**My Brother Tony, the Penury Slave**

Part Eight

By Randall Austin

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Noland found the supplies he needed for dick ringing
Tony and came and sat back down in front of him. "Ok
boy, it’s time to punch a nice big hole in your dick
tip and ring it."  He lubricated the receiving tube
and started working it into Tony's urethra.  As Tony
moaned and shuddered Noland addressed the room,
"Contrary to what you probably think, this type of
dick piercing is not as painful as it's made out to
be.  Guys get it done all the time, and in fact, three
of the slaves we have were already dick ringed when we
bought them.  They thought they were fancy
chick-pleasing hipster boys.  You should see them
now!"  He chuckled to himself, as if reveling in their
humiliation.  "Anyway, I hear chicks really dig it."
Tony cried out as Noland shoved the receiving tube
further up his piss slit.

By this time all of the visitors in the room were a
lot less squeamish and edgy, and could relax more and
enjoy the processing.  And as they gathered closer
around to watch Tony's dick get fixed, his moaning and
crying no longer disturbed quite as much as before
their attempts at having a good time.

Noland, kindly, pierced Tony's dick in a flash, when
he was not expecting it. I think the actual dick
punching went by too quickly to satisfy Luke's guests,
since Byron sounded almost disappointed when he asked,
"Is that all there is to it?"  I was happy to see that
Tony's agony was short lived for this procedure, and
once Noland sprayed on the anesthetic and started
fitting him with his new ring, Tony was looking down
and watching the process with interest.  Sarah said,
"You should have made that hurt more.  What are you
mollycoddling him for?  My dad says people are far too
lenient with their slaves.”  Tony found her
unbearable, "Shut the fuck up, you stupid, stupid, fat
bitch!"  Elliott looked at Brandon.  Brandon then
looked at Gabriel and motioned for him to follow him
out of the room.

Noland started unstrapping Tony from the procedures
chair, "Too bad you said that, Tony.”  I went out of
the room to see where Gabriel was going, and Richard
followed me.  Out in the hallway Brandon was talking
to Gabriel in front of the two slaves chained to the
wall who were about to be processed next.  They looked
quite pale from all the screaming they had heard.

Brandon continued. "We're pretty used to guys swearing
and cussing at us while they're getting fixed, and we
pay no mind to it.  But what your brother just did,
the way he swore at Sarah, an innocent bystander,
shows a real attitude problem.  That kind of behavior
is correctible, and that's why you should just go
ahead and sign this ‘Direct Discipline’ form.  If you
don't, his penury service term is going to do him no
good, and when he's freed he'll still be acting like
an out of control adolescent.  I tell you, if Elliott
ever talked to anyone that way, I'd give him a
paddling he'd never forget."

Brandon, suddenly resolved, took the document from
Gabriel and signed it.  "You're probably right.  After
all, he's going to be in your care for the next three
years, and I know he won't learn a thing from this
term of service if you aren't able to make him
productive."

Gabriel handed Brandon the signed document, and just
as Gabriel pocketed it, the door to the medic room
opened and out came Tony followed by Elliott right at
his back, guiding him where to go by jabbing him in
the back with the handle of the martinet.  Behind
Elliott followed Luke and his pals, quietly chatting.

Brandon took the cue, and walked ahead of Tony,
signaling Gabriel, Richard, and me to follow as we
walked down the hall a bit until we came to a door
which had posted on it a sign, ‘Joshua Rangle - Head
Overseer’.

Brandon opened Joshua's door, and just as I was about
to enter I noticed a poster attached to the wall
outside his door that advertised, ‘Giant Cock Fight.
Mud Jackals versus the Whipping Boys.  January 18, 8
pm.  Holt's Landing’.  I indicated it to my brothers,
and Luke's friends noticed it also.  Byron asked Luke
what the poster was about, but Luke hesitated to
answer.  Drake said to his pals, "That must be about
the slave wrestling matches I've heard about."  Luke
gave Drake an angry look.  Drake shut up.

Joshua had a suite of rooms.  The front room was
rather plain, with various punishment frames, a couple
of cots with restraining straps, and a work bench with
a wide assortment of whips, paddles, tawses, and
literally hundreds of strange devices such as I had
never seen before.  About the room video cameras were
set up.  Through an open door one could see that the
next room looked more like a traditional office, with
a desk, chairs, and filing cabinets.  What was behind
the other door inside the office, closed, but with a
sign that said, ‘Do Not Enter’, could not be
determined.

Joshua came out of his office, looking like a rushed
man with too many things on his agenda, "Let's get
this over with."  Brandon stopped him; "Tony was
abusive to one of Luke's guests for no reason just
now.  His oldest brother just signed the Direct
Discipline form, therefore I'm calling for a
reformatory strapping before the branding."  Joshua
nodded, "I see.  OK.  Get on with it.”  Tony gave
Gabriel a sad, lost, hopeless, look.

Casper asked what a reformatory strapping was as
Elliott guided Tony to one of the cots and told him to
lie down on his back.  Joshua answered, "Just watch
and see.  It's the same kind of strapping delinquents
have been receiving in reform schools for a hundred
years.  It has remained a staple because it works.  It
makes delinquents like Tony want to reform real
quick!"

Tony, with a look of fear lay down on his back.
Elliott instructed Tony to bring his hands together
above his head, and he then cuffed his hands together
and chained them to a bolt in the wall.  Elliott then
went to Tony's side and grabbed his left leg, lifted
it up, stretched it out, and held it with both arms.

Brandon came forward with a two and three quarter inch
wide black, doubled over, leather strap.  He picked up
Tony's right leg with his left hand, spread it wide,
and stood between Tony's widely outstretched legs.  He
pulled back his right arm and strapped Tony inside the
right inner thigh.  An almost happy smile came over
Brandon's face as he delivered the first blow and
asked, "Did that feel good Tony?"  He laid on a second
blow, "I bet it did."  Elliott was smiling too,
happily keeping Tony's legs spread very wide so
Brandon had enough swinging room.  Two handsome
brothers, sharing in something they enjoyed.

Brandon seemed to relish looking over Tony's spread
flanks and deciding where to hit next.  He continued
smiling, and then when Tony's howling subsided he would
deliver the next blow to the selected spot.  Every
blow landed in a different part of both legs; lower
leg, lower leg side, lower leg front, upper thigh
inner, upper thigh outer, the back of the legs.  After
most blows a question followed. "Would you like me to
hit there again?"  "Are you going to be a good boy?"
"Are you beginning to see that we are serious out here
about behaving?"  "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"
Tony didn't even try to answer the questions, and
Brandon and Elliott didn't seem to mind.  It would be
hard to point out which brother had the wider smile,
and showed off more very nice teeth.

Luke and his friends were smiling too, just watching
a little late afternoon sport.  Actually, I think
Gabriel, Richard, and I were smiling a little, too.
Hard to say why,  and every one of us seemed to be
bulging a little in the trousers.  That would be even
harder for me to explain.

When the strapping was over and they let Tony's legs
down, we all just silently watched him wiggle around
on the cot, moaning, with his hands cuffed above his
head, rubbing his legs together to soothe the pain.
Nothing was said.  Maybe they were hoping Tony would
start swearing so they could strap him some more.

I think I had to agree with Brandon's decision; a
belting was probably what Tony needed.  There was no
real reason he had to shout at Sarah.

Finally Elliott went and uncuffed Tony, and pulled him
up off the cot. "You got off easy Tony.  Usually we
tenderize our boys for a strapping by making them soak
in a hot tub for an hour before the beating."  As
Tony tried to stand, Elliott said, "I hope you made a
resolve while you were on that cot getting strapped to
start towing the line.  We hate strapping our boys."
He gave Tony's balls a brief tug.

"OK everyone; it's time to watch Tony get his ass
branded.  Tony, march over to that frame and put your
feet into the ankle cuffs!"  The strapping must have
worked, since Tony marched over to the frame Elliott
pointed out and positioned himself without hesitating.
Elliott started securing Tony down to the frame with
straps.  He strapped his legs in a very wide spread
apart position.  Brandon came forward with a rather
large butt plug, and started lubing it up.  Seeing the
curious faces, he answered, "We butt plug 'em for the
branding.  It prevents them from tensing their
buttocks too much and ruining the brand.  Also
prevents 'em from shitting on the floor."

Gabriel and I walked up behind Brandon to better watch
Tony get butt plugged.  As he worked the butt plug up
Tony's hole, slowly twisting it upward, he reached
between Tony's legs and grabbed his balls and tugged
down on them, to provide leverage as he shoved the
butt plug slowly upwards into Tony's hole.  "Come on
big guy, open up for me.  You can take all of this."
Brandon kept tugging downward on the balls, and
pushing upward on the butt plug, all the while Tony
whined and moaned.

Seeing us watch with interest as he worked the butt
plug up into Tony's ass, Brandon asked, "Would you
boys care to join me sometime at the Liberty Club?
It's a freemen's club that advocates for slavery, does
charity work around town, proselytizes the benefits of
slavery, and so forth.  We members are allowed to take
guests, and while you are there you just might get to
see slavery in a new light.  Members usually take a
slave along with them when they go, and put them to
work on the upkeep and maintenance of the clubhouse.
The slaves also provide all of the service labor while
members chat, dine, recreate, and so on. The club
thrives entirely on slave labor.  We also show off our
slaves, show what they can do, have them entertain us,
and such. My dad, Elliott, and I will probably be
taking one or all of the three new slaves with us to
the club every time we go, at least for the next two
weeks; since they will be on a limited work schedule
while they heal from their body mods and are in
training here at the tannery."

Gabriel balked slightly, but Brandon encouraged him,
"Come on!  Just because you have a slave brother
doesn't mean that you can't have a good time at the
club."  Then looking at me, he asked, "Victor, you'd
come out to the Liberty Club if I asked you, wouldn't
you?"  I was flattered and answered, "Sure I would."

Gabriel answered thoughtfully, "I would like to.  I
think it would be a good education.  I am willing to
listen and learn.”

Brandon finally got the butt plug all the way up, and
secured it in place with straps coming from the end of
it about Tony's thighs.  The plug kept Tony's legs
very widely spread, and his butt stuck out in two
large bubbles.

Joshua took over securing Tony with straps to the
branding frame at every point of his body including a
band around his forehead.  When Tony was totally
lashed down, he said, "OK, Tony, start bucking and
wiggling.  Try to break away."  Tony could barely move
anything but his elbows.  Seeing Tony immobilized,
Elliott said, "Good job, Joshua."

Luke shouted, "Come on guys!  Get this fucking show on
the road.  My friends want to see that slave ass get
torched!"

Elliott couldn't let the moment go without a taunt,
"OK Tony, this is the finishing touch.  This is the
coup de grace that turns a human being into a slave.
Are you ready?"  Luke and his pals were grinning as
widely as Elliott.  Then giving Tony's right buttock a
resounding slap, causing Tony to yelp, Elliott
commanded, "Joshua, let's turn this boy into a slave!"

All of Luke's friends broke out into applause at
Elliott's excellent prelude to a branding.  Then
Elliott, stepping back from Tony to let Joshua do his
thing, smiled a wide schoolboy-like smile to Luke and
his pals as he casually rearranged the front of his
trousers.

Luke and his guests gathered more closely around the
branding frame.  The chatter quieted down, the guests'
breathing became heavy and slow, and their mouths were
open slightly with a curious look.  Joshua, surveying
that all was ready, took a branding iron from the
electric furnace, moved quickly behind Tony, and
steadily moved the brand towards Tony's right upper
buttock, and even when it touched flesh, he kept
moving it into Tony.

Transfixed at the process, almost mesmerized, I didn't
really hear Tony's awful screaming until it started
subsiding when Joshua sprayed on a substance that
turned into foam as it touched the wound.  When the
foam dissipated, Joshua applied more.  It seemed to
lessen Tony's pain.

It must have been 10 minutes Tony remained strapped in
the frame, with Joshua reapplying the antiseptic,
anesthetic, foam.  And for that whole time all of us
spectators were quiet.  A deep warmth came over me, I
was flushed.  My brothers were red in the face, as
were Luke's guests.  We stayed quiet as Elliott and
Joshua undid Tony's bindings, removed his butt plug,
and bandaged his rump.

All of us spectators were gathered together as Elliott
and Brandon went up to Tony, took him by the shoulders
and guided him to step back from the branding frame.
They spun him around to have him face us.  Brandon
began, "Well look at you.  A brand new, spankable,
slave.  Let's have your brothers get a good look at
you."  Addressing us, "Look at your kid brother.  He's
a real slave now.  He looks good, doesn't he?"

We all nodded 'Yes'.  Brandon continued, "How does it
finally feel Tony, to at last be sporting our tannery
brand on your ass?  You are now USDS prime slave
stock.  Property of the Blazer Tannery."  Then
addressing us, "Look at his snazzy giant slave nose
and cock rings, and his fancy haircut!  Pretty neat,
huh?  A new workboy in the slave corral!"

"Ok, now stand tall, Tony."  Tony obeyed.  "Atta boy!
I want you to recite your first slave mantra for your
brothers.  Now I want you to look proudly at them and
say, "I a good slave will be; no job too big or small
for me."  Tony just mumbled the words.  "Oh come on!
You can do better than that.  Your brothers can't hear
you."  Tony repeated it only slightly louder, but
Brandon didn't mind as he smiled hugely at Luke and
his pals.

I could hardly stand being there, watching Tony be so
humiliated, but I guess that was part of what
overseers have to do to train slaves.

Elliott walked up stood beside Tony and pulled out a
wallet from his back pocket, and took out a wad of
twenty-dollar bills.  He spread them fan like and
waved them in front of Tony.  "Hey poor boy!  You
ended up here because you didn't have any of this
stuff."  As he waved the bills Luke and his pals
laughed.  "Brandon and I have got lots of this stuff."
A snarl smile flashed his handsome face as he waved
the bills in front of Tony.  "But you don't have a
penny to your name, do you?  That's why you're a slave
now, poor boy."

Stuffing the bills back in his wallet, Elliott looked
at us, "But money isn't needed out here.  So Tony's
days spent worrying about money are over.  He's now no
longer a ‘poor boy’; now he's a ‘work boy’.  So;
happy ending!"  We smiled as the others laughed.

Elliott then started rubbing Tony's bald head, as a
smile of absolute triumph made his handsome face
gleam.  "Make sure you keep your dome shaved.  You
have a lot more places to shave now that you're a
slave.  Your dome and all around your hair clumps has
to be shaved every day, as does your face, pits, nads,
ass, and pussy.  My brother and I like you pussy boys
to keep your cunts shaved nice and smooth for us."
Elliott waggled his tongue at Luke's guests.

Elliott then spoke to Tony in the low, quiet,
sneering, leering, voice one reserves for phone sex.
"Tony, you look real nice with your big new nose and
cock rings, your branded rump, and slave haircut.  You
aren't a man anymore, dude.  You're a girlyboy slave."
He put his hands on Tony's chest and started gently
tweaking his nipples.  He fondled both sides of Tony's
chest.  "All right girlie boy, let me feel up your
titties.  Real nice titties on you, Tony.  They feel
nice, like girlie titties.  You'd look real nice with
these ringed, too. Would you like your titties ringed?
Should I take you back there and have Noland ring
your titties?  Would you like that, little woman?"
He looked to see if Luke and his pals were enjoying
his taunts.  They were, so he continued.  He gently
ran his hand down to Tony's inner thigh.  "You're a
girlie boy now. You have to do what we say now, Tony.
Do what we say and we can make you feel reeaaaal
good."  His words became quieter and more drawn out.
"But if you're naughty we can make you feel very bad.
Because you're a slave, Tony.  Have you got that?  Can
you hear me?  You're a slave.  Nothing but a slave.
And Brandon and I are your masters!"

The guests laughed as Byron ran out of the room,
saying he had to take a piss.

Elliott snapped a 12-inch chain to Tony's collar, and
as he was about to pull Tony out of the room he
stopped and asked Luke and his guests, "If you enjoyed
the ringing and branding, feel free to watch a repeat
performance.  Noland is working on Adam right now, and
that will be followed by Steve, that skinny slave.
What are your plans?"

Drake answered, "I don't know about you guys, but I'd
like to watch both of the remaining slaves get
processed.  I loved it!"  Everyone, including Sarah,
agreed with Drake, so they all followed Luke back into
the medic room.

We followed Elliott as he led the naked slave Tony out
into the hallway.  Outside of Joshua's office eyebolts
were fixed in the wall and arranged at various levels.
Elliott chained Tony to the wall with the 12-inch
chain to a bolt at Tony's abdomen level, so Tony was
chained in a stooping position, where he could neither
stand tall nor kneel down.  Tony's hands'
instinctively went against the wall to help support
himself.  Elliott instructed him, "Hands off the wall.
If I see your hands on the wall again I'll take my
little whip and decorate your back.  That'll get you
dancing."  Then addressing my brothers and me, he
explained, "We chain 'em against the wall in a bent
position like this after spankings.  It makes their
asses stick out more, so the other slaves are reminded
of what happens to naughty slaves."

At that point Brandon came out of Noland's office, and
called for Elliott, telling him that Noland needed his
assistance.  Elliott headed for the medic room, as
Brandon approached us.  As the two brothers passed
each other in the hallway, they high-fived.  As each
brother passed me I noticed they both smelled faintly
of sage and clover.  The Blazer brothers shared
grooming products.

Brandon told us that the tannery slaves were getting
off work now, and were heading towards the baths.
After their baths it was inspection time, and at that
time he intended to introduce the three new freshly
processed slaves to the rest of the slaves.  He
invited us to stay and watch.  We were happy for the
invitation.

A loud scream echoed down the hallway.  The brand had
just hit Adam's butt.  Brandon smiled, "Another slave
receives the Blazer seal of approval.  I'd better go
get him."

Gabriel, Richard, and I leaned against one side of the
hallway, and watched Tony, who was chained to the
opposite wall in a stooping position.  Nothing was
said.  The silence was dismal.  Soon, Joshua's office
door opened, and Brandon was leading Adam out by short
a chain, and brought him next to Tony.  He chained him
against the wall in the same stooping position.  Adam
was bawling.

Brandon was in a friendly mood.  He scratched his
cheek, and smiled.  "You know guys, you should
consider your options for Tony.  Some guys never learn
and that's why slavery is the most humane option for
them.  It protects them from their own stupidity.
They get fed and cared for, have a guaranteed job for
life, and it focuses their dispositions in a positive
way."  Tony shifted uneasily.

"I've seen enough guys like Tony come through here,
and how some of them, even with the guidance and
strict discipline we offer them, just never seem to
learn.  Nothing helps them.  For such boys, it's the
best option.  If Indigent Services is suggesting that
Tony be reassigned to an indefinite service contract,
then I would really urge you boys to encourage your
dad to take their advice.  Support from Indigent
Services is often all that's needed to convince a
judge to rule in favor of a life term.  I've been
around slaves all of my life, and I've had to
discipline hundreds of them.  I can tell you, some
boys, like Tony here, just never get it.  They never
accept what we offer them."

"And the good thing about a lifer term for Tony would
be that if he remains intransigent after a period of
two years, then we have the option of castration.  The
state only allows that on lifer boys.  But castration
always calms the problem boys down, takes the friskies
out of them, and turns them into good worker boys.  It
is a totally beneficial procedure for the lifer
slave."

"Getting a service extension for someone like Tony
wouldn't be too difficult, now that he has a foot in
the door, so to speak.  Extensions can be found if one
knows the loopholes.  Do you guys know how much you
could get for a slave like Tony?  We are talking a
major whooping sum!  What with your dad already
considering extending his service a couple of years,
with Indigent Services suggesting that Tony and a
lifetime service contract wouldn't be a bad match,
with his oldest brother having signed a ‘Direct
Discipline’ order, plus the fact that a judge also
takes into account the owners' own general annual
report on the slave's progress - that's the report we
file with the state each year.  Tony would be an easy
candidate to loophole into lifetime service.  Add to
that the fact that Tony isn't too bright."  By this
time Tony was crying also.

I interjected, "Tony's no dummy."

"Well, that may be, but he's too far into the system
by now for him to prove himself otherwise.  But
anyway, if you do pull off a life term for Tony you
boys would be major rich, real quick!"  A catch came
into my throat.

Gabriel would have none of it.  "Sorry, I don't buy
it.  I want Tony back home, and I expect him to be
free in three years or whatever.  And I will fight for
Tony to that end."  Brandon nodded as if to say, "I
hear you and respect your decision", but the sly smile
he flashed said something else.

Brandon then walked over to Tony, reached between his
legs and grabbed his balls, "OK Tony, let's stop that
annoying crying, or I'll give you something to really
cry about!"  Tony immediately stopped his crying, as
did Adam.

How ineffectual I felt, and I'm sure my brothers did
too.  Just a couple of weeks ago if anyone had
threatened one of us, the others would have swung into
action in their defense.  But the rules were changed
now.  Tony was a slave.  We had to stand by and let
them dish out anything they wanted to to our brother,
I figured.

As Brandon left to go assist with the skinny slave, he
said,  "If you boys want to get out and walk around a
bit go ahead.  Go get some refreshments upstairs.
Just order any beverage you want from any slave you
happen to see.  I think you'll find we have a very
obedient bunch of slaves.  Don't feel like you have to
watch these two slaves here.  They can't get away."

When I said I wanted to stay with Tony, Brandon handed
me a short whip from his belt.  "Here, use this on
Tony's back if decides to get mouthy with you.  I
think you will be pleasantly surprised at how quickly
it makes asshole slaves comply with your requests."

To Be Continued…

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