**Helping My Brother**

Part Eight

By Randall Austin

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(Notes from the journal of Craig Soffel)

I like lunch times with Marty because feeding him
gives me a special kind of control over my older
brother, and it’s usually a good time for us to talk
about his behavior.

Because dad is pretty busy, and often not around, he
has put me in charge of Marty's feeding sessions.
We call it feeding time, but I don't actually spoon
feed him the way one does a baby.  (Although dad
and I have had to do that on a couple of occasions
when Marty refused to eat some of the food we had
given him.)

On Social Services' advice, we have Marty sit in the
high chair and lock him down by his penis ring.  We
don't lock him down because we think Marty isn't
going to stay seated, but because according to Social
Services such mealtime lockdown, involving a very
personal part of his body, helps to reinforce both
Marty's servitor position and his dependence on us.

We have Marty's diet worked out to the last detail
with the dieticians from Social Services, and
everything we put on his feeding tray he has to eat,
and he knows it, or else he gets a good whumping.

We have Marty's high chair right next to the dining
table, so I usually eat at the same time as Marty.
Having Marty locked down in the high chair, having
to eat whatever I put on his tray, gives me a very
special kind of control over him, even more so than
having him as my cocksucker.  It gives me a very
warm feeling of having total, nurturing, control over
my older brother.  It's a very loving feeling.

About two weeks after Marty had become my
cocksucker, we were eating together, and I
mentioned to him that I wasn't happy with the way
he was always questioning dad's decisions, behaving
as if dad made certain decisions just in order to be
hard on him.

"Dad's a pretty mellow guy, Marty, and when he tells
you to do something and you complain or balk, of
course he tries to be reasonable with you and
answer all of your questions.  But you know what?  I
don't like it.  I don't like it one bit!  I'm tired of
the way you manipulate dad, and I want it to stop."

Marty replied, "I'll tell you what, Craig.  Dad is an
adult, and he can handle his own business.  He can
take care of himself.  And I can talk to him whenever
I want.  He told me so!"

I was firm, "You can talk to dad.  But when he tells
you to do something, I don't want to hear any more
arguing coming from you, and I don't want to see
you balking in any way.  Do you hear me, young
man?"

Marty was pissed, his mouth was open, and he just
shook his head in disgust.

I continued, "And I don't like that attitude you're
showing me right now either; so can it, and eat your
lunch!"

Marty threw his fork down.  I was calm, "You drop
that attitude right now, pick up that fork and start
eating this instant, or else you stay naked and leg-
hobbled for another year!  How does that sound?"

Marty just couldn't keep his mouth shut, and he
muttered, "Fuck this.  And fuck you, asshole!  I'm
going to have my own conversation with dad about
YOUR behavior, you homo jerk!"

I could have taken the Kontrol 200 prison strap and
given him 20 swats on the spot for that behavior.
But because I was angry, and to avoid the risk of
being too harsh with him and following Social
Services guidelines, I instead chose to lock him to
the wall for a couple of hours.  I unlocked his penis
ring from the chair, and led him by his penis ring to
the punishment wall and when I tug him along by
his penis ring, he is one little quick-stepper.

The punishment wall is a wall along one of our hallways
where Social Services had installed tethering rings at
various points in preparing our house to be ‘servant
friendly’.  I locked Marty by both his nose and penis
ring to the wall, so he was really ‘kissing the wall’,
as they say.

I kept him on the wall for three hours, even though
he would cry out from time to time, begging me to
release him, promising to behave.

When I finally did release him and order him back to
work on remodeling duties, he was pissed as hell.
But it was fun watching him control himself.  He
really wanted to swear at me in a powerful way, but
he knew I had him by his banded balls.

I had my talk with dad about the situation that
evening, and the following morning at breakfast, dad
announced to Marty and me his decision. "Marty,
I've decided to follow Craig's recommendation that
we keep you hobbled in leg braces, ball-banded, and
naked for another year.  You have not earned the
right to be clothed."
Marty, needless to say, was floored by the
announcement. "Dad, this isn't fair.  You can't do
this just based on what Craig says.  He's just a kid!"

Dad was firm, "Son, what you are doing right now is
exactly the thing Craig is talking about.  You are
constantly arguing with me; constantly trying to get
me to give in on my orders.  It needs to stop, son.
You need to accept the fact that, as a social servant,
when you are told to do something, you are
expected to do it."

Marty continued with his whining, "But Dad.  I've
been working hard on the remodel project.
Everyday I'm at it."

"Son, you do not have to remind me of the fact that
you are doing a good job on the remodeling.  But I do
need to remind you that failing to behave can result
in an extension of your term of service.  And always
arguing and complaining as you do is a failure to
behave."

Marty look frightened, "What are you saying, Dad?"

"I'm reminding you of reality.  You are a social
servant.  A servitor.  If you fail to do as you are
told on a regular basis, Craig and I can file for an
extension on your term of indenturement."

Marty looked like he would start crying, "Dad!"

"Now son, I'm not saying I'm going to do it; but it is
definitely something Craig and I have already
discussed, and it is in the mix of options for us."

Man it was fun watching Marty squirm.  Dad had him
by the balls, so to speak, and Marty broke down like
pitiable slaves do everywhere when they are put in
their place, "I'm sorry Dad.  I don't want to be any
trouble.  I will behave."

Dad continued, "And I want you to make the same
promise to your brother.  After all, he's the one who
has to put up with your whining most of the time."

Marty looked like he was really afraid of me.  I know
it was hard for him to get the words out, but he did.
"Craig, brother dearest, I'm sorry for my behavior. I
promise to start behaving and stop complaining."

Dad and I smiled at each other.  Dad was smiling
because the threat had a positive effect on Marty in
terms of getting him to alter unwanted behavior.  I
was smiling for that reason too, but also because it
just felt so damn great seeing my brother brought
down to where he needed to be.

I reached over and rubbed him on his mohawked
head, "Thank you, bro.  The extension on your leg
braces, nudity, and banded balls isn't such a bad
idea.  Dad was telling me earlier that keeping you in
leg braces for another year is coming at a good
time."

Dad explained, "That's right, Marty.  This decision
comes at a good time, because in a week or two
Craig is going to begin training you to take it ‘from
behind’, as they say.  We can be frank here.  We no
longer have any secrets from each other.  We all
sleep together in the same bed.  I've watched you
suck Craig off.  I can hear you licking out his
asshole in the morning.  No secrets at all. What we are
talking about is the fact that Craig is going to be
training you to get fucked, and leg braces are often
used on boys in training for getting fucked.  It
prevents them from bucking too much during a
fucking.

That will be a good thing not only for Craig,
because it will be a lot more enjoyable for him if he
doesn't have to fight your bucking as he tries to plug
you; but it will be good for you as well.  Craig will
be tying you down to the service table by your leg
braces, and that will help to steady you down and
keep you calm as he enters you for the first few
times, and loosens you up with some practice
thrusting."

Man, I was getting turned on just listening to dad
talk.

Dad nodded, got up and patted Marty on the
shoulder, "You'll handle it okay, Marty.  It's a very
special time for you two boys.  Craig is almost a
college boy now, and he is going to need all the
release and relief that you can provide.  And
remember, college boys work hard, and need to be
catered to.  Now that Craig is almost in college, he
needs to be respected and obeyed all the more."

Marty did not like to hear that.  He just sat there
silent.  He was one unhappy camper.  But when
you're a naked, leg-hobbled, slave, locked into your
feeding chair by a penis ring, you don't have too
much say in things.

As dad left he instinctively took his dishes to the
sink.  I spoke up, "Dad.  Why do you always take
your dishes to the sink?  That's what Marty is here to
do."

Dad came over and put a hand on my shoulder,
"You're right son.  Always looking out after me.  I
love you, Craig."

Dad kissed me on the cheek, and as he was about to
exit the kitchen on his way to work, and he spoke to
Marty. "Son, remember, it's time to buckle down and
get serious about behaving.  It's a new day around
here.  Craig and I aren't putting up any more with
the slightest defiance on your part.  Craig now has
my permission to not only perform all levels of
disciplinary action on you, but I have also promoted
him to senior status overseer.  That means that
Craig, is your overseer with the same status that I
have over you, can now file official reports to the
State Social Services Agency on your behavior. The
state evaluates all reports of senior status
overseers, and based on those reports determines your
eligibility for manumission."

Marty let out a confused, "What?"

Dad explained, "That means the reports Marty and I
file help the agency determine if you can be freed on
your original schedule, or whether your term should
be extended.  Based on negative reports, your term
of service could be extended anywhere from 6
months, to 6 years, or, in cases where there are
enough bad reports, even to a lifetime of servitude."

Dad left and there was silence in the kitchen.  The
aura in the room was special.  I don't know what
Marty was feeling, but I was giddy with my control
over him.  It wasn't any kind of mean or cruel delight
in having authority over him; rather it was a special
feeling that he was mine to take care for and protect.

Poor Marty was really looking defeated, so I went up
to him to comfort him.  I put my hand on his
shoulder and spoke, "Everything is going to be okay,
Marty.  Dad and I are just trying to help you.  That's
all.  I really want to help you, bro.  You can trust
me now, bro, since I'm almost a college boy.”

“I just want to help you, my dear older brother.  I'm

going to take care of you.  I'm going to help you behave

so your term of service doesn't have to be extended."

In a totally natural gesture of love, I moved both of
my hands to his shoulder and gave them a light
massage.  I then started gently petting his chest and
moved my hands down to his nipples and started
gently tweaking them.  I simply had a very warm
feeling towards Marty, and I wanted to express it.

It felt really warm and loving gently tweaking my
older brother's titty nipples.  But Marty didn't see
it as a sign of brotherly love.  He snapped at me, "Get
your hands away from me.  This is disgusting?"

I was shocked, and mad. "Disgusting?  I was just
trying to give you a little love, a little comfort,
and this is how you treat me?  You think what I was
doing is disgusting?  I'm trying to help you bro.  You
need to accept some love into your life."

Marty sneered, "You're a disgusting homo and I don't
need any love from you."

That did it.  I was pissed.  But I remained calm as I
unzipped my trousers and took out my cock.  My lips
curled in a sneer and I slowly started to waggle my
cock in Marty's face, "I suppose you think this is
disgusting too!"

Feeling up my brother's tits had given me a sizeable
erection, and being rather proud of the size of it, I
wanted my older brother to get a good look at it.  I
moved it right up to Marty's face, and poked it
against his cheek.  Marty was afraid to say or do
anything because I think he feared what I would do
to him; either in terms of physical discipline, or in
a written report to the state Social Services agency.

"Look, Marty, this is what my tweaking your tits did
to me, it got me nice and hard.  Take a good look at it,
bro.  You're going to be seeing and feeling a lot of
it, I guarantee you.  So you two need to become
friends!"

"You need to face the fact that you're my woman
now, bro.  Did you hear that?  That's what I said,
'you're my woman' and you have to do whatever I
say.  You have to service me whenever I want to get
serviced."  I gently touched him on his cheek.
"That's right, cutie-pie.  You are my little missy
now, and I get to play with your tits, ass, and pussy, all
I want."

Man, I was so fucking stoked with my power over
Marty.  It felt so good.  I wanted to rub my control
over him in a little bit more, so I spoke in even more
graphic terms. "Marty, in a few days I am going to
be splaying you out on the slave table, spreading
your legs apart as far as they will go, and tying them
down by your nifty leg braces.  I'm going to get you
nice and secured to the fucking table.  I'm going to
tie you down just the way a lot of other big, dumb,
lug-headed, slaves in this city, just like yourself,
have to get tied down every day for their fucking."

"I'm going to make sure your hole is gaping open
nice and wide for me, because I'm going to be
plugging you, bro.  I'm going to take this friend of
ours that you've been sucking on every night and
introducing it to your behind."

I waggled my cock some more and opened the piss
slit for Marty to see.  "This fella is going to be
snaking its way up your hole, Marty.  Up my own
brother's boy hole.  Are you going to be ready for me
bro, or do you want me to fit you with a comfort stop
for the next two weeks before we begin?  Wearing a
butt plug for a couple of weeks will help get you
prepared for me, Marty."

"But don't worry, Marty.  I'm going to be easy on
you, bro.  I'll enter you nice and slow at first, and
give you a few gently introductory thrusts before I
really get going on you.  Just think, I'm going to be
humping my sweet older brother in only a few days.
I don't know how you feel about that, Marty, but I
can't begin to express how excited I am."

"You'll be tied down to the table by your leg braces,
so you won't be able to get away from me.  I'm sure
your mohawked head will be bobbing and hollering,
but your ass will be staying in place as I take you
for the ride of your life."

My dirty talk got me so worked up that I released
Marty from his high chair, and led him by his cock
ring to our bedroom.  I made him start servicing me
by having him lick the area all around the base of my
cock and balls.  "Feels good, Marty.  How do you like
being my ball-sack sucker?  You like licking my balls
bro, the way I make you do each night before you
get to work on my cock?"

He didn't answer, but at least he kept slurping away.

At one point as he was licking me his nose touched
my cock, and that almost made me cum, "Man, you
better get to work on my cock right now, dude.  I'm
so close right now I don't want you to lose out on a
tasty snack!"

It was one of the most intense orgasms in my life.  I
watched Marty take it and swallow it.  He knows he
has to swallow my cum, and I love watching him
swallow my load.  Marty really is a hottie when he's
so totally subservient through no choice of his own.

When it was over, I was my usual magnanimous self,
"That was great, Marty.  Because it was so great I'm
going to let you jack off tonight after you rim me.
And I want to watch you.  I've never seen you jack
off before, and I'm sure dad would like to watch,
too."