**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."