**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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