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| **Helping My Brother**  Part Thirteen  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)  Randall Austin’s Archive Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>  (Notes from the journal of Craig Soffel)  When the judge announced that Marty was  remanded to a term of life-long slavery, it was one of  the happiest days in our family's life, for we would  now be able to love and care for Marty for the rest of  his life, and give him, for all time, the guidance he  needs.  When Marty returned home, after having been  processed as a lifer, he was an amazing sight.  The  two handlers from USDS, United Servitor Delivery  Service, who delivered Marty to our house after his  surgical procedures, undressed Marty in front of us  so they could give dad and me some care and  handling tips on a freshly processed lifer.  You should have seen Marty standing in our living  room, with tethering rings all over his body, looking  just like a big, muzzled, hobbled, and mohawked,  lug-headed, naked, quarry slave.  He looked like  some dumb beast of burden.  A mule slave.  They had him fixed up with nine hard labor, heavy gauge,  service rings through his ears, nipples, belly button,  septum, scrotum, frenum, and the head of his penis.    In addition, they had fitted him with a titanium  electro-control collar; steel arm and wrist tethering  bands; and a duralumin genital cinch.  He was also  tattooed, branded, and GPS chipped.  And biggest  surprise of all, they had emplaced a small bit holder  in the back of his mouth that was attached to two of  his molars.  That way if we ever wanted to use him  as a rickshaw driver or carriage puller, we could  easily fit him with one of the new state of the art  bridles.  They had prepared him for just about  anything we might want to use him for.  It was quite  an impressive overhaul of my older brother.  The handlers were eager to point out all of Marty's  new features.  The younger of the two spoke, "As  you can see, the processors did a really great job on  this one.  The ringing looks good on him.  He's all  fixed up now, so there can be lots of tethering action  on your part.  Tethering is great way to achieve  pinpoint control!"  Dad nodded politely, "Yes, I can see that.  He looks  good.  Good job!"  Because they had fitted Marty with a new, larger  gauge, penis ring, one of the handlers even gave his  cock a few wanks in order to show us the proper way  to ‘milk’ him, should we ever want to do that.  The younger handler turned Marty around, and took  his index finger to Marty's hole and pushed it in.  "Look, they've even opened him up a bit for you!"  I was impressed, "Wow!  How did they do that?"  The finger-plunger handler explained, "We keep  them fully plugged during their stay in processing.   We like to return personal servants to their owners  not only fully accessorized, but also fully functioning.   So let us know if you have any problems; if it's still  too tight or anything."  Dad and I indicated that we would do that.    The handler continued, "One of the trainers over at  Social Services told me that butt stretching also  helps server boys to more quickly learn to respect  free people.  Don't know if that's true.  But pay  attention in the days ahead; see if you notice an  attitude change in him."  I commented, "Thank you.  I do seem to notice a  slight change.  He seems not so resentful.  All of you  guys over at both USDS and Social Services deserve  our gratitude for the good work you do."    The handlers thanked us and left.  Once the handlers  left, however, dad and I were magnanimous because  we knew we could afford to be.  We no longer were  on any short-term timetable to try and get Marty  into the mode of being a properly behaving adult.   So we told Marty that not only would we no longer  keep him in leg braces, but he would also no longer  have to be permanently nude in the house.  Though  we did warn him that the leg braces would get put  back on him if he had behavior problems.  And  nudity would always be a general control option for  us to employ.  I was feeling so good about everything that I went  up to Marty, gave him a big hug, and gushed,  "Marty, this is the happiest day ever for dad and me.   That you are now a lifer means we no longer have to  worry about you.   Dad and I can take care of you,  bro, for the rest of your life, and give you the love  and guidance you need.  We can all be family, and  dad and I can guide you into the kind of behavior  that's appropriate for guys like you.  Brother, I'm so  happy for you.  And I feel so warm towards you; I  feel like I'm in love."  Dad was beaming, and told us two brothers to let  bygones be bygones, and to give each other another  big hug.  We hugged, and Marty felt so good to me  that my dick firmed up knowing that my brother was  now all ours to do with as we pleased.  During Marty's first couple of weeks home, he would  have bouts of depression, and we had been informed  by Social Services that he would; newly enslaved  lifers often fall into depression.  But we were relieved  to find out that there is a proven cure for depression  in slaves; severe spankings on a regular basis.  It  seems that a good ass-slapping, strapping, or  paddling, gets a slave's mind off of his own selfish  feelings, and helps him to connect more with the  things that really count; serving others.  So every other day we would take Marty into dad's  bedroom, make him strip naked, and get on the bed  with his backside exposed.  We would then tie his  arms to the headboard, and I would sit on or hold his  legs down, while dad strapped Marty's ass until he  was howling his head off and screaming that he  would behave.  It worked.  Marty is now out of his depression, and  pretty contently works around the house, doing his  chores as he is told, and ‘servicing’ me in any way I  need.  Since his return I have taken and completed the  classes I needed in order to be reinstated as a  certified junior servitor handler.   And as far as that $5000 fine I was given, dad has  suggested that I have Marty take some part time job  until he is able to bring in that amount.  It isn't as  crass as it all sounds; having Marty work to pay me  back for the fine I had to pay because of my  mistreatment of him.  As dad explained it, "We're all  family here, and having that money back in the  family will help all of us."  And family Marty surely is!  Yes, he is a slave who  needs discipline probably more than most domestic  servants, but we are fine with that.  We love him and  the service and life style he provides for us.  And for  that wonderful service dad and I are committed  towards doing all we can to make Marty's life happy.  And best of all, two weeks after I received my new  handler's permit, dad gave me some very exciting  news regarding Marty.  I was so excited that I  wanted to share the news with Marty immediately,  but dad wanted for us instead to make a special  occasion out of our announcement.  "This is such special news that I think we should make a  Special evening of it, perhaps have some friends over  for the announcement, and have a special dinner.  And  maybe we should get Marty all dressed up for the  occasion."  When I asked dad how Marty should be dressed, he  said, "You decide.  Anyway that you would like.   Something charming, that will make Marty feel  special." |