**Helping My Brother**

Part Six

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)

Randall Austin’s Archive Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>

(Notes from the journal of Craig Soffel)

To dad's and my surprise, we turned Marty into a   
successful piss drinker after just two days of   
training.  Our intention is to just use him for piss   
relief at night in bed, to save us from those annoying  
nighttime bathroom trips.    
  
When we have to go, we wake Marty up by giving   
him a shake on his shoulder, and Marty then knows   
he is to scoot down to our crotch and envelop the   
head of our cock with his mouth, having his lips form   
a tight seal.

We then let out a slow a stream for him  
to drink.  Having a piss drinker in the house is a  
real luxury, and dad and I are really enjoying the service.  
  
It feels so good at night when he envelops my dick   
with his mouth that sometimes I'm tempted to make   
him suck me off right on the spot.  But I'm   
restraining myself, because we have been instructed   
to introduce him to the various stages of personal   
service on a gradual basis.  
  
And dad does want Marty up and running as my full   
bore personal servant before I begin college,   
because statistics show that students who have a   
‘personal services’ slave, do much better in their   
studies, if for no other reason than that they don't   
have to go bar hopping every night looking for some   
sexual relief, and can devote that time instead to   
their studies.  
  
Needless to say, I have no argument with Dad's   
desire to get Marty into ‘full service’ mode before I   
start college.  
  
Dad brought the subject up to Marty one morning as   
I was feeding him in his high chair. "Son, as you   
know, more is going to be required of you as we   
move ahead with your training.  The beauty of your   
indenturement is that it is not only helping you by   
turning you into an obedient young man, but you   
serve your brother and me by the chores you   
perform around the house, and the services you   
offer."  
  
"Just as your indenturement is doing beautiful things   
for you, so it will be doing beautiful things for  
Craig as you help him to get the best grades in college   
that he can possibly get.  To that end, I want you   
and Craig to spend some time together tonight on   
the next phase of your ‘personal services’ training.  
  
Marty started to complain, but checked himself when   
there was a knock on the door.  It was my dad's   
brother, Peter, and his son Norman.  My Uncle Peter   
had seen Marty in his slave getup several times, but   
for Norman it was a first.  He just stood there with   
his mouth agape, looking on in amazement at his   
high-chaired, mohawked, ringed, braced, and   
banded, cousin.  
  
Peter was all warm and jovial, as always, "Well, well.  
How are things going here?  Looks like you're   
feeding the little guy."    
  
Peter bent over and rubbed Marty on the back, "You   
behaving yourself, sport?  You eating up everything   
on your plate?"  
  
Marty was super pissed at the condescending   
attitude, but was wise enough to know it would be   
foolish and painful to protest. But dad could see the   
look of disgust on Marty's face and ordered Marty,   
"Son, sit up nice and tall and proud for your Uncle   
and Norman."  
  
Marty did as ordered.  It was humiliating for him, but  
Marty was learning that it's best to follow all orders  
immediately when given.  
  
Peter asked my dad, "So how is this working out?    
Are you satisfied with the results of indenturement   
on Marty?"  
  
My dad beamed, "Peter, I couldn't be happier.  Marty   
is a changed human being.  The program has been a   
blessing.  Marty has totally changed his willful  
ways."  
  
Peter was curious, "Norman told me that Craig told   
him that you and Craig were thinking of having   
Marty's term of service extended to life."  
  
When Marty did a wild turn with a questioning look   
on his face, dad held up a hand and attempted to   
calm him, "No, no, son.  Norman must have heard   
that all wrong.  Craig and I did discuss the fact that  
if you were not up to peak obedience at the end of   
your four-year term, we could extend your term by a   
few months, or even a few years.  The option of life   
is always there, but we in no way are pondering that   
at this time."  
  
Dad stood in back of Marty's high chair,   
affectionately started to rub his shoulders, and spoke  
as he attempted to calm Marty. "I just love the way   
Marty is turning out.  He is such a sweet little slave.    
He does what he's told.  Oh, sure, we have to paddle   
him once in awhile, but we only use the paddle and   
strap on him because Marty responds so well to their   
effect."  
  
Norman was amazed, "Wow.  You paddle and strap   
Marty?  He's like twenty years old.  How can you do   
that?"  
  
Dad smiled, "That's the beauty of slavery.  You can   
do what you have to do to wayward boys.  You can   
give them treatments that will really help them."  
  
"We do, in fact, use a lot of physical discipline on   
Marty, but not as punishment, but as a corrective.    
We do not use strict discipline methods in order to   
cause Marty pain for his misbehavior; we use strict   
discipline because it truly helps Marty to become a   
better person and servant.  So Craig and I have no   
need to make apologies for our treatment of our   
special little bare buckaroo."  
  
Dad continued, "It's the way one controls slaves.  No   
big deal.  Once you're around slaves you get used to   
it.  Of course, Marty is not really a slave.  Oregon   
doesn't have slaves.  They are ‘social servants’.  But  
it's all the same."    
  
My Uncle Peter chimed in with an obvious political   
axe to grind. "That whole ‘social servant’   
terminology is so ridiculous.  The term was coined by   
Dr. Randall Austin, a Clinton cabinet appointee, and   
almost overnight it became the ‘in’ term.  Now even   
the most backward Southern states use ‘social   
servant’ instead of ‘slave’.  
  
Norman was fascinated by Marty's rings, "Those   
rings look like they must hurt."  
  
My dad took hold of Marty's cock and manipulated   
the ring that went through the cock head, "No, it   
doesn't hurt.  Although it is thick gauge, you can see  
it moves freely.  Same with his snout ring.  Go ahead   
and touch it.  You'll see."  
  
Norman gently took hold of Marty's nose ring and   
lifted it up and down a few times, then circled it   
through his piercing.  He wondered, "I see you use   
the penis ring to tether Marty, but what is the nose   
ring for?"  
  
Dad answered as Norman kept fingering Marty's   
nose ring, "It's for tethering, but more for   
punishment tethering.  The cock ring we use to   
secure Marty; but the nose ring is used to lock him   
in a standing position against a wall.  We do that to   
him when he is being especially defiant and not   
listening to what we tell him.  Once he's locked to   
the wall and made to stand there for hours, the   
words of wisdom we were trying to offer him usually   
eventually sink in."  
  
Marty was thoroughly pissed at Norman's touching of   
his ring, "Please stop that."  
  
Norman was somewhat indignant, "Well excuse me,   
cousin.  I was just admiring your snazzy rings, leg   
braces, and banded balls.  I didn't know you'd have   
a cow!"  
  
"Fuck you, Norman!"  Once he had hissed out the   
words, Marty knew he had made a big mistake.  
Dad took control, "Marty, you apologize now to   
Norman."  
  
Marty scowled and said nothing.  Dad warned, "You   
can either apologize right now to Norman and take   
your strapping this evening; or else Craig and I can   
strap you down right now to the punishment table,   
and Uncle Peter and Norman can watch you get a full   
body Level One tawsing."  
  
Marty spoke, "I am sorry, Norman, for my outburst.    
Please forgive me."  
  
I was glad there was going to be a tawsing tonight.    
It always got me terribly horny watching Marty get a   
beating.  The tawsing would serve as a perfect   
prelude to the next phase of my ‘personal services’   
training with Marty.