**My Brother Tony, the Penury Slave**

Part Seven

By Randall Austin

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We all made our way into the medic room, which was
quite spacious.  Noland left Tony standing in the
middle of the room after leading him half way into the
room by his hair, and went over to a counter with
medical supplies.  Next to the counter was a medic
treatment chair, which could be adjusted to hold a
patient in almost any position. Luke and his friends
had gathered around the chair as Noland pulled
supplies out of the cabinets.  When he was ready he
ordered Tony to come and have a seat in the ‘treatment
chair’, an order which made Luke and his friends’
high-five each other.

Tony didn’t move, so Noland, with a grin, waggled his
finger at him and said, “Time to come and have a seat
in the snipping chair, Tony.”

Tony just stood frozen.  I was embarrassed, what with
all the nice folks who came to watch.  Gabriel was
too, and encouraged Tony, “Come on Tony, just do what
you’re told.”  I was starting to feel resentment towards
Tony for his having put my family through this entire
ordeal, and now for needlessly stretching the whole
thing out.

The overseers didn’t seem to mind at all that Tony was
hesitating, and in fact seemed to be relishing in his
fear and the little show he was putting on.  So they
watched with interest as Gabriel spoke to him, “Tony,
why do you always have some kind of problem doing what
you’re told?

Tony was stunned by Gabriel’s tone, and called out his
name through his tears, but Gabriel cut him off
immediately, “Come on Tony, we’ve put up with your
whining for almost a month now.  Now it’s finally time
for you to do what you’re told, and take your
medicine.  Just march over to that chair and keep your
mouth shut.”  Tony, confused and stunned, looked at
Gabriel.

“You’ve embarrassed us enough” said Gabriel as he
walked towards Tony.  Again, a very distraught Tony
uttered, “Gabe?”  But Gabriel just wanted to get the
thing over with, and in a sudden and surprising move
he grabbed Tony by the shoulders, spun him around, and
pushed Tony towards the chair before he knew what was
happening.  Then, before Tony had a chance to resist,
Gabriel grabbed his shoulders and shoved him down into
the seat of the chair; “Now sit down in the damn
chair like you’re supposed to!”  Noland, grateful for
the help, was on Tony in an instant securing him
immediately to the chair by the chair’s belly strap.
Gabriel forcefully held Tony down by the shoulders as
Noland secured the strap.

Sarah said, “God, why is Tony being such a jerk?”
Luke answered, “That’s the way a lot of slaves are.
Most of them are airheads.  They really don’t know any
better.”

Gabriel’s treatment of Tony was rough, but I
understood his outburst.  I also just wanted to get
the whole thing over with.

When Noland finally had the belly strap secured, he
said triumphantly, “We got you!”  Tony started kicking
his legs wildly trying to break free, so I rushed up
eager to help, and with both arms held his right leg
tight against the movable chair leg.  I guess I was
as stressed out as Gabriel was, and just wanted the
ordeal over with.  Noland quickly took advantage of
my assistance and strapped Tony’s leg to the chair leg
with a thigh strap, a strap just below the knee, and
ankle strap.  Tony’s right leg was now secured.
Gabriel held Tony’s kicking left leg in the same way
and Noland also strapped it down in three places.
Gabriel tried to offer Tony practical advice, “Has it
sunk into your head, Tony boy, that you can’t go on
resisting any more.  I don’t mean with just sitting in
this medic chair.  I mean with your whole fucking life.
It’s time you start doing what you’re told.  Only now
you no longer have a choice.  Now you HAVE to do what
Mr. Blazer, his sons, and his overseers tell you to
do.”

“You got that right, dude!” Seconded Elliott.

Tony, paying attention only to his predicament,
started flailing his arms, still desperately thinking
he could break away.  Gabriel, acting on the heat of
the moment, picked up the super stinging martinet, a
short whip with a six inch handle and nine leather 11
inch strips, from the medic tray and swiped Tony three
fast and furious blows across his left shoulder, “Just
settle down, you asshole!”  Tony yelped and swore as
Gabriel and Noland then had the advantage to secure
the straps to both of his arms in three places.  As
Gabriel pinned Tony’s arms he vented, “It’s time you
start showing respect for people.  You’re no longer
Mr. Hotshot!  Have you got that?”

Again, I knew that Gabriel’s rough treatment of Tony
was, like mine, born out of the anguish that had built
up in us from all of the heartbreak Tony had caused
dad.

Finally secured from lashing out, Noland secured the
head strap about Tony’s head and secured it to the
headrest.  It held his head fast and firm, and had the
advantage of hiding his ridiculous looking hair clumps
from view.  I was really embarrassed by the way Tony
had been acting in front of Brandon, Elliot, and Luke,
three really neat cool guys, and Luke’s pals.  But
none of them seemed to really mind, and Luke and his
friends were laughing and swilling their beer as all
of this was going on.

One of the straps on Tony’s arm was twisted, so Luke
set down his beer and came over, and redid the strap.
As he went back and picked up his beer he jokingly
asked Brandon if he would get paid for the
overtime work he just performed, since he was off
duty. Luke’s friend Byron answered before Brandon
could, “Luke, you know you enjoyed helping out.  You
love controlling slaves.  That’s all you talk about
when we’re drinking.  How great it feels.”  Luke and
his guests were really stoked by now, laughing it up,
acting silly, and having a good time.

Noland put on surgical gloves and a medic hat.
Brandon turned towards Luke’s pals and said, “That
getup makes him look like he knows what he’s doing.”
Ignoring the laughter, Noland approached Tony’s chair
and cranked the leg bars which spread Tony’s legs very
far apart. He then pulled up a chair in front of Tony,
sat down in it, and with a foot pedal raised the level
of Tony’s procedure chair so that his crotch was at a
comfortable work level for himself.

Tony in a raised chair, with his legs widely spread,
gave everyone a very clear view of his equipment.
Noland pulled a metal tray attached to a flexi-arm
from the side of the chair and positioned it beneath
Tony’s balls.  He pulled Tony’s balls and cock and
made sure that his entire unit was lying on the table.

The audience quieted down a bit as Noland took a white
cotton cloth saturated with alcohol, and swathed it
around Tony’s prick, making sure every fold of his
prick was doused in alcohol.  Tony started screaming.
Noland told him it was for his own good, “Just trying
to sterilize the little guy for you, man.”

Luke asked, “Do you guys want him gagged?”  All of his
friends tried to answer at once, but Casper won the
floor, “Hell no, man!  I want to hear him scream.
That should be half the fun.”

As I watched Noland working on Tony, with Elliott and
Brandon Blazer standing guard, all with their nice
clothes and nice hair, I thought of how they were the
kind of boys Tony wanted to be.  They were rich boys,
and their hair and clothes showed it.  Tony was always
trying to pass himself off as a rich boy.  That lie he
was living for so long now ended him up in the
processing chair.

Drake was complimentary, “Quite a sausage the kid’s
got on him!”  Elliott interjected, “Yeah, too bad
that’s all the Dago has going for him.”  Brandon shook
his head at his brother, and then looked at my brothers
and me, “Don’t take any personal offense at my kid
brother’s remarks.  He forgets from time to time that
we’re part Italian on my mother’s side.”  Richard told
him how cool that was.  Elliott apologized, “Sorry
guys, you know how it is.  It gets a little crazy in
here when were fixing the herd.”

Noland came forward with a marker pen and a portable
autoclave, for sterilizing instruments.  “Ok Tony,
were going to turn you into a real American boy, not
like those damn smegma ridden Europeans with their
skins flopping all over the place.”

Noland sat back down in the chair in front of Tony and
pulled the foreskin forward.  Tony started quivering.
Everyone moved in closer as Noland took an unusual
bell shaped instrument and fit it over the head of
Tony’s dick.  He pulled the foreskin forward over the
bell and secured it with a clamp.  He marked the area
he would be snipping with the skin marker pen.
Everyone leaned forward.  Tony had an expression of
terror on his face, and his mouth was half open.
Noland opened the autoclave, took a fearful looking
scalpel, held it to the mark, and then very quickly
sliced the skin all around the bell.  Only as he
completed the snip job did Tony’s awful howl actually
escape his mouth.  Noland acted fast to staunch the
blood, and there seemed to be, surprisingly, not that
much bleeding.    After two more irrigations of the
cut, and Tony’s non-stop howling, he sprayed on an
antiseptic which contained a topical anesthetic.  Tony
immediately quieted down.”  And so did the rest of us,
with a collective, “Whew!”

Tony had a normal sized dick, but it was fatter than
average.  On seeing it skinned, Noland said, “Wow,
that’s a nice fat cock head on you Tony.  That’s going
to be an easy one to punch and ring.”  He then asked
us, “Now doesn’t Tony’s dick look a hell of a lot
better?”

Sarah said, “Yeah, I like to see my man exposed.
I don’t like a guy whose thing is in hiding, I like to
see everything a guy’s got.”

I realized then I had a massive hardon. Embarrassed, I
ran out of the room pretending I was overcome by the
horror of the circumcision.  Out in the hallway I
realized only when it was too late that the two
chained slaves saw me adjusting my trousers and trying
to hide my erection.  I wanted it to hurry and go back
down because I didn’t want to miss Tony’s nose and
dick ringing, but it wasn’t going down so I decided to
go for a quick walk outside.

It was by now mid afternoon, and the warm and bright
sun was such a relief from the tension and the sense
of enclosure downstairs in the processing room.  It
felt good to back in a world of sunlight that I knew.

I noticed that there was another cinder block building
right next to the one I was in.  I decided to take a
walk around the buildings to check them out.  As I
approached the far side of the second building I heard
talking and laughter.  I turned the corner and there
were five slaves, and on seeing me they immediately
stood up straight, dropped their arms to their sides,
and stopped all talking and laughing.  I was surprised
and said, “Oh, hello!”  They responded in rough
unison, “Sir, hello, sir.”  There were five guys, all
about my age, with weird haircuts, giant nose rings,
grey slave clothes, big black shoes, standing at
attention for me.  It was awkward.  I said, “I’m sorry
I disturbed you.” and turned and walked away.

Only when I was some steps removed did I hear their
talking resume.  As I walked back to the processing
room it struck me that the five slaves I had just run
into were like the three slaves being processed right
now; they were all better than average looking guys.
I wondered if that was coincidence.

As soon as I entered the building I could hear Tony
howling from downstairs.  I hurried myself to get back
down, and as I reentered the processing room Noland
just started spraying Tony’s punched nose with an
antiseptic and topical anesthetic.  His howling
immediately stopped.  Gabriel saw me
and hugged me and offered comfort, “I’m glad you’re
back here for Tony.  I know its tough man.”

As Noland was inserting a very large three and a
quarter inch diameter ring into Tony’s punched septum,
Byron asked why the rings had to be so large.  Noland
answered that big rings were needed to ensure that the
plastic-chain could slide easily.  “The boys on the
floor are all twisting at slightly different angles as
they process the hides on their hands and knees, so
there needs to be some leeway for the chain as it
moves through the work boys’ nose and cock rings.  And
the big ring also prevents the slaves from fucking
each other, which is pretty much what slave boys would
be doing all the time if we didn’t keep them ringed.”
My brothers and I were totally embarrassed to hear
that that’s what Tony would be doing if they didn’t
take measures to prevent it.

As Noland brought the ends of the nose ring together
he said, “There, he’s starting to look like a real
slave now.”
I had to agree with him, Tony really looked like a
slave now.  And like a slave, he was refusing to make
eye contact with me, but I guess his refusal to look
at us was from shame.

“How in the hell do they eat with that ring hanging in
front of their mouths?” asked Byron.  Luke explained
that the slaves had to hold the ring in the up
position as they ate.

As Brandon walked over towards my brothers and me,
Casper jokingly asked, “Brandon, can I be your slave?
Would you buy me?”  Brandon said, “I’d consider it.
Take off your clothes so I can check you out.”  My
brothers and I joined Luke and his friends in their
laughter.

Drake used the broken tension as an opportunity to ask
Luke a question that a lot of free guys, who aren’t
around slaves too much, wonder about.  “So, Luke, tell
me.  In England everyone knows that slaves are
considered for all kinds of use, and that means
everything.  You know what I mean.  But here in
America everything about slavery, even slavery itself,
is under covers.  So I’m just wondering, do your
slaves, uhh...”

Luke broke in, “So you’re wondering if our slaves
‘multitask’?”  Everyone broke out in loud laughter.
“All I can say is that we certainly can get our slaves
to do anything those Englishmen get their slaves to
do.”  Loud laughter again followed, without Drake’s
question having really been answered to his, or my
own, satisfaction.

Elliott, who loved engaging in any banter that
demeaned slaves, was all smiles.  “Joshua, our head
overseer, calls the slaves ‘girlyboys’, because they
have to act more like girls than guys now that they’re
slaves. Consider; they don’t have girl friends like
real men do, they don’t have jobs like real men do,
they have to do the things that we guys tell them to
do, and they have to sit down when they pee, because
of their giant cock rings.  Those are all things that
girls do.  And they have to do a lot of other stuff
that girls do, too.”

Elliott was enjoying humiliating Tony, but I think he
realized he was starting to embarrass my brothers and
me as well, so he stopped.

As Noland was digging through his cupboards looking
for supplies, Brandon held out a piece of paper for
Gabriel; “For the good of Tony we would like your
signature on this sheet of paper.  Our slave force is
half convict slave, and half poor boys.  As you may
know, convict slaves are subject to a different,
slightly more strict, disciplinary code than poor boy
slaves. We, as overseers, have many discipline options
on a penury slave like Tony, but if we can get a
family member to sign this, it would give us the right
to treat Tony with the same methods we use on the
convict slaves.  We call it ‘direct discipline’.  And
while it would allow for a broader array of punishment
options and greater severity in discipline procedures,
that is not the reason we ask this.  It just ensures
that all of our slaves are treated alike.  Right now,
we have signatures from the families of all our
penuries for the increased discipline option for this
reason; It’s not to be harsh.  Slaves don’t get
punished at all if they behave. But it insures that
all slaves are treated equally.  Let me tell you, I
have seen cases where convict slaves really make life
hard on a penury slave, treating them like sissies and
so on. It just would help insure Tony doesn’t receive
any hazing from the other slaves.  The others then
wouldn’t consider him a privileged slave.  Let me tell
you, the slaves can make life hell on someone like
that.  The signature will simply help Tony to fit in
more, and make life here, really, a lot easier for
him.”

Gabriel, with some hesitation, answered, “Well, that
sounds good to me.”
Brandon continued, “The slight advantage this gives us
overseers makes it a useful reform tool, and helps
ensure that when Tony does return home, he will be
serious about getting a job, and not hesitate when his
boss tells him to do something.”

Seeing Gabriel still hesitate, Brandon encouraged,
“It’s nothing severe man, it just helps us to treat
all the slaves equal, and ends up making them happier
work boys.”

Tony was by now looking at Gabriel with a giant frown
through his tear-streaked face, and called out to him.
That was too much for Elliott, who went up to the
completely bound and immobile Tony, squeeze pinched
his right tit, and gave it a harsh twist, “Listen you
fucking total dog, don’t you get it?”  Tony yelped,
his face contorted in agony.  “There’s a lot we’ll be
teaching you in the days ahead about how to behave.
Rule number one is keep your fucking mouth shut at all
times.  We don’t care what you have to say.  We tell
you what to do, we don’t ask you, and then you do it
without saying anything.  Have you got that, little
woman?”  There was no answer.  “When we ask you a
question, then you answer it, cuntface!”  Tony cried
out, “Yes.”  Elliott let go of his tit, and walked
away, giving a big smile to Luke’s pals to see if they
enjoyed the scolding he gave Tony.  He got the thumbs
up from all the guys.

Gabriel, unsure of what to do, and wanting to get away
from having to answer Brandon for the moment, went up
to Tony and put his hands on his shoulders, “Don’t you
worry, brother.  I want you to know everything is
going to be alright.”

Brandon, seeing the tender moment between the
brothers, decided to let his request for a signature
drop for the moment.

At that moment the door to the medic room opened and
in walked the head overseer, Joshua Rangle, pulling
along side of him two young slaves which he held by
their hair tufts, one in each hand.  “How’s everything
going in here?”

Brandon answered him by telling him all was on
schedule, and introduced my brothers and me to him.
Joshua was an impressive looking man, in his mid
fifties, very healthy and strong looking, and still
handsome.  Brandon explained that Joshua was the guy
who brands the slaves for the company.  Joshua said
that he would be ready for branding shortly. Then,
indicating the two young slaves he still held on to by
their hair clumps, said “But first I’m taking these
two bucks in for a spanking.”  The young slaves, in
their grey fatigues and big black hard labor shoes,
looked very embarrassed to be on display in front of
guests.  “They were playing around on the fork lift
and rammed into wall.  They could have seriously
injured themselves or someone else.  After their
spankings I’m fitting them with butt plugs and making
them run on the hamster wheel for an hour.  That’ll
get the devil out of them.”

As he left I thought how incredible it was that he
guided the slaves along by their hair tufts, as though
that was the most natural way to lead around another
human being.  The way a vet picks up a kitten by the
skin at its nape.  And Tony, taking in the fact that
his hair clumps would be used to guide him along in a
demeaning fashion, and that he would be constantly
monitored from now on, and probably be getting spanked
and punished for any infraction, looked more dismayed
than ever as he faced his dick piercing.

Noland sat back down in front of Tony, pulled his
dick, which was bandaged from just behind the glans,
and laid it back onto the little operating table.

A cell phone rang and Noland answered it.  “Elliott,
it’s your dad.”  As Elliott walked to get the phone he
muttered, “Fuck, what in the hell does he want?”
Elliott took the phone, said “Hi Dad”, and listened
into the phone, making expressions of impatience and
annoyance to his brother Brandon as he heard his
father out.  Finally he handed the phone to Brandon,
“Dad wants to talk you, bro.”  Brandon muttered,
“Shit!” as he took the phone.  Brandon also listened
to his dad, shaking his head with a sneer in Elliott’s
direction.  Brandon finished his conversation in what
was obviously a tone of feigned respect, “Sure Dad.
Of course we’ll do that.  We’ll see you later.”  When
he hung up Brandon and Elliott shared their reactions
with each other. “What a damn idiot he is.”
“Fucking pain in the butt!”

Drake let out, “Oops!” and Luke explained, “They have
a little problem with their dad.”

Elliott had no qualms about expressing himself, “Our
old man is demented.  He’s constantly nagging us with
all kinds of dumb shit he wants us to do.”  Then
turning to Brandon, “We should have him committed.
He is seriously losing it.”

Obviously there was tension at the tannery, and that
increased the anxiety my brothers and I were feeling
all the more.  The Blazer boys had seemed cruel, but I
thought that was some kind of front overseers put on
for slaves.  I worried that with real tension in their
family, they might be tempted to step over the line
and take out their frustration on my brother Tony.

To Be Continued…

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