**My Brother Tony, the Penury Slave**

Part Nine

By Randall Austin

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While my brothers and I were waiting with Tony, who
was chained to the wall in a stooping position, along
with Adam, as the skinny slave was getting processed;
we found it awkward to talk with Tony.  So we chatted about
boring stuff among ourselves: What time is it?  How
long will we be staying here at the tannery?  Are you
hungry? I am. Have you tried out that new restaurant
on the Ave?  Are you still seeing that Caroline chick?
Want to join Chad and me tonight at the ‘787’ club?
Are you going to Jeff's party this weekend?  Have you
seen the latest Bond flick?

At one point Richard asked Tony and Adam if they were
thirsty.  They said “yes”, so Richard went down the
hall to a drinking fountain to get water.

Gabriel's cell phone rang, and he answered it.  It was
dad.  "Oh, hi Dad… Yes, Tony is getting settled in.
Don't you worry, its Mr. Blazer… Yeah, that's right,
Mr. Blazer of Blazer tannery. The Blazers are real
nice people, Dad.  You can rest assured.  Mr. Blazer
is a real gentleman, and his two sons are just great,
totally cool, guys. They're handling Tony with kid
gloves."  Tony let out a cry, "DAD!  DAD!" but Gabriel
quickly covered the phone with his hand and walked
down the hallway out of earshot.  He didn't want dad
to be upset in any way.

Gabriel first rejoined us after his cell phone
conversation with dad was over.  "Tony, dad sends his
love."  And at the same time as Richard had returned
with a pitcher of water and had just watered Tony.  As
he moved on to Adam and was holding the pitcher for
him, the Blazer boys returned leading the skinny slave
Steve by a one-foot chain attached to his collar.
Seeing Richard watering the slaves Brandon laughed,
"Hey, I hope you guys don't think we deprive our
slaves of food and water, and treat them the way
slaves are treated in the movies.  We take very good
care of our slaves.  Just ask any one of them.  Things
just get a little off schedule and hectic on days we
process new slaves."

Joshua and Luke and his pals joined up with us as
Brandon chained the skinny slave next to Adam in the
same stooped position as the other two slaves.  He
stood back next to his brother and surveyed the three
naked slave rumps.  "Well Elliott, three new slave
asses to spank!"

Elliott smiled, "Yeah!  I can hardly wait until their
brands heal!"

Joshua went up behind the three slaves and went down
the line forcing his hand between each one of the
slave's legs and hefting their balls.  "Yup, I'm going
to be fitting these new boys with ball clamps for
their first couple of weeks working on the tannery
floor."

Elliott was pleased, "Good decision!"

Drake asked what a typical work day was like for the
slaves.  Joshua answered, "From now on these three
boys' work day will begin at 4:30 am, when they are
awakened for stretching exercises, mantra recitation,
and breakfast.  By 6:00 am we'll be chaining them down
to the tannery floor where the boys work the hides for
5 hours.  Then, after lunch, the boys go back to work
for anywhere from 3 to 5 more hours, chiefly rolling
up the hides and loading them onto box cars.  Hides
weight anywhere from 50 to 250 pounds, so these three
slaves will be muscling out like all our other
slaves."

"All of that hard work the boys do here gives Mr.
Blazer an edge in the resell market, what with most of
the boys being prime material to begin with.  But add
those heavy duty muscles to already prime rated stock,
and these boys can be resold, and probably will be
resold, with Rodeo Drive sticker prices!"

Brandon invited everyone up to wait in the commissary
until inspection time, but Gabriel told him we wanted
to stay down in the hallway with our brother.
Everyone trundled upstairs except Gabriel, Drake and
Richard, who were chatting with each other, and me.

When we were alone, Richard asked, "Did you hear that
Tony, they're going to be clamping your balls for a
couple of weeks.  What's that all about?"  Tony, in
anguish and frustration, shot back, "How in the hell
should I know what that is?"  Richard was upset, "For
cris' sake!  All I did was ask if you knew what ball
clamping was.  I figured they might have told you
what's in store for you.  Don't fuckin' take it out on
me, man, just because you have to finally face the
music.  Fuck!"

Gabriel tried to calm Tony down.  "Look Tony, it's a
good thing the Blazer boys didn't hear that outburst.
You better watch it, buddy.  They've already shown you
that they'll beat your ass if you step out of line."

Drake spoke up, "Hell, they beat their slaves for any
damn thing they please.  I've seen it.  They don't
take any shit from their slaves.  The slaves are all
scared shitless of the Blazer boys.  Especially the
younger one, Elliott.  That kid really revels in his
power over slaves."

I gave my opinion; "And I bet they don't just beat
slaves.  Did you see all those things Joshua had in
his office?  Who in the hell knows what all those
things are for?  It gives me the creeps.  Gabe, let's
just get out of here!  Let's go home."

"We'll be leaving soon enough.  But I would like to
watch Tony meet his new friends at the inspection.  I
think he'll feel better when he meets some of the
other slaves.  The ones I've seen seem like nice
enough guys."
I then told of my experience.  "When I went to get a
breath of fresh air while Tony was getting worked on,
I ran into a group of them.  They seemed real nice,
but also kind of cowed."

Joshua, whip in hand, came down the stairs and told us
to come up, as the slaves were arriving for
inspection.  Richard asked Joshua about ball clamping.
"For their first couple of weeks on the tannery floor
I'll be cinching their balls.  It provides a little
queasy feeling.  We like to keep our new boys on edge.
It keeps them alert, and helps them absorb all the
things the slaves will be teaching them.  It's a
binding that goes around the boys' balls, gives a
little pressure down there and keeps them wiggling
around and wanting to move, expend energy, and keep
busy.  It's a good reality check for the new slaves.
When Tony is down on the tannery floor chained up
along with all the other slaves, with a ball clamp
scrunching his nads to keep him moving, you can be
pretty sure he'll be missing his days as a janitor."

Joshua unchained the slaves.  He brought Tony over to
me pulling him by one of his hair clumps, and
indicated for me to take hold of him by the hair.
When I balked he quickly snapped a leash onto Tony's
collar and gave me the leash instead.  As he handed me
the leash he said, "Here you go.  Now don't let him
get away."  Then handing me a martinet from his belt
he said, "Use this on him if he tries toying with your
emotions."

He leashed the two other slaves, pulled them along,
and signaled for us to start going up the stairs.  I
was ahead of Joshua leading Tony down the hallway and
up the stairs, and felt apprehensive.  I was worried
that I could get whipped by Joshua as easily as Tony
could, even though I knew he wouldn't whip me because
I was not a slave.  But I knew how Tony must have
felt.  I sure in the hell didn't want to get whipped,
and was afraid that I would be.

We exited the building at the head of the stairs and
had to walk around in front of the cinder block
building to get to the entrance at the street level.
As we came to the front of the building I saw, in the
courtyard, a group of about thirty teenage boys of
varying ages boarding a school bus.  Richard asked
Brandon what they were doing here.  "We support the
state Civics Training Program by allowing high school
students the use our slaves in getting field training
in the handling, maintenance, and discipline of
slaves.  We are a popular destination for local high
school students because our strict behavior codes
usually ensure that we have a steady supply of slaves
in need of discipline for the young boys to practice
on."  I felt a pang of envy.  I wished that my high
school had offered such hands on training.

I had Tony's leash in one hand, and a martinet in the
other.  I felt suddenly in a very different
relationship with my brother Tony.  I was determined
not to allow him to misbehave while he was put under
my watch.

Slaves were arriving and entering the slave building
from various parts of the compound, dressed in white
smocks.  We were told that they put the smocks on
after bathing for their inspections.  We entered the
slave building from the same entrance the slaves were
using.  As we entered Luke and his pals were arriving
and joined our group.

The first room was basically a snack room.  It had a
refrigerator, coffee maker, a few chairs and some tables.
The second room was a large rectangular room with
about 15 cots on each side of the room.  At the head
of about fifteen of the cots slaves were standing
quietly at attention, dressed in their white bath
smocks, buttoned up the entire length of the front.
They were light material, and looked like hospital
gowns.  The slaves were all barefoot.

We stood together, along with the three new slaves, to
the side watching the rest of the slaves arrive and
take their positions at the head of their cots.  When
all 23 of the slaves had arrived, Joshua took the
three naked new slaves and guided each of them to
stand at the head of one of the vacant cots.  When the
26 nose-ringed slaves were finally standing at
attention, Joshua spoke. "First of all, Brandon will
be doing the inspection today, so that means you have
to unbutton your smocks.  You know he likes to see
your cock and balls at inspection time."  All the
slaves started to unbuttoned their smocks, and in no
time all 26 ringed slave cocks came into view.  There
were 26 slaves standing in two rows, each sporting
giant nose and cock rings.  With their haircuts, and
shaved and ringed bodies, they had a definite
non-human aspect about them, appearing almost as
beasts of burden.  Big dumb oxen, standing in a line,
ringed and waiting to obey.  Waiting for some word of
approval from their owner's sons.

Joshua started the introductions.  "I want you to look
over here at your three new roomies.  This is Adam
Schultz."  Adam looked at the rows of slaves, and the
slaves all looked at him.  "Adam is 27.  Adam played
guitar in a band called the ‘Hay Grazers’, from your
smiles I see some of you know the group.  He has a
penury term of four years."

"Next to Adam is Steve Morten.  Steve is 22.  He was a
dishwasher at the Hyatt in Lawton until it went out of
business.  Then he couldn't find a job.  So he too is
penury, with a term of two and a half years."

"And lastly, this is Tony DeStasio.  Tony is 26.  Tony
was janitor who was embarrassed at having to wear a
janitor uniform with his name on it.  So that didn't
work out for him.  Tony will be serving a three year
penury term, though the latest word is that it looks
like his term is going to be extended a bit as the
courts await full discovery of the extent of his
debts."

"These are three real nice guys, so take good care of
them.  Adam is supposed to be a hell of a poker
player, so watch out.  Steve sings real nice, and was
a tenor soloist in his church choir.  And Tony, his
brothers tell me, is a terrific dancer."  Joshua told
them that Brandon would be arriving shortly, and
walked over to us.

I asked Joshua why the slaves are allowed to keep the
names they had as free men, since most slaves are
given slave names.  "The reason we let our slaves keep
their real names is because we manage our slaves
following Anton Meisner's herd control techniques.  If
we gave Tony, for example, a name like Jibbles he
would simply think, Jibbles is just a name the court
gave me in order to demean me.  I am not really
Jibbles, I am Tony DeStasio.  So I am not really a
slave since my real name is Tony, not Jibbles. But
by being allowed to keep his real name Tony more
readily realizes that he really is the guy who is
ringed, branded and dressed in slave clothes.  He is
really a slave."

"Add to that the fact that under Meisner's system
slaves have to do everything at the same time.  They
soon realize that if they want to eat, they have to
eat at the same time everyone else is eating.  If they
want to bathe, they have to do it with everyone else.
If they want to brush their teeth, they have to do it
when everyone else does it.  If they want to
masturbate, they have to do it when they are given the
ok.  It's because of such herd control techniques that
you can see our slaves doing their work without
overseers watching their every step."

Brandon and Elliott arrived, each eating an apple.
Each looked as though they had just washed their faces
and recombed their hair.  Along with them was a very
beautiful, and quite young, girl dressed in a simple
print dress, holding a camera.  The slaves stood tall.
Brandon walked down between the two rows of slaves,
looking them casually over as he ate his apple,
occasionally reaching his hand to touch a slave's
inner thigh, or to heft a slave's balls.  "Looking
good."  When he reached Bill Christopher, he stopped
and addressed the room.  "Just one little bit of
business to tend to here, with Bill.  Noland told me
he was looking out of the window of his medic room and
saw Bill, here, peeing into the plants outside his
window."  Some of the slaves were obviously trying to
hold back smiles.  "You guys can laugh if you want.
But I don't think Bill will be joining you.  Bill, you
know what to do."

Bill stepped forward, spread his legs, and clasped his
hands behind his back.  Brandon gave his apple core to
one of the slaves, grabbed Bill's balls tightly with
his left hand, and with his right hand gave a mighty
slap to Bill's face.  He yelped.  Brandon backhanded
the other side of his face.  Then again, and again,
and again.  Bill was bawling and snot was running.  After
10 slaps Brandon stopped, let go of Bill's balls, and
looked at him.  "Are you going to use the toilet from
now on, Bill?"  When Bill answered, "Yes, I promise,
sir," Brandon gave him an affectionate smile and
playfully tweaked his nose.

Brandon walked back down the line, smiling at the
slaves.  When he got to Tony, he took the Polaroid
camera from the slave girl and took a picture of my
naked, ringed, brother.  When the photo came out, he
handed it to Gabriel.  "A little souvenir for you
boys."  We thanked him.

The three new slaves were noticeably less buff than
the other slaves, and my comment about that fact to
Richard was heard by Brandon, who answered me.  "Don't
you worry about that.  A couple of months working in
the tannery and Tony will soon be as buff as the rest
of these guys."  He then addressed the slaves.  "I
want you to remove your smocks so our visitors can see
your muscles."  All the slaves then removed their
white smocks, and it was indeed an impressive sight.
All those muscled boys, nose ringed, cock ringed, and
standing in a row.  Sarah's eyes were bugging out of
her head.  Drake put an arm around her and pulled her
closer to him.

After we had all ogled the muscled slaves and
commented on them, Brandon again addressed the slaves.
"You did a good job in the tannery today.  You all
look scrubbed and clean.  And you did a nice job of
shaving your pussies.  I didn't feel any stubble down
there.  So you not only have the next 15 minutes to
jack off, but I brought Kathy along to entertain you."
The slaves all hooted and clapped.  Kathy, who I
found out was Mr. Blazer's domestic slave, was a
favorite of the straight slaves.  She stepped forward,
lifted off her floral print one-piece dress, handed it
to Gabriel, and stood completely naked in front of the
slaves.  The slaves took to their cots, some
reclining, some sitting, while watching Kathy.
Elliott turned on a radio, and Kathy started slowly
moving to the music, putting her hands to her shaved
pussy and spreading her cunt lips in an incredibly
teasing way.  Kathy walked up and down the aisle
between the cots showing off herself to both sides of
the room.  All of the slaves were by this time jacking
their dicks, most watching her, some watching the
other slaves.

Casper said to his pals, "I can't fuckin believe this.
They're a bunch of animals!"

Brandon and Elliott heard the comment and ignored it,
and smiled as happily as the slaves as they watched
Kathy dance.  Animals the slaves may be, but my mouth
was dry watching Kathy, a gorgeous gal of about 20
years, doing an obscene dance, scrunching her tits,
jiggling her ass, parting her lips.

Adam, Steve, and Tony erected.  Elliott told them, "Go
ahead, hop on your cots and join them if you'd like.
It's the way we do things around here.  Together.
From now on, you all do things together."  The world
the three new slaves saw was as new to them as it was
to my brothers and me.

Casper repeated his comment to his pals, "They're just
a bunch of goddamn animals.  They don't have a speck of
pride."  Brandon walked over to them and explained,
"Slaves managed by the Meisner method soon get over
pretending they're respectable guys who have to hide
from everybody the fact that they piss, shit, and
jerk.  In a way, such slaves live a totally honest
life since it so totally exposed."

Richard, more talking to himself than to anyone else,
said, "Tony would never do that in public."  Brandon
smiled, "Tony will be jacking with the others in no
time once his dick heals.  Believe me.  What happens
in the Meisner method is that a slave wants to do what
all the other slaves are doing in order to bond with
and support them.  The Meisner method is such a
powerful tool of slave control precisely because it
brings out behavior that one would never have expected
or even thought possible."

A number of slaves had started moaning and yelling to
Kathy as they got near to shooting their loads.  Kathy
increased her movement tempo to keep her tits jiggling
for the ogling slaves.

Maybe the Meisner method had gotten to me, because I
wanted to jack off too.  Richard and Gabriel, and Luke
and his pals, all were watching the dance.  We were no
different than the slaves, except we would simply hold
off our jacking a bit.  The two new slaves seemed to
be, at last, a lot less tense, and even sported faint
looks of hope.  Two new slaves?  There were supposed
to be three.  But I couldn't think, my eyes went back
to Kathy, and her young girl pussy and tits.

The slaves all started shooting about the same time,
and they moaned and yelled as they shot their loads;
something I had always wanted to do, but was too
inhibited to do.

When the jacking was finished, and as some were wiping
themselves off with towels and tissues, and some were
beginning to get dressed in their slave fatigues, I
noticed there were indeed only two new slaves still
standing naked by their cots.  Tony was missing.
"Where's Tony?" I asked my brothers.  Everyone looked.

Brandon moaned, "Jezzus, where is that little fuck?"
Elliott grabbed a whip and ran into the next room,
then outside the building.  Brandon and Luke ran
outside also, calling for Tony.  But Kathy had just
rejoined Brandon when he realized Tony was missing,
and now standing in our midst was beautiful Kathy,
seemingly unbothered that she was standing totally
nude in front of us, looking so firm, ripe, lush,
healthy, touchable, feelable, and squeezable.  She smiled
as she reached for her dress which Gabriel held, and
only as she grabbed it did Gabriel realize that he
held it.  We watched transfixed as she lifted it over
her head and pulled it on.

With her dress on my brothers and I returned to
reality as the three overseers came running back into
the room calling for Tony.  By this time the slaves
were all dressed and watching with amusement the
Blazer boys and Luke scramble about looking for a
slave who obviously had made an escape attempt.

Kathy walked over to a group of the slaves and started
chatting with them, laughing at the overseers.  Luke
looked into closets.  Brandon peered into bulkheads.
And Elliott got on his hands and knees and was looking
under the cots.  Elliott shouted, "Ah ha!" and
scrambled on his knees to the cot Tony was standing in
front of.  He reached under the cot and pulled.  Soon
he could reach both legs and pulled Tony out from
under the cot.  The entire room erupted into loud
laughter.  Elliott pulled Tony out onto the open floor
on his back, then up into a standing position by his
hair clumps.  Elliott joined in the laughter, as
terrified Tony ran over to Brandon and hugged him and
screamed, "Please don't hurt me!"  The laughter was
almost deafening, and my brothers and me had joined in
the laughter.

Brandon put his arms around the cringing, pleading,
Tony and was hugging him, and laughing.  The slaves and
overseers shared in their laughter.  Elliott slapped a
slave on the back as they shared in uncontrollable
laughter.

When it all died down, Brandon just stood there
hugging Tony, shaking his head, with a huge smile.
"You need to know Tony that escape attempts are one of
the most serious crimes a slave can commit.  But I
think whatever it is you just did, it didn't qualify
as an escape attempt."  Everyone laughed again, and
Brandon laughed at his own comment.  He called a slave
named Randy over, introduced him to Tony, and told
Tony that Randy would be taking him over to get his
clothes, help him settle in, show him the ropes, and
then accompany him to the evening meal.  He told Luke
it was time for his pals to leave, and that my
brothers and I should bid our farewells to Tony.

We told Tony that the slaves were his new family for
now, so he should try to fit in.  I hugged him and
noticed a plaque hanging over the doorway exit,
"Obedience leads to happiness."  I was going to repeat
that bit of wisdom to him but decided instead on just
telling him to "take care" and that I loved him.
Brandon came over as Gabriel and Richard hugged Tony
good-bye.  Seeing Brandon, Richard somewhat mindlessly
told Tony to do what Brandon told him, and told
Brandon to do whatever it takes to get some common
sense into Tony.  Brandon took the comment in the
somewhat informal way it was intended, but Tony felt
like a little kid, having his youngest brother tell
his new owner to do whatever it takes.

Tony was crying as Randy led him away.  Brandon walked
us three free brothers out to our car.  He told us it
seemed like it was going to be a lot of fun to have
Tony around the place, since he would probably be
providing everyone with a lot of laughs.  He reassured
Gabriel that signing the ‘Direct Discipline’ consent
form was the right thing to do.  He told us to have a
good time in Mexico, and that he was looking forward
to our return visit in two months.  And finally,
Brandon told us that when we did return, he was quite
certain we would be very pleased with Tony's progress.

To Be Continued…

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