**My Brother Tony, the Penury Slave**

Part Four

By Randall Austin

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It was a good thing there were so many things going on
at the auction, so many people and things to be
distracted by, or else I think my brothers and I would
have been overcome on the auction grounds by Tony’s
plight.

By the time the third boy was being branded, almost
the entire crowd so far present at the auction grounds
had gathered as near to the branding station as they
could get to watch the process.  I now understood why
so many people had come to the auction as much as 5
hours before the bidding began.  It was to watch the
slaves get processed, and especially to watch the main
event; in their eyes; the branding of the
longer-term slaves.  No one, apparently, wanted to
miss it.  I had naively believed, until now, that most
of the people at the auction grounds so early were
there like Gabriel, Richard, and I. There because they
had a family member up for sale.  How wrong I was!

The fourth kid being rolled over towards the branding
station was one of eight slaves penis tagged as a
‘blue’, like Tony, meaning he was top rated stock.  He
was muscular, very well filled out, and he started
creating a scene as soon as the auction worker began
to trolley him over to the branding station.  He was
bucking and shouting, “Let me go, you fucking
assholes!”  The auction boy told him to shut up.  The
slave just kept bucking wildly, probably hoping the
entire rigging system would collapse.  The auction boy
grabbed the slave’s cock and balls with his left hand,
grabbed a paddle with his right hand, and started
swinging the paddle furiously into the slave’s
buttocks.  With the slave’s bucking held in check by
the auction boy’s tight squeeze of his balls, the
auction boy kept paddling away at the slave’s ass with
a tight lipped, determined, look on his face.  The
audience started clapping at the auction boy’s resolve
in dealing with a noisy slave.  The slave was howling
and bawling like a baby.  After about 15 strokes the
auction boy asked the slave if he was going to behave,
and the slave hollered out a broken “yes”.

The audience loved seeing a fearful slave, and they
let him know it. “You’re getting what you deserve,
scum!”  “Brand him extra deep for that outburst!”
“You’re getting branded whether you like it or not,
Mr. Big Shot!”  Raucous laughter followed each
comment.  “I think he should be branded both front and
back.”  “Brand him on his pretty forehead!”  “Looks
like you spent a lot of time in the gym working on
your muscles slave boy!  They’re finally going to be
put to some use!”

Several of the slaves hanging were crying from the
tense atmosphere.  When the branding iron finally hit
the rebellious slave’s bubbly buttock and he screamed
out his pain, most of the audience erupted into
applause.  Gabriel looked at Richard and said, “Fuck
man.  Make sure you stay out of debt!  I don’t ever
want to see this happen to you.”

There on the Tillman county slave auction stage hung
73 newly enslaved naked poor boys, strung up by their
ankles.  73 boy slaves being gawked at by hundreds of
folks milling around drinking iced drinks and having a
good time.  73 boys finding out at last how real
slaves are treated; who can no longer go crying to mom
or dad for help, protection, and more cash; who are
finally going to be taught some hard lessons, at last,
in the meaning of good, honest, hard work.

For men and women the sight of 73 slave cocks hanging
between 146 dangling boy balls fuels intense desires.
All freemen feel a surge of power in the presence of
naked slaves.  Men and women feel this power over
slaves in different ways.  Men feel it in a rush of
blood to the loins, sending a warm feeling of power, a
glow that inspires a healthy male to want to take
control.  And women, who watch so quietly, and seem so
innocent, get deeply aroused.  Their desires fuel
lusts far more complex than the male’s.  It is women,
not men, who come to the county auctions purely for
sexual reasons.  Men come for reasons of power,
status, control, finance, and sex.  Women come purely
for sex; penis-obsessed women.  Penis is their sole
desire.  And the boys strung up naked can feel it as
no free man can ever experience it.  They feel it in a
blush that wipes out their former security, defeats
any resisting ego, and renders them totally abject.
Crying like babies, their tears falling to the auction
floor, these new slaves are completely helpless,
totally lonely, and will never escape the fact, even
if they are ever freed, that a part of their maleness,
their pride, has been taken away.

73 shaved boy pussies, 146 dangling slave boy berries,
all looking rather alike when you see them upside
down. 73 poor boy dangling cocks, now turned into very
unfree cocks, uncertain of their future pleasure
levels.

But one of those dangling work boy cocks belonged to my
brother Tony, and I was having very conflicted
feelings.  I loved my brother, but I was also
embarrassed at having my own brother be so debased, to
be so stupid as to end up in such a situation.  It
reflected on me, and my brothers.

A former classmate, Jerome, spotted me, came up to me,
and offered me his sympathy at our family situation.
As he was leaving, he asked me, “You’re not in any of
the same kind of financial trouble like your brother
got into, are you?  I’d hate to see you end up on that
stage like Tony.”  I was both angered and humiliated
at his remarks.  Asking me, in a sense, if I was as
stupid as Tony; not that Tony is stupid.

My brother Gabriel pointed out Shecky Bloom in the
crowd, well known as one of the meanest slavers
around, looking as grim as his reputation.  His
specialty was buying up short-term slaves and then
using every legal loophole to obtain extensions of
their enslavement terms.

Little Leroy Prosser picked up a stone and threw it at
a tall, skinny, hanging, black haired, slave.  The
stone hit the slave on his leg.  Leroy’s dad, seeing
that, walked up to Leroy and slapped him on the side
of the head.  “You little fucking skunk.  You damage
one of those things it would cost me a fortune.  The
only way I could pay for it would be to sell you.”  He
continued to give Leroy about six more slaps to his
face and ass.  Leroy howled.  I thought, “If this is
how folks out here treat their six year old sons, I’d
hate to think how they treat their slaves.”

An auction official walked to the dais at the front of
the stage, took a microphone, and addressed the
audience. “Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls,
welcome to the Tillman County Penury Auction.  Always
a fun, family, event.  We still have about two hours
to go before the auction begins.  As you can see we
have the penuries strung up and we are well on the way
towards completing their processing.  It’s a good
looking crop, and right now we are sort of letting
them ‘cure’, if you will.  Sort of ‘basting’ them,
keeping them hanging so they are nice and flushed and
healthy for you when you take them home with you.  And
I hope you enjoyed the branding as much as I did.”
The crowd showed its gratitude and appreciation of the
spectacle by breaking out into applause.  The official
waited until the applause stopped before continuing.

“For now, I just wanted you to know that the gift shop
is now open, and I simply would like to alert you to
some of the newest items we have in stock.  First off,
you will want to check out Milstein’s ‘Slave Control’,
now available on CD-ROM and Blu-Ray. The classic text

comes with many interactive features, including video

clips of the correct methods of tawsing and whipping slaves.
This work tells you how to talk to your slaves, how to
dress them, how to punish them, how to reward them.
The newest addition of this classic text features an
update for the 21st Century on the latest punishment
methods.  It also comes with a video for your slaves
to watch.  It lets them know some of the new things
that are out there to keep them in line.  You will
find it a valuable resource whether you have one slave
or a hundred.  It is a work that has become a classic
because it tells you, in short, how to get the most
bang for the buck out of your slaves.”

“One of the newest items in stock, and fast becoming
one of our most popular, is the ‘Jumping Suit’ from
‘Behave Slave!’ products.  The jumping suit is the
modern version of the hair shirt.  Ideal for those
times when you want a slave to just start thinking and
focusing on the things he should be focusing on, and
not lazing around.  It is a punishment jump suit made
of heavy, treated, burlap lined with plastic-fibers.
Once the naked slave is made to get into the jumping
suit it is buckled tightly, zippered up, and the
strong metal zipper is padlocked into place.  It is
the itchiest and most uncomfortable thing you can
imagine.  There is no escaping the discomfort the
plastic bristles cause.  And that is why this burlap
jump suit is called the jumping suit.  Your slave will
go crazy trying to escape the itching fibers, and if
you’re like most folks, you will find it quite comical
as your slave hops around like mad trying to find
relief.  Lock your slaves in the jumping suit for a
while and I guarantee that you will have one
well-behaving slave on your hands.  The jumping suit
is also recommended for parents to use on an out of
control child.  One who doesn’t keep his curfew.
Locking your child into the jumping suit for an
afternoon may be just the ticket he or she needs to
see what it feels like to be a slave, and prevent them
from ending up on this stage hanging by their ankles
along side these fellows.”

As he indicated with his finger the hanging slaves, he

looked back at them and shouted, “How does it feel boys,

hanging up there?” There was no answer.

“Well, darn!  I guess they can’t find words to describe it.

Anyway, you can find the jumping suit on sale in the gift shop.

One size fits all.  Just make your slave get in it, naked of course,
tighten all the straps, padlock the zipper, and
watch your slave hop around like mad, while he gets
educated in proper behavior at the same time.”

“Also in the gift shop, needless to say, you will find
the latest in whips and tawses from Empire Slave
Wares, one of the most trusted names in slave control
devices.”

“Finally, I want to make you aware of a very special
offer we have going.  Penury slaves in Tillman County
are sold raw.  That means they have had no formal
training in servitude or slave protocol.  Buyers are
solely responsible for all slave training.  Along with
each slave you purchase comes a full psychological
profile giving you suggestions as to the most
effective handling techniques to use on your purchase.
We also provide photocopies from Milstein’s ‘Slave
Control’ on the relevant sections pertaining to the
handling of the newly enslaved.  As you may know,
Milstein’s reference is considered authoritative, and
is the standard reference on slave handling.  If a
training course for your slave is something that is
out of the question for you financially, Milstein
recommends a 30 to 40-lash bullwhipping in lieu of
formal training for the newly enslaved.  Now a lot of
you not only do not own a bullwhip or a whipping
frame, but even if you did you wouldn’t know how to
use them.  Don’t you worry.  For a fee of $100 per
session we will have a county whip master come out to
your place, along with a portable frame, and
indoctrinate your slave.  For any purchases made here
today, you will receive a coupon for a free
bullwhipping for each one purchased.  Buy one bull
whipping session, get one free!  It’s a very good
deal.”  The audience “oohed” and “aahed” at the
generous offer.

“I would like to emphasize that it has been shown that
a foundational bullwhipping offers the newly enslaved
the clearest and most direct orientation into his new
status.  Because it is the swiftest means to that end,
it is therefore considered the most humane of the
various adjustment procedures.  No other method offers
such clear insight for the slave so quickly or
decisively, or more efficiently tames a wild and
rebellious attitude.  Do your new slave a kindness and
sign up for this special offer.  The foundational
bullwhipping offers guidance with an exclamation
point!”

“So ladies and gentlemen, please check out the gift
shop.  And, as you can see, the food and beverage
stands are up and running.  I’ll be back with you when
the auction begins, in less than two hours.  Thank
you.”

Several auction workers and officials were up on the
stage now, walking among the hanging slaves, making
notes on clipboards, spinning the slaves around to
check them from all angles, grabbing noses and ears,
opening mouths and feeling inside, pulling on balls
and cocks.  Almost all of the slaves would get jacked
so the officials could see what their erections looked
like.  When they did it to Tony I couldn’t believe
that that was my brother up there, hanging naked and
getting jacked as officials speculated on how much
money he would be likely to bring in.

A lot of men in the crowd brought their young
daughters along.  Everyone knows that young girls are
supposed to make very good caretakers of male slaves.
Personally, I think that is discrimination against
males.  I'll bet you any young male would be just as
happy to look after female slaves, and ‘take care’ of
them.  But such is the politically correct hypocrisy
in this country.

My brothers and I watched Chester Judkins and his sons
Gator, Spade, and Cooter arrive, all big mean looking
guys. They owned the quarry out in Comanche County.
They looked like they intended to do some buying.
Among the four of them they were loaded down with
chains, whips, tawses, paddles, halters, harnesses,
gags, and squealers.  Squealers are pinchers custom
designed to be locked on to various parts of a slave's
body.  They seemed like a cruel idea and I never knew
people actually used them on their slaves.  Dangling
from Gator’s belt I saw an assortment: penis, ear,
nose, tit, lip, and finger squealers, as well as the
general purpose ‘flab’ squealer, with serrated edges
which could be snapped onto any folds of flesh on the
body.  It was creepy.

The majority of the auction workers on stage had now
started oiling down the slaves.  Every part of the
slave was oiled.  The workers started at the feet and
oiled their way down, including the face.  After the
slaves were oiled, several female auction workers with
makeup kits were going to each slave and painting
various body parts.  They colored the slaves’ cheeks,
nipples, and lips with a rosy red blush color.  They
then took an obscenely dark shade of red, and painted
the slaves’ cock heads.  They pulled back the foreskin
and painted the entire dick knob. The painted dick
knobs of the 73 hanging slaves looked very prominent,
even from a distance.

A young man who was standing next to me asked his
friend why they were painting the slaves up like
‘cheap whores’, and his friend answered that painting
slaves up, using make up, and tarting them out, was
the style on the East Coast.  He added, “Believe me,
these auction people are experts, they know what
presentations sell and which ones don’t.”

Rhett Halster and his girlfriend, Cindy, had taken a
front row seat along side of us.  At one point Rhett
got Cindy to open up her blouse and expose her titties
to the boys hanging above the stage, to see how many
of them she could get hard.  Sheriff Johnson saw this
and came over to them and told them that Cindy had to
put her titties back in her blouse or else leave the
auction.  He explained, “This is a family event.”

After the slaves got made up and painted, the auction
workers unlocked their wrists from the belt about
their waist, so their hands hung down free, again.

When all the boys’ cheeks and cock knobs were rosy
red, an auction worker informed the slaves that they
were now going to be let down and gave them
instructions on what to do. The rigging slowly started
lowering all of the slaves at once, and as they
touched the floor they were instructed on how to
support themselves with their arms.  Once they were
all lowered, they were instructed to remain seated on
the floor for awhile, as the female makeup artists
went among them putting on the finishing touches.
Some boys, like Tony, had lines drawn at the ends of
their eyes to give them Egyptian eyes, some, like
Tony, had their eyelashes teased, and those slaves who
still had hair, again like Tony, had their hair oiled
and combed back.

It was now noon, the parking lot was full, and the
entire grounds were crowded with spectators.  The
slaves were instructed to stand up and at attention
with their hands at their sides.  The crowd was
excited to finally see the wares all polished, made to
stand straight and tall, right side up, and obeying
the commands of the auction boys.

The head auctioneer stepped up to the stage podium,
introduced himself, and in no time at all the bidding
was underway.  The auction boys brought forward a fair
looking boy with a limp, and acne.  His penis tag was
red colored.

“Our first item up is a real bargain.  This is
Phillip, 25 years old.  Because of a slight limp
brought about by a childhood fall, he is not labor
intensive.  But he is gentle, loves animals, and would
be a great 24-hour a day estate caretaker.  His papers
state that because of an acne problem, he is to
receive no tawsing or whipping on the back, and no
face slapping.  Recommended discipline and control
procedures for Phillip are taser prodding and jump
suiting.  If you just like to spank or paddle unruly
slaves, you can see that Phillip has a nice big butt.
But despite the acne problem, you can see this one is
a real cutie. Available for 20 months service, the
bidding begins at $38,000.  A bargain folks, a real
bargain!”

Phillip was in tears the whole time.  Probably made
the worse by the fact that he was the only slave coded
red, which was the lowest rating a slave could
receive.  But he sold for $44,000 in no time to a
middle-aged woman accompanied by a son who appeared to
be about the same age as Phillip.

I was surprised at how fast the bidding went.  When a
slave was sold the auction workers would put a diaper
on him, a yellow cone hat on his head, and take him by
a leash to the bursar, who would hand the leash over
to the owner as soon as he received payment.

A man seated in back of us bought a slave, and when he
paid for and collected his slave, he and the diapered
slave came and sat back down in back of us.
Apparently he was seeking to buy a couple of slaves.
A friend of his stopped buy, and asked, “That’s a nice
looking young mucker you got there, Steve.  Are you
going to butt plug him?”  The slaver replied, “I
wasn’t planning on it, Earl.  Why do you ask?”  Earl
answered, “No reason, I just like to watch new boys
get plugged.  That’s all.”

When one slave on the bidding block refused to do
jumping jacks when the auctioneer asked him to, a
swarm of auction boys were on him so fast that he
probably didn’t know he was being tawsed until about
the fifth blow.  It was comical to see him finally do
jumping jacks while he was crying out loud, tears
falling down his face, making his makeup run, and his
shaved balls and his coral colored penis tagged cock
with its tip painted bright red, wildly flopping up
and down.

I heard Herb Mayberry and his two sons, seated two
rows in back of us, laughing it up at the slave’s
humiliation.

Within an hour and 10 minutes almost half of the
slaves had been sold.  One group of 18 slaves, all
coded green, was sold in a lot to Chester Judkins.

When Tony was brought up to the block, he saw the
three of us sitting in the first row.  A young kid
seated next to us thought he was looking at him, and
said to his father, “Dad, that kid on the block is
looking funny at me.  Can I put a squealer on his
pickle, Dad?”  His father tried to quiet him,  “You
ain’t doing nothing to that slave.  If you buy him,
then you can do anything you want to him.”  The young
lad then quieted down, but was obviously frustrated.

As Tony was positioned on the block by the auction
boys, there were lewd wolf whistles from members of
the crowd.  Tony’s hands went instinctively to cover
up his sex organs.  The auctioneer gently reprimanded
Tony, “Ok boy, get your hands to your sides.  No one
is going to buy you if they can’t get a good look at
Mr. Peepers.”

Indeed, there was my brother Tony with his Mr. Peepers
on display for everyone to see.  Not only were Tony
and his Mr. Peepers on display, but all of Tony,
including Mr. Peepers, was oiled and shiny.  And on
top of that Tony, and his Mr. Peepers, was painted up
like some Las Vegas show boy.  I found it almost too
embarrassing to look at him.  I looked down to my lap,
and Gabriel, seeing my distress, grabbed my hand, and
the hand of Richard, who was seated on the other side
of him.  Gabriel spoke for the three of us. “I know
this is embarrassing, guys.  But Tony made his own
bed.  We did all we could do.  Let’s just hope that
whoever buys him can do him some good.”

To Be Continued…

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