**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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