**Helping My Brother**

Part Two

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

Randall Austin’s Archive Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>

(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."