**Helping My Brother**

Part Six

By Randall Austin

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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.