

The Leak - Part II

Kory needed to step up. He'd been trying to position himself as the big brother for weeks, and now, Bako needed help, and for once their parents weren't with them to fix it.

His brother barely moved an inch, propped up on his elbows on the change facilities bench, in nothing but his tee shirt and fresh diaper after the devastating 'leak' Kory had manufactured in the mall.

"We can't stay here, those people are waiting," Kory said, running his paws over his ears and behind his head. "But let's call Mom, tell her to bring some shorts."

"No way," Bako whined, sitting himself up, "you know what she's like. She'll get over protective and baby me even more if she knows about this."

"I'll tell her it was the hole in the diaper, not you," Kory said genuinely, but Bako wasn't interested.

Any other moment and Kory would have seized upon a chance like this to have Bako all babied up at home. Teasing his brother didn't cross his mind while he felt so guilty.

"Well then," he stated, "you can either put your wet clothes back on, or you can walk through the mall with *everyone* seeing your diaper."

Bako noticeably winced. Both options were horrible, but he knew which was worse. "Let's get it over with then." The older fennec stepped off the bench, and picked up his wet, white shortalls. The crotch and thighs were obviously soaked following Kory's secret prank. Miserably, he held them open and dropped his legs through, whimpering as he the damp clothes slid against his thighs.

Kory walked forward to help him, where his baby brother knelt down automatically so they could fasten the shoulder straps together. As Bako stood up straight again, they heard a jingling of coins in the shortalls' pocket.

"Wait! How much have you got?" Kory beamed, genuinely excited to help. "We could buy shorts!"

"It's only nine dollars, Kory," Bako answered, "it's not enough for shorts." The cinema and drinks had taken a huge chunk from their shared allowance for the day.

Bako's phoned beeped. He sighed loudly as he checked the screen.

"What is it?" Kory asked gently.

"Jack wants to know if everything is okay."

Kory started to feel bad again, knowing Bako's school friend got a clear look at his soaked crotch.

"Well we can't stay here until your shorts dry," Kory said trying to distract his brother and focus on getting home, "Let's get going."

The younger fennec picked up the change bag, and moved towards the door. He clasped Bako's paw, and waited for his nod. Bako squeezed his hand back a little. He looked thoroughly awkward in his wet clothes, and Kory wanted to help his brother cheer up.

They stepped outside together, to an empty corridor. The other family restroom must have emptied for the waiting family first. Not that they could have set up camp inside anyway.

They needed to get all the way through the mall, outside and onto a bus in order to get home. It wasn't an easy trip if you'd obviously wet yourself.

"If you don't want Mom to know, you can't go home like that," Kory reiterated.

"I know, but what else can I do?" Bako said weakly.

Years of people taking care of him had clearly left Bako as assertive as a three year old.

"I'm buying you new clothes," Kory said matter of factly while leading him back through the food court.

Bako was mostly too stunned and embarrassed from his ordeal to notice any on lookers, but they definitely saw him. It was hard to miss a teenage fennec in bright white shortalls being led by his younger brother's hand, and that was before eyes caught his soaked crotch.

"I can't go shopping like this!," Bako whined.

“And you can’t go home like that either” Kory replied strictly, “you said it yourself, Mom won’t let you forget it.” His sympathy wouldn’t last long if Bako continued to act like the baby he really was. “So shut up and let your big brother help you.”

It was a risky manoeuvre, calling himself the big brother in public, but Bako was too infantile from wetting his clothes to argue. He quietly held Kory’s hand as they tried to find a clothes store. Kory wondered how many of Bako’s school friends were here, if anyone would see him like this. Earlier, Jack acted like he already knew, so it couldn’t be too much of a secret that Bako had never been potty trained.

“We don’t have enough money,” Bako tried to explain again to the nine year old who had never gone shopping before in his life. The seventeen year old, however, had never bought clothes for himself, by himself, either.

“I have an idea,” Kory schemed, “Did you reply to Jack?”

“I... didn’t know what to say,” Bako replied, sounding defeated.

Kory felt a pang of guilt again. “Ask him to meet us. He might be able to help.”

Bako replied to the message as they got inside. Kory had no idea where their Mom got clothes for Bako, but anything would do right now to get him home dry. As he found some shortalls in the back of the store, he was starting to feel proud of being on top of looking after his brother. As a plain denim pair, they weren’t as childish looking as some of Bako’s wardrobe, but they’d more than suffice as an emergency pair.

“Damn it!” Kory bellowed, noticing the price tag beyond their paltry nine dollars.

“I told you, we don’t have enough money.”

Kory continued to hunt for something within their budget while Bayo mostly tried to disappear from the gazes of staff and other shoppers. He’d never been stuck in such a situation before, enduring at worst, a poopy diaper in public before one of his parents would swiftly sweep him away to deal with it. He had no such authoritative comforts today.

Bako’s stomach dropped as he saw Jack enter the store. He knew the wolf could help them out, but he clearly didn’t want to be seen by anyone he knew.

They exchanged awkward greetings, but Jack was quickly asking how to help. He was earnest, and not interested in teasing or belittling the fennec for the accident.

“We need some new shorts, but we can’t afford anything so far!” Kory piped up, tactlessly.

“I’ve got some cash,” Jack said glancing back and forth from Kory to Bako’s wetness.

Bako wanted to politely decline the help, but he needed the relief.

“Awesome!” Kory shouted cheerily as he carried on his browsing.

“I’m sorry if I embarrassed you,” Jack said sheepishly, turning his attention back to Bako. “I didn’t think you’d want me seeing you like that.”

“It’s okay,” Bako said, while blushing, trying to find words to explain yet protect his dignity, “It... had a hole.”

“That really sucks, Bako,” Jack said, empathetically. “I can’t imagine. I hope I didn’t make it worse by running.”

“These should fit,” Kory interrupted, holding up a set nearly as long as himself. He noticed his brother was smiling again, but avoiding eye contact with Jack. “Let’s go pay and get you changed.”

“I’ll pay you back soon,” Bako said as they walked towards the checkout. “This is amazing of you, really.”

“I got nothing I want to buy today, plus you clearly need it.”

A cashier was waiting for the small fennec. “Hey little guy, how can I help today?”

Kory’s fur bristled at the condescension, and he flopped the clothes onto the counter, level with the top of his own head. He was feeling a lot more like himself now that Bako was happier around Jack. “Can my brother wear these out of here? He’s had an accident.”

Bako’s face immediately turned red, and he strafed to hide his lower half behind a clothes rack. Jack stood with his mouth agape at Kory’s brashness. The cashier tripped over his own sentence

while trying not to stare at the blushing teen. Kory smiled to himself, before asking sweetly, “And can we have a bag for his other clothes please?”

Kory paid with the collected cash, then swaggered between the two boys, leading them towards the fitting rooms at the opposite side. Bako hurried along, tail between his legs, but relieved to be finally able to change.

Jack didn't look sure what to do with himself, so Kory handed him Bako's diaper bag, making sure to mention what it was as he did so. It was the young wolf's turn to blush as he took it in both paws, looking tempted to lift the flap and see for himself what was inside.

“If you could come in too, it'd be a *huge* help,” Kory said to him as he pushed the door to a family sized fitting room open.

Jack nodded, clearly wanting to be of assistance to the brothers.

“Wait, hold up!” Bako interjected, realising Jack was about to see his diaper.

“Don't fuss *now*, Bako,” Kory sighed, “not when you're this close to clean clothes!”

“Yeah,” Jack tried to comfort him, playing it cool “I already know what you're wearing. It'll be okay.”

Bako stepped inside reluctantly, Jack following behind and closing the door. He tried to smile, to comfort his friend, but Bako was standing bashfully, his fingers toying with the shortalls clasps without actually releasing them.

“Let me,” Jack said gently, dropping the diaper bag to the floor and releasing each of Bako's shoulder straps.

Kory watched on in amazement as his brother easily succumbed to the wolf's lead. It wasn't just the family who could baby Bako; he slipped into place with such ease whenever anyone encouraged it it seemed.

Jack slid the shortalls down, trying not to overreact as he got his first, long look at Bako's diaper (which was of course already wet). Bako stepped free clumsily, tugging his shirt down in an infantile fashion trying to cover up the bulky, babyish diaper wrapped around his waist.

Jack held the shortalls aloft, suddenly realising he was holding a garment covered in Bako's pee. The colour drained from his face. Maybe he wasn't as parental after all.

"There's a bag here for his wet shorts," Kory remarked helpfully, much to the relief of the wolf. "Just be glad you weren't here when he needed his diaper changed!"

Jack almost choked as he rid himself of the wet shortalls. "You do that for him?"

"Well, you can't expect him to do it himself!" Kory held the new clothes out wide, more than happy to now emphasise how babyish his high school brother was, "Legs first, little guy!". He almost wished Bako was wet enough that he could lay him out on his back and change him again, right here in front of Jack.

Bako stepped inside his new shorts as Kory tugged them up over his diaper. They were a little tighter around the butt, pressing the padding against his fur as Kory closed the buttons either side of his waist. The bulk of his diaper was clearly visible, but it was far better than the alternative.

Jack used his height to help fasten the shoulder straps, making Bako look as good as new.

"Try not to leak in these too," Kory giggled.

"It wasn't my fault, you know that!" Bayo glared back at him.

"Doesn't mean it still won't happen," Kory teased, "I noticed how wet you are already."

Bako flexed his thighs awkwardly in his new clothes, distracting himself from his lack of a retort by seeing how much he could move in the tight denim.

Jack picked up the diaper bag, while Kory handed Bako the carrier bag with his wet clothes. Kory thought Jack looked ideally comfortable with the baby bag over his shoulder, like he could easily walk into their house to babysit. He'd encourage the idea, but Kory didn't want to risk the wolf undermining him, and he had his own sights on stepping up to babysit his brother.

"So... this is really full of diapers?" Jack said, trying to break the silence as they left the store. His eyes were fixed on the colourful bag.

"And a few other things," Kory smirked.

“No way... Like what?” he asked, like an excited puppy.

“Ohhh, like his pacifier for a start,” Kory said wickedly.

“Don’t listen to him,” Bako said quickly, annoyed, “It’s just wipes, and stuff.”

“Do... do you really have a pacifier?” Jack asked, mystified, but his muzzle curled into a grin.

“Open the small pocket on the side,” Kory laughed, playfully.

Jack fumbled his paw inside, pulling out Bako’s blue pacifier.

“What!?” Bako practically screamed at his younger brother, “Why did you pack that!?”

“I thought you might need it,” Kory said, barely able to keep a straight face.

Jack wiggled it in front of Bako’s furious, blushing face. “This is the most adorable thing I’ve ever heard. I thought you just wore diapers!”

Bako flinched, looking uncomfortable at a friend saying the D word. The compliment seemed to relax his anger though, but nonetheless he looked like he’d kill his brother if he could.

“This makes you even cuter you know.” Jack wrapped his arm around the fennec’s shoulders, pulling him in close as they walked out of the mall. The pacifier was dangling from Jack’s fingers, clearly in no rush to put it back in the diaper bag.

They walked as far as as the bus stop outside, Bako red-faced but smiling at Jack’s cuddly friendliness. The wolf looked a lot more comfortable now that he’d both seen and could talk about Bako’s diapers.

“Thanks so much for the cash,” Bako said shyly as they separated bodies, “I’ll pay you back in school.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Jack replied, waving his paw (and the pacifier by default), “buy me a coffee sometime.” He slipped Bako’s pacifier into the pocket of the new shortalls, his paw eliciting a slight

crinkle as it pressed inside, enjoying one last bashful smirk to himself as he withdrew and patted the pocket. “And I totally need to see you with *that* sometime.”

He then passed the diaper bag back to Bako, who had squirmed, stunned at Jack’s suggestion.

“I do really appreciate it though,” the older fennec said with hot cheeks. He wouldn’t forget being in those wet shortalls for a long time.

Kory had never expected Jack to start babying, or call his baby brother cute, but if Bako was happy about it, then Kory would enjoy letting Jack see even more of Bako’s babyish ways with zero guilt.

The fennecs and the wolf said their goodbyes as the brothers waited for their trip home. Kory was proud of how things had worked out, placing a lot of the credit on himself. Bako looked happier, and Jack was a valuable ally. But in keeping all of this a secret, his parents would never know how he had stepped up as a big brother, he thought.

Maybe he’d just have to mention the leak to their mother after all.