**Helping My Brother**

Part Nine

By Randall Austin

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(Notes from the journal of Craig Soffel)

In two weeks I start college.  I am very excited.  I   
will be living at home as I attend the University, and  
it is an important and very major new event in my   
life.    
  
Another major new event in my life is also starting.    
Dad wants Marty employed in giving me full personal   
service before I start college, because the research   
indicates that students that have ‘personal services’   
slaves get better grades.    
  
On Social Services' guidelines, we introduced Marty   
to ‘personal service’ on a gradual basis.  It is   
supposed to be less traumatic on an ‘in family’ slave   
if the slave is introduced to giving such service just  
one step at a time.  So the first thing we had Marty   
do was get used to wiping my ass after I took a crap   
and to bathing me.  From there we had Marty get   
comfortable giving me full body massages, and doing   
my personal grooming.  
  
Like all personal service slaves, the next step was to  
introduce Marty to drinking dad's and my piss at   
nighttime to save us from those annoying bathroom   
trips.  
  
From there we had Marty do my cocksucking, and   
then shortly after that I introduced him to ass   
rimming.  While Marty does drink dad's piss at night,   
and occasionally gives him massages, Dad has not   
used Marty, so far, for sexual service.  My dad says   
he would have nothing against it, but for now dad   
gets all the relief he needs from his many female   
friends.  So I sort of have Marty all to myself on the  
important stuff.  
  
Surprisingly, with the aid of several encouragement   
devices, Marty has accepted the various modes of   
service fairly well.  He probably accepted them in   
that he knew he had no say in the matter and that   
complaining was only going to cause him pain.  Plus   
I think his servitor classes that he takes at the   
community college on Tuesday afternoons are really   
helping him to see that serving others is not such a   
bad thing.  
  
But dad and I could sense, from knowing Marty as   
we do and from the hints he had been giving us, that   
he would not take easily to being fucked.  And that   
was the next and final step in personal services   
training.  
  
Dad's suggestion was that I have my first go at him   
in the morning when he goes to work.  The plan was   
that dad would help me tie Marty down to the   
fucking table by his leg braces, with his legs spread   
wide, and then, once dad left for work, Marty and I   
could take our first ‘steps’ together in private.   
  
Three days before the actual first attempt, dad and I   
fitted Marty with a comfort stop that he was to wear   
until I was ready to fuck him.  Let me tell you, Marty  
did not like that comfort stop, and it was a real   
hassle getting him plugged and fitting him with the   
securing strap that holds the butt plug in place.  
  
The comfort stop forced Marty to walk around with   
his legs spread even wider and to take smaller steps   
than he was already taking because of his leg   
braces.  Getting butt plugged was quite humiliating   
for Marty, but it sure was comical watching him   
waddle around.  So funny, in fact, that I took a few   
videos of him waddling to show my buddies.  
  
I think Marty was actually relieved when the big day   
finally arrived, because he knew I would be removing   
the comfort stop once dad and I got him secured to   
the fucking table.  
  
To actually get Marty on the ‘service’ table, Dad and   
I had to use a technique common in servant training   
called ‘contemning’.  It is where you to talk to a   
slave almost as if he were a very young child, or a   
big dumb lug head.  You use very simple words and   
commands, and you repeat them as if the slave were   
really dense and couldn't understand basic English.   
And along with that you keep complimenting the   
slave when they do as requesting, exactly as one   
does to a dog in training.  The contemning technique   
sort of numbs the slave's sense of self-worth, and   
helps them submit more readily in a proper fashion.  
  
Dad got on one side of Marty, and I on the other,   
and as we escorted him to the table, Dad spoke to   
Marty as if he were a two-year old, "Come along   
now, big fella.  Marty and I want to help you.  There   
you go.  What a nice boy you are!"  
  
Dad and I finally got Marty lying face down on the   
padded fucking table, I spread his legs apart as wide   
as I could, and dad locked them in place by his leg   
braces.  It was a nice sight, with Marty's banded   
balls visible between his legs.  
  
With Marty securely tabled, dad went and stood in   
front of him, and rubbed him on his freshly trimmed   
and shaved Mohawk as he spoke further words of   
comfort and encouragement to him, still using the   
contemning approach.  "There, what a good boy you   
are!  You look so good, and you are going to make   
your brother very happy.  We're so proud of you.    
You should be proud of yourself, helping your   
brother with his studies like this."  
  
"I want you to cooperate fully with Craig.  This   
should be a beautiful moment for the both of you, if   
only you will cooperate Marty and help him do   
what he has to do."  
  
For some reason, Marty started sobbing.  Dad   
consoled him, "There's nothing to be upset about.    
This should be a very special day for you.  You are   
about to engage in a very special act with your   
brother sanctioned by the state.  You are almost like   
your brother's wife now, and therefore you have to   
do whatever he says.  Wives have to do whatever   
their husbands tell them to do, and so it is with you   
and Craig.  You are sort of like Craig's virgin bride   
and this should be a special moment for you.  Craig   
is about to explore you in a very special way, just   
like a husband does his new bride.  You have to submit to   
him just as women have to submit to their husbands   
whenever they are ordered."  
  
Dad rubbed Marty on the shoulder a bit to comfort   
him, then gave me a smile and a ‘thumbs up’ sign   
as he left the room to go off to work.  
  
I went up to the table and undid the locked strap   
that held Marty's comfort stop in place.  I pulled it   
out slowly, and then started doing some slow in and   
out fucking motions with it to help loosen him up   
even some more.  Marty moaned, so I explained,   
"Just getting you ready, bro, for our special moment.   
You heard dad.  You're like my wife now, and you   
have to do whatever I want you to do."  
  
"You look real good, Marty, all spread legged and   
ready, just waiting for your man.  Are you going to   
be a good little girl, and let me get in there without  
too much trouble?"  
  
After I had done some slow fucking of him with the   
plug, I reached between Marty's legs to get a feel of   
his cock, and to my surprise he was hard.  I   
complimented him, "It looks like my little woman is   
eager to get bitched."  
  
Working the plug in and out of my older brother’s ass   
got me so excited that I had to get down to   
business.  I pulled the plug out and started to   
undress, as Marty twisted a bit on the table in a   
futile attempt to escape.  
  
Once I was naked I knelt on the padded table in   
back of my brother's naked, waiting, ass, between   
his spread legs.  I knelt over him and put my face in   
his armpit and started licking.  As I slurped and   
slobbered his armpits I was dribbling precum as I   
had never done before.  His pits smelled heavenly.  
  
My boner was sticking straight up against my belly,   
and I was eager to get inside of him.  As I moved my   
rod closer to Marty's hole, my cock seemed to get   
even bigger and harder than it had been.  I put my   
dick to Marty's hole and circled it with my dick tip.   
I eased it in.  Marty let out some sobs, but the feeling  
was so glorious that I paid no attention to his  
crying.

I had intended to make my first fuck of Marty a   
special long drawn out affair, but I was in such a   
sexual frenzy that I couldn't hold back.  I did a few   
slow thrusts at first, but I just had to start  
humping.  It was a feeling beyond belief.  
  
And once I started humping Marty, I could not stop.    
It was too amazing.  I had intended to go gentle, but   
I couldn't control myself.  Marty felt so special that  
I was fucking away like a madman.  I spoke to Marty   
in my fucking frenzy, "Oh bro, you are so hot.  I   
wanted to go slow this first time, but I can't help   
myself."  
  
The fucking table was well padded, so I knew I could   
really bang away at Marty without hurting him; after   
all, that's what fucking tables are for, and I did.

I had never before fucked anything so hard, fast, and   
furious.  Marty was crying out, but it only drove me   
to bang him all that more harder.  When I finally came it   
seemed like my dick wouldn't stop squirting man   
juice.  And man, did I ever let out a scream of   
ecstasy as I shot my load.   
  
Once it was over, I stayed on top of Marty, still   
plugged into him, and spoke what I was feeling.  I   
could be honest, after all Marty was just a slave.

"Oh bro.  That was so fantastic.  I love you Marty, so   
much.  You made me feel so good.  This is so special."    
  
I started licking his neck, "You're just like my  
new little bride, honey, and I'm going to treat you real   
good as long as you behave and make me feel so   
good."  
  
As I pulled out of him, I kissed him all over the back  
of his head, neck, and back.  
  
I got off the table and rubbed Marty on his inner   
thigh, "I was going to let you up now, Marty, but   
that was so fantastic that I'm going to have another   
go at you in a couple of hours."  
  
Marty called out, "Please Craig, let me up."  
  
I gave him a playful slap on his ass, "No Marty.  I   
don't want to have to struggle with you to get you   
back on the table and secured.  You just stay there   
and relax.  I think you need a little time alone with   
yourself to think about your special new role in life.”  
  
“You're my special relief boy, and it means we are   
almost like being married."  
  
As I made myself a cup of tea, dad called me from   
his cell, "Son, I just stopped at Regal Social  
Services Supply Center and they will be delivering a urinal   
cage to the house in about an hour.  Could you be   
there for the delivery?"  
  
"I'll be here Dad.  Believe me.  I'm not going   
anywhere!"  
  
"I take it, son, things went well with you and Marty?"  
  
"Oh Dad, it was beyond fabulous.  Thank you so   
much."