in a pillow before moaning uncontrollably. His cock never seemed to relent, so pent up had he been that he could feel his cock throb with every spurt; the built-up cum thick enough that the difference in pressure was tactile.

Dash was finally done, unmoving and gross.

He wanted to sleep now, but as his cock softened, he realised that he needed to piss too. Shuffling his diaper off the pillow, he closed his eyes, and released his bladder. The front of his diaper gurgled and flooded, and before he knew it, Dash could feel a warm damp spread across his tummy.

In his sleepy, post-orgasmic haze, he took a moment to understand what was happening, and he shot up onto his knees, putting the brakes on his stream. His penis had still been pointing upward as he'd lain, and he'd urinated so much that it escaped the waistband and left a severe wet patch on the single bed.

"No, no, noooo," he whined, as he was forced to finish his wetting upright, hoping that the diaper would contain the rest. But his tummy and thighs were already wet, with remnants of pee trickling through his fur.

Dash rubbed his eyes frustratedly, in disbelief. How had he let this happen *in the middle of the night*? He was so stupid!

It was also the first major leak he'd suffered under his brother's watch. There wasn't enough room on the bed for him to even attempt to sleep and ignore the wet patch until the morning, even if the diaper would last; the double diapers had failed so far.

Dash also hated the idea of going to tell Chase what had happened, and ask for a diaper change in the middle of the night, especially when all of this was his own fault. Chase would have changed him before going to bed if he hadn't complained about it in the first place.

He couldn't deny that as he'd gotten more and more turned on over time, he'd adjusted to his toddler-status, and become more babyish, more obedient to his brother's whims. But having blown his load mere minutes ago, it only left Dash feeling imprisoned, back at square one, unable to change himself and having to endure his brother's babyish treatment without any horn-driven enthusiasm to sugar coat it.

Kneeling over the damp sheets, he resented being stuck like this. He wished so much that he could be in control of his own actions, to either change himself or strip this diaper off entirely. It was practically an emergency! But Chase had allowed him no such luxury, and he was terrified to test that limit after arguing already today. His lesson was well and truly learned.

Realising his lack of options, and how much this situation sucked, Dash swallowed hard and tip-toed out of the spare room, before gingerly opening the door of his old bedroom, hoping not to startle his younger brother awake. It had never occurred to the older husky to knock on his own bedroom door, and Chase was still awake. With his paw down his boxer shorts, and Dash's laptop between his legs.

"Fuck! Sorry!" Dash stammered, not yet realising how pathetic he felt apologising for walking in on his usurper brother masturbating, while he stood and hoped he could have his leaky diaper changed.

"It's okay, buddy," Chase laughed before Dash had the door shut.

Dash waddled right back into the spare room, feeling more embarrassed and stupid, which only fed his irritancy. He just wanted to take this diaper off and sleep! Chase was masturbating to Dash's laptop, in Dash's bedroom, having seized everything from the older husky and left him on the cusp of having to ask nicely for a new diaper. And Dash was *not* in the mood to play baby now.

His fingers dropped and lingered on one of the tapes. *Fuck this*, he thought, but Chase interrupted him before he could pull open the tape and get himself in further trouble.

"Why are you out of bed?" Chase asked.

"Are those MY boxers!?" Dash spat as he turned to face his brother standing in the door frame.

"Not like *you* need them." Chase's brow narrowed as he scoffed, eye-balling the diaper between his brother's legs. "And I asked you a question."

The older brother swore to himself.

The penny dropped for Chase as he looked beyond his brother and saw the lake strewn atop the sheets. "I see. So you need a diaper change?"

Chase's domineering tone vanished, leaving one of understanding. Understanding of a toddler who'd just had an accident, and not the adult who'd pissed across the bed.

With his shoulders slumped and his tail hanging low, Dash mumbled in agreeance, and whether he heard him or not, Chase requested that he speak up. The younger husky didn't budge until Dash could force out a croak in reply. "I leaked," he said, with his post-orgasm clarity leaving him feeling thoroughly like a grown dog stuck being treated like that stupid toddler. This was the first time he needed to ask for a change, and it stung extra hard tonight.

Chase smiled solemnly, and left Dash standing awkwardly as he went to fetch some supplies.

On his return, he set some things down, and threw the plastic change mat across the bed.

With a deep sigh, but relief at the imminent diaper change, Dash parked his butt, carefully lying down in what space he could. His head was now perilously close to the leak he'd left behind, now

sitting right beside him. Chase could have changed him anywhere else in the apartment; this had to be deliberate.

But Chase wasn't ready just yet, and as Dash lay, widely exposed in his wet diaper beside the flooded bed, Chase more than happily clicked his phone to get pictures of his leaking brother. Dash's stomach knotted, knowing that he was adding even more ammunition to the amount of blackmail material hanging over his head.

Dash was sure he could see the flickers of sadism in Chase's eyes as he stared at the phone screen, before he set the phone down, as if he had done nothing devious at all. How normalised the documentation of Dash's babyhood had become. More and more photos finding their way to the cloud, beyond where he could ever hope to reach them.

Assuming the position to be cleaned up, Dash was now overcome with his series of fruitless posturing that had led him here tonight. He couldn't accept every aspect of his brother's totalitarian rule, but none of this would have happened if he had just done as he was told. The only attention Dash had earned was belittlement. Chastised, the older brother spread and lifted his legs without thinking, allowing full access to his diaper.

"I didn't mean to interrupt you," Dash said bashfully, immediately resenting how small and apologetic he was in front of his overlord, addressing the awkward moment mere minutes ago.

"It's okay, it was just big boy stuff," Chase teased, as he unfolded Dash's second bedtime diaper that night. "But maybe now you'll think twice about stomping your foot when I do offer to change you."

Chase tutted as he got a good look of the enormous bulk between Dash's legs. "You shouldn't have leaked," he frowned, "The front is plenty dry still."

Dash could feel himself recoil slightly. He didn't want to admit the wet bed was his entire fault, and he really didn't want to sleep with his butt this soaked anymore.

Chase prodded between Dash's legs with his index finger. The older husky squirmed.

"Maybe the double diapering didn't work like it should..." Chase muttered to himself, staring at it further. He looked like he was having second thoughts about taking it off now.

"I can't sleep in this," Dash risked, without having to lie, hoping it would nudge Chase into changing it. What Dash really wanted was a shower, and a thin pair of boxers to fall asleep in, but even a diaper change would be welcome. How embarrassing his small victories were.

Dash felt helpless, stuck on his changing mat, as he waited for his brother to make a decision. He knew his demeanour had plummeted since arguing about being changed, and his orgasm failed to spark any rebellion, despite knowing he wanted to push back.

"Drink this," Chase said picking up a baby bottle full of milk from the supplies he'd retrieved. Dash blushed furiously, not in the mood to be left sucking on it, but if obedience meant a diaper change then he could get through it.

Chase practically stuffed the nipple in his brother's mouth without so much as a warning, where Dash grabbed it steadily with both hands and suckled down. Then, with great relief for Dash, Chase started the change process.

Dash lay there and drank his bottle submissively as Chase ripped one of the many tapes open. One leaky diaper and here he was, helpless to behave for his little brother. A fact that was worryingly arousing him now, as he lay with open legs while Chase gripped the enormous plastic bulk between his thighs.

Wasn't one orgasm enough? He thought, mortified, as his dick stiffened beneath the shifting soggy bulk. He hadn't cum in weeks before tonight, and it didn't look like his indulgence had set him back much.

"Maybe you'll stop being so grumpy with me when it's clear your big brother knows exactly what you need...." Chase started to lament as he rested the opened first layer on the mat, once again taking the opportunity to flattened his brother mentally. "You wouldn't have a wet bed if you'd just been a good boy this evening."

He knew Chase was right. Dash couldn't shake the thoughts of Chase belittling him for his infantile accident, babying him, forcibly. Putting him to bed, keeping him trapped in this lifestyle. Chase was right, it was the stuff Dash had fantasised about. It was a horrifying experience when it clashed with reality, but in these moments, at his weakest, most broken down, he knew he enjoyed some part of it. Chase had used his own playbook of kinky fantasies against him after all.

The tapes ripped free on the second layer, and the wet crotch of his diaper was removed. Despite pleading to himself with his eyes closed, Dash couldn't fight the erection that grew as fresh air enveloped his wet penis. A humiliating, throbbing erection for his little brother to see.

Not now, he thought, *please not now*. But it was there, and he dared not look as Chase took a baby wipe to his baby brother's piss covered fur.

Chase had expected this, truth be told. He knew his brother got off on diapers and being bossed around, so it was just a matter of time before the stench of cum wrinkled his nose upon opening a diaper. Dash had finally accepted his place in the world enough to take pleasure from it. His brother's further erection did not even phase Chase at this point.

Despite the fact Dash had been in a lot more clearly embarrassing situations than this so far, it amused Chase greatly to see him bury his face in his paw as his dick twitched. The fact it had taken this long said more about the upheaval he'd caused, but he was happy if this was a sign of progress, that things would level out from now.

Dash was silent, mortified as he was cleaned up, Chase suspecting it to be one of the most difficult changes his baby brother had endured since the early days. But just like having his poopy butt cleaned up, Dash would get used to it of course.

"Keep drinking your bottle, baby" Chase said, noticing that in his embarrassment the flow had almost stopped entirely. The younger husky smiled proudly as his brother whimpered, and resumed his suckling.

After giving the poor older husky a chance to settle down again, Chase powdered him heavily, with glee, then diapered him, helped him off the bed, and nudged him towards his old bed to finish his bottle. Chase hadn't planned on letting Dash sleep in the master bedroom again, but the circumstances of this were more than satisfying.

He couldn't help but smirk as they left the large wet patch across the "spare" bed behind; Dash's new bedroom given a thorough marking on night one, of all nights. Chase stripped the sheets away for now, happy to redress the bed once they were washed, *and* after he forced Dash to finalise moving the rest of his diapers and clothes into their new home.

As he returned to his new bedroom to collect Dash's laptop, Chase thought about how happy he was of what he'd achieved. His "big brother" was now curled up, with a thickly diapered butt sticking out, and falling back asleep. The empty baby bottle that he'd finished stacked on the nightstand, ready to give his new night-time diaper a wet start.

Today had been a test of a kind, and Chase had both taken things up a level and successfully wrestled submission into his little brother. He strolled into the living room, where the playpen had been a great investment already, after less than a day. Chase smirked, and opened a beer bottle before sitting length-ways across the sofa with Dash's laptop in hand.

The younger husky started thinking about ways to stop his baby brother from jerking off, now that Dash had re-discovered a taste for it. It wasn't something a baby should do after all, and he grinned to himself, relishing the thought that Dash couldn't play with himself, but *he* could as the big brother. Something else he could take away.

His own underwear stirred again as he dwelt on the power he'd assumed, and instead of joining his brother in bed for a cuddle, he quietly dove into Dash's internet history once more. He had unfinished business, and thinking about ways to push his older brother even further into babyhood only seemed to fuel that desire tonight.

It was a slow realisation that taking control was arousing for the younger husky, and he wondered if he truly was his brother's opposite. Lust obviously hadn't pushed him into blackmailing Dash, (that was born of self defence if anything), but he knew that he had more fun and nudged the boundaries of what he could do when he ignored the tingle and desire to cum. Leaving himself a little pent up was a small price to pay for the total toddlerisation of his brother.

And if Dash's masturbation habits worked the same way, and too much naughty time ended up affecting his submission, then it was just another good reason to stamp some authority over it. Chase wasn't sure how best to do this yet, but plotted to keep his nose open for how many sticky changes he'd encounter. He doubted the funk of a sticky diaper would get past him often.

Tonight though, he slumped back on the sofa, and admiring his new self-revelation, thrust his paw into his boxers again without hesitation, smirking, having liberated them from Dash's untouched underwear drawer. He had unfinished business tonight after all, and knew he shouldn't be interrupted again.

Dash's laptop, as always, was giving him enough ideas. The content didn't arouse him, but the sense of dominance it brought out was undeniable. He couldn't help but see his older brother in every piece of submissive diaper porn now, and while he didn't want to jerk off to that thought exactly, his paw was already half way through its job and he didn't want to stop.

Jerking off really was too much of a pleasure to allow his baby brother to enjoy.

Freshly inspired after a few mouthfuls of beer, he searched for "ways to stop someone masturbating", and his eyes bulged when he saw results for chastity devices. Chase realised he'd seen one or two of these in some of Dash's porn too, and his dick throbbed against his paw in excitement. Dash didn't own a dick cage that Chase knew of, but Dash's next pay check would certainly solve that problem.





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