**Helping My Brother**

Part Four

By Randall Austin

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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.