**Helping My Brother**

Part Ten

By Randall Austin

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(Notes from the journal of Craig Soffel)

A lot of people, who don't own or aren't around   
social servants on a regular basis, often think, 'how   
cool it would be to own a slave who has to do   
whatever you tell it to do.'  And while it is indeed   
cool to have your own personal servant, it is   
important to realize that effective servitor husbandry  
requires quite a bit of maintenance, as well as a   
broad knowledge of various control procedures.

In other words, you don't just snap your fingers and   
order a servant to do something; to get to that point   
most servants need to have been shown the   
consequences of what happens if they don't respond   
to an order immediately.  And that takes time, effort,   
and a commitment to get the slave to performing   
at its full potential.  
  
When my friends catch me and my brother at the   
mall, or grocery shopping and they come over and   
talk to us, and Marty is standing tall, being quiet,   
and on his best behavior, that is not something that   
just happens.  It took lots of work on dad's and my   
part to get Marty to that point where he wasn't   
sulking and giving off an aura of 'the world treats   
me like shit'.  
  
Slaves constantly slip into that defeatist mode, and   
you have to be prepared to respond appropriately.    
It happened yesterday afternoon when I ordered   
Marty into the bathroom to get himself ready for an   
enema.  Needless to say, he created a scene.  He not   
only whined, but he was defiant, "What in the hell is   
this about?"  
  
I was firm, "You don't have to know what this or   
anything else is about.  All you have to do is get  
your ass in that bathroom, and bend over the tub,   
because you're getting cleaned out!"  
  
He hissed, "This is fucked."  
  
I remained calm, "Come on bro, don't make me have   
to use any ‘implements’ on you.  You know I hate to   
do that.  You're my own brother.  It really hurts me   
to have to treat you like some animal-brained quarry   
slave."  
  
Marty didn't budge.   
  
I really didn't want to have to use the flesh clutch  
or screws on him, so the first thing I did was to   
‘contemn’, which is using really harsh language and   
basically treating a slave like he's a lug head.  
  
"Listen you fucking piece of worthless shit, you get   
your gawwdamn naked slave ass into the bathroom,   
bend over, and spread your fucking braced legs!  I   
have just about had it!  It's enema time, big bro,   
whether you like it or not!  Time to get your tush   
cleaned and rinsed.  If you aren't in that bathroom in   
one minute, I'm writing this up and sending it to   
social services.  Maybe you'd like to spend a couple   
more years in servitude, you fucking loser twat!"  
  
The threat of a ‘write up’ usually gets Marty   
hopping.  When he realized that I basically had him   
by the balls, he made his way into the bathroom with   
a "Fuck this shit!"  
  
When, after a few minutes, I followed him into the   
bathroom, Marty was indeed in position, bent over   
the bathtub with his ass sticking out.  It was a nice   
sight.  
  
And giving my older slave brother an enema actually   
turned out to be quite a pleasurable experience for   
me in terms of control.  Marty did as he was told,   
and when, after filling him up with soapy water and   
then having him hold it in until I gave him the   
command to relieve himself on the pot; it was a   
totally delightful thing to witness.  Seeing my  
brother eagerly hop on the toilet to relieve himself like a   
little kid finally allowed to do what he wanted, gave   
me an unexpected thrill.  It provided me with that   
most satisfying level of control over another human   
being that great writers on the culture of servitor   
husbandry have often written about.    
  
I had read that enemas are a wonderful control and   
teaching tool, and that single enema experience   
seemed to turn Marty into a more pliant and   
subservient creature.  I now intend to give Marty   
enemas on a weekly basis.  
  
I ended up giving Marty two flushes, yet as I did so I  
did not tell him why he was being cleaned out.    
Several weeks ago Dad had planned a party for our   
male friends and relatives to celebrate my entrance   
into college.  And dad thought it best that we not  
tell Marty ahead of time that we planned on ‘urinal   
caging’ him and using him as a urinal for the party.  
  
Marty had to be cleaned out, because he was going   
to be locked in the urinal cage in a sitting position  
for the entire evening, possibly for as long as nine   
hours, and we didn't want to have to interrupt the   
festivities in case Marty had to take a dump.    
  
A urinal cage is basically a box that just leaves the   
slave's head sticking out.  In the box the slave is   
seated on a low stool, secured in place, and is fitted  
  
with a catheter condom with a tube that leads to a   
urine collection bottle so he can pee while locked in   
the box.  
  
Outside of the box, there is a set of head immobilizer  
straps which keeps his head held in one position.    
Around the slaves neck goes a catcher tray, which is   
a splashguard which collects any urine which dribbles   
out of the slave's mouth.  And the slave's mouth is   
fitted with an ‘O’ ring flanged mouth guard, which   
keeps his mouth held wide open, and his teeth   
covered in a molded plastic guard, so the teeth can't   
abrade the urinal users' private parts.  
  
People not into the culture of modern, enlightened,   
servitude often have some very backward ideas   
about certain modes of service which slaves are   
today commonly engaged in.  Their ignorance on the   
subject often leads them to make a big deal out of   
things that are in fact not only perfectly acceptable,   
but downright wholesome and beautiful; and in fact   
even have an overall salutary effect on the slave.  
  
The fact of the matter is that urinal slavery is an   
outright hoot, fun for both those who use the urinal,   
and the servant on duty.  And in both Europe and   
America they are fast becoming super popular as   
party and event attractions.  
  
The dealer at Social Services told dad that urinal   
cages are their most popular rental item, and that at   
any given time there are at least 100 urinal cages in   
use throughout the Portland area and this says   
nothing about folks who own their own cages.  
  
When dad came home from work, we both   
approached Marty and told him that we were going   
to put him in the urinal box.  He nearly had a fit.    
But because both dad and I are pretty strong and fit,   
we did manage to get Marty into the box and   
strapped in without having to use the taser on him.    
Once we had him secured in the box, it was an easy   
matter fitting his penis with a condom catheter.    
  
Once we closed the box with Marty strapped down   
inside of it in a seated position, we secured the   
straps that immobilized his head.  Of course, when   
we asked him to open his mouth so we could fit him   
with the O-ring, he refused.  But we managed to get   
him to open up by having dad pinch his nose while I   
squeezed and twisted his ears really hard.  Once we   
got the O-ring in his mouth, the final step was to put  
the drip collar on around his neck.  
  
When we finally had Marty all secured and ready to   
go, he was quite a sight.  I thought he looked great   
and told him so.    
  
Marty started crying, and dad tried to comfort him,   
"Son, don't be upset. This is nothing to be ashamed   
of, Marty.  This is all perfectly okay.  You need to  
be proud, and think how lucky you are to be in the   
same ranks as all those other wonderful servants   
providing such a delightful service.  Social Services   
tells me that at any given time in the Portland area   
there are over a hundred urinal boxes in use.  That   
means, son, that right now there are at least a   
hundred other boys rigged up just like you,   
throughout the city, providing this wonderful, fun,   
service for family and friends.  That makes you one   
of a very special group; urinal boys.  There aren't   
many servants out there who get to be put into a   
urinal cage and serve their family and friends.  It is  
a special mode of service, and it should be considered   
an honor."  
  
Marty mumbled something we couldn't understand,   
and dad continued comforting him, "Son, this is   
simply a fun novelty for everyone.  We certainly   
don't mean to demean you.  We just want everyone   
to have a good time, and you can help us do that,   
sweetie.  It should be a hooting good time for our   
guests.  And I know you want Craig to have a   
wonderful time at his party."  
  
"We are only doing this, Marty dear, because we love   
you and want you to be all that you can be.  You   
know as well as Craig and I do that you need to   
learn to respect free people, and having you in the   
urinal box will help you do that, son."  
  
It seemed like Marty understood, all though we   
couldn't really tell.  Dad snapped a bunch of photos   
of Marty in the urinal box.  They turned out really   
good, because in the photos Marty's eyes are bug-  
eyed wide open, and he's all teary faced, and the   
photos show clearly just how wide open the O-ring   
holds his mouth open.  And on top of that Marty had   
a somewhat terrified expression on his fact that was   
really comical.  
  
Dad asked me if I wanted to be the first one to ‘test   
drive’ our new urinal, and I said, "Sure!"  
  
It felt really good.  I gave dad a wink as I took the  
first whiz in our new urinal.  There is a sign affixed  
to the outside of the urinal cage for users. ‘For the   
comfort of the social servant serving as your host's   
urinal, please eliminate as slowly, and with as little  
urethral force, as possible’.

I followed the directions, and Marty didn't spill a drop.

I patted him on the head and told him what a good piss   
drinker he was.  
  
It makes no difference, however, if someone using   
the urinal should ignore the instructions.  The urine   
collection collar around the neck of the servant has a  
hose that drains into the same bottle that collects   
the slave's urine.  Thus, if the servant should   
sputter, spill, or dribble piss out of his mouth, the   
collection collar around the slave's neck keeps the   
floor around the urinal cage free of spillage.  
  
The party had a good mood going right from the   
outset.  The guests were all in high party spirits as   
soon as they arrived and were happy to help send   
me off to college with a good time.  We invited only   
male friends and relatives, but some of the guys   
brought female friends, and two guys even brought   
their young daughters.  
  
Dad and I had placed the urinal cage in a hallway   
just off the rear entrance.  Guests were freely   
hanging out there at the start of the party, drinking   
their beers and watching the guests use the novelty   
urinal.  Everyone seemed to be having a good time,   
drinking, chatting, laughing, joking, etc...  At one   
point when Dad and I entered the hallway and saw   
about 5 guys standing around the urinal cage   
drinking their beers, chatting, and watching the real   
live urinal slave in action.  Dad said to me, so that  
all could hear, "Well Craig, it looks like you and I made   
a big mistake.  We knew the urinal cage would be a   
fun attraction, but we had no idea it would be the   
center of attention.  I say that we move this thing   
out into the middle of the living room where there is   
more room, and everyone can get to watch the   
action."  
  
Everyone agreed that the urinal cage should be   
moved, and since the urinal cage is on wheels, I,   
with the help of two of our guests, had no problem   
rolling it out into the living room.  You should have   
seen Marty, his head sticking out, locked in the piss   
catcher collar, his mouth held wide open by the O-  
ring flange, and his eyes wide open in humiliating   
disbelief.  When we finally rolled the urinal cage  
into the living room, everyone broke out into applause.  
  
It was interesting to watch how people responded to   
having a urinal cage.  It's sort of like when you go  
on vacation to a cabin by a lake, and some of the guys   
go skinny-dipping.  Soon every one gathers around   
and suddenly it's perfectly okay if people you would   
never before have allowed to see you naked, now   
get to see glimpses of everything you got.  Suddenly   
it's no big deal if friends and family members see   
you all bare and having a good time.  
  
It was the same thing with the urinal cage.    
Suddenly it was okay not only for guys to take a piss   
in front of each other, and even in front of some   
females both young and old; but to actually let it be   
known that pissing was a fun, crazy, kind of raunchy,   
kind of a good-feeling, thing to do.  
  
When my Uncle Joseph took his first piss using the   
urinal box and got his cock into Marty's mouth, he   
spoke to me so all could hear. "Boy, Craig, you and   
your dad sure have it made; living the life of luxury  
here with your own urinal slave.  Just like some   
gawwdamn emir."  
  
Everyone laughed, but what Uncle Joseph said was   
true.  It is a luxury having a servant, and dad and I  
could never have afforded a personal servant; but   
since Marty is an indentured family member, it is sort  
of like getting a slave for free.  Marty is, in fact,   
legally our property, and if we wanted to lease him   
out, we could do that.  But we wouldn't do that, of   
course, because the whole idea of having Marty put   
into a servitor program was to help him get over   
some of the problems he was having.  
  
It was interesting the way everyone spoke to Marty   
as they used him, as if he were just another guest at   
the party.  Marty, of course, couldn't respond, what   
with his O-ring and their dicks in his mouth, but the   
guests spoke to him as if he were any other guest   
standing around with a beer in their hands.  
  
When Uncle Phil put his cock in the urinal mouth for   
the first time he looked around the room and gave a   
knowing wink and nod to everyone in the room.    
Everyone laughed.  He then spoke to Marty as he   
pissed, "Marty, your dad tells me that this program   
is working out real good for you.  I am happy to see   
you are doing so well."  
At one point, when our old family friend, Rich   
Valenti, put his dick in Marty's mouth, he exclaimed,   
"Boy, does this ever feel good!"  He then made a few   
thrusting jabs with his hips, smiling as he looked   
about the room.  Again, everyone laughed out loud.    
It was all in good fun, and it was, after all, a  
party.  
  
All evening long, the guys took lots of cell phone   
pictures of each other as they pissed.  The entire   
event was well recorded.  
  
Uncle Peter was there with his son Norman, who   
brought two of his friends to the event.  When Uncle   
Peter put his cock into Marty's mouth, and he spoke   
encouragingly to Marty, "It's good to see you looking   
so good, Marty.  Your dad tells me you are making   
great improvement in your behavior.  I'm so happy   
to hear that this program is helping you."  
  
Norman and his friends were absolutely delighted   
seeing Marty in the urinal box.  Norman explained to   
his friends, as they pissed, the reasons for Marty's   
indenturement. "Marty's dad had him indentured   
because Marty is the kind of kid who benefits from,   
and needs, corporal punishment, and this program   
has been just the thing for him!"  
  
One of Norman's friends was amazed, "Wow, you   
mean Marty still gets spanked at his age?"  
  
I could tell that Marty was really pissed at having   
Norman there and talking about him, but Norman   
answered the question as if he were some kind of   
seasoned overseer, repeating what he had once   
heard my dad tell Uncle Peter, "Marty is the   
kind of boy who needs and responds well to corporal   
punishment, so naturally his Dad and Craig use a lot   
of it on him."  
  
While it's true that dad and I use a lot of physical   
discipline on Marty, I personally felt it was the kind  
of thing Norman shouldn't have been making so   
public, because it's often humiliating for slaves to   
have their discipline regimen made public.  
  
Norman's friends were amazed by the information   
and, being rather immature for their age (just like   
Norman), spent most of the rest of the evening   
laughing and giggling over the fact that a 21 year old  
kid was spanked and disciplined on a regular basis.   
  
The party was pretty much a super fun time for all.    
Towards the end of the evening, when everyone was   
pretty loaded, I was told that there was a flurry of   
activity around the urinal box as Norman and his two   
friends kept their cocks in Marty's mouth for a long   
time after they had finished pissing, and were trying   
to get off in Marty's mouth.  It wasn't a really big   
deal as far as I was concerned, and those adults in   
the room who knew what was going on minded their   
own business; probably figuring 'it’s no big deal;   
boys will be boys’.    
  
But other than that childish behavior by Norman and   
his friends, everyone pretty much behaved   
themselves; rather amazing considering all of the   
beer that was consumed.  
  
Because the urinal was getting used non-stop, at one   
point dad took a peek inside the urinal cage to see if  
the urinal bottle was getting filled up.  It was, Marty   
obviously was doing a lot of pissing himself, but dad   
figured there was still enough space in the large   
urine collection bottle to last until the end of the   
party.   
  
As the party wound down, and the guests started   
leaving, most of the guests went up to Marty to   
thank him for being their urinal and told him how   
nice it was to see him again.  
  
Roger Canlis, one of dad's best friends, patted Marty   
on his mohawked head, "Marty, I am so happy to   
see you finally getting your act together."  
  
Watching our guests, mainly old time friends and   
relatives, stick their dicks into Marty's mouth and   
relieving themselves all evening long, and with Marty   
locked in the urinal cage and having no choice but to   
accept their cocks and swallow their piss, was, I   
admit, a major turn on for me.    
  
I guess the evening got me so worked up and   
sexually stoked because the whole urinal cage thing   
was helping Marty to accept his status in a positive,   
life-enhancing, way.  It encouraged him, I felt, to   
always look at the positive side of things.  And I   
guess that by knowing it was helping Marty, I saw it   
as a good and pleasurable thing.  
  
But whatever the reason, Marty in the urinal cage got   
me so excited, I do know that by the end of the   
evening, when our last guest had left, I had a hardon   
that felt like it was made of concrete.  
  
Once the guests were gone, dad and I opened up the   
urinal box.  We removed the piss-catcher tray from   
around Marty's neck, undid the head immobilizer   
straps, took off the O-ring that kept his mouth open   
and guarded his teeth, released his cock from the   
condom catheter, and undid the straps that locked   
him on the stool.  We both helped Marty to his feet   
and rubbed him all over to help invigorate him, and   
let him know that we loved him.  His naked limbs felt   
good to me as I rubbed them.  
  
Dad thanked Marty and ordered him to empty the   
piss bottle; to take a shower; to make himself a   
snack; and then to get himself all prettied up for us.  
  
I wondered what dad meant by that ‘for us’, and   
when Marty left to take a shower, Dad asked me if I   
planned on fucking Marty that evening.  I told him I   
was, and dad then told me that he thought it would   
be nice if Marty sucked him off as I fucked him.  
I was unbelievably thrilled by the request.  Dad,   
Marty, and I, all slept in the same big bed.  Marty   
drank Dad's and my piss at night on a regular basis,   
and he was in bed with us most of the times when I   
either had Marty suck me off or I gave him a fucking.   
  
And now dad was finally going to join us.  It was   
almost like a dream come true.  I knew it was going   
to be a beautiful family-bonding evening, and I felt   
as if life couldn't get any better.  
  
When I joined dad in bed, he was naked under the   
sheets.  I found that so exciting since he always   
slept in his underwear.  Since Marty became my   
personal slave, I had long ago become used to being   
naked in front of dad as Marty serviced me.  But   
being in the same bed with my dad also naked was   
unlike anything else.  It made me feel more naked   
than ever, and it was a wonderful feeling.  
  
Not too much later, Marty entered the room, and   
just as dad had ordered, he was looking fresh as a   
daisy.  He was all scrubbed and fresh smelling, and   
had combed his hair really neatly for us.  Dad   
complimented him, and then patted the bed to invite   
him to join us.  
  
Marty was pretty surprised when we told him he   
would be blow-jobbing dad as I fucked him.  We had   
him get on all fours and start licking dad's balls.  
  
When dad pulled off the sheet covering himself and   
revealed his waiting, pulsing, hardon to us, for me it  
was like seeing the Holy Grail.  Dad was a sex   
animal.  I told Marty, "That's the cock that made you   
and me, bro.  Treat it real special."  
  
As I lubed up I watched Marty start his work on dad.   
You should have seen him going at dad's cock; his   
mohawked head bobbing up and down; his banded   
balls hanging low and swaying; his braced legs   
spread out waiting for me to assume my position in   
back of him; and his lips slobbering away on dad's   
power muscle.  He was one great looking slave.  
  
I positioned my cock at his hole and entered him   
slowly.  It was an awesome feeling; like our family   
had finally come ‘home’.  After I started slowly   
thrusting, I could hear Marty make some really noisy   
slobbering sounds over dad's cock.  I looked up and   
could see why; dad was watching me take Marty   
from the rear and his cock and grown larger than   
ever.  
  
Dad was in ecstasy, and as dad and I made eye   
contact, he took hold of Marty by his slave ears so   
he could better control his head bobbing.  As I sped   
up my fucking pace, I reached down and grabbed   
Marty's dick.  He was as hard as a rock.  I started   
jerking his cock for him, "Come on Marty, show dad   
and me what a big boy you are.  Let's see you squirt   
a nice big pile of slave juice!  Show dad and me what   
a good slave boy you are!"  
  
We all started moaning together as we reached our   
climaxes.  My spurting went on and on; I could tell   
Dad was shooting a big load, and Marty didn't let us   
down.  He shot gobs and gobs of juice all over dad's   
legs and balls.  
  
Afterwards I made Marty lick dad’s legs and balls

clean and then we all cuddled together, with Marty in the   
middle.  I think he knew that dad and I really loved   
him and the work he was doing for us.  It was an   
unforgettable evening, and I was now officially a   
college boy.