**Helping My Brother**

Part Five

By Randall Austin

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(Notes from the journal of Craig Soffel)

Marty had been fully informed in his training what   
‘personal service’ entailed, so what I was about to   
teach him was not something totally out of the blue   
for him.  Indeed, he knew that piss drinking was only   
the first big step into full personal service.  But I   
think the reality of what was about to happen and   
what he was ‘a lowly slave’ finally hit him.  And I   
think it jolted his memory into considering some of   
the other types of personal service that would be   
following once he was a successful piss drinker.  
  
I had him kneel down on the floor in front of me.  It   
was an awesome feeling having Marty, my older   
brother obey me like this. "Marty, Dad and I intend   
to use you chiefly for nighttime service.  But should   
dad and I want to be relieved during the daytime, or   
if we want you to give one of our guests’ relief, you   
need to learn to drink in this position as well as in   
the bed position.  And the first thing you need to do   
when you're servicing someone who is standing up is   
to kneel down in front of them and unfasten their   
zipper.  So why don't you just go ahead and do that   
for me."  
  
He did exactly as I told him.  Of course, I was   
holding on to my training whip the whole time, and   
Marty, by now, knows that I will use it if I have to,   
so that was probably the reason he was behaving.  
  
He successfully unzipped me, and I continued to   
guide him, "Now dig in there and gently pull my   
pecker out."  
  
He did and his fingers felt girly smooth and I liked it.  
  
Kind of strange, but legally his primary status in   
relation to me was no longer that of brother, but of   
social servant.  So it was perfectly okay for him to  
do the things he was about to do.  
  
He got my dick out, and it felt good having my prick   
right in front of my brother's face.  It was like a  
total sign of my authority over him; making him stare at  
my hairy man-dick up close.  
  
"Now look up at me and open your mouth nice and   
wide for me."  When Marty looked up at me and saw   
my free-boy piss slit staring him in the face, I think  
he finally realized that he was nothing more than any   
other typical dumbass, lug headed, hard-labor, piss   
drinking, slave.  
  
The expression on his face was one of defeat.  I   
whispered to him as I gave my cock a waggle, "Go   
ahead and say hello to it.  You two are going to be   
seeing a lot of each other."  
  
He actually mumbled a 'hello'.  I then re-instructed   
him to open his mouth nice and wide.  He did as   
instructed, but boy was he goofy looking.  
  
But I complimented him, "Attaboy!"  Verbal rewards   
are real important to slaves in training.  They eat   
them up like candy.  They cost nothing, so I like to   
give them out quite freely.  
  
"Now bro, form those lips into a nice big ‘O’.”  
  
He did and I complimented him, "It's looking good.    
Hold that lip formation.  Now let's see if you can   
make that ‘O’ bigger and rounder.”  
  
He did, and I again rewarded him, "Way to go,   
sport!"  
  
He was quite a sight, my brother.  Naked, ringed,   
mohawked, ball-banded, and hobbled; and looking   
up at me with his pretty mouth formed into a giant   
‘O’.   
  
"Okay bro, what you want to do is keep your mouth   
opened really wide and take my dick into your   
mouth, being careful to keep your teeth away from   
it, and then seal your lips around it as far back on   
my shaft as you can take it without gagging."  
  
A few tears rolled down his face as he did what he   
was told.  But he actually got my cock into his mouth   
and sealed his lips.  I looked down at him, and there   
was my brother in total servitude to me.  Naked,   
kneeling before me, my dick in his mouth, and me   
about to let loose with my free boy piss.  
  
In one way, Marty, being naked and mohawked, with   
my cock in his mouth and him about to become my   
toilet, was the picture of the total abject slave; but  
in another way he was my brother and now we were   
closer to each other than we had ever been before.  I   
could feel my spear headed dick tip touch his tongue   
and it felt awesome.  
  
"Now Marty, I'm going to let a little piss out nice  
and slow.  Just a spurt so you can get used to your   
brother's golden nectar."  
  
When I let out the first squirt, he managed to   
swallow it, but it was hard, and he had to remove his   
mouth and cough.  
  
Nevertheless I complimented him, "That was a good   
start.  You didn't spill any.  Now put your mouth   
back in suckling mode so I can give you the rest of   
my supply.  I want to make sure you not only learn   
to drink piss like a pro, but I want you to get to the  
place where you love drinking piss."  
  
His first piss-drinking session was a series of his   
swallowing then having to disengage and cough, in   
order to prevent himself from heaving.  But he got   
the hang of it, and it was quite a thrill having my   
older brother suckle me as I fed him my free boy   
stream.  Eventually, he managed to get it all down.    
I told him, "That wasn't bad, for a first attempt.  I   
want to turn you into the best piss drinker in town,   
and make all my friends envious of me for having   
such a fancy toilet."  
  
When I was totally relieved I pulled my dick out and   
put it right in front of his face.  I then took my   
helmet headed dick in hand and rubbed it against his   
rosy cheeks.  I explained, "Marty, after you drink   
piss, you are then to dry the dick off in one of two   
ways: by wiping it across your cheeks, or by hot air   
drying."  
  
I pulled my dick away from his cheeks and then had   
him blow hot air on my cock to finish drying it.  He   
did a good job.  
  
As I stuffed my dick back in his pants I rubbed his   
mohawked head, "Good job, boy.  Thank you.  You   
can get up now and get back to work doing the   
dishes.  We'll have another session as soon as I need   
to take another whiz.  I want to have you up and   
running in full suckling/drinking mode for dad and   
me in bed tonight."