**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](mailto: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.