**Helping My Brother**

Part Seven

By Randall Austin

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(Notes from the journal of Craig Soffel)

After supper Dad and I were really looking forward to   
giving Marty his strapping for swearing at Norman.  I   
do need to clarify that; we looked forward to   
punishing Marty not because we are meanies who   
delight in seeing our son and brother suffer, but   
rather because punishment really works on Marty   
and helps to make him a better person.

It assists, in a positive way, into turning Marty into the

servant he is supposed to be.  And that gives a truly

wonderful feeling; knowing that your actions are helping   
someone out in such a beneficial and lasting way.    
Especially someone you love as much as a family   
member.  
  
And from that standpoint it's important to realize   
that it is therefore perfectly OK to take pleasure in,   
even to a high degree, a servant's discipline   
procedures.  
  
Dad had Marty lay on the bed with his backside   
exposed, secured his hands to the front frame of the   
bed, and had me sit on his legs.  
  
Dad took the German made ‘Kontrol 200’ prison   
strap, which Oregon Social Services had provided us   
with, took his place alongside the bed, and began   
delivering the 20 blows Marty had coming.  
  
I had learned in handler's class to offer   
encouragement to slaves under punishment, so I   
did. "You're taking it like a man, bro.  I'm so proud   
of you.  Only 16 more blows to go!"  
  
"That screaming is good for you, Marty.  Let it out.    
Let out all of your naughtiness.  Scream it out,   
Marty.  Because we want you to be the best that you   
can be!"  
  
Marty was humping his butt up and down in an effort   
to avoid the blows, and I suddenly realized that this   
ripe, firm, naked, ass twitching before me was, in   
fact, mine.  While it would be several weeks along in   
his personal services training before I would actually  
be fucking Marty, I must say that the sight of his   
muscled ass helped perk up my cock as much as the   
actual beating.  (I guess these punishment sessions   
get one hard because your body is responding in   
pleasure mode to something it knows is good and   
beneficial to the slave; your body naturally wants   
you to feel good over something it knows is good for   
all involved.)  
  
I offered more encouragement, "Don't be ashamed   
that you're crying your eyes out like a little kid.   
Dad and I are so proud of you.  We are going to turn you   
into a ‘big’ boy.  A big boy who knows how to   
behave!  Only six more blows to go, bro.  Hang in   
there."  
  
Once the punishment was over, and I got off of  
his legs, dad and I watched Marty kick and scissor   
his legs.  I could see his cock was rock hard (Social   
Services says that's a good sign), and his banded   
balls were sweaty and plump.  
  
I offered more comfort to Marty, "That red ass of   
yours is telling me that you are probably going to be   
one very well-behaved slave for the next few days.    
Am I write, bro?"  
  
He knew to give a proper answer, "Yes, brother dear.    
Thank you, brother dear."  
  
Then I asked, "And what do you have to say to your   
father, Marty?"  
  
Marty shouted/cried his answer out, "Thank you,   
father, sir, for loving me enough to guide and correct  
me, sir."  
  
Dad was beaming, and also complimented Marty,   
"I'm so proud of you, son!  You took you're beating   
like good slaves everywhere; you cried but didn't   
swear, and didn't try to blame Craig and me for what   
we had to do to you."  
  
We watched Marty quiet down for a bit, then dad   
came up to me, put a hand on my shoulder, and   
spoke quietly, "Son, thanks for being such a mature,   
fine, overseer to your older brother."  
  
I nodded and dad continued, "I'm going to leave you   
two alone now.  You know what you need to do, son.    
Just take it slow.  Don't expect too much from him   
this first lesson.  There's no hard, fast, rule on   
fellatio training for slaves.  Just get him to do what  
feels good to you.

Have a flesh clamp nearby in case he gets defiant,

but I would suspect that after the beating he just got,

Marty will probably do whatever you ask him to do

without a moment's hesitation."  
  
"And, remember, there is no need to have any   
inhibitions.  He is a slave first, and your brother   
second.  Whatever you want to use him for is fine.    
And anything you do will be good for him; and all of   
it will also help to bring us together more closely as  
a family."  
  
I could see the love in dad's eyes.  He looked deeply  
at me, kissed me on the cheek, and then took his   
leave.  
  
I walked up to Marty and unlocked his hands from   
the cuffs at the head of the bed.  He stayed in the   
same position on the bed, but he rubbed and   
kneaded his butt with his hands.  He was looking   
good to me.  I went and got a sailor hat, armband,   
necklace, and some cologne.  
  
I returned to the room and gently commanded   
Marty, "Let's sit up, buddy."  He did.  It pained him   
at first to sit on his butt.  His dick was pointing   
straight up and hit his belly button.  It was quite enticing.  
I put a wide banded, silver, necklace on him and he   
asked what I was doing.  I told him, "I want to make   
you look pretty, bro."  
  
And the silver necklace did indeed look good on him.    
I then put a three-inch wide silver armband around   
his right upper arm.  It was fun dressing Marty up,   
getting him to look like a show boy.  When I put the   
sailor hat on him at a cocked angle, he blushed with   
embarrassment, and protested quietly, "What's   
going on?"  
  
"You have to get used to this, Marty.  I get to do to   
you whatever I feel will help get me feeling good.    
And I must say, you look great!  Now smile for me."  
  
He didn't smile, and I didn't care.  I took the  
cologne and was about to spray it on his chest, but he   
backed away and held out a hand, "Don't put that on   
me.  This is weird."   
  
I smiled, "Dude, you always wore cologne when you   
went out with your girlfriends."  
  
"That's different Craig.  It was for the girls.  They   
liked me to use it."  
  
I was honest, "I like it on you too, bro, and I'm just  
like one of your girlfriends now.  They liked you   
pretty and smelling good when you licked out their   
pussies.  Same here, I'm just like them.  I don't   
have a pussy for you to slobber on, but I want you   
looking pretty and smelling good as you lick, nibble,   
and suckle, my dick, bro.  We both have got to get   
used to this, because this is the way things are going  
to be from now on."  With that, I winked at him and   
sprayed both of his nipples.    
  
Marty was more confused than frightened, and   
whimpered, "Please, no, bro."  
  
I sat the cologne bottle down and rubbed the scent   
into both of his tits.  Man, his titties felt good!

It got me so aroused massaging his muscular tits, that it   
caused me to curl my lips, "You feel like a whore,   
bro?  That's Okay.  I like the guys who suck me off   
to be tarted-up whore boy types, just like I've got   
you fixed up.  You look cute and naughty.  You have   
nothing to be ashamed of.  It's what turns me on.    
You are simply doing what hundreds of other little   
slave boys all around the city have to do whenever   
they're ordered; get yourselves prettied up and suck   
your master's cock."  
  
Marty seemed genuinely shocked, "You've let other   
guys suck you off?"  
  
I figured Marty was just a slave, so I could be   
honest, "All the time.  You mean you never have?"  
  
Marty calmly shook his head 'no', and looked like he   
would cry.  I reclined on the bed, and asked him to   
lie down beside me.  He did as instructed.  I moved   
closed to him so our bodies touched side by side.  I   
thought Marty squirmed, but again, I didn't care.  I   
instructed him, "Start rubbing my thigh, bro."  
  
With his eyes staring at the ceiling, Marty moved his   
hand to my thigh and gently manipulated it.  His   
hand felt good over the material of my Levi's.  I   
noticed his hardon had not yet gone down, so I   
figured this couldn't be all that bad for him.   
  
It went a little slowly at first.  But eventually I  
took all of my clothes off and ordered him to get down to   
my crotch and start tonguing me.  He didn't like   
that, so I grabbed the flesh clutch and squeezed a   
big mound of his flesh from the side of his chest and   
maneuvered him into place between my legs.  Marty   
immediately started licking me down there as he was   
ordered.  
  
The beauty of social servitude is that all this stuff   
dad and I use on Marty, such as the flesh clutch, leg   
braces, and nose clamps, are completely legal.  They   
have been legalized because rather than being,   
backwards, medieval, and cruel, as the critics of the   
servitude system claim, such punishment devices are   
in fact humane, progressive, and the ultimate   
kindnesses.  They are kindnesses because they are   
in fact life-enhancing procedures for the slave.

They enhance their lives because such training devices   
result in fewer punishments having to be delivered to   
the slave.   
After licking me all over between my legs, Marty had   
a little trouble actually getting started on sucking  
my cock.  I encouraged him, "You're going to have to   
get used to it bro.  Try pretending your suckling on   
your girlfriend's tittie.  Go on, bro, try that!"    
  
He did.  He sucked on my dick like a little piglet on   
its mommy's tit.  It felt awesome.  And he looked so   
cute in his sailor boy hat and necklace.  The fact  
that he was humiliated at being dressed up and scented   
made it all the hotter for me.   
  
"That's the way bro.  Just keep practicing down   
there.  You're getting better with each second.    
You're getting the hang of it.  Soon you'll be an ace   
sucker boy."  
  
As his head bobbed up and down on my college boy   
popsicle, I told him how much I liked his Mohawk.   
"I love your slave Mohawk bro.  Looks real proper on   
you.  Just like all the other cock-sucking slave boys  
in the city!"  
  
"I'm going to grab you by your slave-boy ears now,   
big fella, so I can guide your head bobbing action to   
get you to take me to the finish line."  It was fun   
holding Marty by the ears; kind of like driving a   
racehorse.  
  
When I finally came and I made sure Marty   
swallowed every last drop. Marty wanted to run out   
of the room, but I commanded, "Wait a minute   
buddy!  Just because I came, that doesn't mean your   
job is over.  I want you down there giving me a cock   
scrub with your tongue, and a full ass licking."  
  
He started to cry, and I held my ground.  It resulted   
in me in getting a good cock cleaning, and a   
tentative ass licking.  As far as the ass licking, it  
was okay.  I know it had to be hard on him, being his   
first time; but it was a good start.  
  
It ended up being a most memorable day.  Having   
your first session with your own sex slave is one hell  
of a power trip.  Having a sex slave who has to do   
whatever you command is nothing but sheer   
euphoria.  And the fact that my sex slave is my older   
brother makes it all that more totally awesome!