**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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