**My Brother Tony, the Penury Slave**

Part Five

By Randall Austin

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Tony, awkward on the auction block, finally removed  
his hands from covering himself and let them fall to  
his sides, as the auctioneer ordered.  Seeing Tony  
comply with his request, the auctioneer began, “Ok,   
finally, ladies and gentleman, you can get a good look  
at Tony DeStasio.”  As he mentioned Tony’s name Tony’s  
head dropped in shame and he stared at his feet.  The  
auctioneer had to stop and instruct Tony again, “Young  
man, stand tall and look straight ahead or else I’m  
going to have one my assistants help you to comply.   
Now stand up nice and tall for all the good folks here  
who came out to see you today.”  
  
Tony was finally able to stand tall and look straight  
ahead as instructed only by biting his lower lip.  He  
was blushing and sweating.  I saw Eric Madonna in the  
crowd smiling at Tony’s humiliation.  “That a boy!”  
the auctioneer smiled.  “As I said, ladies and  
gentleman, this is Tony DeStasio and he comes from a  
fine family.  Without even reading the medical report  
you can see that he is in prime health.”  Addressing  
Tony, the auctioneer continued.  “Ok, Tony, now raise  
your arms as high above your head as they will go, and  
spread your fingers wide.  Show everyone your arm  
pits.  Good boy! – Ok, as you can see, Tony is blue  
tagged for a very good reason; he is simply top grade  
slave material.  Now, Tony, turn around so we all  
can get a good look at your behind. Good.  Very nice  
skin.”  
  
“Next, Tony, turn around, arms down, face the folks,   
and I want you to bring yourself to an erection.”   
Tony was silent and looked down.  Probably used to  
the fact that few freshly enslaved boys are able to  
easily comply with this request, an auction boy was  
ready and came up to Tony, and with a gloved hand  
grabbed Tony’s cock and started pumping.  In no time  
Tony was huge.  “Nice one!  Real nice.”  Tony shut his  
eyes.  
  
“Ok Tony, I want you to start running in place.    
That’s the way!  Now bring your knees up higher and  
swing your arms more.”  Tony’s did as he was ordered,   
and was red in the face the whole time, as he ran in  
place, with his large red knobbed erection bobbing  
wildly and slapping his leg.  “Look at him go to town  
folks, this is an item that wants to please.  Good  
boy, Tony!”  
  
As I watched Tony go through the paces I was totally  
ashamed, as well as embarrassed for Tony and my whole  
family.  But finally I thought that maybe this is just  
what Tony needed, and if only mom and dad had gotten  
after him and used a little old fashioned discipline  
he wouldn’t have to be here now.  A part of me was  
also angry with Tony for bringing on this  
embarrassment to the family.  I was angry, but I still  
loved him and felt for him.  
  
The auctioneer did a little sales pitch, “This is a  
strong lad up here folks, and he can be worked as much  
as you like.  Here in Oklahoma we don’t have any fancy  
laws telling us what we can and can’t do with our  
property.  No sir!  Here in the heartland of the good  
ol’ USA we are still free, and pride ourselves on that  
fact.  This is god’s country after all, and property  
is property. If you own it you can do with it as you  
please.”  The entire audience erupted into applause  
at the auctioneer’s fundamentalist patriotism, which  
mirrored their own.  
  
“If you buy one of these boys it would be an excellent  
chance for you to give them some bible training as  
well.  Whip the bible truths into these poor wayward  
slaves.”  More applause.  Buying slaves was not only  
good for the economic health of the nation; it was  
good for the spiritual health of the nation as well.   
  
“The psychological profile on Tony is very  
interesting.  It is based on interviews with Tony’s  
family members.  It seems Tony had a vanity problem  
for as long as any of them can remember. His oldest  
brother once walked in on him in his room and caught  
him masturbating to a video he had made of himself  
dancing nude, with his body oiled up.”  The audience  
was tittering.  “Well, well, Tony, then you should be  
pretty happy with yourself right now, all oiled and on  
display for the folks.  Would you like to dance for us  
now?”  The audience roared with laughter.  When the  
laughter died down, the auctioneer said, “I guess Tony  
isn’t in the mood for dancing right now.  But  
remember, folks, if you buy him, you can have him  
dancing for you all you want, right in your own living  
room.”   
  
The opening bid was quite high, and not many voices  
joined in.  But those that did vied at a fever pitch.   
Within a minute the auctioneer announced, “Sold to Mr.   
Blazer!”  
  
An announcement then went out over the loudspeakers  
like the ones that followed every sale; “Family  
members of Anthony DeStasio, known as Tony DeStasio,   
may meet his owner or owner’s representative at the  
Bursar’s station to arrange visitation terms.”  
  
Tony was quickly collected by the auction boys and  
taken to the rear of the stage, where he was put into  
a diaper, a three carnation corsage was clipped to his  
right nipple, he was sprayed with cologne down his  
front and backsides, a big yellow 2 by 6 inch card was  
affixed to his left ear tag, which read ‘Slave  
OK73642B, property of Edward Blazer’, a matching  
colored tall cone cap was put on his head and affixed  
by means of a chin strap, a large bell on a chain was  
attached to the back of his collar and hung down his  
back, and finally he was given a large 30 pound weight  
to carry in his arms, and the weight had a chain  
attached to it with a cuff at the end of it which was  
attached to Tony’s right ankle.  He was then directed  
to go to the front of the stage and walk down the  
steps to the auction officials near the bursar at the  
front of the stage.  The entire audience watched with  
amusement the newly kitted slave, in his big diaper,   
slowly making his way to the front of the stage.  He  
was goofily obvious with his cone cap, his ringing  
bell, and his waddling gait.  There was slave Tony  
going to the front of the stage and down the stairs  
off to his new life of being told what to do.  There  
was Tony all made-up like a real slave, looking  
totally servile and afraid.  
  
And there at the bottom of the stage, Tony met his  
owner, Mr. Edward Blazer, and an overseer of Mr.   
Blazer by the name of Luke.  Mr. Blazer was a man who  
looked like he knew how to get his money’s worth out  
of a slave.  He was the man who now had the authority  
to make Tony dance, oiled and naked, if he wanted.  Or  
anything else he wanted him to do.  And there was  
Tony, finally, a slave, about to pay the price for  
being poor in America.  
  
As my brothers and I went up to the bursar’s station I  
kept my head down.  I was ashamed to have anyone see  
my face, knowing my brother was now a slave.  When we  
got to the bursar’s station we went up to Mr. Blazer  
and introduced ourselves.  He was gracious to us, as  
was his overseer Luke, a handsome kid about 28 years,   
wearing khakis and a neat shirt, and holding a folded  
black, state of the art, condor-plastic whip.  Tony  
wanted attention, but we were listening to Mr. Blazer  
tell us about Tony’s first day’s schedule, and asking  
us if we would like to go out to the compound and see  
Tony and his other two purchases of the day get  
penned.  He said it was always nice for a slave to  
have family members around at such a time.  We thought  
so too, so we accepted Mr. Blazer’s offer to go and  
check out Tony’s new digs.  So my brothers and I  
accompanied Mr. Blazer, Luke, and the new slave to  
their cargo van in the parking lot.  We walked at  
Tony’s rather slow pace because he was carrying the  
weight in his arms, which was awkward and heavy, and  
the chain leading from the weight to his ankle cuff  
allowed Tony to take only medium sized steps at best.   
Even though I walked alongside Tony, we didn’t say  
anything to each other.  He seemed to be dazed, and  
there was really nothing to say at this point.  
  
As we made our way to the van we heard Luke ask Mr.  
Blazer if the new slaves should be ringed and branded  
as soon as they got back to the compound, and how much  
time he wanted the new slaves to have to heal before  
he put them to work on the ‘floor’.  
  
Mr. Blazer said he wanted the new slaves branded and  
ringed immediately, and that Doctor Mannis said that  
with the new antiseptics, the slaves could be put on  
the ‘floor’ as soon after the processing as we wanted,  
although he still wanted them to heal for a day or two  
before being put on the ‘floor’.  
  
As he explained this we approached a cargo van in the  
parking lot with its doors open.  Two slaves like  
Tony, in diapers, were chained in a standing position  
outside the van by a one foot chain from their collar  
to eye bolts on the side of the van.  Both slaves were  
holding their slave weights in their arms and wore the  
attention getting cone hat.  Each slave had a person  
with them, perhaps a family member or friend.  And  
working about the van were three young men.  
  
One of the young men had an electric clipper in his  
hands, and a woman standing next to a handsome,   
skinny, blond, slave was talking to him.  We heard him  
say, “I’m sorry, but I have to do this.”  The woman  
then hugged the blond slave, they whispered things in  
each other’s ears, they kissed, and she left in tears.  
  
  
Mr. Blazer introduced us to his two sons, Brandon, 26,   
Elliott, 23, who held the clippers, and his slave  
medic, Noland Fawn, 35.    
  
Brandon came up to Tony, put a one-foot long leash on  
his collar and led him to the side of the van next to  
the other two slaves, and chained him to an eyebolt in  
the side of the truck.  Now Tony, too, had to stand  
very close to the truck holding his weight.  Three  
slaves in a row, holding their slave weights, chained  
close to the van, waiting to see what would happen  
next.   
  
Noland asked Mr. Blazer which was the slave that  
needed to be circumcised.  Mr. Blazer said, “That  
would be Tony there,” and pointed out Tony who stood  
looking very frightened.  My brothers and I were  
confused, since we were told that temporary slaves  
couldn’t be body modified.  We didn’t know what to  
say.  
  
Elliott took the cone cap off of the skinny slave’s  
head, turned the clippers on and put them to the back  
of the slave’s head.  He buzzed a path straight  
through the middle of his head.  The skinny slave just  
stood there, looking defeated.  Elliott then widened  
the center path so that the slave was totally buzzed  
except for the hair at the side of his head.  He took  
all the hair at the back of the head off, making the  
slave look bald even without a shaving, except for two  
clumps of hair on the side of his head.  He trimmed  
around the two clumps of hair, so the clumps of hair  
at the sides of his head were about 2 and a half  
inches in diameter.  The slave looked ridiculous,   
like a clown.  
  
Standing next to the other blue coded slave (a cool  
looking black haired hipster named Adam) was his quiet  
friend, Joel.  Joel asked Elliott why he had to give  
the slaves such demeaning haircuts.  Elliott answered  
in dramatic fashion.  He unlocked the freshly buzzed  
skinny slave’s chain from the side of the truck,   
grabbed him by the blond clump of hair on the right  
sight of his head, very roughly pulled the slave by  
his hair clump and shouted, “Kneel!”  The slave did so  
immediately, with a dumbfounded look and tears  
welling.  As he took a razor to do some trimming to  
the head of the kneeling slave, he explained.  “Did  
you see how fast and easy that was?  If I had asked  
him to come over to me he would have wondered where?  
Here? Now? Like this?  I saved all that wasted time  
and needless explanation.  In a fast paced work  
environment such as these slaves will be working in,   
we need to get information to slaves fast, and we do  
it anyway we can, we use everything they got on their  
bodies to communicate.  In short, the haircut is  
practical.”  
  
As Elliott explained the haircut, Noland Fawn came up  
to Tony, still holding his weight and chained to the  
van, and unfastened and removed his diaper. “Let me  
see how much snipping I have to do.”  He took Tony’s  
cock in both hands and pulled down on the foreskin,   
gathering all of the foreskin at the cock tip.  “Oh  
yeah.  A lot of skin is coming off of this one.”   
Tony’s mouth was half open in a giant frown, and he  
looked about as if he wanted to bolt.  Brandon  
reaffirmed Noland’s comment, “You hear that Tony?   
You’re getting skinned!”  
  
Gabriel spoke up, “Pardon me, but it’s illegal to  
modify temporary slaves.”  Mr. Blazer, who had been  
signing documents, walked back over to us and answered  
reassuringly.  “Gabriel, I assure you it is for Tony’s  
own good.  When family members try to delay the  
process the judge always rules in our favor because it  
is a health and job safety issue.  State guidelines  
always overrule county rulings.  All of our slaves  
have to be circumcised, and all of them are fitted  
with a three inch nose ring through the septum, a  
three inch cock ring through the head of their penis,   
and are branded on the upper right rump with our two  
inch tannery slave brand.”  
As Noland pinned the diaper back on Tony, he saw tears  
falling from his eyes.  “You’re not crying because I’m  
going to skin you, are you kiddo?  All I’m going to be  
doing is help you peel your grape, that’s all, dude.   
Anyway it’s the regulations man, and the slave  
regulatory committee is pretty strict.  Rulings of  
local counties have little effect.  If the slave  
regulations say you get skinned, you get skinned, no  
ifs, ands or buts!”  
  
The hipster slave, who by now was looking a lot less  
like a hipster and more of a scaredy-cat, was hugged  
by his quiet friend, and as he took his leave, Mr.   
Blazer said to him, “Remember, we have a liberal  
visitation policy for the slaves at the tannery.  
Friends and family members are free to visit on the  
first Sunday of every month.  It was nice meeting you  
sir.”  The quiet friend left, and Elliott immediately  
started buzzing the hipster slave’s once totally cool  
hair.  In no time at all his ‘do’ was reduced to two  
clumps of hair at his temples.  He now looked as goofy  
as the blond slave.   
  
Gabriel asked Brandon what kind of work would require  
that Tony be circumcised, ringed, and branded.  
  
“My dad owns the Blazer Tannery.  The slaves work for  
most of each day naked on their hands and knees all  
day long, wearing nothing except kneepads, plastic  
sandals, and a back saddle that carries their tanning  
supplies.  The hides, fresh from the slaughterhouse,   
are laid out and cover the entire vast floor of the  
factory.  The hides are flecked with tufts of hair,  
salt, shit and blood.”   
  
“In the first step of hide processing the hides have  
to have every square inch gone over and cleaned by  
hand.  So we have devised an efficient system.  The  
slaves get on their hands and knees side by side,   
usually about 20 slaves.  We then extend a single  
plasti-chain through all of the slaves’ nose rings,   
from the slave on one end of the building to the slave  
on the other end.  The slaves on the ends have the  
plasti-chain harnessed to their bodies.  We do the  
same for their cock rings; a single plasti-chain goes  
through the cock ring of every slave.  The slaves on  
each end of the row have the plasti-chains from both  
the nose rings and the cock rings harnessed to their  
bodies.  That way the entire row of slaves on their  
hands and knees is certain to keep moving up the floor  
covered in hides at an even and efficient pace.  After  
they have covered the entire length of the building  
hand picking every piece of debris out of the hides  
and putting it in their debris bags attached to their  
back saddles, they then go backwards down the entire  
row of hides again to pick up any leftover.  Then the  
backpack garbage is collected and they crawl back up  
the floor performing a different tannery process on  
the hides.”   
  
“So, as you can see, it is an environment that poses a  
good risk of infection, so having Tony skinned is for  
his own good.”  
  
I asked why him why they would purchase a top rated  
slave for that kind of work, since both Tony and the  
former hipster slave, Adam, were coded blue.  He  
answered, “We don’t pay any attention whatsoever to  
the rating system used by the local county auctions.   
That whole color-coded system is just a gimmick by the  
counties to make money, in my opinion.  We simply buy  
up guys who look like they aren’t going to faint from  
having to crawl around on their hands and knees all  
day long in shit and blood covered hides.”   
  
Richard looked up at Gabriel, distressed, and said,   
“That seems really awful.”  I went and hugged Richard.  
When Elliott saw the look of concern on our faces, he  
muttered to Luke, “They’re just slaves, for  
chrissake!”  
  
Gabriel asked Brandon how many slaves Mr. Blazer owned  
and how many people in total worked at the tannery.  “We  
are a small operation.  With these three new purchases  
dad now owns 26 slaves.  And you have pretty much met  
the entire non-slave team, just my dad, Elliott, me,   
and our overseers Luke and Noland.  Our head overseer,   
Joshua Rangle, you will be meeting when we get out to  
the tannery.”  
  
Gabriel asked how so few people could look after so  
many slaves.  “There are three reasons  
why so few of us can efficiently control such a number  
of slaves; first, we employ ‘herd maintenance’  
techniques, so everything is structured for the  
slaves, and they all do everything at the same time  
following a strict routine; second, we pretty much  
keep them chained or secured in some way all the time;   
and last, we are very serious about discipline out at  
the tannery.”  
  
“And we are a very ‘hands-on’ group of overseers.   
Even though we seek total conformity from our slaves  
in every way, from looking alike in terms of hair and  
body modifications, wearing identical clothing at all  
times, brushing their teeth at the same time, and so  
on, we know each of them individually.  We have  
one-on-one motivation sessions with our slaves all the  
time.  For example, even though Tony won’t be shit  
picking down on the floor for a few days until he  
heals from the circumcision and processing he’s about  
to receive, he will still be having motivation  
sessions with all of us overseers.  All of us will  
spend time with him, talking to him, testing him,   
teaching him to conform, telling him what’s expected,   
putting him through the hoops, and administering  
orientation spankings.  He’ll be getting plenty of  
those.”  
  
Tony, overhearing all of this, cringed against the  
van.

A lot of people were passing us in the parking lot as  
they made their way to their cars.  Several slowed  
their pace as they passed by to get a better look at  
the diapered slaves chained by their necks to the side  
of the van, having to stand there and be stared at  
since they had no place to go.  
  
Elliott went up to Tony and removed his cone cap.    
Tony started shuddering then started crying.  Some of  
the spectators were quite amused at Tony’s distress.   
One little boy came running up, ahead of his family,   
and shouted back at his family, “Mommy, Daddy.  Look  
at the slaves with funny haircuts.”  His little  
brother soon caught up with him and the two little  
tykes couldn’t control their laughter.  
As Elliott started buzzing Tony, the blond slave made  
eye contact with the slave Adam, the former hipster,   
and gave a look of disgust in Elliott’s direction.   
Brandon seeing that, dropped what he was doing and  
rushed up to the blond slave and slapped his face.   
The slave yelped and cried, stunned.  “I saw that  
sneer you made to Adam regarding my brother.”  He then  
slapped Adam’s face, which almost made him drop the  
weight he was holding onto his bare feet.  The force  
of the blow made Adam smash into the blond slave, and  
he in turn bumped into Tony as he was being clipped by  
Elliott.  “You fucking, worthless, monkey-boys better  
learn fast that you show respect to all of your  
overseers. And don’t you ever fucking dare, ever  
again, show a lack of respect to any member of my  
family!  And don’t bother getting palsy-walsy with  
each other, because out at the tannery we do not  
encourage that.  We have a merit system for you slaves  
based on how well each of you helps us to keep tabs on  
your fellow slaves.  If you report an infraction of a  
fellow slave and it leads to a beating of that slave,  
you get rewarded.  Slaves don’t need friends.  The  
only thing a slave needs is a good strong body.”  
  
I felt like I could throw up.  Tony and the blond  
slave looked like they were about to at any moment.   
  
“You are slaves now, and you simply have to accept it  
and learn to behave and show respect.  We don’t waste  
time out at the tannery with any of the latest fancy  
psychology based slave training techniques.  You do  
what you’re told as soon as you’re told.  It’s your  
choice.  If you do, then all is well.  If you don’t,  
well, then we can give you shoulders, backs, and ass's  
that look like the whip marked shoulders, backs, and  
ass's of our two boys who don’t like to behave.”  
  
“If you are having a hard time comprehending the fact  
that you are now slaves, you shouldn’t once we get you  
out to the tannery and penned up. Because after we get  
you washed down and shaved, we’ll be punching a nice  
big hole through your noses.  And we’ll be punching an  
even bigger hole through the tips of your dicks.   
That’s right, we’re punching a hole through the knob  
of your slave dicks.  Then we’re going to put giant  
three-inch steel rings through those nose and dick  
holes.  You’re going to be looking real good!  Just  
like all our other slaves.  Once you look like all the  
others it should help you grasp and accept your new  
status.  And then you’re all going to get trussed up  
real nice and tight and we’re going to give you a  
super steamy hot branding on your fat asses!”  
  
Relishing the looks of horror on the slaves’ faces,  
Brandon continued.  “And we do it all without the  
benefit of an initial anesthetic.  Anesthetics are for  
us free boys only.”  He looked over at Elliott and  
Luke and saw that they were smiling widely, on the  
verge of laughter.  
  
Brandon continued to taunt them, “Now do any of you  
have any objections?  No one said a thing. Do any of  
you boys have any questions, or have something you  
want to say?”  Seeing he couldn’t get a further rise  
out of the hapless slaves, Brandon went back to his  
father who was at the front of the van putting papers  
pertaining to the slaves into an accordion file.

To Be Continued…

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