**Helping My Brother**

Part One

By Randall Austin

This story is erotic fiction meant for mature readers and should only be read by adults over the age of eighteen years old. Please do not use my stories without my permission and please forward all comments to randallaustin2011@hotmail.com

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(Notes from the journal of Craig Soffel)

I’ll never forget the day my brother Marty, age 20,
was brought home after he was sentenced to a four-year
term of in-family indenturement.  It was pretty freaky
for me, to say the least.  I can’t imagine what it
must have been like for Marty.

On Tuesday, August 21, 2011, my brother was delivered
to our house by two officers from the Clackamas County
Social Services training and processing facility.  He
had been sentenced to four years of in-family
indenturement two weeks earlier, and then immediately
remanded to the training facility for two weeks of
intensive training and processing.  While he was
getting trained to be a behaving servant, dad and I
each attended classes in servant handling.

The officers were just there to deliver Marty to us,
but they did want to demonstrate, for dad and me, some
important information about the proper method of
tethering a servant by either his nose and/or penis
rings.  So one of the first things the officers did
when they brought Marty in was to make him strip.  I
was surprised by the request, and even more surprised
at the way Marty hopped to it and instantly stripped
out of the dorky looking servant jumpsuit he was
wearing right in front of dad and me.

It wasn’t the Marty I knew; not only because of the
weird things they had done to him, but also because he
was, for the first time doing exactly what he was told
to do.

When he finally had his jumpsuit off, Marty was quite
a sight!  I could hardly recognize him.

All freshly processed slaves in Oregon are ‘hawked’,
banded, ringed, collared, and chipped, and Marty was
no exception.  He was quite a sight standing there.
They had him mohawked, and social services told us we
should keep his hair that way.  They had an inch and a
half wide band above his balls; separating his balls
from his cock and making them hang low.  They had him
fixed up with a large gauge ring through both the
septum of his nose and the head of his cock.  Man,
they looked painful!  His pubic and armpit hair was
shaved.  And there was a bandage on his upper left
buttock where they had injected his tracking chip.

So there was my older brother standing there in our
living room in front of dad and me: naked,
bald-pussied, mohawked, collared, and ringed in the
nose and dick just like some draft animal, and he
started crying like a baby.

One of the guards pulled a small training whip out of
his service belt, and Marty immediately shut up with
his embarrassing crying.  He was sniffling like a
three-year old, and when the other guard told him not
to embarrass himself in front of his father and his
younger brother, he immediately stood tall and tried
to look brave.

Once he was standing naked, tall, and proud, the
officers explained to us that tethering was an
important part of slave control, but that a slave was
never to be tethered into an uncomfortable position by
a body piercing.  In other words, it’s okay to tie a
slave up by his hands and make him stand on the tips
of his toes as a punishment tethering; but never do
that by a body piercing, or you risk the slave
exhausting himself and severely injuring himself.

Dad and I both already knew that, of course, from our
handling classes, but Oregon is just so enlightened
regarding the treatment of servants that they go to
extra lengths to ensure their safe treatment.

It was really awkward; Marty couldn’t look at either Dad
or me in the face, standing there all ‘hawked, shaved,
banded, and ringed.

The officers stayed and chatted with us for about 15
minutes, but before they left they both went up to
Marty, whom they had made stand at attention with his
hands behind his head, and told him to be ‘good boy’
(I couldn’t believe it) and to make his father and me
proud of him.