**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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