**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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