**My Brother Tony, the Penury Slave**

Part Three

By Randall Austin

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Even though it was very humiliating for Tony to be  
leashed all the time, he still went about his daily  
routine, of grooming, combing his hair, and just  
trying to look good in general.  It made me think that  
it was a good thing we took the judge’s advice and  
kept him leashed and/or secured at all times.  If it  
weren’t for his enslavement order he would still be  
spending a fortune on clothes and grooming products,   
oblivious to reality.  He put up with our good-natured  
ribbing about him being the family slave, but he  
didn’t like it when we plasti-chained him to his bed  
every night.  He would cry and ask why we were doing  
it, and we would tell him we did because we loved him.  
  
On the day of the auction Tony wanted to dress up in  
his usual nice way and comb his hair fancy.  I  
couldn’t understand why one would want to make oneself  
look good if one was going to be naked and on display.  
To me it seemed like it would invite ogling.  But I  
guess the reason Tony and all the other penuries were  
being invited to step up on the auction block was  
because they weren’t exactly real good at figuring out  
what was best for their own good.   
  
The Tillman County slave auction is known locally as  
‘the roundup’.  It is the chief auction station not  
just for Tillman County, but all of the surrounding  
counties as well.  The roundup always draws a big  
crowd, and has something of a carnival atmosphere to  
it.  Most of the crowd usually consists of gawkers;   
locals out to take in the spectacle of the latest herd  
of poor boys and petty criminals about to be turned  
into useful slaves.   
  
Popular feeling holds that poor boy slaves are somehow  
rather more benign creatures than other slaves, and  
thus they come with a cache that maintains that they  
make good domestic slaves.  Therefore auction  
officials price them accordingly, and they tend to  
bring in slightly higher bids than most of the drug  
dealing, pot smoking, petty thief, traffic offender,   
slaves.   
  
We had to have Tony at the auction by 7 AM the  
morning of the auction.  I was surprised to find this  
out since actual bidding didn’t begin until noon.  My  
dad wanted his three sons to accompany Tony to the  
auction, and that is what we all wanted as well.  We  
managed to keep Tony cheered up during the drive out to  
the auction grounds.  But when we finally arrived at  
the Tillman County Auction Grounds, however, we all  
found our spirits suddenly depressed.  The auction  
grounds looked like a ‘serious’ place.  It was located  
on the outskirts of the city of Frederick, and the  
parking lot which neighbored the outdoor auction stage  
was already heavily spotted with the cars of auction  
workers and police vans which were bringing in the  
‘goods’ from the surrounding counties.  As we took a  
parking spot and got out of the car I noticed there  
were other folks also bringing in collared family  
members who were probably also ‘penuries’, and thus,  
like Tony, were not coming from a local jails.  
  
The wooden stage was huge, and around the back three  
sides of the stage and above the stage loomed a giant  
steel structure of crisscrossed steel beams from which  
hung hundreds of chains, half of which had cuffs  
attached to them.  At the back half of the stage  
several processing stations were being set up by the  
auction workers.  
  
To the left side of the stage, on the auction grounds,   
was a line of about 20 slaves, being watched over by  
police officers.  When we checked in with the auction  
officials and handed in Tony’s papers, we were told to  
take Tony to the back of that line and give the papers  
to the auction official that was with them.  We were  
told we could stay with Tony until processing began.   
We stood in line with Tony and in no time at all the  
line filled up behind us with about 20 or 30 more  
newly arriving slaves and their family and friends.    
  
As I looked at the rest of the slaves in the line with  
Tony I wasn’t too surprised to see that most of them  
seemed to fit the description of typical poor boy  
slaves.  They ranged in age for the most part from 20  
to 30.  They appeared to be what we call hipsters in  
this part of the country.  They all looked as if they  
were trying to maintain some kind of “cool” image.   
They probably all dreamed of being rock stars  
somewhere along the way.  Clearly practicing their  
guitars and maintaining the right look was more  
important to them than holding down respectable jobs.   
One had quite a fancy rugged looking hair cut that was  
sharpened with a carefully maintained shadow beard.   
One skinny slave had a very ornate tattoo on his left  
arm.  One black haired kid was loaded down with  
necklaces and rings, and his hair was streaked with  
copper highlights.  And, of course, there was Tony,   
looking like something from an Italian fashion  
magazine, with his slicked hair and shiny blue silk  
shirt.  
  
I had to admit they all looked good and clearly had a  
sense of style.  But that, apparently, is all that  
they did have.  If most of them had only bothered to  
get decent haircuts and wear respectable clothes, they  
probably then would have been able to get and hold on  
to a job, and would not be finding themselves in the  
embarrassing situation they were now in; about to be  
ordered up on to the auction block in front of  
hundreds of spectators.  
  
Some owners would doubtless let these poor boys keep  
their hair, clothing, and jewelry.  But most owners  
would probably opt for the more conventional slave  
look of a shaved head, plain brown slave fatigues, and  
black work boots.  
  
Poor Tony, he looked so lost.  Still trying to be  
‘cool’ even as he was about to ordered to mount the  
slave auction block!  I couldn’t help but think that  
this ordeal probably would, finally, knock some common  
sense into his curly haired head.  
  
As the remaining slaves were being brought in from the  
various communities, so were the arriving the crowds  
of gawkers.  It was incredible.  It wasn’t even 7 am,   
the auction didn’t begin until noon, and already  
hundreds of people had arrived.  
  
Boss Harder, his two brothers, and their six boys,   
arrived and took seats in the front rows.  The Harder’s  
were small-scale slavers who invested in one or two  
slaves at a time solely for their resale value.  Their  
strategy was to buy up prime rated slave stock at the  
local auction, then take them to major markets, such as  
San Francisco or Houston, and turn a large profit.   
  
I saw Eric Madonna, our neighbor, and his daughter  
Shelly.  I know Eric saw my brothers and me, but he  
avoided us because he probably didn’t want us to think  
he was at the auction just to watch Tony ‘get it’,   
even though I know that is what he was doing. Tony had  
a crush on Shelly years ago, and I know it would be  
devastating to Tony if he were to see her in the  
crowd.  
  
One man looking determined to do business was doing  
his best to answer the questions of his two excited  
little children.  “Pa, hey pa, can I whip the new  
slave when we get him home, huh pa?”  “Maybe, if you  
behave yourself today, I’ll let you and your brother  
practice your whip stroke on the new slave.”  The  
children squealed with excitement as their father  
guided them to an aisle seat.    
At 7 AM sharp an officer told us that we had to leave  
the slave line.  He told us that the gift shop and  
food stands would soon be open for our convenience, or  
we could take a seat in front of the stage and watch  
the processing of the slaves.  So Gabriel, Richard and  
I took our leave of Tony after telling him we would  
see him after the auction.  Rows and rows of folding  
chairs had been set up by the auction staff, so we  
took a front row seat.   
  
Several auction officials went up to the first slave  
standing in line, a kid who seemed to be about Tony’s  
age.  One of the auction workers took out a small  
metal basket, and told the kid to take off all of his  
clothes and put them in the basket.  As the kid was  
undressing another auction worker swiped his ear tag  
with a reader. As the slave undressed, an auction  
official evaluated the slave and made a pronouncement,   
“Full shave, half inch nose ring.”  Another worker  
typed this info into a machine, and a printout soon  
came out.  One of the printed tags was attached to the  
clothesbasket, and another tag was clipped onto the  
slave’s ear tag.  When he was naked he was ordered up  
on stage where two hefty auction workers immediately  
grabbed him, turned him upside down, and a third  
worker pulled down two cuffs hanging from chains  
attached to a trolley in the steel grid work above and  
attached a cuff to each ankle.  The cuffs were very  
wide, almost a foot and half, and securely fastened  
the slave’s legs.  They tested the cuffs, and then gave  
the kid, naked and hanging upside down by his ankles,   
a big shove and he went trollying along on to the next  
station.  The kid was wide eyed with fear.  
  
At the next station a young auction worker with a pair  
of clippers immediately started buzzing off the hair  
on his head.  When finished, he was able to push a  
switch and the slave was lowered slightly and the  
auction worker had easy access to the hair in the  
slave’s pubic region and armpits.  Once the slave was  
buzz clipped all over, the worker gave the freshly  
clipped slave a shove down to the next station, and  
there he was greeted by a female auction worker who  
hosed his body, applied shaving cream to his head,  
pits and nads, and made short work of shaving him  
totally bald.  She gave him a final rinse hosing down  
and gave the slave a big push, and he went rolling  
down to the next station, where workers sprayed his  
nose, punched a hole in the slave’s septum, and  
inserted a half-inch nose ring.  The slave was moaning  
and shuddering more from fear than from the pain of  
the nose ringing.  
  
A guy sitting next to me asked his partner why they  
shaved the slave’s pussy.  His knowledgeable friend  
answered, "It makes their wieners look bigger.  Fact  
is, big wienered boys sell awfully fast."  
  
  
By this time there were already four other slaves  
hanging naked upside down being pushed down the  
processing line.  It was soon clear that all the  
slaves were going to be stripped, hung upside down,  
and processed.  Not all slaves were shaved in the same  
places.  Some were allowed to keep the hair on their  
head, according to the decision of the auction  
official whose job it was to make sure each slave was  
presented in a way that ensured he sold for top dollar.   
Some slaves were put down to receive various body  
modifications.  Slaves serving more than 6 years in  
Oklahoma had to be branded.  And some counties had  
ordinances that their slaves had to be nose ringed or  
penis ringed.    
  
After the first few slaves were cuffed and hanging  
upside down, the rest of the slaves in the line were  
showing visible panic.  Tony had his head down, and  
looked like he would cry at any moment.  One slave  
near the back of the line started to run, and in an  
instant about five officers were on him.  He was  
stripped on the spot, and a police officer decorated  
his entire backside, from feet to shoulders, with the  
fearful stinging lashes of the service whip.  His  
howling disconcerted all of the slaves.  The whipped  
slave then had to stand naked in line, weeping, with  
lines and lines of angry red stripes down the length  
of his backside on display for all to see.  After his  
whipping and frightening screams, all the slaves in  
line finally realized they were really slaves now, and  
were going to be treated like it from now on.  All of  
the slaves still in line were suddenly cowed and  
silent, and very scared.    
  
By this time more and more cars were pulling up into  
the parking lot, food booths had come to life, and the  
grounds were crawling with people.    
  
Ned Spengler and his two daughters drove up in their  
old Nash.  Ned, I knew for certain, didn’t have the  
means to purchase a slave, but I knew his daughters  
always had the means to convince their dad to take  
them to the ‘roundup’.  They knew that they would soon  
be getting an eyeful of fresh boy berries.   
  
Buster Meldon and his pals pulled up in their old  
flatbed truck.  Each was carrying a quart of malt  
liquor.  Seeing all the fresh young slaves they hooted  
it up, “Well yee haw!  A whole stage full of naked  
college boys!”  Buster shouted out to Doctor  
Littleton.  “Hey doc, if I purchase a recently branded  
slave today, is it safe for me to work him in the  
cesspool this afternoon?”  “It sure is.” The doctor  
answered, “Just spray the brand with a good antiseptic  
and keep it bandaged.”  
  
Big, fat, beer bellied, Goose Hawkins, looking as dumb  
as ever, arrived in his 1968 Dodge Dart.  As he ambled  
over towards the stage he was all smiles as Zipper  
McCallister shouted out, “What in the hell you doin  
here Goose?  You ain’t got a dime to your name.“  
  
Goose let Zipper have it, “Just thought I’d check the  
losers out, that’s all.  Doing the same thing you are,  
Zipper.”    
  
As I expected, the majority of the crowd at the  
auction were typical Southern, inbred, brain-fried,  
pot bellied, hick-accented, meat-scarfing, ambling,  
drooling, religious fundamentalist, slobs.  Imagine  
being owned by one of them!  
  
Soon, in what seemed to be a relatively short amount  
of time, all 73 slaves on sale that day were naked,  
hanging upside down by their ankles like slabs of  
beef, as auction workers walked among them doing their  
final processing.    
  
At one point in the processing a belt was put around  
their waists, and their wrists were cuffed to the belt  
so that their arms no longer hung down, but stayed  
secured at their sides.  
  
Next, color coded cards were attached to the hanging  
slaves’ foreskin or frenum by means of small  
alligator clips.  There, on the stage, were 73 naked  
slaves hanging upside down with color-coded cards  
alligator clipped to their dicks, showing off to the  
world everything their mommas gave them.    
  
Several auction officials walked out in front of the  
stage to survey the goods from a distance.  They  
stopped in front of us and looked up on the stage.   
“Ok, we’ve got 73 good looking slabs hanging up there.  
For the most part, it’s a pretty strong lot.  The  
blues and corals should bring some hefty returns.   
It’s one of the best looking crops of blues I’ve seen  
in quite a while.”  
  
Since there were still about 2 hours to go before the  
auction began, Gabriel asked one of the auction  
officials why the slaves had to hang up there for so  
long when it looked like most of the processing was  
completed.  One of the officials was happy to answer.   
“We keep all slabs hanging upside down for anywhere  
from 4 to 5 hours before auction because it gives a  
deep rosy hue to their flesh.  A well flushed slave  
looks really strong and healthy.  And it actually  
makes processing a lot easier for us, as well.”  
It was a warm day, and we were all starting to get  
thirsty, so Richard, Gabriel and I walked over to one  
of the vendors and got three tall glasses of iced tea.  
We then made our way back to our seats and sipped as  
we watched the events.  We had a chance to chat with a  
lot of other folks at the auction, found out a lot  
about people’s various reasons for attending the  
auction, and generally had a good time, with lots of  
camaraderie and laughter among the spectators.  
  
At one point an auction official asked the upside down  
slaves if they had to pee.  The auction boys then  
went to those slaves who had to pee and held urinals  
under their dangling penis’s as the slaves relieved  
themselves.    
  
One of the auction workers shouted to a crowd that had  
gathered at that part of the stage nearest his  
station, and announced to his audience, “Ok folks,  
its branding time.  Gather around, we have seven  
slaves up for a branding.”  Folks who heard this  
rushed over, and some who were already there ran off  
to get their friends.  The auction workers collected  
the seven hanging slaves due for a branding, and  
trollied them over to the branding station.  Their  
eyes were wide with fear, as the branding oven hissed  
and steamed.  Folks were scrambling to get a good  
view, amid much chattering and laughter.   
  
When the slave brander saw that the crowd was large  
enough, he pulled the first dangling slave towards him  
and positioned him over the branding vise.  He spun  
him around, lowered him a bit so his ass was at a good  
level, and secured the slave’s shoulders into the  
branding vise.  Another auction worker went to the  
front of the slave, gathered his knees in both arms  
and held him tight, and another auction worker stooped  
down, gathered the slave's head in both arms and held  
tightly. The auction brander got a signal from all of  
the slaveholders that they had the slave secured, and  
he then pulled a large branding iron out of the oven.   
The tip of the brand was redder than anything I had  
ever seen.  The crowd fell silent.  He touched the  
slaves’ upper buttock with the brand and slowly  
plunged the iron deeper into the slave’s buttock.  The  
slave let out a scream that was not human, as the  
crowd listened in devoted silence. The brander seemed  
to hold the iron in place longer than I would have  
thought safe.   
  
When the brander removed the iron from the slave’s  
behind he stuck it back into the oven.  The slave  
continued crying, screaming, moaning, and trying like  
mad to wiggle free.  But the auction boys held him  
firm.  The brander examined the brand, then took out a  
small aerosol type canister and sprayed the brand for  
quite a while.  The slave’s screaming soon died down  
and turned into sobbing.  The slave’s penis was  
erected to the hilt, his dick knob almost as red as  
the branding iron.  For some reason, so was mine.  
  
The auction boys then released the slave from their  
grips and from the vise, and rolled the branded slave  
back into place alongside the rest of the slaves.    
The next slave up for a branding, looking far more  
terrified than the first slave did, was pulled up to  
the branding station, secured into the branding vise,  
and held down by the auction boys.  As he was being  
readied the slave pleaded, “Please don’t do this to  
me.  Please!”  The auction boys ignored him, as the  
spectators laughed.  
  
Gabriel, Richard, and I joined the crowd watching the  
branding, since we had never seen a slave get branded  
before. If Tony had been up for a branding, it's  
doubtful we would have been able to watch. It was   
quite an awesome sight seeing guys who were just like  
me getting branded. Hanging upside down, no hope of  
escape, no place to escape to, slowly being brought to  
the branding station. One thing all the slaves on that  
stage were realizing, whether they were getting  
branded or not, was that life would be very different for them  
from now on.  They were finally being treated the way  
slaves can expect to be treated; like helpless,  
mindless, slabs of beef. Muscled work boys.  Who can  
get strung up by their ankles, or anything else, if  
that's what their owners wanted.

To Be Continued…

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