**Helping My Brother**

Part Fourteen - Conclusion

By Randall Austin

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(Notes from the journal of Craig Soffel)

Dad and I had a little dinner party for my Uncle Peter   
and his son Norman.  And for the occasion Marty was   
the guest of honor, so he sat at the dinner table   
along with us.  I had Marty dressed in a classic   
bellboy outfit, with pillbox hat.  
  
He hated me for making him wear that outfit, but as   
I was getting him dressed for the party, it sure got   
me turned on; getting my big lug-brained brother   
dressed up in a classic bellboy outfit.  He looked   
super cute.  
  
At the dinner party dad announced what he had   
already told me earlier; that he was signing the   
ownership of Marty over to me; and extending the   
terms of his will so that if anything should happen to   
himself or me, Marty would become the property of   
Norman rather than the state.    
  
Dad explained, "Marty and his brother get along so   
well that I just thought this would be the best for   
both Marty and Craig.  And should anything happen   
to us, I just want to make sure that Marty stays in   
the family.  I think it’s what we all want."  
  
Uncle Peter patted his son on the back, "Well   
Norman, this sure is generous of your uncle."  
Norman nodded seriously, "Thank you so much,   
Uncle.  I assure you that should anything happen to   
you two, and I pray that it doesn't, Marty will be in   
good hands."  
  
Uncle Peter was blunt, "And you'll be in good hands   
too, Norman.  Do you know how much a lifer slave   
like Marty is worth?"  
  
Norman very much perked up and wanted to hear   
how much money he could possibly be inheriting, but   
Dad didn't like thinking of Marty in terms of money.    
He quickly moved the conversation to more pleasant   
things, such as work projects he had planned for   
Marty in the future.  
  
When Uncle Peter and Norman finally left, after all of   
us, except for Marty, had consumed a good bit of   
wine, dad poured three glasses of wine, and gave   
one, finally, to Marty.  He invited us into the living   
room; he took a seat on the couch, and had me sit   
on one side of him, and Marty on the other.  
  
Dad raised his glass in a toast, "Boys, I think we all   
made some mistakes here in recent weeks.  But the   
past is behind us and hopefully we can move on.    
Marty, I want you to know that Craig has been   
feeling awful over what happened; how he wrote   
you up improperly, and you ending up getting   
indentured for life.  But Craig has told me that he   
has learned a lot from all of this, and that from now   
on he will be a much more responsible overseer.  He   
told me he now knows just how valuable you are,   
and he is going to treat you like gold."  
  
We all took a drink.    
  
Dad set his glass down on the coffee table and put   
one of his hands on my leg, and one on Marty's leg.    
He rubbed our legs affectionately, "We are so lucky   
to have each other.  And what pleases me is how our   
situation is helping both of you boys."  
"Marty, you have become such a well behaved boy,   
and Craig is learning how to be a most responsible   
adult.  Marty, I want you to know that even though   
Craig and I still have to use a lot of physical   
discipline on you, we do it out of love.  The   
spankings we have to give you are not punishments,   
but loving correctives.  We do not discipline you in   
order to cause you pain for your misbehavior; we   
use strict discipline on you only because it truly helps   
you to become a better servant.  We simply want   
you to be the best that you can be!"  
  
Dad threw an arm around Marty, "Both Craig and I   
so much hate having to hear you, our own little   
server-guy, crying out during a spanking.  But we   
find comfort in knowing that each one of your   
screams means that you are learning an important   
lesson!  So Marty, we just want you to know that no   
matter how naughty you are, and no matter how   
much we have to discipline you, you will always be   
our very special little bellhop buckaroo."  
  
Dad had been telling me ever since Marty was   
delivered to our home as a lifer servant that we   
should constantly be referring to him with   
affectionate diminutives, such as ‘buckaroo’,   
‘server-boy’, ‘button’, and ‘bumblebee’, because it   
would help him to understand that he was no longer   
like us free people, nor would he ever be again.  He   
was now a very different kind of animal.  He had a   
status very different from a free person.  He was   
now an object.  Our object.  One we respected, loved   
and cared for, but an object nonetheless.  
  
Dad's talk of controlling Marty, together with his   
rubbing my thigh was making me feel very good.  It   
must have felt good to Marty too, because I saw him   
open up his legs wider.  
  
I was feeling very warm towards Marty, and the wine   
helped me to express my true feelings. "Bro, I know   
you must find it humiliating; all the things they did   
to your body.  I mean, look at yourself.  You're all   
decked out like a regular mule slave.  A big, dumb,   
lug-headed, mule slave.  But I want you to know   
that there's nothing to be ashamed of, and   
everything to be proud of…  Just as it’s no big deal for   
little babies to be seen naked by everyone, so it’s no   
big deal for server boys to be seen all properly   
rigged up. Because you are a special sort of human   
being, bro; the kind of human being we all should   
strive to be; one who lives to serve another.  My   
calling is not as noble as yours.  Your calling is to   
serve me.  That is more noble than my calling, which   
is to be served by you for the rest of my life."  
  
"Let’s face it bro, no one will ever think of you as   
anything more than a big, lug-headed, draft slave.    
You look just like the kind of slave kids laugh at   
when they see one on the street, and shout out   
jokes about how dumb you must be to have ended   
up as a total dork slave.  And they are right, Marty.   
You did behave like some lug-headed dummy to end   
up where you are.  The fact that you ended up as my   
bosom slave, my nighttime piss drinker, my endless   
fuck toy; with your banded balls and mohawked   
head; means you did some pretty dumb things   
along the way.  But that's okay, because I love you   
just the way you are: big, dumb, and cute.”  
  
I leaned over, and gave Marty a big sloppy smooch   
on his cheek.  I was feeling so much in love with   
Marty.  
  
Dad must have been feeling the same way I was,   
because he smooched Marty from the other side, and   
then asked quietly, "Marty, how would you like to go   
with your brother into the bedroom and suck out a   
nice refreshing health drink for yourself?"  
  
Dad then started rubbing Marty's shoulders   
affectionately, "You're Craig's little woman now, son.    
And as such you have to service him whenever he   
wants.  You're Craig's little missy now, and he gets   
to play with your tits, ass, and pussy, all he wants."  
  
I undid a few buttons of Marty's shirt, reached in,   
and started tweaking one of his titty nipples.  Gawd   
that felt awesome being able to do that to my own   
brother.  
  
I asked Marty if he wanted to suck on my college boy   
tits in return.  He didn't answer, but he wasn't   
unresponsive; he just seemed more submissive than   
he ever did before.  
  
Dad and I both started undressing Marty.  As we   
undressed him dad spoke gently to Marty, "You are   
Craig's little cub brother, and slurping up his boy   
juice will help you to become a better server boy.   
Why don't we all go into the bedroom now so you   
can show us what a good little slave boy you can   
be."  
  
We both helped the now naked Marty to stand up, as   
dad encouraged him, "Come along, Marty.  Craig is   
your man now, and he is going to do his manly duty   
and breed you."  
  
We took Marty into the bedroom and dad and I both   
got naked.  Dad rubbed Marty affectionately, "You   
are our very own little animal boy."  
  
I got on the bed and dad gently guided Marty to get   
on all fours, and lean over me, "Okay, Marty, time   
for you to suck some college boy dick."  
  
It was awesome having my very own little lifetime   
bare buckaroo feasting on my man-tube, like a baby   
suckling at its mommy's tit.  Dad commented,   
"Marty, you should be happy to be able to get so up-  
close and personal with your lifetime overseer's   
cock!"  
  
As Marty sucked me, his tit and ear rings jingled as  
his mohawked head bobbed up and down, I   
encouraged him, "Oh bro, this is fantastic!"  
  
Dad complimented Marty, "Son, you are making your   
new overseer for life very proud of you!"  
  
I wanted dad to get in on the action, so I touched   
Marty on the head, "Marty, why don't you start doing   
duty on dad's cock now.  Let's see how much juice   
you can suck out of dad!"  
  
Marty obediently knelt over dad and took his cock;   
from which the both of us came; into his mouth and   
got to work.  And he raised his ass for me, almost   
inviting me to get to work fucking him.  
  
I lubed up and slowly entered Marty's hole as he   
sucked our dad.  The feeling was unbelievable and I   
expressed them. "Oh bro, this awesome feeling I   
have when I'm sexing you is beyond belief.  To know   
that I control your very life, call all the shots, own   
your freedom; it makes my dick harder than steel,   
and for that I love you.  
  
I reached under Marty as I fucked him and grasped   
his cock, which was also steel hard.  To my surprise   
it was wet and slimy with his precum. "Wow man,   
you've been enjoying this.  Do you want me to juice   
your man berries, bro?"    
  
As Marty slobbered on dad's knob he gurgled, "Yes".  
  
I pumped his slave dick, and it felt like I was milking   
a big dumb cow, so pliant did Marty seem and feel to   
me.   
  
As I pumped Marty's dick, I upped the thrusting   
power and speed of my fucks.  As I did so dad raised   
his hips up high as if to get as much of his cock into   
Marty's mouth as possible.  
  
It was glorious, and I expressed myself as I pumped   
my hips, "I'm fucking you hard, Marty, but you need   
this.  This whole thing for me has been about helping   
my brother, and I intend to keep doing that, bro, for   
the rest of my life.  It's what you need!"    
  
As I fucked Marty, I pumped his dick with one hand,   
and squeezed his tit nipples with the other.  When I   
could feel myself start on the road to climaxing, I   
could tell that Marty and dad were on the same path.    
As we all started shooting our juice loads Marty cried   
out loud in ecstasy, "Oh my gawwd, dad, Craig,   
please don't ever let me ever go.  Please help me to   
be the best cub bitch-boy, wifelet, piss drinking, cock   
sucking, hard working, mule slave there ever was in   
the whole wide world!"  
  
As the three of us lay entwined on the bed   
afterwards, we all knew that we were one of the   
most blessed families on the planet.  Dad and I had   
finally gotten Marty to the point at which we had   
wanted him all along; accepting of his servile status.   
  
I turned over and started licking Marty's face, as he   
giggled like the big dumb happy mule slave that he   
finally realized he was.  Dad joined in the fun and   
started to playfully tickle the family slave.   
  
The experts were right.  You can develop a properly   
servile attitude in any indentured person if you work   
hard enough at it and follow the advice of   
professionals.    
  
My brother, Marty, proved the correctness of their   
training methods.  Marty started out as a defiant,   
willful, reckless, and disobedient servant until we   
started in on him.  We gave him a steady diet of on-  
the-spot tawsings, strappings, and over the knee   
spankings for the slightest infractions.  We got him   
used to having our piss be a steady part of his diet.    
We'd tether him into the most humiliating positions   
for any backtalk.  We constantly talked down to him   
and treated him as if he were a dim-witted child.    
And of course he had to provide us with a full range   
of cock sucking and pit and ass licking, as well as a   
host of other sexual services, on top of taking the   
hard nightly fuckings he got from me.  
  
Now Marty is a proper servant who loves obeying at   
all times and trying to constantly please dad and me.    
We love having our own family lifer slave serve us.    
And best of all, Marty loves it as well.   
  
THE END