**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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