**My Brother Tony, the Penury Slave**

Part Two

By Randall Austin

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When we got Tony home, Gabriel and I had a talk with
mom and dad and we told them of the judge’s concerns
for Tony’s well being.  They agreed that if Tony were
to mess up before he was delivered to auction there
could be some dire consequences for him.  Mom and Dad
made the decision to keep Tony leashed and secured at
all times.

Dad contacted Uncle Vinny about this decision because
Uncle Vinny had been warning dad for a long time about
Tony’s behavior and always felt that dad should have
taken a firmer hand with Tony.  Dad wanted Uncle Vinny
present when we confronted Tony, because he knew that
if any force was required he wouldn’t be able to use
it, but uncle Vinny would have no problem getting firm
with Tony.  Uncle Vinny was the only one of our relatives
who had regular contact with slaves, as they made up
part of the labor force at his work place.  Gabriel,
who is two years older than Tony, was also stronger
than Tony, so he could help Uncle Vinny if Tony was any
trouble.

Later that day Uncle Vinny arrived, and he brought
with him a bunch of weird looking slave control items.
When dad suddenly looked like he was having
reservations, Uncle Vinny told him that he probably wouldn’t
have to use any of the items if Tony behaved himself.

So dad, Uncle Vinny, Gabriel, Richard, and I went
upstairs and confronted Tony in his bedroom.  Dad
calmly told Tony what we were going to do, and why.
Tony got kind of angry, since he said he felt like his
own family had ganged up on him.  Dad started to say
that this wasn’t the case, and that we loved him dearly.
Uncle Vinny slowly walked up to Tony saying, “Take it
easy son; we just want to get you leashed and
chained.”

Tony was defiant, “I’m not your… son.”  Dad told Tony
to be respectful, but Uncle Vinny said, “That’s ok, Lorenzo,
I’ve got the situation in control.”  Then looking
determined at Tony he said, “You’re getting leashed
and chained boy.  I’m not going to allow you to go on
causing your dad, mom, and brothers any more
heartbreak with your reckless behavior.  So let’s get
your shirt off and your pants down so we can get you
leashed and chained just the way slaves should be.”
Uncle Vinny took a plasti-chain, and in a rush grabbed
Tony’s arm, rolled up his sleeve, and attached it to
Tony’s arm band before Tony even knew what was
happening.  Uncle Vinny then took the other end of the chain
and padlocked it to the heavy steel bed frame in
Tony’s room.  Tony was now chained like a dog.

When Tony moaned, “Dad”, Richard said, “Come on Tony,
don’t give Uncle Vinny any trouble now.  Uncle Vinny
said this would be best for you.”

Tony started to shout, “What are you guys listening to
Uncle Vinny for?  You know he has always hated me.”

Dad said, “Tony, let’s not have any trouble.  There’s
no reason to shout.  Uncle Vinny cares about you as
much as we do.”

Uncle Vinny urged Tony to cooperate, “Don’t give your dad
any trouble now son.  Your troublemaking days are
over.”  Tony sneered at Uncle Vinny.  “See this
defiance?  This is what I have been warning you about
all along.  I could see this day coming and I tried to
warn you.”  Dad nodded in agreement with his brother.

Uncle Vinny then went up to Tony and started unbuckling his
trousers, and unzipping his trousers.  I guess Tony
was just too dazed to know what to do next.  Uncle Vinny
pulled down Tony’s undies a bit, saying, “Now let me
snap this leash lead onto your root cinch.”
Uncle Vinny attached an 18 inch long leash lead to the ring
at the base of Tony’s root cinch which encircled his
cock and balls.  The leather lead is what comes up out
of a slave’s undies and is secured by a clip to one of
the belt loops in the trousers.  It is to this end
that one attaches a leash if one is going to take the
slave outdoors.  When I used to see slaves on leashes
I always thought that the leash was attached to a belt
loop, and often thought how easy it would be for a
slave to break away.  What I didn’t know was that the
leash was in fact attached to the root cinch, and that
the root cinch squeezes like hell if a slave tries to
bolt.

Gabriel attempted a joke, “It looks like we got you by
the balls now, Tony.”  Tony started crying.  Gabriel
went up to him and threw his arms around Tony’s neck,
“Hey bro, I’m sorry.  I was just trying a little joke.
I love you man.”  As he stood there with his arms
around Tony, Tony started to cry like a baby, and then
quietly said, “I gotta pee.”  Uncle Vinny looked at my dad
and said, “You see, there he goes again.  Trying any
kind of tactic to get out of things, just like a
little kid.  But I have a solution for that.”  Uncle Vinny
rushed into the bathroom across the hall, saying he’d
be right back.  He came back in a moment carrying a
urinal.  “Here, you will be using this from now on.
Then when they leash you and take you on your walk you
can empty and clean your urinal.”

Once Uncle Vinny left, Tony got into better spirits.
In the days that followed it seemed that as long Tony
was free to dress up in his fancy clothes, free to
bathe, groom, and comb his hair as he always had, and
had a full-length mirror available, he was happy.

Tony’s good nature returned and he soon settled down
to his new routine.  He mainly stayed in his room
watching TV.  Dad wanted Tony to have private time at
his computer in his bedroom each day, while he was at
work.  So at some point every day we had to unchain
Tony and lead him into dad’s room and chain him down
in there.  Though it was never spoken, we all knew it
was because dad wanted Tony to have access to some
porn.  One of the first days he was in there I was in
my room, which is right next to dad’s room, and I heard a
strange clunk, clunk, clunk sound.  So I went into
dad’s room and there caught Tony jacking off to some video
clip of a woman fingering her pussy.  The plasti-chain
secured from Tony’s armband to dad’s bed frame was
hitting Tony’s chair every time he pumped his fist.  I
turned as red in the face as poor Tony.  I backed out
embarrassed, mouthing an ineffectual ‘sorry’.  I never
heard that sound again when Tony was in there, so I
figured Tony must have mastered the art of left handed
jacking.

One time when Richard took Tony to dad’s room and was
locking him down, he said to his friend Chad, “its
recreation time for the slave.”  When Chad laughed
Tony was deeply humiliated, and sulked for hours until
Richard apologized to him.

Even though Tony’s indigent service did not begin for
another week, he did receive a list of things he had
to do by next week’s auction.  One of them was to
spend a good part of Monday at the local community
college for use in their courses on slave psychology,
slave ethics, and slave economics. He was also to be
used as a practice slave for those students enrolled
in the short course the college offered for those
trying to obtain their slave handler’s certificate.
He was to arrive at Gladstone College Monday at 9 AM
and check in with Mr. Tureen.  He was to be
accompanied by a designated overseer, so dad appointed
me.  But dad wanted Richard to accompany me as well.

Because Tony had spent the weekend at home and
followed pretty much his typical routine, he was back
in his normal good spirits when Monday rolled around.
So the three of us all were in a good mood as we
drove out to Gladstone College.

We met Mr. Tureen, a very nice man, who taught several
courses relating to slaves and slavery.  He shook all
of our hands in an agreeable fashion and smiled and
chatted with all of us.  He was as friendly to Tony as
he was to Richard and me.  The three of us
accompanied Mr. Tureen into his first class, the 9:30
Slave Commodities class.

When the class of about 45 students was assembled, he
addressed them.  “Students, we have with us today the
DeStasio brothers.  This is Victor, he is 24 years
old, has a degree in English from Oklahoma State, and
is currently working in his uncle’s bottling plant
until he earns enough money to continue his graduate
studies.  His brother Richard is the youngest, 21, of
the four DeStasio brothers, and is a sophomore at
Oklahoma State majoring in biology.  And our county
loaned subject for today is Anthony DeStasio, known as
Tony.  Tony is 26 years old, has been employed as a
dishwasher, traffic road repair flagman, and most
recently, a janitor.  Tony was enslaved only 7 days ago
as a ‘penury’.”  A few titters erupted about the
class.  “Tony goes to auction the day after tomorrow,
and is totally raw, except for whatever his brothers
here have managed to teach him.”  The class laughed
and Mr. Tureen looked at Richard and me, and with a
smile asked, “So boys, how have the last few days
been?  Did you manage to teach him anything?”

I answered, “Well, no need to, really.  My dad was
concerned that Tony might do something to jeopardize
what my uncle considered to be a too lenient sentence
of three years servitude, so we have just been keeping
him locked indoors, but that’s all really.”

Mr. Tureen instructed the class on my response, “That
is actually the very best thing they could be doing,
given Tony’s status as a beloved family member.”

“For starters, class, let me test your first hand
appraisal skill.  If you saw Tony up at auction, what
would be your reaction?”  Hands went up about the
class.  “Mr. Terry, what’s your assessment?”  Mr.
Terry, a rather bookish looking sophomore, answered,
“Well, on first impression he seems to be a ‘keeper’.
He’s is the sort of thing my aunt would snap up on the
spot.  But having different interests from my aunt”,
Mr. Terry waited until the class finished their
laughter, “I can say only three things; he appears
healthy, the family seems to really like him, which
indicates he probably isn’t a jerk, and given that he
seems to have good grooming habits, he is probably
educable”

“Very good assessment”, praised Mr. Tureen.
“Remember class; in a sight only judgment of a clothed
slave always state only what are observable facts.  I
personally wouldn’t even go with an appearance of good
family relations.  And while I have no doubt in this
case, I have seen situations where family members were
so desperate to sell off a detested and very
unpleasant family member, that they put on a Brady
Bunch act you would not believe.”

When the laughter died, Mr. Tureen continued, “Ok
class.  I want to continue, with Tony’s help, to show
you some more very real basic skills you will need to
know in your daily life, no matter what slave related
field you end up in.  Slave brokers need to know these
things as much as trainers and handlers.”

Mr. Tureen had Tony step up to the front of the class
and get on a raised podium in front of a white screen.
He spoke as he continued to set up lights and camera
equipment.  “All slaves in the United States must be
registered with both the state and federal bureaus of
slaves.  The registration in almost all cases requires
a set of photos, usually mug shots, and often both mug
and full body shots.  Slaves are always shot shirtless
for mug shots, and nude for body shots.  So therefore,
Tony, I would like you to remove your shirt so we can
do your mug shot.”  As Tony took off his shirt Mr.
Tureen talked to the class about distances to place
the camera for mug shots.  Seeing that Tony had a
t-shirt on Mr. Tureen asked him to remove it as well.
Tony did so awkwardly, not looking at any of the class
members.  As Mr. Tureen shot Tony’s face, he explained
that mug shots were commonly done from the forward and
left and right profile views.

“Class the photos I am taking are going to be the
actual Tillman County file photos for this slave that
will be sent on to the State and the Feds.  Ok, Tony,
if you would be so kind as to remove the rest of your
clothing.”  Poor Tony just kept his head down on the
podium, as if he didn’t hear.  We waited and watched
for a short bit in total silence, as Tony’s face got
red.

“Class, it looks like we have a balker.  Who feels
they are able to handle this situation?”  No hands
went up.  “Ok class, who would at least like to make
an attempt at handling this situation?”  About five
hands went up.  Mr. Tureen selected Casey McCallister.

Casey was a blond kid of about 20, who seemed very
sure of himself.  He went up and stood by Mr. Tureen’s
desk, about 10 feet away from Tony.  “So Tony, Mr.
Tureen gave you an order.  I will repeat it in case
you didn’t hear it.  Take off all of your clothes
now.”  Tony stood frozen in shame.  He looked like he
was about to cry.  Raising his voice, Mr. McCallister
continued, “Yo!  Slave, I gave you an order.”  Still
no movement.  “Hey wap boy, the ladies in this class
want to see some bouncing Italian schlong, so give em
a show!”

The class laughed but there was no response from Tony
except that he bowed his head lower and closed his
eyes.  Mr. Tureen spoke up.  “Class, you have had it
hammered into you that ordering a slave around in a
demeaning fashion can be very effective in eliciting
desired behavior.  However, it is never proper to use
such forms of address in the presence of a slave’s
family members.”  Mr. McCallister immediately
apologized to Richard and me.  We thanked him.  Mr.
Tureen asked Mr. McCallister if he wanted to try some
other tactic, and he declined.  He then addressed the
class again, “Anyone else want to give this situation
a try?”  Two hands shot up and Mr. Tureen selected
Mark Jensen.

Mr. Jensen, a black haired skinny kid dressed totally
in black, with ear rings and a nose piercing, went
right up to Tony and spoke quietly.  “Hey Tony, I want
to make this easy for you, ok?  Will you let me?”
Tony nodded his head.  Then Mr. Jensen got on the
podium with Tony, stood behind him, put his hands
around his waist and unbuckled his belt, followed by
his top button.  He then unzipped Tony’s trousers, and
unrolled them all the way down his legs, slowly. Tony
remained frozen the whole time.  “Ok dude, why don’t
you help me and step out of them.”  Tony did so, like
a little lamb with curly hair.  Mr. Jensen spoke even
more quietly as he put his hands on the waistband of
Tony’s boxer shorts, and said, let’s do this together,
dude.”  He slowly rolled Tony’s boxers down his legs,
exposing my sweet brother to the entire class.  Tony
kept his eyes down the whole time.  In the enclosed
classroom Tony’s armband glinted in the suns
reflection, his collar looked severe, his clipped
pubes gave him an extremely naked look, and emphasized
the length of my handsome brother’s thick penis.  Mr.
Jensen then bent down and removed the slacks and
boxers from the podium.

He went again to the rear of Tony and positioned him
for the camera.  Mr. Tureen said quietly, “Excellent
work, Mr. Jensen. Excellent!”  There was my sweet
brother, one of the best looking boys in the class,
totally exposed.  He seemed numb.  He kept his eyes
closed.

Mr. Tureen talked to the class about the technical
requirements of full body shots, distance of camera,
and what angles were desired.  As he indicated he was
about to shoot the front on shot, Mr. Jensen gently
put his arms about Tony to place him into position,
told him to raise his head.  Then he said, “Now Tony,
for the photo you have to open your eyes.  Come on,
you can do it.”  Tony opened his eyes, Mr. Jensen
stepped out of the photo frame, Mr. Tureen shot him,
and then Tony bent his head down again.  Mr. Jensen,
in the same manner, got back on the podium and
maneuvered Tony for the left and right profile body
shots, and Mr. Tureen took the needed shots.  When he
was finished Tony kept standing in the position he was
in for the last shot, with his back to the class, only
he put his hands in front of his privates.

As Tony stood there, with his muscled buttocks and
thighs on view for the class, Mr. Tureen again
congratulated Mr. Jensen on his excellent slave
handling skills, and called him a pro.  Mr. Tureen
explained to the class a little more of the technical
requirements of slave mug shots.  When finished, he
explained the next lesson.  “Now that we have our
slave naked, and he needs to stay that way for his
next class, I am going to show you exactly how the
slave transport chair works.  He pulled out from in
back of the desk a metal chair on wheels with arm and
footrests, and coiled retractable straps for the arms,
waist, and legs.  He asked Tony to sit down in the
chair.  Tony, keeping his head down and privates
covered, scurried over and into the chair.  Mr. Tureen
ordered Tony to put his feet on the footrests,
demonstrated how the straps retracted, and strapped
both Tony’s legs to the struts of each footrest.

There seated naked in the chair facing the entire
class was Tony with his legs strapped down and his
hands covering his groin.  He was looking down with
his eyes half closed.  Mr. Tureen told Tony to put his
hands on the armrests so he could strap them down.
Tony didn’t move, so Mr. Tureen took his right arm
away from his groin, placed it on the armrest, and
quickly strapped it down.  Mr. Tureen then clasped
Tony’s left arm and quickly forced it away from his
groin and onto the left armrest.  In no time his left
arm was strapped down, and there was Tony, with his
legs spread wide and strapped down, sitting in a slave
chair totally exposed to the class.

Mr. Tureen then completed the strapping in by securing
the chest and waist straps.  “There we have it class,
the usual method for strapping a slave.  This is the
mode commonly used when transporting slaves to public
service utilities, such as hospitals and airports.  A
lot of them require further control devices, such as
gags, neck braces, blinders, butt plugs, penis clamps,
ball spreaders, nipple hogs, and ankle hobbles.  But
for our purposes the warning sign is sufficient, and
with that he stuck into the back holder of the chair a
two foot by one foot rectangular sign on a three foot
plastic pole that stuck high up over the slave chair,
and which said in large black letters, ‘PENURY SLAVE’.

“Okay, class, that’s all for today.”  As the class
filed out of the room Mr. Tureen asked Richard and me
to follow him as he took Tony to his next class.  I
got in back of Tony’s chair, grabbed the handles, and
pushed Tony out of the room behind Mr. Tureen.  We
entered the very busy hallway, filled with students
changing classes.  And there was Tony, totally
exposed, strapped down in a slave chair that announced
his status to all.

Every student we passed seemed to pay special
attention to Tony, who kept his head down, and his
eyes tightly shut, to hold back the tears.

Although I knew Tony was ashamed, I too was feeling
sort of embarrassed by the world seeing me with my
enslaved brother.  Tony and I resembled each other,
and I was hoping people wouldn’t be thinking I was a
loser like my brother.  Not that my brother Tony is a
loser.  But I know the way folks think.
We rolled Tony into Mr. Henry’s slave handling
certification class.  Mr. Henry told Mr. Tureen he
would bring Tony back to him after class.  Mr. Tureen
thanked him, said he would see us later, and left.
Mr. Henry pushed Tony into a front corner of the
classroom, with his back to the class.  We chatted
with him as the class arrived, and when class was
ready he asked us to take a seat in the classroom.

The class of about 50 people was a mix of both sexes
of every age range.  Mr. Henry began, “Good afternoon
class.  Nice to see you all.  I am Mr. Jacob Henry.
This 20-hour course in slave handling will allow you
to obtain a slave-handling certificate if you meet the
course requirements, which are mainly to attend all
sessions, and to pass a hands on test at the end of
the course, on Friday.  Most of you are here because
your work environment requires you to deal with
slaves, some of you are planning on doing some
substitute overseeing, and I know two of you are
planning on purchasing a slave for the very first
time.”

Mr. Henry went to the corner where Tony was parked,
grabbed the chair’s handles at the back, and wheeled
Tony out in front of the class.  “Class, this is a
slave.  His name is Tony DeStasio.  He was enslaved
last week as a ‘penury’.”  As he spoke Mr. Henry
started unfastening the straps securing Tony in the
chair.  Tony kept his head down.  When he was
unfastened, Mr. Henry grabbed Tony by the arm and
stood him up to face the class.  Tony’s hands
instinctively covered his groin.  He kept his head
down, and a few tears could be seen falling down his
cheeks.

“Tony is currently the property of Tillman County.
Last week Tony was just like the rest of you, a free
man.  And this week Tony is suddenly a slave.  That
would probably explain the tears.  And this brings us
to the obvious point of this class, which is how to
handle him.  You are trying to get slave-handling
certification, and Tony is slave, so how do you handle
him?  He looks like a decent kid.  Good looking, he
was probably quite a popular fellow.
But as you can see, he is quite upset right now, so
how could you possibly have the heart to tell him to
get his slave ass outside and start cleaning your
yard?  And point number two, adding to his distress,
and maybe to some of yours, is the fact that he is
totally nude, except for his collar, band, cinch, and
tag.  How would you like to be standing naked up
here?”

“Let me answer these two points because they are the
central issues of what being an effective slave
handler is all about.  In Milstein’s classic text on
slave handling he puts a very clear spin on the
difference between slaves and freemen, thereby
clarifying status, and making it quite easy for one to
take a firm hand with a slave.  His famous example is
that of ‘schedules’. Freemen follow Schedule A, which
is a list of everything freemen do in their lives,
some difficult, some less so, some pleasurable.  The
difference with slaves is that they follow Schedule B
instead of Schedule A.  Schedule B is just like
Schedule A, it has some difficult tasks, some less
difficult, and some pleasurable.  The only difference
is that freemen make up their own schedules, and
slaves have their schedules made up for them by
someone else, usually their owner.”

“So Tony is standing here, obviously not very happy
today.  Does that mean you are not to be compassionate
or understanding towards him?  By no means.  In fact,
if any of you demonstrate a lack of compassion in
dealing with slaves, you will not be receiving your
certificates, I assure you.  But you need to
understand, he is on Schedule B now.  And he has got
to go to ‘work’, so to speak, the same way you and I
do.  I mean, yes, his new status may be difficult for
him to grasp right now, but he, like the rest of us,
has to deal with life’s ups and downs.  It isn’t going
to kill him to work in the yard, and it will probably
do him a lot of good, get his mind off thoughts of
self-pity.  So, by looking at a slave’s status
objectively, that should help you to treat slaves a
bit more objectively, and therefore more fairly.”

“Now as to the condition of his nudity, that is simply
something you and he both are going to have to get
used to.  Slaves are commodities, and since they do
not control their schedules, you have to.  You need to
have access to all of him, all of his working parts,
for a variety of reasons, to be effective handlers.
It’s as simple as that.  It is a difficult adjustment
for new slaves and new slave handlers to get used to.
But realize, and this is important, the fact that Tony
is nude right now is not hurting him physically in any
way.  And as far as emotionally, well he is on
Schedule B right now, and he has to realize that he
will need to filter emotions just a little bit
differently, to please the person who makes his
schedule, whether it be his owner or an overseer.”

“Ok folks, those are the fundamentals.  And the rest
of this course will basically be a reinforcement of
those fundamentals, so that you come to a clear
understanding of a slave’s status.  When you realize
it is, so to speak, no big deal being a slave, you
will then be a much more effective slave handler.”

“Now, for starters.  I want everyone to look up here
and tell me what is wrong with this picture?  That’s
right, here in the front of this class is a slave and
a teacher.  Alarm bells should be going off in your
head.  What is wrong here?  Does anyone see it?”
A guy raised his hand, and Mr. Henry acknowledged him.
“Is it that he is covering his privates and doesn’t
have his hands at his sides?”

“Good guess, but no.  Tony is totally raw, and the
county will not train him unless he is not sold at
Wednesday’s auction.  So Tony is acting perfectly
normal, and his behavior is acceptable.  Anyone else
want to try and answer what’s wrong with this
picture?”

A girl raised her hand, and asked, “Is that he has
fancy hair just like a freeman, and isn’t shaved bald
all over?”

“No.  Even if Tony had an official owner right now
other than the county, owners are free to decorate
slaves in any way they want to.  Some owners want
their slaves looking like family members.  Anyone else
want to try?”

A housewife type asked, “Is it that his head is bowed
down and he isn’t standing straight and tall and
showing us some respect?”

“No.  One sees lazy slovenly slaves all the time.
There is no law that says that owners have to make
sure their slaves are in tip top appearance.”

“Isn’t he supposed to be kneeling, or something?”
Asked a lad of about 18.

“No.  I’m afraid that image of bowing, scraping,
kneeling slaves is from the movies.  No class, what is
wrong with this picture, or rather what you need to
ask yourself every time you see a slave who is not
leashed or secured in some fashion is ‘why isn’t that
slave secured?’  And you need to ask yourself this
question every time you see a slave, whether or not a
slave is with an overseer.  In other words, you need
to be suspicious all the time.”

“Now you’re probably wondering, what exactly is Mr.
Henry saying, since we know slaves are everywhere
going about their masters’ business, often as not
unaccompanied.  What am I supposed to do, ask the
slave for his ID?  No class.  What I am saying is
simply that it will now be your duty as a state
certified slave handler to keep your eyes and ears
open, note anything pertaining to a slave that seems
odd or out of line, and report it to the nearest
authority.  It is just part of the responsibility that
goes with being certified.  We all must be the eyes
and ears of the community, to help insure the success
of the slave system.”

“Our time is almost up class.  One of the nice things
about our certification program here is that each day
we will have a different slave.  Tony here is the only
freshly enslaved example we will have, so I would like
to do something one should rarely do, and that is ask
a slave for an opinion.  Tony, I’d like you to tell
the class here whether or not you have made a
commitment towards being a good slave.”

Tony kept his head down, didn’t look at Mr. Henry, and
mumbled, “I haven’t thought about it.”

A girl asked out loud, “Isn’t he supposed to say, “Yes
sir” and “No sir”?  Mr. Henry answered, “I assure you
that after Wednesday’s auction he will be.”  The class
erupted into loud laughter as the class bell rang.

To Be Continued…

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