**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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