**Helping My Brother**

Part Twelve

By Randall Austin

This story is erotic fiction meant for mature readers and should only be read by adults over the age of eighteen years old. Please do not use my stories without my permission and please forward all comments to [randallaustin2011@hotmail.com](mailto:randallaustin2011@hotmail.com)

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(Notes from the journal of Craig Soffel)

The Clackamas County Social Services building is a   
massive affair.  Although it is only 12 stories high, it   
covers the span of an entire city block.  It not only   
house's the county's social services agency, it also is   
the headquarters of Oregon state's Social Services   
Authority.  The building contains everything from   
holding cells, hearing rooms, auction rooms, show   
rooms, the largest servant training center in the   
state, as well as several retail stories serving the   
needs of servant owners.  As a child the building   
both fascinated and terrified me as I tried to imagine   
what was taking place behind all of those windows.  
  
As I made my way into the building with my dad and   
Marty to the hearing room where Marty and I would   
find out our fates, it was my hope that I wouldn't   
have to find out what went on in the deeper recesses   
of the building.  
  
I had been nervous and upset for the entire week,   
but now as dad, Marty, and I, took our seat in the   
courtroom, I felt like crying from fear.  But I was   
resolved that if I was sentenced to a term of   
indenturement, I would not stay in the states.  The   
only reason I attended the hearing and didn't skip   
town was because I had found out that Social   
Services was so backed up on their training   
schedules, that if I were to be indentured, it would   
be at least three weeks before there would be room   
for me in the training program.  During that waiting   
period my plan was to escape to Canada.  
  
We didn't have to wait long for the judge and his   
retinue to enter the hearing room and pronounce the   
verdict.  
  
The bailiff asked me to stand, and the judge spoke,   
"Craig Alexander Soffel, the charges you made   
against your brother, Martin, were brought about   
because of ignorance of the law.  Unfortunately for   
you, ignorance of the law is not an excuse for   
someone who holds a handler's certificate, however   
junior its reach and permissions.  Therefore, this   
court fines you $5000 for the jeopardy in which you   
placed your brother, Martin Soffel."    
  
"Further, we have determined that for you to remain   
eligible to serve as a servitor overseer in this State   
of Oregon you must once again successfully take the   
state's servitor handler's training and exam."  
  
"Please visit the bursar after this hearing to arrange   
payment of your fine and to hand over your state   
issued handler's certificate, which we have deemed   
invalid."  
  
The judge banged his gavel and ordered Martin to   
stand, "Martin Justin Soffel; in the interest of saving   
the taxpayers of Oregon State costly reviews, it is   
customary for our agency to review a servitor's   
record and term of service every time a servitor's   
dossier has cause to come before the review board.    
Although your term of service was originally set at   
four years, on review we have decided that a change   
in your term of service is warranted."  
  
"Martin Justin Soffel, on review of your record of   
service this court finds you to have successfully   
acclimated to servitude.  For that, you should be   
proud of yourself.  We have reviewed the initial   
charges brought against you by court order that   
resulted in your receiving a term of indenturement of   
four years; and we have taken into consideration the   
charges against you brought by your brother, and   
the single charge filed by your father.  Though the   
charges brought by your brother, Craig, have been   
shown to have been improperly rendered, we have   
redressed that issue.   But in our review we,   
nevertheless, can take into consideration the sum   
and substance of all charges.  It is our verdict that   
because of the success you have achieved as   
servitor; and because of the pattern of willfulness   
that constantly enters into your affairs at unguarded   
moments; and because society and yourself are best   
served by your remaining indentured; and because   
the service you provide your family and society is   
wholly salutary on your behalf; and because the   
Oregon State Psychiatric Review Board has   
determined you to be a recidivist; and because it   
pleases both your immediate family and this court;   
the State of Oregon hereby remands you to a term   
of indenturement for life.  Martin Justin Soffel, you   
are now the property of your father for him to do   
with as he wishes."  
  
"This court is adjourned."  
  
Marty screamed, dad tried to calm him down, and   
the bailiff snapped his fingers to summon the   
guards. "Get him leashed and muzzled!"    
  
Two guards quickly had Marty muzzled and leashed   
as ordered, and the bailiff then ordered the guards.   
"He is to be taken immediately into the surgery unit   
to be surgically processed as a lifer!"   
  
The bailiff saw dad and me and let us approach   
Marty.  Dad hugged Marty, "It's going to be okay   
son.  Some mistakes have been made.  But I think   
we have all learned something from this experience."  
  
As dad hugged Marty, Marty looked dazed.  I was   
just as dazed as Marty was.  Dad spoke to us, "Why   
don't you two boys hug each other and make up."  
  
I eagerly hugged Marty, even though it was very   
weird hugging a muzzled guy who was attached to a   
leash held by a burly guard.  I told Marty that I loved   
him, and was sorry for the mess up.  Marty didn't   
say anything, but my apology must have moved him   
because he was crying.