**My Brother Tony, the Penury Slave**

Part Six

By Randall Austin

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The taunting given by Brandon to the slaves at least  
took Tony’s mind off the fact that he had by now lost  
all of his beautiful hair, his prize possession,   
except for two ridiculous looking clumps of hair just  
above and ahead of his ears.  It was not a flattering  
cut.  Tony looked really awful.  As Elliott was  
finishing up his snip job on Tony, Tony sniffled to  
him that he had to pee.  Elliott replied, “Well go  
ahead and pee.  What in the hell do you think your  
diaper is for, Bobo?”  
  
Luke responded, “Fuck, another crop of idiots!”  
  
Finished with Tony’s new buzz job, Elliott left the  
three slaves chained to the side of the van, now  
without their cone caps on, and so now all the  
passersby could get a good look at the three chained  
slaves, and their new haircuts.  
  
All three Blazers’ were now in conference with Luke  
and Noland, so Gabriel thought he had better talk to  
Tony while he had a chance.  The three of us went up  
to the chained Tony, who had to keep his head next to  
the van because of his short neck chain.  “Dude, dad  
and all of us had a long serious talk last night, there have  
been some developments, and there are a few things dad  
wanted me to pass on to you.  This seems like it could  
be the only chance I get to talk with you, so we  
better use the opportunity.  Dad and all of us want you to  
know we love you man, and we are with you.  As you  
know, as a slave, dad is not allowed to have you as a  
benefactor of his estate.  So what dad has done is to  
divide your portion of the estate among the three of  
us.  Then when you are freed in three years, or  
whenever, dad is going to redo the will and have all  
of your portion reassigned to you.  He just wanted you  
to know he had to do that, so there would be no  
confusion.”  
  
Tony nodded his sad head in understanding.  Gabriel  
continued, “And dad wanted you to know that since he  
feels three years is a long time, he is going to go  
ahead and get rid of your things.  He will, of course,   
keep the important personal stuff of yours.  But your  
clothes and things he wants to sell so he can recover  
some of what you have cost him in recent months.  It’s  
no hard feelings, of course, at all, in no way.  It’s  
just dad trying to deal with harsh reality.  You know  
the way dad is.”    
  
“And Tony, bro, Dad showed us last night some of what  
he has been dealing with.  A whole new crop of bills  
of yours has come to light, with interest rates that  
are astronomical.  Dad is responsible for them, as you  
know.  He wanted you to know he might have to seek an  
extension on your term in order to recover the new  
debt.  He’s not talking a lot of time here, just maybe  
a year or two.  But since this is all new to him, dad  
hasn’t yet really decided on what he will do.  So an  
extension on your service contract with the Department  
of Indigent Services may very well not even pan out.   
I know Indigent Services has been suggesting to dad  
that you would be a good candidate for an indefinite  
servitude contract, but I can tell you dad is not in  
agreement with their suggestion.  He says, for now,   
the most he’s looking at for you is a one or two more  
years… three or four year’s extension at the most…   
But as I said, he is just reviewing it for now.  He is  
hoping to avoid any service extension for you.  He  
wants you back home, man.  He wanted me to tell you he  
will be doing all he can to avoid any extension, and we  
will keep you posted on what he decides he has to do.”  
“One last thing.  I just heard Mr. Blazer say that the  
first Sunday of every month was visitor day.  Just so  
that you don’t feel bad and think we have abandoned  
you when we don’t show up on the first Sunday to visit  
you, I just realized dad and the three of us are going  
to be away on vacation in Mexico then.  Remember?  You  
were supposed to be going with us.  Anyway, glad I  
remembered that.”  
  
The overseers came back to the slaves, so my brothers  
and I moved out of their way a bit so they could do  
their jobs.  Elliott, Luke, and Noland stood with  
their arms folded; waiting to see what Brandon wanted  
them to do next.  As they surveyed the new slaves  
chained to the side of the truck holding their trudge  
weights. Noland said, “Three real pretty boys.”  
  
Elliott said, “Well they look like typical loser poor  
boys to me.  Dumb fuck, shitheads, all of em!”  
Luke joined in, “Well, these poor boys are finally  
going to be living in style.  We have some real nice  
work lined up for you boys.  I hope you boys don’t  
think you’re too overqualified for the jobs we’re  
going to give you.”    
  
As Brandon came over, Luke asked, “I’ve got a couple  
of friends who have always wanted to watch a slave get  
processed, especially to see a skinning. Brandon, can  
I invite them?”  When Brandon approved, Luke was  
dialing his cell phone in an instant.  “Drake.  You  
free in a little while?  We got some slaves up for  
detail work, and one of them is getting skinned…  
Yup… Sure, you can bring Sarah to watch if you want  
to… That’s ok also… Sure, bring as many friends as  
you’d like… Yeah, we’re doing some snipping,   
ringing, and branding… We ring them through the nose  
and the head of the dick.  It’s interesting to watch.   
But you better hold on to Sarah, the women always  
faint when we punch a hole through the dick tip…   
Should be a good time. Plenty of action… Ok, Great.   
Meet me at the pens in about an hour, since we will be  
getting started almost as soon as we arrive.  I’m off  
work as soon as I get these slaves delivered, so I can  
join you in a few beers as we watch the processing.   
Ok, see you then!  Bye.”   
  
Elliott teased Luke, “You better watch out for Noland  
when he gets out his snipping knife.”  He grabbed his  
crotch and danced around in mock agony in front of the  
slaves.  Luke and Brandon laughed.  Noland offered his  
services, “Elliott, if you’d like a little trim job, I  
would be happy to oblige.”  
  
Tears were falling down Tony’s cheeks as Noland and  
Elliott came up to the slaves.  Noland told the slaves  
that Elliott was going to be giving each of them a 40  
ounce bottle of slave drink, and that they were to  
swallow all of it.  Elliott went up to Adam and held  
the bottle to his mouth, and commanded him to start  
swallowing it as he poured it down his throat.  Adam  
began sucking it down in a somewhat panicked way.  
Noland asked Elliott if his dad had taught him how to  
force feed a slave in the event one of them refused to  
eat or drink.  Elliott answered, “Yeah, dad showed me  
how with a choke collar and a paddle you can get a  
slave to eat anything you give it.”  He paused a bit,   
and continued in a malicious sarcastic tone, “But I’ve  
got a better way to make sure a slave eats what he’s  
supposed to.”  Looking at Adam as he slurped his  
drink, he said in a sneering voice, “Hurry up and  
drink this shit or I’m going to squeeze your damn  
balls into a pulp!”  Brandon and Luke overheard the  
remark and laughed heartily.    
  
Elliott went to the blond slave next, and as the blond  
slave drank, he and Elliott made eye contact.  As the  
blond slave slurped his drink, Elliott spat on the  
ground beside him, not caring that it almost landed on  
the slave’s bare foot.    
  
He then went up to Tony, opened a new bottle of slave  
drink, and started pouring it down Tony’s wide open  
mouth.  As Tony drank, he tweaked Tony’s right nipple  
and grinned.  Tony the slave looked like a little  
donkey getting fed at the zoo, as he stood chained  
against the truck holding his weight and turning his  
head upwards so he could swallow the drink.  All of  
the slaves drank their beverage without incident, so  
they must have been hungry and thirsty.  
  
When the feeding session was finished, Brandon went  
down the line of slaves and unlocked the ankle cuffs  
to which their weights were attached.  He then  
unchained them from the eye bolts in the side of the  
van, and instructed the slaves to carry the weights  
over to a station in the parking lot which had a large  
sign, ‘When you have your freshly purchased stock  
secured, please return the trudge weights to this  
station.  Thank you.  The Tillman County Auction  
Authority.’  
  
Richard asked Brandon why the slaves were not secured.  
Brandon answered by saying, “That sign is a good  
precautionary sign for a new slave owner.  But believe  
me; we’re not worried about these slaves bolting.  We  
know how to control our slaves.”  Elliott added,   
“Yeah, especially a bunch of dumbass slaves like  
these.”    Brandon, Luke, and Noland laughed raucously  
at the remark.  
  
The slaves carried their weights to the station, and  
as they made their way back to the van, Eric Madonna  
and his daughter Shelly, who were making their way to  
their car, met up with the slaves.  I overheard Eric  
say to Tony something like, “Sorry about this, dude.”   
The two Blazer brothers and Luke and Noland saw the  
slaves stopped by the Madonna’s and quickly took on  
alert stances, ready to swing into action if there was  
any problem.  I told them that Eric and his daughter  
were our neighbors.  They relaxed.  Shelly patted  
Tony on the back, the Madonna’s continued on to their  
car, and the slaves returned to the van.  Tony’s face  
was almost as red with shame as his painted dick knob.  
    
Noland told the slaves to take off their diapers and  
bend over the back of the van, as they were now  
getting purge enemas.  The slaves quickly went to the  
back of the van where the door was open, took off  
their diapers, and lay their chests down on the  
interior floor of the van.  There, side by side,  
sticking out of the rear of the van, were three slave  
asses sticking out, ready to get purged by their new  
owner’s medic boy.  Noland came up to them saying, “Ok  
slaves, I’m going to be pumping a little fluid up your  
asses.  It’s going to hurt like hell for about half an  
hour.  Your intestines will feel like they’re full of  
concrete.  But once you let it out you’ll feel that  
special ‘slave fresh’ feeling.”  The overseers laughed  
out loud in crazy unison.  As he injected the first  
slave’s hole he said, “It’s purge time!” When he was  
finished giving the three their enemas, he told them  
to put their diapers back on and to hop into the rear  
of the van and sit down on the floor.    
  
Brandon shouted, “Ok boys, we’re taking you home.   
We’ve got some important work for you to do.”  The  
overseers laughed.  Elliott added, “Yea, let’s get  
these boys home so they can finally start leading some  
productive lives!”  
  
Noland hopped in back of the van with the slaves and  
once again attached a one foot chain to their collars,   
and these he secured to eye bolts in the wall of the  
van.  He jumped down out of the rear of the van, and  
as he was about to slam the door of the van, the blond  
slave retched in pain and grabbed his abdomen.  He  
watched him for a few seconds.  Then Adam groaned in  
pain and clutched his stomach.  Noland gave a  
satisfied smile, and then slammed the van door shut.  
  
Noland then came up to us and in a most gentlemanly  
fashion inquired of us if we were certain of the  
directions out to the tannery.  Gabriel told him we  
knew where it was, and that we would meet them there.   
  
Mr. Blazer shouted to his boys that he was ready to  
leave, so the Blazer boys and their two overseers got  
into the two front seats of the van, which were  
divided from the rear of the van.  There was a window  
that divided the front of the van from the slaves in  
back.  Getting into the back seat of the van, Luke and  
Elliott peered at the slaves through the glass and  
both smiled at what they saw.  The occupants in the  
front of the van all waved to us as we made our way to  
our car.  We waved back at them.  There were smiles from  
everyone.  
  
The drive out to the tannery took about 45 minutes,   
and my brothers and I were silent most of the time,   
but we all did agree that Mr. Blazer seemed like a  
nice guy.  When we arrived at the tannery I had a  
strange reaction.  I had driven by the tannery a few  
times in the past, and never thought much of its large  
low buildings, surrounding grounds, and railroad cars  
always parked along the side of one of the buildings.   
But now it looked like a bleak prison to me.  It sent  
a chill through all of us.  
  
We saw the cargo van at the end of a long driveway,   
and drove up to it.  The slaves were already standing  
outside chained in a row to each other by a one foot  
chain from their collars.  Thus they had to stand very  
close to each other.    
  
We parked our car and got out.  Noland and Mr. Blazer  
were gone, but Luke and the Blazer brothers greeted  
us.  We were about to engage in conversation when four  
slaves arrived, and their appearance frightened my  
brothers and I as well as the three new slaves. They had the  
same demeaning haircuts as the new slaves, were  
dressed in grey fatigues, wore big black slave shoes,   
and each had a giant nose ring.  And as frightening as  
their appearance was their demeanor of silence and  
rigidity, as if they were afraid of making the wrong  
move in front of the overseers.  
  
Brandon went up to the new slaves, chained by the neck  
close together, and addressed them.  “These slaves are  
going to take you to get shaved and scrubbed.  You do  
what these slaves tell you.  If you give them the  
slightest bit of trouble, they will come and get one  
of us overseers, and, let me tell you; out here at the  
tannery we are very serious about obedience.  We do  
not fuck around when it comes to discipline.  Out here  
at the tannery, remember, we are specialists at  
tanning hides.  You do as you’re told.  How long has it  
been since you boys have had an ass paddling?  Bet  
it’s been quite a while.  If you misbehave during your  
bath we’ll paddle your ass so damn raw you won’t  
even feel your branding. So do as you're told, you  
dumb fuck loser dorks, and everything will be OK.”    
  
As the new slaves in their, by now, shit filled  
diapers were led off by the four slave bathers, a car  
pulled up with Luke’s friends.  Four people got out of  
the car and greeted Luke.  Luke shouted at us, “Hey  
guys, these are my friends, Drake, Sarah, Byron, and  
Caspar.  We’re going to do a beer run.  We’ll meet you  
in the medic room.”  We waved hello and Luke and his  
friends went off to get some beer.  
  
Brandon told us that we had a few minutes until the  
slaves were ready, and suggested we walk over to the  
main tannery building.  It was a short walk and as  
soon as we walked inside an acrid stench hit us.  Our  
entrance took us to an overseer platform that looked  
down on the tannery floor.  And there, indeed, on the  
floor beneath us were a row of about 20 slaves, naked,   
on their hands and knees, slowly crawling the length  
of the floor.  They had saddle like packs strapped to  
their backs.  A single plastic-chain went through all  
of their giant nose rings, and another plastic-chain  
went through all of their giant cock rings.  Seeing  
that they were ringed on their dicks as well as their  
noses, made them appear even more like a herd of  
beasts.  I could see also that every one of them had a  
brand on their right rump.  The room was silent.  And  
I saw no overseers.  I wanted to ask how they managed  
to keep them working without an overseer, but I  
couldn’t stand being in that stench while Brandon  
answered the question, so I didn’t ask it.   
Fortunately, he just wanted us to get a quick peek at  
the facility.  Also, I was worried that I would get  
some of that tannery odor in my clothes.  I guess I  
was a little bit more like Tony than I had realized.  
  
Brandon walked us to a low building which was about  
half a block away from the tannery.  It was built out  
of cinder blocks, and had small windows to let in  
light, high up, just beneath the eves.  It was the  
slaves’ quarters.  But I saw no slaves around.  He led  
us downstairs to the sick bay and medic rooms.  As we  
got there the three freshly shaved, scrubbed, and naked,  
slaves had just been delivered to Elliott, and he had  
started chaining each of them with a one foot length  
of chain (again) from their collars to eye bolts in  
the wall outside of the medic room.  As he started to  
chain Tony’s neck to the wall Brandon told him not to  
chain Tony, as he was going to be the first one to get  
processed since he had more that needed to be done to  
him than the others.  He informed us that Noland would  
be letting us into the medic room shortly to begin the  
procedures.  
  
At the same time Luke and his pals came down the  
stairs talking excitedly, and Luke and each of his  
friends was already armed with a beer.  
  
Elliott, watching Luke’s pals arrive, stood with arms  
akimbo, waiting for Noland.  He addressed my slave  
brother, “So Tony boy, Julian, one of the slaves who  
bathed you, told me you were bucking around as they  
held you down for your scrubbing.  Do you intend to be  
a trouble maker out here?”  
  
“No sir,” mumbled Tony.  Elliott imitated Tony’s  
downcast muffled, “No sir.”  His pals laughed.   
Elliott remained standing with his arms akimbo, as if  
thinking how he could next taunt Tony.  He stared at  
Tony up and down, finally he said, “I see the slaves  
got you your prick shaved nice and smooth.  Those  
auction folks didn’t shave your pubes.  They were  
probably thinking you would be bought up by some  
genteel folks who wanted a pretty little houseboy to  
do their shopping and laundry.”  
  
“And I see they got your cock and balls scrubbed up  
nice and clean.  That’s good, because your sausage has  
an appointment with ‘Doctor’ Noland.”  The laughter  
and smiles were almost infectious, because I noticed  
even my little brother Richard smiled a bit.    
  
When Noland finally opened the door of the medic room  
dressed in his white lab coat, Luke and his friends  
greeted him with applause.  Noland did an exaggerated  
bow, walked up to Tony, grabbed him by his clump of  
hair at the right side of his head and twisted it,   
forcing Tony to bend his head down.  In that position  
he pulled Tony into the medic room forcing Tony to do  
a scrambling goofy slave walk.  He said to the rest of  
us, “Follow us, its show time!”

To Be Continued…

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