**Helping My Brother**

Part Two

By Randall Austin

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(Notes from the journal of Craig Soffel)

Once the officers left, dad and I were left with my   
brother Marty standing slave-naked in our living   
room.  
  
It was quite incredible, actually.  There was my big   
hotshot brother, standing bald-pussy naked,   
mohawked, thick tethering rings going through his   
nose and dick, banded balls hanging low like some   
mule's, and tears rolling down his eyes.

He looked like some naked, lifer, hard-labor, quarry

slave in full getup.  His appearance actually frightened

me.  In one way I hated him that he ended up like this,   
embarrassing our family.  But in another way, the   
whole thing kind of excited me in ways I couldn't   
understand.  
  
Marty had gotten himself into this situation because he   
had one too many run-ins with the law.  It was the   
judge who gave my father the option of deciding   
whether it would be prison or home indenturement   
for Marty.  Our advisor from Social Services   
explained to dad that home indenturement was the   
more beneficial option for Marty and guys like him,   
because it allowed family members to use methods   
of control that would never be allowed on free   
persons.  
  
Social Services outlined all of the modes of service   
available to my father with an indentured family   
member, and dad made the decision, with the   
Judge's guidance, to have Marty indentured for a   
period of four years as a full personal family  
servant, with the option of extending the term of

service if Marty's behavior didn't improve.  
  
One of the biggest factors in my dad's decision to   
have Marty home-indentured was the fact that my   
mother doesn't live with us.  My parents separated   
two years ago.  Dad felt that without mom around he   
could take a firm hand in controlling Marty in ways   
he would never have been comfortable doing if my   
mom were around.  
  
Under the home indenturement program Marty is   
kept at home, but is legally bound by strict   
standards of behavior, and kept under constant   
supervision by dad, me, or a ‘babysitter’ (as we like   
to call our friends who come and watch Marty for us   
when we are away).  Under this program Marty is no   
longer free to do as he pleases.  
  
I know it was especially hard on Marty not only   
because I'm two years younger than he is, but   
because he and I were good friends.  We spent a lot   
of time together, and frankly, I was a party to a lot   
of the trouble he got into that landed him in   
indentured servitude.  
  
I felt really sorry for Marty standing there, without  
a shred of dignity, but dad had prepared me in the   
days before Marty's arrival.  He told me it would be   
hard not only on Marty, but also on me.  He   
reminded me that all the controls we would be putting   
on Marty were meant to help him.  The whole   
purpose of indenturement was to help Marty become   
a better person.    
  
The first thing dad did was order Marty to bring into   
the living room the supplies from the garage that   
Social Services had delivered.  When Marty asked if   
he could get dressed, dad surprised me by telling   
Marty he would have to earn the right to wear   
clothes through good behavior.  For now the only   
clothes he would be allowed to wear in the house   
were his work shoes.  
  
Marty stood defiant for a moment, and then muttered   
something that sounded like "fuck this shit", but   
eventually went into the garage and brought in the   
boxes of supplies from Social Services.  The last   
thing he brought in; and it was kind of comical   
seeing my naked, ball-banded, brother struggling   
with it; was a large steel ‘slave chair’.  A ‘slave   
chair’ is very much like the high chairs babies sit in

for feeding, with a removable table tray just like a   
baby's chair.  Only the slave chair is large, made of   
steel, and has D-rings all about it for securing  
straps.

At the front middle of the seat, where a slave's cock   
and balls would normally fall when in a seated   
position, is a large D-ring with an attached six-inch   
chain and clip lock.    
  
When Marty had positioned the chair in the kitchen   
where dad had told him, dad ordered Marty to sit in   
the chair.  Marty had a pissed, 'fuck this shit', look  
on his face, but sat in the chair anyway.  Dad then   
took the six-inch chain at the front of the seat and   
snapped the clip lock onto Mary's penis ring.  
  
It was a surprise gesture that really impressed me,   
for it showed that Dad was ready to take full control   
of the situation when needed.  He held the key up   
for Marty to see, "Okay, Martin, take a look!  Craig   
and I each have a copy of this key.  It can unlock   
your penis ring from the slave chair.  You are going   
to sit there, young man, for a good long while.  You   
are going to sit there until you get rid of that  
defiant attitude, are ready to apologize for mumbling under   
your breath, promise to stop using foul language,   
and make a firm commitment to change your   
attitude and get with the program."  
  
Marty used language he had never really used before   
against dad, "Fuck you, Dad!"  
  
Dad simply said, "Too bad for you, Marty.  You can   
stew in your own juices."  Dad then invited me to   
have lunch with him, turned off the lights, and closed  
all doors to the kitchen.  
  
Social Services had delivered Marty to us at 10 AM.    
Dad ended up locking him in the chair about one-half   
of an hour later.  Later that day, at 8 PM, almost ten  
hours later, dad and I reentered the kitchen and   
turned on the lights.  When Marty saw us he started   
pleading in a voice that sounded like it would soon   
turn into crying. "Please Dad.  Let me up.  I'll do   
whatever you say.  I'm not going to swear anymore.    
I'm sorry for all the bad I've done."   
  
Dad rubbed him on the head, "That's what we want   
to hear, Marty.  Good boy!" Marty had pissed on the   
kitchen floor.  As dad unlocked his penis ring from   
the tether chain he told Marty to clean his mess up,   
and then after that he was to go with me so I could   
give him a bath.  
  
One of the things Social Services had prepared dad   
and me for was the importance of our taking full   
control of Marty's life, much as if he were a child.   
He was now our personal servant and it was important   
that we have no secrets from one another.  
  
So Marty followed me into the bathroom and got into   
a tub full of warm water.  I sat on the edge of the   
tub with a washcloth, soaped it, and started washing   
him.  At first he was quiet, but after a while he   
started complaining and told me the "whole thing   
was really fucked", and that I was "acting like an   
asshole, lording it over him".    
  
I told him I wasn't lording it over him, I was only   
doing what dad and Social Services had instructed   
me to do.  I told him not to complain, because I   
really cared about him, and wanted to sincerely help   
him.  Fortunately dad had overheard some of Marty's   
bitching to me, and instructed me to bring Marty into   
his bedroom when I had finished bathing Marty.  
  
In dad's bedroom, dad instructed Marty to sit on the   
bed.  Dad had brought up a pair of leg braces, which   
were included with the boxes of supplies from Social   
Services.  When he started putting them on Marty's   
legs, Marty looked scared, "What are you doing   
Dad?"  
  
"I'm trying to help you, son.  These leg braces are   
hobbling devices that are meant to help remind you   
that you are now a servant in this household, and   
that you need to respect all free people.

You need to realize that you are different now, from Craig and   
me.  You have to do whatever you are told.  And you   
need to learn that there is nothing wrong with   
respecting free people."  
  
The leg braces forced Marty to walk with his legs   
spread slightly apart and limited the size of his step  
to almost half a normal stride.  
  
You should have seen my big brother as he tried to   
take his first steps in the hobbling braces fitted to   
each of his legs.  There he was naked as the day he   
was born, with his balls banded and his big boy balls   
hanging low and swinging freely with each step, and   
oblivious to the spectacle he was creating as he tried  
to walk with the braces.    
  
While it was funny to me, and caused me to let out a   
laugh, it wasn't funny to Marty.  He simply stopped   
dead in his tracks and broke down bawling like a   
baby. "Dad, please take these off.  Don't do this to   
me Dad.  Please."  
  
Dad was firm, "I'm sorry son, they are staying on for   
at least a week.  You obviously need to be made to   
feel like a servant.  They are to help you son, to   
remind you of what you are.  They are not meant to   
punish you.  We are trying to help you son."  
  
I chimed in, "That's right, bro.  We're trying to help  
you be a good servant, and stay out of trouble.  I   
love you bro, and I'm gonna do whatever it takes to   
help you."   
  
I went up to him and patted him on his naked slave   
shoulder, "I love you bro.  I really wanna help you.    
More than anything.  I just wanna help you."