**Helping My Brother**

Part Eleven

By Randall Austin

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(Notes from the journal of Craig Soffel)

Slave owners, like all other special interest groups,   
get all kinds of junk mail about slaves; business's   
trying to sell various accouterments; vets providing   
services for slaves at cheaper rates than regular   
physicians; punishment houses offering discounts on   
weekend training sessions; clothing houses offering   
wide varieties of servant uniforms.  
  
One day at dinner I was flipping through a flier from   
a local Portland business, ‘Chucky's’, which sells   
mainly servant control devices, and noticed a ‘male   
genital guard’.  I showed dad the picture, and read   
to him what the flier said about it, "Male genital   
guards, commonly referred to as ‘chastity control’   
devices, are very useful tools for improving a   
servant's level of production, both in terms of task   
focus and work output."    
  
Dad nodded and I asked, "What do you say Dad,   
should we get Marty fitted with one?"  
  
Marty, who was tethered to his servant high chair by   
his penis ring, was sitting next to me, and let out a   
whine, "Dad!"  
  
Dad would normally probably have been against a   
genital guard, but Marty's attitude irked him, and he   
said, "Whatever you say, son.  If you think it could   
help your brother to put a lid on his complaining,   
then we can give it a try."  
  
I smiled perhaps a bit too broadly at my victory over   
Marty, but I looked at Marty and explained, "All I   
want to do is help you, Marty.  Help you to be the   
best that you can be.  That's all."  
  
Marty hissed a "Fuck you!"  I wrote up a behavior   
infraction report online later that day with Social   
Services.  
  
And I made an afternoon appointment for a ‘genital   
guard’ fitting for Marty at ‘Chucky's’.  
  
I like the fact that we keep Marty naked and leg   
braced, and I felt that the addition of a genital guard   
to the mix of control options we use on him would   
overall enhance his subservability (a big word slavers   
use a lot).  
  
As my personal servant, I also like to see Marty's   
genitals exposed as he works around the house and   
sexually services me.  But I thought it might be fun   
if I were to control his sexual release, and let him   
cum only once every two or three weeks.  It might   
improve his behavior; and who knows, maybe it   
really will speed up his work on the house   
remodeling project.  
  
Chucky's is a place where the two guys who own it   
are really into the culture of social servitude.  When I   
brought Marty in they gathered around, genuinely   
interested in Marty's comportment and how I   
handled him.  
  
Chuck Manson, after whom the business is named,   
was quite personable.  He commented on Marty's   
jumpsuit, "I take it you only put this jumper on him   
when you go out.  Am I correct?"  
  
I liked Chuck immediately, "Yes.  He is in a servitor   
rehab program, so household nudity was   
recommended to us as a means of helping with his   
formation."  
  
Chuck nodded, "I see.  So that's probably the reason   
you also have him leg braced?"  
  
When I replied that it was the reason, Rod, one of   
the other owners suggested we try out some other   
model leg braces.  I replied that we didn't have   
money to buy anything fancier than what the state   
provided for us, but that we were interested in   
purchasing the genital guard that was advertised as   
'on sale' in their flier.  
  
Servant supply houses usually do not provide special   
hidden areas or fitting rooms for slaves, and   
Chucky's was no exception.  They just had Marty   
unbutton his jumpsuit and roll it down to his knees   
right there on the salesroom floor.  
  
Rod came over with the measuring tapes as Chuck   
admired Marty's body, "May I ask, is he your   
brother?"  
  
When I replied that he was, Chuck smiled, "That is   
so cool.  I thought so.  You look a little bit alike.  You   
two make a handsome couple."  
  
Rod gave me a knowing smile as he measured   
Marty's thighs, "He looks like a juicy fuck!"  
  
I smiled, nodded and winked, and gave him the "A-  
OK" sign.    
  
Chuck laughed and joined in the silliness, did a   
finger-fucking sign with his hands, and then asked,   
"Is he behaving?"  
  
"Not as well as we would like.  That's why we are   
going to try the genital guard.  My dad agreed with   
me in thinking that a guard might give us the edge   
we need in getting him to be just where we want   
him."

Rod asked, "So, you want a real quick-stepper?"  
  
I responded, "That would be nice.  But what we   
really want is to just get rid of his damn annoying   
attitude problem."  
  
Chuck added, "Well a genital guard is certainly a   
step in the right direction.  The model on sale   
prevents all contact of a servant with his genitals,   
but we have another model that not only prevents   
access, but also prevents erections."  
  
I replied, "That sounds good to me", and asked how   
much it was.  Unfortunately it was too expensive.    
The erection inhibitor model was not only not on   
sale, but it was far more expensive than anything we   
could afford.  I went with the model that was on   
sale.  
  
Rod fitted Marty with the genital guard, and as he   
did so showed me how to do it as well.  
  
Once Marty was fitted with the guard, Rod pulled up   
his jumpsuit and I told Marty to button up.  As we   
left the store Chuck called out, "Make sure you keep   
the keys to the genital guard well hidden from him!"  
  
I laughed, "Thanks Chuck.  You can be sure that I   
will!"  
  
On the way home in the car Marty wasn't exactly   
complaining; he struggled to hold it in, but he was   
talking a lot about how things used to be between us   
and how I had changed for the worse.  
  
It sounded like complaining enough to me that when   
I got home I filed another behavior infraction with   
Social Services.  
  
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In the three months since I've been preventing   
Marty from having non-stop access to his genitals via   
the genital guard, Marty's behavior has improved a   
bit.  I, unfortunately, usually let him have access to   
his genitals at least once a week while he services   
me because I so love watching his dick squirt cum as   
he services me.  If I weren't so sexually attracted to   
Marty, I probably could get much better behavior out   
of him by drastically cutting down on the number of   
times he has access to his genitals over the course of   
a year. Some writers on servitor control suggest   
allowing a slave no more than ten ejaculations a   
year.    
  
But on the days just before I take his genital guard   
off, Marty is like putty in my hand.  He's like a little   
boy trying super hard to please his parents.

Controlling Marty's access to his cock is such a high   
for me; it's like controlling his very soul.  
  
But I have to admit, when I do remove his genital   
guard, I'm usually as excited as Marty is, so much do   
I love seeing his uncontrollable erection spring out of   
its cage.  
  
Almost three weeks ago when Marty's genitals had   
been locked away for 7 days, and when I normally   
would have removed the genital guard so he could   
relieve himself as he relieved me, I decided not to,   
because I was leaving the following day on a 10 day   
combined intensive field trip involving all my science   
classes.  I figured that depriving him access to his   
cock for about 20 days total would help him realize   
just how good he has it with me as his chief   
overseer.  
  
Unfortunately, the day I arrived home from my field   
trip turned out to be the bleakest day in my entire   
life.  Marty was not at home.  When I went to dad to   
let him know I had returned, and to find out where   
Marty was, he solemnly invited me into his study.  
  
Dad was not happy with me, to put it mildly.  He had   
received notice from Social Services that it was their   
recommendation, based on the reports filed by   
Marty's legally authorized overseers, that Marty be   
assigned to a lifelong term of servitude.  Since dad,   
it turns out, had only written Marty up once, he knew   
that the other 50 write-ups were sent by me.  
  
When dad told me that write-ups were only to be   
done for very serious matters. I told him that I   
thought all the write-ups I did were warranted.  He   
explained that write-ups were not for such things as   
a servant talking back or refusing to work as fast as   
I would like, but for such things as theft and threats   
or acts of violence.  
  
Dad told me that Marty was right now with a Social   
Services attorney who was advising him on how to   
appeal the decision.  Social servants may always   
appeal decisions that negatively affect them.  But if   
the appeal is proven to be frivolous, it usually results   
in their term of service being extended.  But because   
someone in Marty's situation has nothing to lose if he   
doesn't gain a decision in his favor, it is always wise   
for servants to appeal a judgment calling for a full-  
life term of indenturement.  
  
I was shocked, and very embarrassed, at the news.    
I asked dad why we couldn't just go and explain that   
I had misunderstood the use of write-ups, and dad   
explained that when I signed the paper making me   
one of Marty's legal overseers, it stated in fine print   
that any reports I filed against my charge were   
irrevocable.  
  
But that wasn't the worst news.  Dad told me that   
since false accusations and infraction write-ups   
against servants were a very serious matter because   
they risked extending a servant's term of   
indenturement, the punishment for those who do so   
is severe; usually resulting in a sentence of criminal   
indenturement.  
  
I lost it.  I started crying like a fool, told dad I   
couldn't bear the thought of being indentured, and   
that I was a college student.  They couldn't just take   
me out of college and make me a slave.  
  
Dad told me they could do that, but that I shouldn't   
worry about it.  Social Services told him that the   
judges who review the cases take the whole picture   
into consideration before passing judgment.  They   
also told him that if I were indentured, even though I   
would then be a ward of the state and be put to work   
on some public works project, I could probably still   
live at home, since the state saves a lot of money on   
housing by having the criminally indentured live with   
relatives.  
  
It was all pretty bleak; dad told me that if Marty lost   
his appeal he would be taken into surgery for   
processing as a lifer servant.  What they would do to   
him in surgery I didn't even want to think about.    
But even worse; dad told me that if Marty won his   
appeal, he would probably be freed from his term of   
indenturement.  
  
The thought of me being enslaved and Marty being   
free was something I was not prepared to handle,   
and I let dad know how I felt. "Dad, this is so crazy.    
What have I ever done to deserve this?  Marty is the   
one who was always getting into trouble with the   
law.  Not me!  What have I ever done but try to help   
you and Marty out by overseeing him?  Why all of a   
sudden am I some awful person because I was just   
reporting that Marty wasn't obeying?  That's what I   
thought I was supposed to be doing.  It doesn't   
seem fair.  Dad, the thought of being a slave scares   
me.  Real bad!"  
  
Dad came and hugged me and told me he agreed   
with me, and that I was probably getting worked up   
over nothing.  
  
While that hug made me feel better, what I don't like   
about this whole thing is the fact that I am somehow   
being made out to be the bad guy just because I   
sent a few emails.  To me, a slave is someone who is   
supposed to do what he's told.  I think a   
misbehaving slave is a serious matter; me simply   
reporting bad behavior is not a serious wrong; in   
fact it is right and good.  The system is fucked.  I   
think it's totally unfair that I'm being made out to be   
some kind of shit just because I have high   
standards.  What's the sense of having a slave if you   
can't get it to do what you want it do?  
  
If Marty wins the appeal, I swear there is no way in   
hell I'm going to accept servitude.  I'm checking with   
my old friend Dave Thorson on the ins/outs of using   
Canada to escape the US Social Services Authority.    
Or maybe I can make up some kind of story that   
having sex with my brother, as is the norm these   
days if your brother is a slave, got my head   
confused.  
  
I don't know what I'm going to do.  But I promise   
you; I will never be a slave to dad and Marty!