|  |
| --- |
| **Helping My Brother** Part ThirteenBy Randall AustinThis 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.comRandall 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." |