**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."