

Expert Advice

Part II

Bako wanted to fume. He couldn't be sure if Mom or Dad had really instructed Kory to put him in a diaper, but at the same time he was afraid to argue. His little brother was supervising his last chance at potty training, and pissing him off didn't seem like the wisest plan, unless he wanted to be attending college in diapers.

"Don't make me repeat myself," Kory sang, unintentionally imitating their mother. The tone of authority was disturbing coming from someone half Bako's age. Kory unfolded the portable change mat from Bako's diaper bag. He wasn't tall enough to change him on the table, so the floor would have to do.

Bako huffed and sat himself down on the mat, eventually sighing and lying back, exposing himself for a fresh diaper.

Kory rummaged through the drawers on Bako's change table. It was a defining presence in the bedroom; sturdy blocks of wood, large enough to hold an adult, with an entire exposed shelf where Bako's unpacked diapers stacked neatly on display. If his friends hadn't guessed by the thick crinkles hugging his butt, one glance into his bedroom would have confirmed his non-toilet trained status. Kory pulled some baby powder from the drawer, and a folded diaper from the stack.

Bako looked on, embarrassed. Having his butt diapered was such a solid routine in his life that he was used to it when his parents did it (though it did come with its own moments of humiliation). He never managed to escape them as a kid, and both his parents seemed to embrace it. Every instance of soaked pull-ups, wet pants, or worse, just led to his mother cleaning him and putting him in diapers comfortably.

He was four years old before they realised that regular pull ups were a waste of time, and there began his life back in diapers, save for the annual attempt at getting him to use a potty.

Bako fussed and complained about this for years, and his parents comforted him in the ways they only knew how to deal with someone cranky about wet diapers; by babying and making him feel better about his potty problem. It was never insidious, or meant to hold to him back. It just felt natural to Bako's parents, and it removed a potty-shaped anxiety from all of their lives.

Bako was the baby of the family until he was 15. The birth of Kory only worsened his position, as his parents found it natural to treat the boys equally as Kory grew. Bako's prepubescent years were spent getting changed with his brother, fed with his brother, and watching TV with his brother. A pacifier here, a bottle of milk there. Anyone eight years older than their sibling would probably help out raising them, but Bako was stuck on his level.

He still remembered with horror how easily Kory was potty trained. His parents praising the toddler for flushing the toilet as Bako felt his own damp, warm padding between his legs. It was a landmark moment. Bako would still be cooed and diapered for years, while Kory was repeatedly praised and encouraged to grow up. Bako being in diapers had stopped being 'his problem' a long time ago, and now it was just how his parents saw him.

As Bako lay on the change mat, he realised this was the first time Kory was going to diaper him. Their mother had often let Kory 'help' during changes, sprinkling powder or running the used padding to the bin. This was another stepping stone to Kory cementing himself above his brother, despite the age gap.

"I don't want you getting cranky while I do this," he said, with all the smugness a nine year old could muster, "so it's a good thing I found this in the drawer." Kory extended his paw, holding one of Bako's old pacifiers.

"No way!!" Bako prickled, "I haven't used that in years!"

"I could tell Dad you were fussy for your diaper... You'll probably get an early bed time, right?"

"I don't care! Stop it, Kory!"

"Too bad silly Bako is going to be in pampers FOREVER," Kory mocked him, with fake disappointment, withdrawing the pacifier and setting it aside. "He might never pass his potty training if he doesn't suck his binky..."

Bako growled at the less than subtle threat, and sat up on his elbows. "Fine! Give it to me."

"Give you what?" The younger fennec teased, unfurling the diaper, which looked comically huge in his small arms.

"Give me the pacifier, Kory..." he said between bared teeth.

"That's not a nice way to ask, little guy," Kory retorted, flattening the diaper on the floor and turning to look his brother right in the eye. "Ask me for your *binky* nicely... and by the looks of it, you better do it quickly."

Bako's eyes widened, and he thrust a paw instinctively between his thighs. He'd already dribbled some pee on to the mat. Just what he needed; absolute proof that he needed a diaper after failing to pee in a potty.

Bako whimpered and sighed, knowing he'd played right into his hands. "Please can I have the... binky, Kory?"

'Of course you can!' he said cheerily, handing it straight to him, waiting. "And don't worry, it's wipe clean for a reason."

Bako's cheeks flushed, and he stuffed the pacifier into his maw.

"There's a good boy!" Kory squealed cheerily. "Now lie back down and lift your tushie!"

Bako groaned and complied, arching his hips off of the mat as Kory mopped up the small puddle. He held his position until he was told to lower them again, onto a familiar bulk and crinkle.

Kory hummed to himself as he adjusted the diaper. Bako knew he was remembering and figuring it out as he went along. Kory had seen him changed enough times to know how it went, but the fact he was hiding it so well was worrying.

Kory took the large bottle of baby powder in his paws and sprinkled *far* too much over Bako's fur, turning it orange to white from his tummy to his thighs. He rubbed and patted it as if it were normal, despite the clouds billowing into the air.

Bako was trying not to show any resistance or weakness despite how much he cringed at his younger brother's touch. Unfortunately for him, his method of showing compliance was to suck his pacifier. He might not have used it in two years, but the prior *fifteen* years' habits were kicking in all too easily.

He was fifteen when he finally put his foot down. He'd lived a special life, but even he realised that he was too old to be tucked in at night with a bottle of milk and his plushie. His parents knew he

was ready to grow up, and didn't stand in his way. They insisted on changing his diapers still, but allowed him to shed whatever babyish behaviour he tried. They still slipped, and talked to him like a child every now and then, but he had gained some independence at least. Independence that was on shaky ground right now.

"There you go, smelling all baby fresh. Until you pee again maybe," Kory said, patting and spreading it around Bako's thighs.

Bako held his tongue and chewed on the pacifier.

"Just be a good boy and hold those dribbles back a few more minutes! You can do that for me, can't you?"

Bako refused to engage, but Kory's words were definitely having an effect.

"Quiet baby, huh? See, I knew your binky would stop you getting fussy. I'll be sure to tell Mom and Dad about this." Kory smiled proudly.

"Don't you dare," Bako grumbled.

"Or what? What's little baby pampers gonna do about it? You're going to fail your toilet training, you know. So you might as well just fall back into adorable babyhood while you're at it."

"Am notta baby," Bako replied around the pacifier. Kory chuckled, smiling in such a way that he had gotten exactly what he wanted from his older brother.

Bako folded his arms and pouted. Kory had pulled the diaper right up between his legs, holding it firmly in place and stretching his smaller body around to get each side taped on. He was managing it, smiling proudly to himself as each side was sealed shut.

"There you go!" He exclaimed, over-zealously patting the padding between Bako's thighs with a series of powder-bellowing thumps.

"Say 'thank you' to your brother, Bako." His mother's voice startled Bako as he turned his head rapidly to see her standing in the door frame. Bako blushed furiously, realising she could see the pacifier he had vehemently fought against years ago.

"Look, Mommy, he wanted his pacifier again!" Kory asked, beaming with a sickly innocence. "Did I do a good job?"

Bako fired his harshest glare towards his younger brother and started to protest, only for his mother to cut him off.

"If my little boy wants his pacifier again, that's nothing to be ashamed of. Maybe he can have his bottle of milk before beddies time too!" she said warmly.

Bako groaned audibly, and the other two family members seemed to ignore him. He noticed his mother's eyes flicker towards the Potty Training Chart on the wall, to which she showed no sign of disappointment, and didn't comment.

"Stand up, Bako, let's see if your brother did a good job."

Bako complied, standing awkwardly as both mother and brother inspected the tapes on the front of his diaper. He mentally debated taking out the pacifier, as his mother pointed out a better method of diapering him. He decided against it, feeling like Kory was far too influential at the moment.

"The tapes are a little crooked, but it should hold up just fine for our big wetter here! You know, if you're happy to keep changing your brother, we can see about raising your allowance."

"WHAT!? Mom, no!" An already blushing Bako yelled, so quickly that his pacifier fell from his mouth.

"Oh hush, Bako, this means you won't always have to wait for me or Daddy to do it for you."

"I could just do it *myself*?" the older fennec replied hopefully.

"Bako, please, we've been over this before..." she replied smoothly, as if she were protecting him from such a silly notion.

"This sounds like a great idea mommy!" Kory said, with a mischievous glint in his eye, hoping his enthusiasm would settle the deal. Earning money for belittling his older brother wasn't a concept that escaped him.

"And it'll be another thing to add to your big boy chore chart. You might not have to do the dishes as often this way."

Bako hated that they were talking about his diapers like his potty training wouldn't be successful. Not that he could blame them, based upon the years of bad results.

Kory bent over and picked up the fallen pacifier, pointing it straight at his older brother's muzzle. An eternity passed as the two fennecs stared at each other, before Bako opened his mouth and accepted it.

"Dinner is almost ready anyway. Kory, find your brother some pyjamas and join us at the table. Don't be late boys."

"Okay, Mommy. Get a bottle ready for him!" Kory said cheerily.

With that, she smiled, and their mother swept out of the room.

As her footsteps echoed down the stairs, Bako fought the urge to tackle his brother to the floor. His cheeks burned in frustration.

Kory just smiled with faux-innocence. "Come on, pampers, we need to find you something to wear for dinner."