**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.