**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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