**Helping My Brother**

Part Three

By Randall Austin

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(Notes from the journal of Craig Soffel)

Putting my brother in leg braces really helped him
grasp the fact that he was a slave, and nothing but a
slave.

Dad doesn't want me using that word, ‘slave’, and
of course modern day social servants are subject to
nothing like what slaves in olden times had to bear.

But when you see your older brother walking around
the house naked except for his work shoes, with his
head mohawked, his pussy pubes shaved baby
smooth, his boy balls banded and hanging low like
slaves' balls everywhere, giant tethering rings
through his nose and his dick head, and wearing a
pair of hobbling braces that force him to take small
steps with his legs spread out, it’s hard not to think
‘slave’.

But dad is right.  Marty is in the indenturement
program not so dad can get free labor, but so that
Marty can be helped.  We are trying to guide Marty
away from some of his bad and self-destructive
habits.

Of course, he does have to be put to work, since that
is part of the indenture-rehab program, so dad is
having him do a major remodeling of our house
under the guidance of a contractor who comes to our
house at the start of each day to show Marty what to
do and how to do it.  So dad is saving a ton of
money on the remodel by having Marty do it, but
Marty still requires constant oversight by either dad,
me, or one of our friends.

Marty is indentured in the rehab program as a
‘personal servant’.  A ‘personal servant’ is someone
who serves in a fully personal way.  And once one is
a servant, his servant status overrides any other
status, including family standing.  That means that
certain things that would never be permitted or
considered unacceptable between ‘free’ family
members, are no longer considered taboo.

Data from the Federal Social Services Agency shows
that boys with problems of the sort Marty had (wild
living, hanging out with wild friends, too much
partying, petty crime) do best when they are put into
personal service indenturement.  And personal
service indenturement with one's own family has the
highest success rate of all.

Social services explained to dad and me all of the
benefits of such mode of service for both the servant
and the free family members; and also counseled
dad and me on the proper method of introducing an
indentured family member into various modes of
personal service.  It is to be a step-by-step
introduction.

The first step was to get Marty to assist in our
personal care, and to help him get comfortable doing
so.  So one day when I was on the pot taking a crap,
dad knocked and asked if he and Marty could come
in.  I said 'sure', and dad brought Marty in, and
instructed Marty to take some toilet tissue and wipe
my ass.

Marty reached to get some toilet paper, but the look
on his face let us know he was not too happy with
the request.  But he was doing as he was told
because by now he had learned, for the most part,
that neither dad nor I will take any crap from him.

If he fails to do as he is told, we use any of various
‘trainer’ devices on him; such as the service whip, reform
strap, paddle, and punishment gloves or else we will tether
him for a ‘timeout’ session by his dick or nose ring.

When Marty reached under me and started wiping
my ass, he scrunched up his nose.  I didn't care; it
felt surprisingly good.  After he got me cleaned, dad
instructed him to wet a cloth with warm water and
wash my hole area.  Again, Marty did as instructed.
He then dried me off, and dad told him to put some
talcum powder on his hand and rub it into my crack
area.  It felt really good.  And I felt a special
bonding with my brother.

As Marty was bending over me cleaning my ass, his
ringed dick and banded balls were right in my face,
and suddenly it hit me that, in a sense, his cock and
balls belonged to me in a very real way.

Dad and I had already instructed Marty that he was
not to masturbate without our permission.  Whether
he follows that order or not, dad and I don't know or
care too much.  The important thing is that we had
let him know that we had full authority over him to
enforce any of our requests to whatever extent we
wanted.  So in that sense, I had already taken
some control over his personal pleasure unit.  But
having Marty's most personal parts right in front of
my face, reminded me that I have control over my
brother to the very depth of his being.

After a couple of days, once Marty got used to
cleaning my ass, I had him go through the whole
shower ritual with me.  He got into the shower with
me and washed me; toweled me dry; shaved me;
dressed me; and combed my hair.

Dad doesn't use him for that kind of stuff, and I only
use Marty for such services when I have extra time.
But social services does want Marty to be employed
fully as a personal servant on all levels, so I do try
to have Marty bathe me at least two or three times a
week.  On those days that I do have extra time, it
really is a treat to have my older brother pamper me
in such a way.  All of my friends at school are
jealous of me having my own personal care servant.

About two weeks after Marty was introduced to
providing grooming service for us, dad felt it was
time to introduce Marty to the next level of personal
service, and asked me to do it.  But when I told
Marty that it was time for a training session, I could

tell he was in a somewhat contrary mood and said,
"This is sick!"  I told him that I didn't make the
rules, and that we had to do what we had to do.

Marty then started complaining about the whole
indenturement thing, how he felt like he was fucked
over, how he never deserved four years of
indenturement, and so on.

I asked him, "Oh, so you think you know better than
the Oregon State Social Services Authority?"

He yelled back his answer, "Fuck the Oregon State
Social Services Authority!"

I warned him, "You better watch it, bro.  What you
just said ranks as servitor insubordination.  I could
report you, you know.  And if I did, they would
probably slap on another year on your term of
service."

Marty knew I had him, and he kept quiet.  He also
looked a little worried.

So I tried to calm him, "I'm not going to report you
this time, bro.  But it sounds to me like you're
having a bad day.  I think we need to forego the
training session for now and instead get you fitted
with a comfort stop.  I think that's what you need.
So scoot your ass into the bedroom so I can get you
plugged!"

A ‘comfort stop’ is a small to medium sized butt
plug that is inserted up the rectum and secured and
locked in place by means of a waist strap.  It is most
commonly used on the criminally indentured to elicit
compliant behavior.  It has been proven useful in
calming fretful slaves because its presence is
constantly felt by the wearer, and thus usually
preoccupies a slave enough to take his mind off of
what was causing unacceptable behavior.  Thus, for
its calming effect, it is called a ‘comfort stop.’

Well, Marty not only refused to scoot his ass into the
bedroom for his plugging, but he then did something
he knew he was never to do, and that was to scream
at me, an overseer. "Fuck you, man!  It's yours and
dad's thing to humiliate me and it isn't legal.  So
just fuck off, Craig!"

I knew it was my duty to respond forcefully to such
an outburst, and not risk losing any credibility as an
overseer.  Up until this point dad had done most of
the heavy-duty punishments, but I now had no
choice. I had to resort to the training whip.

Although so far I never had to whip my brother, I did
in fact get to practice using the training whip in my
handler's classes. Social Services use slaves which
people bring in for punishment for classroom training
purposes.  But using a whip on your own family
member is a very different kind of experience.
Imagine trying to whip a beloved family member
across his naked body.  It was not an easy thing to
do.  But I steeled myself.

I grabbed the whip that was on the table and sliced
him with it as fast and hard as I could.  I hit him
across the upper right shoulder and chest area.  He
screamed louder than I had ever heard him scream,
and he immediately jumped to attention as slave's
are supposed to do if they wish to submit, offered
an apology, and promised to do whatever I told him
to do.

I stood as tall as I could, "You don't like feeling
pain, bro, and I don't like giving pain.  So it seems like
we should be on the same page, old pal!"  With that, I
sliced him again.  I don't know what made me do it,
since he had apologized and promised to behave.
But I did it anyway and he fell to the floor howling.

Something came over me.  I hated to have to slice
my own brother like that, but it somehow felt so
good to me; probably because I knew I was doing
the right thing; helping my brother whom I love so
much become a better person.

Marty cried, "Craig, why are you doing this?"

I was honest, "Because I fucking care about you
man!  I love you.  I want you to be all that you can
be!"

He cried out, "Please Craig, don't hit me anymore!"
I don't know why such control over another felt so
good, but I knew that I was getting through to him
in a truly helpful way.  My body, my loins, told me
that what I was doing was an act of love, so I sliced
him one last time.

I know this is going to sound weird, but I knew
immediately after slicing Marty for the third time
that I had done not only the right thing, but a holy thing;
I was helping Marty get to that place where he could
be his truest and best self.  And it felt wonderful.
I was flushed with excitement at the help I was
offering my dear brother.

I asked him as he writhed on the floor, "Now are you
ready to get your ass over on that bed so I can get
you plugged?"

It was amazing. He jumped up and almost ran into
the bedroom and plopped his naked slave body on
the bed.

When I approached him on the bed, he cowered, but
I reassured him, "Punishment is over, bro.  You took
it well and I think it's helping you.  Hopefully you
are learning some lessons from all of this."

As I gathered the plug and lube, I asked him, "You
ready to get plugged up, bro?"  He didn't answer, so
I reassured him. "They taught me in handler's class
that this would do you a world of good when you're
showing the kind of attitude you just did.  This will
make you feel good, and calm you down."

As I lubed up the comfort stop I looked lovingly at
Marty, smiled, and asked, "You ready to get plugged,
bro?"

He was like a totally submissive, helpless, little
baby as I started working the comfort stop up his ass.  He
just laid there and let me do it.  He pulled his legs
up to his shoulders and completely let me get to work
on his behind.

As I slowly worked the butt plug in, I spoke
reassuringly to him, "Does it feel good, bro?  You can
take it.  You're a big boy now.  Show me what a big
and strong boy you are and take this plug all the
way up!  Just a little bit more to go.  Attaboy!"
He whimpered a bit as I worked the plug in, but he
was compliant and even worked his butt muscles to
help me get the plug in and all the way up.

When I put on the securing strap that goes around
his waist and through his ass crack to hold the butt
plug in, he helpfully lifted his bottom so I could
pull the straps through his legs.  I told him how proud I
was of him, and that he should be proud of being
such a good servant.

His dick had hardened from the plugging, but I didn't
say anything about it because I would never
needlessly distress or embarrass my brother.

I helped him stand up.  He seemed to be getting
over his free boy pride, for even though he was beet
red from embarrassment, he made no attempt to
cover up his slave boner.  I complimented him,
"That's okay, Marty.  I'm a free person and you
never have to be ashamed of being seen in such a
state by a free person.  It's a sign to me that you
are learning to respect free people by not trying to cover
yourself up."

I watched him waddle out of the room.  What with
the butt plug up his ass, he was quite a sight.  The
plug forced him to keep his legs further apart than
his leg braces did alone.  So as he walked, his low
hanging balls were swinging to and fro like a mule's.

Being all naked, mohawked, banded, ringed, braced,
and plugged, with his purple-knobbed erect dick
sticking out, he looked like a pack animal that should
be laboring away in some quarry.

He was quite a ridiculous looking sight actually, and
I was embarrassed that my brother had ended up in
such a way.  I didn't say anything to him about it, of
course.  But it struck me that my brother was now
just an ordinary worthless slave.  Nothing more than
a naked pack animal really.

But, of course, I mean that in a good way.  Pack
animals are beautiful.  And so is my brother.