**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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