**My Brother Tony, the Penury Slave**

Part One

By Randall Austin

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We all knew it was going to happen eventually, and now  
that it finally has the entire family is feeling a  
kind of relief.  It is indeed strange for me to have  
to write that we are feeling relief that my older  
brother, Tony, has been enslaved, but it appears that  
that was the only thing that could have put an end to  
his spiraling debt.   
  
Getting a letter of invitation from the Department of  
Indigent Services for a review of your situation is  
one of the most humiliating pieces of mail a person  
can ever get.  You can only hope your mailman doesn't  
blab.  People see that letter and they know things  
aren't going too well for you.  If anything, all the  
euphemisms currently in use for getting enslaved for  
being poor are even more demeaning than the old honest  
terms like ‘poverty slave’ or ‘poor boy slave’, terms  
that are no longer politically correct.   
  
After you are reviewed by Indigent Services and they  
deem enslavement as the best alternative for you to  
pay off your debts, there really is no other recourse  
open to you.  And so it was for my brother Tony.  He  
was sentenced to three years of labor service in the  
Indigent Reclamation Corps, where he is now receiving  
guidance, training and discipline in sticking to a  
job.    
  
I had to admit he needed those things.  He was typical  
of young guys who get enslaved for being poor.  At the  
age of 26 he was constantly in debt.  In Oklahoma, if  
a person’s debt exceeds $15,000, and more than three  
consecutive monthly payment periods pass without  
payments that exceed the interest rate by at least  
$100, then any creditor can notify Indigent Services  
and they will immediately order you up for a review.   
Tony was constantly borrowing money from my parents,   
my older brother Gabriel, and me, to pay off his  
bills.  Finally, we could no longer help him out.  
  
Tony was employed as a janitor, and he lost his job  
after arriving at work once too often not wearing  
his janitor uniform.  He was really humiliated having  
to wear a short sleeved, green, polyester shirt with  
‘Dawson Janitorial Services’ emblazoned on the front  
pocket and across the back, matching colored work  
slacks, and large dorky black shoes.  And he hated  
most of all that his boss made his employees comb  
their hair in an old fashioned slicked up style with a  
part on the side.  After Tony was fired and he  
couldn't find a new job in time to make satisfactory  
payments on his debt, we all knew that it would be  
only a matter of days before he was called up to  
Social Services for a review before the Indigent  
Services Department.  
  
There is a common feeling that one has to be pretty  
stupid to be enslaved for being in serious debt.  In  
America, a person is free to live as poor a lifestyle  
as one chooses.  But one has to make sure that any  
incurred debts are paid off in a timely manner.  Tony  
knew he was in trouble, but he was just too  
blockheaded to change his lifestyle, and too attached  
to his ‘things’ to sell them off.  
  
Such guys hauled up to Indigent Services and remanded  
to the Indigent Reclamation Corps are constant fodder  
for the jokes of society in general, popular  
comedians, and even children.  The current popular  
joke among young kids under the age of 10: Question,   
What do you call a naughty boy who wets his diaper,   
hasn’t learned his ABC’s, breaks his toys, and then  
cries if he gets a spanking? Answer: A penury slave.  
  
In short, penury slaves are considered bumpkins, and  
in a way that is what Tony was.  He spent all of his  
time trying to look good in order to impress the  
ladies.  He bought a hot looking though impractical  
car and he had all the latest electronic gadgets.   
His fancy clothes put my brother Richard and me to  
shame.  
  
Counties generate a lot of revenue from the sale of  
penury slaves, therefore their numbers have,   
inevitably, been growing as county officials keep  
their eyes open for folks getting into debt.  Most  
such penury slaves are young males, with typical  
enslavement sentences or terms of service running from  
one to four years.    
  
We had to take Tony to the courthouse for his  
sentencing before the judge.  The judge had him step  
forward, looked him over, read the briefing,   
officially pronounced him a slave and sentenced him to  
a three year term of servitude to the Indigent  
Reclamation Corps.  He then ordered Tony to appear at  
the Tillman County auction field eight days hence, on  
which day his sentence would begin.  If Tony was not  
sold at auction he would then begin serving his term  
with the Tillman County Public Works Department.  The  
judge told Tony he appeared to be a decent kid, and  
that he felt his sentence would do him good.  He also  
reminded him that now that he was a slave, if he got  
into any trouble he would be subject to a very  
different set of laws from the laws that applied to  
him as a free man.  Such a minor infraction as a  
parking ticket would earn him not only physical  
punishment ‘a forty stroke paddling’, but an extension  
of servitude as well.  He told Tony to behave himself  
for his own good.  He then ordered Tony to go with  
Officer Osgood to get collared, banded, cinched, and  
stapled.  
  
Just as we were about to exit, the judge asked Gabriel  
and me if we were his brothers.  We said we were.   
Officer Osgood, hearing the judge address us, stopped,   
and he and Tony listened.  The judge said the file  
indicated that Tony would be living at home until his  
auction date, so he offered us some advice.

“I would seriously advise you boys to treat your brother

Tony like a slave during these remaining days before his  
term of servitude begins, for his own good.  When you  
take him home from here today he will be collared,  
banded above the right elbow, and have a ‘root cinch’  
emplaced at the base of his genitals.  These are items  
of control and I would recommend that you use them.”

“The root cinch is for use by his future owner to  
electronically control and monitor him, but there is a  
small ring attached at the base of the cinch, and this  
is for attaching his leash.  I would strongly  
recommend you keep him leashed at all times.  The  
armband is for attaching various control and  
restraining devices, and I would recommend you keep  
him secured when he’s not being monitored.  He has  
already proven that he does not know how to act in his  
own best interest.  I would remind you that if he  
doesn’t appear at his set auction appointment next  
week, his sentence will automatically be tripled.   
Don’t let your brother do anything foolish.  If you  
really love your brother I urge you to take control.”  
  
Gabriel and I thanked the judge for his advice, and  
were then told we could accompany Tony for his brief  
processing.    
  
Officer Osgood led us into what looked like a medic  
room with a paper covered examination table.  He  
ordered Tony to take off all of his clothes and to lie  
down on the exam table.  Tony balked and Officer  
Osgood barked at him, “Move it, slave!”  It was  
awkward because the room was small and there were no  
chairs, and we were all standing near each other with  
no place to go.  I felt embarrassed for Tony.  
  
Tony got his shoes, socks, shirt, and slacks off, and  
then started to sit down on the exam table.  In a  
flash Officer Osgood pulled a short flip whip from his  
service belt and pelted Tony’s back and shoulder.   
Tony jumped off the table and screamed.  Osgood told  
him that if there were any more delays he could spend  
the rest of the day at the courthouse locked up in  
punishment restraints.  Tony quickly removed his  
t-shirt and undies.  Covering his privates he sat back  
up on the exam table and laid back.  There was nothing  
but embarrassed silence as he did so.  
  
I had a choke in my throat.  My brother Tony may have  
been foolish when it came to handling money, but he  
was a damn nice person, and it hurt me to see him  
being treated in such a way.  I knew Gabriel was  
feeling that way too, as he stood there nervously  
hoping Tony wouldn’t do anything else to piss off  
Officer Osgood.    
  
The silence was broken by the arrival of the nurse,   
Peter Dante.  He carried with him a case full of slave  
accoutrement.  From the case he first selected a 3/4  
inch wide collar, removed some plastic covering, cut  
open a locking seal, slipped it around Tony’s neck,  
made an adjustment, and we then heard it click and  
lock into place.  Officer Osgood said, “Good fit,   
Peter.” Peter looked down at Tony and said, “You’re  
now a real slave.  How does it feel?”  Tony said  
nothing.  Peter smiled.    
  
Next Peter applied a two-inch wide metal band above  
Tony’s right elbow.  The band is for the purpose of  
attaching restraints, and about its circumference it  
had several raised and punched indentions to which  
securing chains and bonds could be attached.  I  
started to get a creepy feeling seeing my brother get  
stuff attached to him.  
  
Peter took out a pair of hair clippers, told  
Tony to spread his legs and get his hands away  
from his groin, and started buzzing off his pubic  
bush.  He then maneuvered Tony’s equipment so he could  
remove all the hair that encircled the base of his  
cock and balls.  Tony’s face turned red.  Once buzzed  
to Peter’s satisfaction, Peter took what looked like a  
high tech plastic/metallic band and encircled the root  
of Tony’s cock.  He did a kind of milking motion at  
the base of his balls and cock to make sure the balls  
were out, and then encircled Tony’s root with the  
band.  He made various adjustments.  As he locked it  
on he told Gabriel and me what it was for.  “This band  
will allow Tony’s owner to control and monitor him  
electronically.  The ring at the base is also used to  
attach a leash.  Most folks now leash slaves at the  
root cinch rather than the collar because these new  
cinches offer an extra line of protection against a  
slave bolting.  You’ll notice it functions as a choke  
halter as well, so if any sudden movements are made it  
pinches the root with a very severe squeeze force,   
enough to cut into the skin and cause bleeding.  So be  
careful Tony.  Don’t try any foolish stunts when your  
owner has you by the leash.”  Tony kept staring at the  
ceiling.  A tear fell from his eyes.    
  
As Peter approached Tony with the next item, Tony let  
out a small shudder.  Peter reassured him, “Hey, don’t  
worry.  I’m almost finished.  You look like a stylish  
kind of guy, so you should like the next decoration  
I’m going to put on you.  It’s a little ear tag, looks  
good on guys like you.  It should go nicely with your  
fancy haircut.”  He sprayed Tony’s ear lobe with an  
antiseptic, put a metal tag like item to his ear, and  
took a staple type tool and punched Tony’s ear.  Tony  
cried out, Osgood told him to “shut up”, and as the  
nurse bent over Tony to examine if the staples went in  
properly he said, “Mmmm, nice cologne you’re wearing  
Tony.  I like a slave who keeps himself nice and clean  
smelling, so he doesn’t offend us free boys.”  As  
Peter exited he told us to call him if Tony’s ear got  
infected in the next couple of days.  
  
Osgood ordered Tony to get up and get dressed.  As  
Tony sat up the ear tag was quite noticeable.  It was  
a band two and one half by three quarter inches that  
identified slaves in Oklahoma.  Even more so than the  
collar, the ear tag screamed out, ‘SLAVE’.  Tony got  
dressed in silence; we walked out to the car in  
silence, and drove Tony home in silence.

To Be Continued…

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