**My Brother Tony, the Penury Slave**

Part Ten

By Randall Austin

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Things happened quickly.  Before our trip to Mexico
dad had sort of settled into the fact that Tony's term
of service of 3 years had to be extended to 6 in order
to cover all of the newly discovered debts.  But when
we returned from Mexico dad's mail box was flooded
with letters from Indigent Services, the State Bureau
of Slaves, and various slave brokerage firms, all
offering very compelling reasons why dad, who under
the circumstances had the authority, should have Tony
committed to a lifetime service order.

Indigent services provided dad with reams of mainly
computer-generated data on Tony's personality type and
recidivism rates, his debt history, and persuasive
arguments as to why Tony would be better off with a
lifetime enslavement order.  The State Bureau of
Slaves provided sociological data to dad on the
likelihood of eventual criminal enslavement for
someone with Tony's irresponsible financial history,
and reminded dad that he would bear some legal
responsibility in such an event.  The State Bureau of
Slaves simply provides this material routinely, and
was not offering counsel on the matter.  And the dozen
or so brokerage firms who wrote to dad; they keep
their eye on all enslavement orders, which are matters
of public record, and who are in it for the money,
also offered compelling reasons why dad should go
ahead and have Tony enslaved for life.  Their chief reasons,
which did not figure into dad's decision, was not only
the amount of money dad could stand to make from the
sale of Tony, but also the fact that if Tony were ever
to be criminally enslaved after his release, which has
a good percentage of likelihood based on statistical
data, all of the money from the sale of Tony would
then go into state coffers.  Each of the brokerage
firms offered evidence of their own successful track
record, along with carefully calculated estimates on
how much money they could bring in for dad on the sale
of Tony.

But the most compelling reason for dad was offered by
Indigent Services, which noted that when Tony is freed
in six years he would be 32 years old.  With Gabriel
having signed the Direct Discipline option, Tony will
most likely be very well trained and possess a fully
inculcated slave mentality at the end of the six
years.  For such slaves it is often an unkindness to
free them, since they usually end up being criminally
enslaved within a few years.  The tightness of the job
market, coupled with societal prejudice against
‘former slaves’, is often enough to lead many freed
slaves to despair and criminal behavior.

The brokers dad consulted also pointed out that Tony,
in six years, would no longer be dad's property
legally, and that any kind of guidance he could offer
would not have the force of law.

Even given such forceful argument, dad did not
immediately agree.  He deliberated the matter, and
when he finally came to a decision to have Tony
enslaved for life he asked each of us, his sons, for
our reactions.  We all agreed it was probably best.
Dad told us that the brokers estimated that in 3 years
time Tony, if he developed as expected, would bring in
anywhere from $460,000 to $675,000, depending on
market variables.  Dad's intention therefore, once
Tony was sold, was to give each of us $100,000 from
the sale.  He told us it was family justice, since
Tony was our brother.  It was Tony's gift to all of
us, his legacy to each member of the family.  By
dividing the proceeds among all family members, Tony
could feel truly proud that he was helping each of us
lay down a solid financial investment in our futures,
and therefore he would no longer have to think of
himself as a loser and a failure.

When dad got the court order certifying Tony's
lifetime enslavement, he arranged with Brandon Blazer
for the three of us, my brothers and I, to meet with
Tony as soon as possible and convey the final
decision.  Along with the enslavement certification
came a 20-page booklet on suggestions for dealing with
a family member sentenced to a life term of servitude.
Dad insisted we read it, and suggested that for
Tony's own good we follow the booklet's guidelines
from now on whenever we dealt with Tony.  Along with
the booklet, dad presented each of us with a 14-inch
barbers' paddle with Tony's name emblazoned on the
business end.  The paddle, a popular size for use on
domestic slaves, is so named from it being the size
common in barber shops in the Midwest, which barbers
used on naughty boys who refused to get into the
barber chair for their haircuts.  In small letters,
around the contours of the paddle, read the
pro-slavery lobby's popular motto, ‘My brother is a
slave, and I support the Slave Act’.

We arrived at the Tannery about 40 minutes early, each
carrying our paddle, and were met by Luke.  He told us
he could have a slave fetch Tony, but we told him we
didn't want to interrupt the tannery operation, and
that we wouldn't mind seeing Tony at work.  Luke
agreed and walked us over to the main hide processing
plant.  We entered by the workers' entrance.  He took
us right into the main room, and there we saw the
butts of 18 naked slaves on their hands and knees, all
with a single plastic-chain going through their cock
rings, and another going through their nose rings.
They all had little back saddles on, and that, along
with their funny haircuts, made them look like a herd
of little weird animals.

As they crawled along the hides, picking out debris and
putting it into their saddlebags, they were all
chatting noisily.  Gabriel laughingly pointed out the
18 ball sacks that could be seen dangling between
their legs, and took out his digital camera and
started snapping pictures of the row of naked slave
behinds.  Richard shouted, "Hey Tony!"  Tony looked
back at us.  He knew we were coming, but he seemed
embarrassed to be seen.  We waved at Tony; he waved at
us, and went back to work.  We told Luke we would wait
outside because we had had enough of the odor.

Luke took us back outside to one of several picnic
benches and told us he would send Tony to us after he
showered.  We sat at the bench.  Gabriel placed his
folder with the court documents on the bench, and we
all put our paddles on the bench in front of us.

We saw Elliott in the distance supervising two slaves
in white briefs, haltered and wearing blinders, doing
push ups.  We waved at him and he waved his whip at us
in greeting.  From the distance the white teeth of his
broad smile shone back at us.  It looked like he was
enjoying himself.

Soon Tony arrived scrubbed and dressed in grey slave
pants and shirt, and big black awkward-looking shoes.
His hair clumps were still wet from the shower.  He
greeted us and sat down at the table without being
asked.  Gabriel and I exchanged glances.

Tony saw our three paddles on the picnic bench and
look puzzled.  I reassured him, "Don't let these
trouble you.  Dad had them made up for us, mostly as
kind of curios.  Hopefully that's all they will have
to be."

We told him it was good to see him, how great he was
looking, and that dad sent his love.  He asked about
our trip to Mexico, so we filled him in on the
details.  When Tony told us that our trip sounded
great and that he would like to go the same little
coastal city we were at someday, Gabriel interrupted
him and told him that he didn't think that would ever
happen.  Tony asked, “why not”' and Gabriel opened the
folder, which lay on the table in front of him, and
answered; "Because we love you, man!"

To Be Continued…

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