**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!