

**BROTHER
KNOWS**

BEST

PART IX



Dash should have felt incredibly refreshed, physically at least, as he towelled the last of the water from his body, but the mild hangover and unpleasant night's sleep were tougher to shake off. At least his parents' shower had dealt with the gross and clammy feeling from a night in a wet bed and soaked diaper.

The husky had woken up hoping that Chase's plans were forgotten during the night, but once his brother had roused from his own sleep, he knew that wasn't the case.

The area of Dash's bed where Chase had sadistically pissed all over had visibly dried, though the mattress was damp beneath the discoloured bed sheet. It left a slight stain, an outline of the damage caused.

Dash had curled up around it, sleeping uncomfortably and disturbing his sleep whenever he'd unconsciously rolled back into the patch.

He wrapped the towel around his waist and returned to the guest room. Once the door opened, he was greeted with the overnight stuffy air of two boys, and the mustiness of pee. He wrinkled his nose, and closed the door behind him for privacy before opening a window slightly.

If his heart wasn't low enough from the wet bed that he needed to admit to and the growing need to deal with the used diapers they'd hidden, seeing that an unfolded diaper was just lying across his bed was startling. What if one of their parents had opened the door!?

Chase was sprawled on his own bed, thumbing through his phone mindlessly. Dash growled quietly, but held his tongue; an exposed diaper wasn't the battle he wanted to fight this morning. The older husky dropped his towel to the floor, and sat himself down beside it, waiting for it to be put on.

He was too occupied dreading the conversation he needed to have with one of his parents, if not both. He couldn't ignore the wet mattress in good conscience, and if this outing was what Chase wanted, then it was happening.

"Is my little bedwetter ready for his diaper?" Chase smiled, finally putting down his phone. "Don't look at me like that, you *do* have little night accidents."

"I didn't wet this one though!" Dash pouted, visibly annoyed.

"I'm just speeding things up," Chase said, "It was bound to happen eventually."

His brother took one glance at the diaper he'd laid out, and then changed his mind, bending over to rustle the suitcase containing all of the diapers they'd brought.

"Another stuffer? Come on, Chase, please!" Dash whined quietly as Chase lifted *another* of the thick stuffers he'd forced between Dash's legs the previous night.

"If we don't use one, you'll only need to sneak away for a change sooner," Chase warned slightly. "So what would you prefer, extra bulk or more changes?"

Dash winced. It wasn't a choice when both options sucked.

"More... changes," he said, his ears lowering as he thought about them both sneaking away again to wipe and powder his butt in secret.

“Wow, buuut I don’t trust you, Mr Bedwetter,” Chase mocked, “Imagine if you wet faster than I could check you!” Chase laid the stuffer along the diaper, and then tucked them both under Dash’s butt. The older brother groaned helplessly as his chastity cage responded to the extra padding. “We do not want leaks on Mom’s sofa, now do we?”

Dash glared at him, feebly. This was all a taunt. Everything was! Chase would *love* to see his brother’s diaper leak in front of their parents.

Dash huffed in strained silence as his underwear was taped on. Chase ignored the cage once again, powdering it like nothing was out of the ordinary. It had been a few days since it had come off, and while Dash didn’t expect to be humping anything at his parents’ house, he still felt a pang of disappointment as it was unmentioned.

He stood up and pulled his pants up to cover the diaper, and Chase tossed one of his striped shirts towards him. It wasn’t babyish in any way, but it felt *just* childish enough that wearing it combined with his diaper caused him to blush nervously. He said nothing however, and put it on.

“So,” Chase pointed out, “My baby brother has a special job this morning, doesn’t he?”

Dash whimpered. He was ready to argue, but Chase was immovable.

“You can do it right? Big bro can step in and take care of things if you’re too small.” The younger brother puffed his chest out, grinning.

Dash winced. “No! No...” he said, nervously. He needed to take charge of this, as much as he hated it. Chase telling their parents would add layers of humiliation that he couldn’t account for, and there was no telling what he might say. He had to do it himself, but it was the last thing he wanted to do.

Chase followed him down for breakfast, and hoped that his younger brother’s lazy outfit of half pyjama tee, half shorts would irk his mother and distract from his own toddler-esque shirt, waddle and puffy backside. It was one thing to hide a diaper during dinner and drinks, but now, all day in the daylight? He shuddered.

They’d smelled bacon long before entering the kitchen, and found their father casually working a frying pan, while their mother read a book at the table.

Fear immediately grabbed Dash as the ‘Good morning’ pleasantries begun. How on earth was he supposed to tell them that the bed needed cleaning!?

Bacon. Bacon first.

A mild headache from either his rough night of sleeping or Chase’s enthusiastic drinks measurements was still lingering, and he made a swift move to get a glass of water. Anything to avoid what “needed” to be done.

“How did you boys sleep?” their mother asked. Dash almost choked on his water.

“I can only speak for myself, but / slept well,” Chase said, over eagerly, as he sat down.

“Fresh sheets are so comfortable.”

“Chase, do you not wash your bed sheets!?” their mother spouted, mind-boggled. “Oh why am I not surprised...”

Of course he does, he s just an idiot.

“Dad, do you need any help?” Dash said, quickly swallowing his water and side-stepping the bed discussion.

“Just grab some plates,” he said, shaking the sizzling pan awkwardly. “I can handle the rest.”

Dash set the table while their father followed with bacon, bread, and juices.

“I didn’t think you were a bacon person, mom,” Dash said, trying to make *any* conversation at all. She was normally the most behaved eater in the family, and didn’t indulge heavily with breakfast too often.

“I’m only having a small piece! It’s a special occasion,” she said, delicately making herself a small breakfast sandwich. “So please, help yourselves, and don’t take it all at once, Chase.”

The family ate breakfast mostly in silence, with a clear late night with drinking fog hanging between them all. The silence was excruciating for Dash, and he could feel Chase’s eyes glancing at him.

He was going to do it. It had to be now.

“Mom, I’m, really sorry, but,” he said, before hesitating, slumping his shoulders. It caught her attention.

“I...” he said, unable to form the words in his mouth.

“What’s wrong, Dash?” she followed up concerned.

“I must have had an a-accident or something.” He paused, and took a deep breath. “The bed got wet last night.”

“Oh, did you spill a drink?”

Oh, come on, Mom...

“No, mom, it got wet. It’s wet.” His entire face felt hot. All eyes were on him. “I *wet* it.”

Their mother’s eyes widened, but Dash barely noticed. His gaze sank, staring right down at the table in front of him. This was it, the utter humiliation Chase had wanted for him. A bedwetter, in the eyes of his parents. He dared not look at his brother and see the look upon his face.

“Oh you poor thing!” she said suddenly, standing up so she could approach him. “Are you feeling okay?”

One paw wrapped its way around his shoulder, while the other checked his temperature.

Their father suddenly took it upon himself to start cleaning the dirty plates from the table.

“Mom, I’m fine!” Dash replied nervously, brushing her paw away from his head. “I just need something to clean it with, I’m sorry.”

“Oh, don’t you worry about that, just strip the bed clothes and put them in the machine. Leave the mattress to dry, and if it smells, we can tackle that too.”

Unexpectedly, she hugged him close. Dash turned his head and caught Chase's eye, who'd turned slack-jawed. It was clear he wanted something more degrading to emerge from this.

"I don't want to be a nag," she said carefully, still hugging her son, "But you might need to take it a *little* easy if we open more wine tonight. And you know, *go to the bathroom* before bed, maybe set an alarm for the middle of the night. We used to do it with Chase when he was four."

"MOM!" Chase blurted out suddenly.

'Chase, you were four," she rolled her eyes, "Don't act precious about it."

Dash was too busy dying of his own shame to notice Chase's blushes, until she relinquished the hug and left two statuesque, mortified children at the table."

"You don't have to tell me," she said, as she joined the task in cleaning up, "But was that your first time? Do you think you should see a doctor?"

Dash didn't know *how* to reply now. He realised that he hadn't considered the conversation beyond breaking the ice. Panicking, he replied that it was.

"Oh good," their mother said, relieved, "But promise me that you will if it continues."

"Is it stress?" their father asked, finally engaging. "Is it the job?"

Dash could feel his cheeks grow warmer still. He didn't want to discuss his fake-but-actually-real bedwetting with his dad too.

"The thing is," Chase finally spoke.

Time slowed down for Dash. He turned to his brother, ready to plead, to shut him down. What was he doing? But Chase was already in full flow.

"It's *not* the first time." Chase glanced back at his brother, feigning concern. "He was *supposed* to wear a diaper to bed last night."

Silence reigned again. Dash could feel himself start to sweat. He wanted to throttle his brother, but he was frozen in place. This couldn't have been his plan, so why say it now?

Silence remained, until their father cleared his throat.

"Do you think it's stress, Dash?" he repeated, but far more awkwardly this time, trying to deflect.

"Oh, sweetie, you..." their mother interrupted. "You don't need to be embarrassed if you need to have some protection. You don't need to hide it."

Dash didn't know what to say. This was his nightmare.

"Did you bring some with you?" she followed up before anyone else had a moment to speak. "Because your father is going to the store anyway, and he-"

"No!" Dash finally cried out, simply to make it stop. Their father's face had blushed as he scrubbed plates unnecessarily. Chase's face was a picture, like bewildered victory.

"I- I have some, I just..."

“Good, it’s not a big deal, I can give you a little bag if you need it. No one needs to talk about it, you can take it straight into the trash in the morning, or,” their mother fired off ideas, trying to help while stumbling into an awkward ramble. “Just please don’t get the bed wet again, as you have something to stop it happening.”

“Don’t worry,” Chase said, holding up a paw to grab attention. “I’ll make sure he puts it on tonight! Then everyone can sleep easy.”

“T-thank you, Chase,” their mother said, with the smallest flash of disappointment towards her oldest son. “Now, *please*, go put the bed clothes in the laundry for me.”

Chase couldn’t hide his grin as the brothers silently escaped back to the spare room to strip Dash’s bed. He practically *bounced* his way there.

He hadn’t expected their mother to rally around Dash so quickly, but he was their perfect first born after all. He should have expected it, not that it mattered ; they knew he wore diapers now.

“Why the fuck did you do that!?” Dash cried out quietly, as soon as the door closed and they had some privacy. “Do you hate me that much!?”

“Hate you? *I don t.*” Chase turned around to him, stunned, and a little shook by the suggestion. “Why do you think I hate you?” He was startled by the dampness in his brother’s eyes, but his humiliation would fade.

“Really, Chase? Maybe because you just told mom and dad that I wear fucking diapers to bed!” Dash was animated, and looked like he wanted to scream. It was time for some brotherly control!

“You do though. *And* you sometimes wet them in your sleep,” Chase said calmly, folding his arms. “You’ve been nervous about this whole trip *because* you’re hiding that you wear diapers.”

“I’m only in diapers for this trip *because of you!*” Dash pointed angrily, but still trying to keep his voice down. “I never would have done this. I can’t believe... Look at what you’ve done!”

“Umm, I’ve just found you an excuse to bring and dispose of diapers here whenever we visit, without stressing about sneaking around,” Chase scoffed, and smirked. “This is a win!”

“I didn’t want them to find out... It’s too embarrassing, you can’t even imagine.”

“But this is the *truth*, baby brother,” Chase zeroed in. “If you’re too embarrassed for wetting the bed, then you need to accept that it happens now.”

“I didn’t wet that damn bed,” Dash said coldly.

Not this again.

Chase ignored him. "Would you prefer they knew you wore diapers because it got you going? Because you like being a toddler? Because you're *my* baby brother now?"

Dash was frustrated, but silent. He was gaining some perspective.

"No?" Chase followed up. "Then I think we've found an ideal solution for you."

Dash held his face in his hands and sank down onto Chase's bed.

Chase didn't want to see his brother upset, and relented his argument. It was a win; he'd see that in time.

Chase focused on being useful and pulled the bedsheet away from the mattress, dumping it into a small pile on the floor. The duvet cover was stripped too, easily, and added to the laundry pile. Lastly, he pushed the duvet away to one side and left the mattress with enough space to air out.

He carried them downstairs and left his brother to relax. Their mother seemed surprised to see Chase carrying the dirty sheets, but nonetheless took over after he dumped them into the washing machine.

"Is your brother..?"

"I think he just drank too much last night, needs a minute for breakfast to kick in," Chase reassured. "He'll be okay."

"I see... well, thank you for handling the sheets then," she said softly, but Chase was unsure if she bought the lie. "I'm glad you two are together, in the city. It gives me less reason to worry, about both of you."

Worry about me after you kick me out, that's rich...

"He's a good boy, your brother, taking you in," Mom said, pointedly, while starting the washing machine. "And... I'm glad you're watching out for him."

Chase felt himself swell a little. She had no idea.

"Thanks, mom," he said, as alien as it felt, "I just want what's best for him."

He was good at this big brother thing, and he wanted his parents to see that.

"How long has he... Since he's needed the *you know whats* at night?"

Chase's tail twitched. This was his moment. He could set the narrative!

Diapers, mom, your special first born is wearing DIAPERS. Say the word!

Though as much as he wanted to, Chase couldn't find the explanation he wanted. This was easy, a clear shot! How long was Dash wearing diapers to bed? Weeks, months, *years*. Anything he wanted! Work stress turned him into a bedwetter, or he's been soaking his sheets since college, or it spontaneously happened after his his much cooler younger brother moved in and stole his bedroom!

But Chase's jaw hung awkwardly. Dash was already upset upstairs, and as much fun as it was to embarrass him, Chase had maybe pushed things a little too hard already. For this visit anyway.

"It's his business to tell you, I think," Chase said, his brief perk fading. He at least took pleasure in being the bigger person in the room. He had outed the truth, but he didn't have to appear to gossip.

"It can't be too new," she replied, wryly. "He's a sensible boy, your brother, but I don't think anyone jumps into buying those as a precaution."

"It was my idea," Chase lied, allowing himself one further gloat. Convincing his bedwetting brother to wear diapers was a narrative he could get behind.

She glanced at him with a peculiar look. Maybe it was a weird thing to gloat about...

"Actually," Chase said quickly, diverting, "I'm sorry I told you in front of him. But he was worried, and the secret was doing him no good."

"Especially if secrets wet my beds," she said jovially.

Chase tried to conceal his smirk, but his proud positivity was not contained.

"You have my word, Dash will be in his diaper for bed tonight. No more wet beds!"

The remainder of the day was *excruciating* for Dash.

He couldn't be sure if his parents were acting normally or were feigning it. Was every look and glance tainted by the thought he pissed the bed as an adult?

Bedwetter.

Now that they knew he wore diapers to bed, he was doubly paranoid about wearing them during the daytime. What benefits he might have received from their possible ignorance now felt replaced with insight. If he crinkled too much, if his crotch bulged, or his backside looked round... would they spot it more easily now? The connection between Dash and diapers had been made. How could he explain why he was wearing them during the day without "admitting" to daytime accidents?

How had he let Chase get things to this point?

Much like the previous night, Chase supplied him with enthusiastic drinks as they fell into the same trap of post-dinner drinking with their parents, though the efforts of the previous night and Dash's poor sleep was wiping him out much faster this time. The combined effects of alcohol and a big dinner made him feel so *warm*. The sofa was comfortable. Chase was actually talking to his parents! Dash realised he had stopped paying attention but the background noise was pleasant. They were talking, then a whisper... and...

"Dash?" Chase laughed. "You okay, bro?"

Dash's head jerked and his eyes opened. When had his eyes closed?

He rubbed his face. "I'm fine." He blinked several times to clear his vision, and realised his parents were looking at him awkwardly in silence, and Chase was worryingly amused.

Oh no.

Had he leaked? Dash tried not to panic, or move too suddenly, but he hated not being able to check himself. He didn't feel wet, beyond his diaper anyway. He sat there, eyes wide in shock, while his paw clutched the arm of the sofa fighting his instincts to know what was going on.

His mother cleared her throat.

He couldn't fight anymore, and immediately dropped his paw to his inner thighs, squeezing his fingers underneath and found, nothing? No damp patches.

"Oh sweetie," she said quickly, "It's okay!"

He was dry! Wasn't he? He shifted in his seat, definitely awake now.

"We just..." she said.

His heart was racing now.

Chase was drinking it in. "Buddy, you're falling asleep. We should get you upstairs."

Dash glared back at him horrified. He hadn't leaked, but falling asleep had set alarms off in all of their minds. Dash the *bedwetter* would piss on the chair if he fell asleep.

"I'm sorry," their mother said, putting her wine glass down and standing up. "We can get a towel to sit on, or, or-"

"Honey, *stop*," their father suddenly blurted out, no doubt trying to prevent the embarrassment of their son sitting on a towel. "He's not going to, you know.."

"Mom, he has *diapers* upstairs," Chase said loudly, practically winking towards his brother in the chaos of his mother leaving the room. "We don't need *towels*."

"Chase, *please*, don't embarrass your brother like that," their mother fired back from outside of the room.

"Sorry," Chase rolled his eyes, and shouted, "We have *big incontinence briefs* upstairs."

Dash felt dizzy from being spoken about. His face was flushed, his neck hot behind the collar. He cleared his throat, and started to make his escape. "I-It's fine, I'm tired. I'm gonna go to bed."

Even the word "bed" was ruined now, painful for him to say to them. He stood up, and realised how wet he was between the legs, as the stuffer and diaper had noticeably swelled since he last thought about it. He couldn't remember how much he'd wet today, but it was enough. Chase was right about this combination lasting, and he hated to admit it to himself.

His brother necked the rest of his beer and followed after him. Dash really wasn't in the mood for Chase to tease him now, but considering he was tired enough to fall over and crash out, having someone to actually change his diaper was useful.

Their mother, looking awkward and embarrassed herself, hugged them both goodnight, but clearly sent a signal to Chase, trying to be subtle.

"I got this," he said, tipsily, "Diapers tonight. Promise."

Dash walked straight up the stairs with his tail between his legs, trying to ignore his father telling Chase off quietly one more time for his choice of words.

"That's what they are, Dad!"

Dash removed his clothes quickly, exhaustedly, until he fell onto the newly dressed bed, and left his saturated crotch sit between his legs. Chase closed the door behind him.

"Wow," he remarked, as he efficiently found his older brother another diaper for bed. "It's a miracle you didn't leak on the sofa."

He whipped back around with the supplies needed, and bent down between Dash's legs.

"Mom wanted me to make sure you used the toilet before bed," Chase laughed, stupidly, and planted his paw firmly on the diaper, before squeezing it. "But we both know that's not happening, don't we?"

Dash grunted quietly. Flat on his back, soaked, ready for a diaper change, and now berated for his big, soggy underwear... This wasn't what he needed. He wanted to be annoyed, but he felt his cage start to twitch under the pressure of Chase's paw.

Bedwetter.

"You've been such a good boy," he said quietly, before ripping the tapes open loudly. "Accepting your new place as a bedwetter."

Dash was concerned his parents would hear the noisy diaper change, but he was so tired, so powerless, that he couldn't protest if he wanted to.

"I think we can take the cage off when we get home, as a reward."

Dash whined, and bit the edge of his paw as the diaper was lifted clear. His locked bits loosened in freedom, and sat between his legs. His bits that Chase had stamped his authority all over.

Imagine if Mom and Dad knew THAT.

"I'm n-not..." he whimpered, but protesting his status felt all the more embarrassing while his dick enjoyed the idea. Dash knew it wasn't the whole truth and they both knew he was very vague about when he was wetting over night.

"That doesn't matter," Chase informed him, as he wiped his fur. "What matters is everyone else thinks it. Which makes you my good boy!"

Dash whined again. This wasn't what he wanted, so why was he letting it happen? Why was his cage throbbing? His reputation was in danger!

The tapes on his new, bedwetting diaper sealed shut, with relief. Chase lifted his shirt up and over his arms, and the older brother, now ready for bed, responded by falling onto the younger brother's shoulder.

Dash just wanted to sleep.

He felt himself being moved, Chase's arm wrapped around his back, and without his head leaving his shoulder, Chase turned them until they were both lying in bed.

Dash was comfortable, embraced, and his eyes closed quickly. His parents knew he wore diapers, and he was a good boy for it. It was a nightmare, but he felt secure.



DON'T LET
YOUR BROTHER FORGET
HIS YOU-KNOW-WHAT!

DON'T WORRY,
I GOT THIS, MOM!
NO MORE WET
BEDS!

