**Helping My Brother**

Part Four

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)

Ever since that day I had to whip my brother Marty   
and butt plug him, I haven't had any more problems   
with him of the sort that led to his whipping and   
plugging.  At least the outright back-talking and   
cynicism he had been displaying in front of me when   
dad wasn't around has since disappeared.  I told our   
contact and advisor person from Social Services   
about how I whipped and plugged Marty, and he   
congratulated me.  He told me on the phone, "I can   
promise you; you are going to see positive results."    
He was right.  
  
Although Marty is 20 years old, and I am just 18 and   
finishing my senior year in high school, I was   
instructed in my servant handling classes to never   
let age difference affect how you treat a slave.  So I  
have no problem addressing Marty in an appropriate   
fashion.  I told him one morning as I was feeding   
him as he was seated in his high chair, "Marty, I'm   
really pleased with the progress you've been making.

Dad and I have been toying with the idea of   
extending your workday on the house remodeling   
project from 8 hours to 10 hours.  But I think you're   
showing yourself to be a properly behaving servant,   
and I am going to be advising dad this afternoon   
that we keep you on an 8 hour per day labor   
schedule because of your good behavior."  
  
A look of disgust came over Marty's face, but he kept   
quiet.  I think he remembered the whipping and   
plugging.  He collected himself and spoke in a calm   
manner.  "Craig.  I used to like you.  But listen to   
yourself.  You're turning into someone else.  You're   
18 years old and you're talking like one of those old   
fart servant trainers at Social Services.  Please  
don't embarrass yourself."  
  
I was, I'll confess, somewhat miffed at Marty's   
putdown.  But I held myself in check, though I did   
ask, "Did you want to be put on a ten-hour workday   
after all?"   
  
I was getting a little tired of such comments from   
Marty.  They were not really so horrible in   
themselves, but his non-stop critical attitude was  
still coming through.  The way I saw it was he was the   
same old defiant Marty, but he had learned not to let   
his complaints come out in a heated outburst, since   
he knew both dad and I were swift to respond with   
strong doses of pain for such actions.   
  
So I spoke my mind. "Marty, you've been a servant   
now for almost eight weeks.  Dad had to put those   
leg braces on you your first day here because you   
couldn't seem to grasp the fact that you were a   
social servant. The braces were only supposed to   
stay on for one week and help remind you of your   
status.  But after that first week dad felt he had to   
keep you in the leg brace hobbles because you   
weren't progressing as a servant in the way we had   
hoped to see."  
  
Marty was sarcastic, "Oh, the way 'WE had hoped   
to see!'  You don't make the decisions!"  
  
Marty was walking on thin ice, as far as I was   
concerned, "No, not by myself, but I am your   
overseer and dad takes my input seriously and acts   
on everything I say."  
  
"Hey Craig.  You're my brother.  Have you forgotten   
that?"  
  
Marty was trying to get me to lose my focus as his   
overseer, but I stayed on course. "What I have not   
forgotten Marty is that I am your overseer, and that   
means there's a big difference between us.  You are   
a social servant; I am your overseer.  That means   
when I tell you to do something, you obey or face   
the consequences.  So that makes us pretty different   
from each other as far as I can tell."  
  
Marty hissed, "You'd like to believe that you're some   
hot shot slave driver.  But you're just a little kid!"  
  
He was making me mad, "Hey Marty.  Dude.  I may   
be a kid and I know that.  But you are a slave and   
you haven't seemed to have caught on to that fact!"  
  
I shook my head, curled my lip in disgust, and   
asked, "Do I have to remind you that you happen to   
be sitting in a slave high chair, I've got you locked   
down in your seat by your penis ring, and you only   
get to eat what I give you to eat?"  
  
That made an impression, so I continued. "Or have   
you bothered to look into a mirror lately?  In case   
you haven't, you're quite a sight!  It's not just  
those snazzy leg braces that force you to walk like a dork   
that make you so special.  Your head happens to be   
'hawked', just like convict slaves' heads everywhere.   
  
And surely you must be aware that there is a big   
ring going through the head of your slave cock, by   
which I happen to have you tethered to your high   
chair this very moment.

You're sitting there tethered by your dick just like

an animal.  And how can you not notice that ring

through your nose, Mr. Pig Snout?  And to top it all

off, you happen to be bald ass naked, Mr. Cool.

And to highlight your nakedness we keep your pussy

shaved nice and smooth just like a girl's, Ms. Bald Cunt!"  
  
I must have gotten through to Marty, because a   
frown came over his face, and he looked like he   
would break down crying.  But I continued, "And   
that's just for starters.  Because you know what I'm   
going to do to you now bro?  I'm going to teach you   
how to drink piss!  How does that sound, Martyboy?    
You are going to become dad's and my nighttime   
piss drinker.  Now I don't drink piss.  But you soon   
will be.  So surely you can see some difference   
between us in that?"  
  
Marty broke down crying.  Just like a baby crying in   
a high chair.  It was pathetic, but it really kind of   
turned me on seeing Marty so totally put in his place.  
  
Dad and I had intended to put Marty on nighttime   
piss drinking duty right from the start.  Piss  
drinking is pretty much standard service these days for   
personal care servants, and dad and I were looking   
forward to when we could take advantage of this   
service.  We couldn't do it right from the start, of   
course, because one is supposed to introduce an   
indentured family member into the various modes of   
personal service on a gradual, step-by-step, basis.   
  
A couple of weeks after Marty was home as an   
indentured servant, dad wanted all of us to sleep   
together in the same bed for several reasons; in   
order to help with family bonding; so dad and I both   
could keep an eye on Marty; and so we could both   
take advantage of having a piss drinker in bed with   
us to save us from those annoying nighttime   
bathroom trips.    
  
I had Marty in a somewhat vulnerable and defeated   
position, which is where I wanted him.  My servant   
handling training taught me that it was very good to   
subject slaves to such abject reminders of their   
status, so I wanted to continue with the business at   
hand.  I fetched my training whip from the hallway   
and returned to the kitchen and stood next to Marty   
in the slave chair.   
  
"Now Marty, the first thing I want you to do is open   
your mouth into a nice big ‘O’ shape. Come on boy,   
let's see you form a nice big ‘O’ with your mouth.  
  
He didn't move at first, so I brushed my arm holding   
the whip so he wouldn't miss the fact that I was   
ready to use it if I had to.  He slowly formed his  
lips into an ‘O’ shape.  It was both comical and a big   
turn on for me seeing Marty so humiliated.    
    
I coached him further, "Come on Marty, you have to   
make a bigger ‘O’ than that.  It has to be big   
enough so dad's big thick dick can fit into your   
mouth."    
  
Marty could not take it anymore.  He broke down   
and started sobbing in humiliation and defeat.  I   
guess it was a turn on for me seeing Marty in such   
abject condition because I knew it was helping him   
with his formation into becoming a really good slave.   
  
I was gentle with him.  I reached down and undid   
the high chair's lock from his penis ring.  I spoke in  
a comforting tone, "That's okay, big fella.  This will  
be new for you, I know that.  Come along with me, and   
let’s get more comfortable.”  
  
I took him by the arm and led him into the living   
room.  He was like a little kid.  Meekly submitting as  
he sobbed.  Taking such control of my brother was   
one of the most exciting moments in my entire life.