**My Brother Tony, the Penury Slave**

Part Eleven

By Randall Austin

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When Gabriel told Tony that it was unlikely that he  
would ever be able to visit the same little coastal  
town in Mexico that we had just returned from, and  
Tony had asked, "Why not?” Gabriel responded, "Because  
we love you, man!"  There was silence.  
  
Gabriel opened the folder in front of him with the  
court documents, and slid the entire folder across the  
table to Tony.  Tony looked down at the top document,   
the court ruling on his lifetime enslavement, and  
gazed at it in silence for a long time.  A tear fell  
on the document.  Gabriel comforted, "It's for the  
best, Tony."  
  
Tony softly cried, "Gabriel, I thought you were here for  
me, on my side. You told me you would fight for me,   
Gabriel?"  
  
"I did Tony, believe me.  Dad and the three of us had  
a meeting with Indigent Services, and when everything  
was finally laid out on the table, there was no other  
way for dad to go.  They presented us with a mountain  
of evidence indicating that you would eventually be  
happiest and most comfortable with this amended  
service order."  
  
Tony asked, "What does this document mean?  It says  
that on December 5, 2014, I become the property of  
Lorenzo DeStasio.  Does that mean dad is going to let  
me live with him?"   
  
"You are currently owned by Mr. Edward Blazer for the  
rest of your three year term.  He can do what he wants  
with you, resell you for the remainder of your term or  
keep you.  But your three-year term is up on December  
5, in 2014.  At that time you automatically become a  
lifer slave owned by dad.  But no, dad does not intend  
to keep you."  
  
"He's going to sell me at another auction?"  
  
Gabriel continued in a calm, soothing, brotherly,   
loving, voice.  "He is going to let a brokerage firm  
handle you.  They will send you through what's called  
‘deep training’ and put the finishing touches on you  
to ensure that dad gets top dollar from your sale.   
The brokerage firm dad is looking at doesn't have  
auctions.  In fact, it's kind of classy.  You get to  
walk down a runway, just like Miss America, and show  
everyone what you got.  The buyers at those events are  
very high end.  You'll be living the good life.   
They'll have you all oiled and slicked, and looking  
just like a fashion model.  You'll love it."  
  
"And Tony, we have something to tell you that should  
make you feel very good about yourself."  Tony's eyes,   
glazed with tears, shot out a ray of hope as Gabriel  
attempted to soothe him. "We want to be totally honest  
with you, because this involves family love, justice,   
and honor.  Dad realized you would probably always  
feel inadequate, not up to the family name, and as  
though you were letting all of us down.  But by  
selling you, dad has made it possible for you to leave  
a legacy for all of us that you can be forever proud  
of.  You will no longer have any reason to feel as  
though you are a loser and a failure."  
  
"Dad intends to give each of us $100,000 from whatever  
he makes off of your sale, which, it is estimated,   
could be as high as $650,000.  Dad feels strongly that  
this is the right thing to do because you are such an  
important part of our family.  We are all family, and,   
as you so well know, we have always shared everything  
we have with each other. We want you to know that the  
gift you share with us will live forever.  We want you  
to stop feeling worthless and by this gift you can at  
last stop being ashamed of what you have become.  You  
will be helping dad's business gain real financial  
independence at last.  And you will be helping each of  
us realize our dreams by helping us lay a solid  
financial investment in our futures.  Your gift will  
help us pay off student loans, provide down payments  
on really nice houses and cars for our wives and kids,   
and find the security that comes from knowing that our  
futures are well girded with a solid investment base.   
All of this is really major, dude, and we all want to  
thank you for that, from the bottom of our hearts."    
  
Richard seconded, "Yeah man.  It's really swell of  
you, Tony.  I love you, Tony."   
  
And I added my gratitude, "You have always been the  
sweetest, Tony, and this just confirms it.  Thanks  
bro, so much.  I love you man!"  
  
Silence followed; not awkward, simply somewhat  
numbing.  I wished we could find some way to excuse  
ourselves and just go home.  So we politely sat with  
Tony, and all of us were grateful and relieved that he  
didn't create a scene of either hopeless self-pity or  
open defiance.  The silence was kind of embarrassing,   
because if we acknowledged that he might be suffering  
by comforting him, we would then be acknowledging that  
a lifetime enslavement wasn't exactly the best thing  
that could happen to someone, and we didn’t want him  
to think that was what we thought about it.  
  
Richard took out a bag of peanuts in the shell, and  
opened it for all of us to eat from.  We all took some  
and started eating them, but Tony didn't join us.   
Richard offered, "Tony, join us in some peanuts."   
Tony nodded 'no', saying he wasn't hungry.    
  
A slave walked down the path about 20 feet from our  
table looking in our direction.  When Tony looked up  
the slave waved and smiled at Tony, and Tony said, "Hi  
Andy!"  
  
Then, when Andy had passed, Tony, having gathered his  
thoughts, furrowed his brow and began to talk. "It  
just seems like I have been abandoned. I know there  
was no pressure on dad either way to have me  
enslaved."  
  
Gabriel was disturbed, "Hold on Tony, you're out of  
line.  Are you trying to say dad had anything but your  
best interests at heart?"  
  
"I'm no idiot.  If he had my best interests at hand, I  
doubt if I would be looking at a lifetime enslavement  
order signed by him!"  
  
Gabriel continued, "Just what are you trying to say,   
Tony?  Why do you think he signed your lifetime  
enslavement order?  Go ahead, say it!"  
  
Tony raised his voice, "I don't know why he did, but  
it seems to me it didn't have to come to this!"   
  
Joshua Rangle, exiting the overseers' quarters heard  
the raised voice and looked in our direction.  
  
"Watch it Tony, don't raise your voice!" warned  
Gabriel.  
  
"Don't talk to me like that, Gabriel.  I thought you  
cared about me, I thought all of you, and dad, cared  
about me."  
  
Joshua made his way towards our table.  
  
Richard joined in, "I find it pretty disgusting, Tony,  
for you to be saying that about any of us, but  
especially about dad.  You should be ashamed of  
yourself!"  
  
"Maybe it's your behavior that's disgusting.  Maybe  
you all should be ashamed of yourselves!"    
  
We were all surprised by Tony's vehemence.  Gabriel  
took control, "Tony, you're a lifer slave now, and I  
think it's about time you start acting like one and we  
start treating you like one.  I want you to apologize  
to your brothers and me, right now."  
  
"It's amazing you'd ask me to do that, fucking  
amazing!"  With that Tony picked up the eight or so  
sheets of his enslavement order from the folder, tore  
them in half, stood up, tore them in quarters, flung  
the scraps on the table we were sitting at, and  
started to stomp off in anger.  Joshua Rangle, closing  
in, shouted, "Tony!"  Tony froze in his tracks.    
  
Joshua, looking at Tony in wonderment, came over and  
sat on the picnic bench next to ours and instructed  
Tony, "Take off your pants and come and get yourself  
over my knee."  Tony's anger seemed to leave him and  
he looked, instead, confused and lost.  "For  
hesitating, take off all of your clothes right now and  
come and place yourself over my knee."  Tony moved  
slowly, but Joshua urged him on, "You know what will  
happen if you don't obey this order."  
  
Tony must have known what would happen to him if he  
didn't obey, and a giant schoolboy frown came over his  
face as he fumbled with his shirt buttons and removed  
his shirt. It was amazing. Tony was suddenly stopped  
in his tracks and starting to obey.  I was actually  
glad to see him humbled and get so embarrassed after  
the way he was acting.  He stooped down to take off  
his large black slave work shoes and white socks.  He  
then stood, turned his back towards us, let his  
trousers drop, stood and stepped out of them, and  
quickly went over to Joshua and got over his lap,  
keeping his private parts; if you can call them that  
on a slave; hidden from our view.  As Joshua adjusted  
Tony over his lap he said, "We spank lifer slaves  
extra hard around here."   
Even though Tony had muscled out dramatically in just  
a few months, Joshua was a strong and very fit man,  
with big hands, and was able to keep Tony's arms  
pinned behind his back with his left hand alone, and  
with his right hand he spanked Tony's flanks in a way  
I had never imagined could be done.  Joshua used a  
wide canvas in spanking Tony.  Every part of Tony's  
twin globes got it, as did the legs going down to the  
knee.  Joshua knew how to repeat a blow to the same  
spot to elicit especially sharp howls from Tony.  In  
no time Tony was kicking and scissoring his legs, and  
crying like a baby.   
  
I looked at Richard, our glances caught, and I saw a  
little smile fleet across his face, which he quickly  
stifled.  Shame on my little brother!

Joshua continued offering Tony the only kind of guidance

he seemed capable of understanding.  His hand spanking

technique was artful.

He knew how to make a spanking really hurt.  With his  
big hands he knew which recently spanked targets to  
respank.  He knew how to keep a slave howling.  He  
knew how to turn an adult male into a crybaby.

Tony was screaming, kicking, and scissoring, with snot  
flying out of his nose. I looked back at Richard, I  
smiled too, and Richard's smile turned into a little  
uncontrolled giggle, which he immediately tried to  
stop by putting his hand over his mouth.  Gabriel  
looked at us, shook his head as if in reprimand,  
then suddenly a huge smile took over his face as well.  
By this time Richard's giggle had turned into a snicker  
which he couldn't keep down, we all made eye contact,  
and suddenly we all broke loose with loud bursts of  
uncontrollable laughter at our brother Tony getting  
spanked like a little kid.  We quickly silenced  
ourselves, but with difficulty, as the occasional  
snicker kept emerging.  
  
Tony looked goofy, and it was funny, with his big nose  
ring and funny haircut, with him crying and kicking  
and flopping around like an eleven-year-old schoolboy.  
Even though we quickly silenced our laughter when  
Joshua gave us an annoyed look, Tony must have heard  
it.  There was my 26 years old brother, getting a  
bare-naked spanking over the knees of a guy who could  
be his father.  
  
Gabriel took out his digital camera, gave us a  
devilish smile, and took a few snapshots of Tony  
getting it.  
  
The spanking went on longer than I would have  
imagined.  When it was over Joshua immediately pulled  
Tony up into a standing position by the hair clump on  
the left side of his head.  It was the first full body  
view we had of Tony in some time.  He was really  
muscling out.  And his giant penis ring was as obvious  
as his nose ring.  Joshua spoke to Tony, somewhat  
quietly about the need for him to obey now that he was  
a lifer slave.  Tony seemed to really want to please  
Joshua, because when Joshua lectured him he started  
crying again, just like a schoolboy getting lectured.   
  
  
Tony's dick was slightly hard, and was rising up and  
down slightly as he cried during Joshua's lecture.  We  
all just sat watching our lifer brother get lectured.   
When the lecture was over, Joshua pulled Tony by his  
hair clump over to our table, and had him sit back  
down with us at the table.  Joshua explained, "Freshly  
spanked slaves stay naked."  Then he added, "Now that  
you're a lifer slave, Tony, we're going to be keeping  
you on a shorter rein."  
  
Joshua sat down at the table with us, Richard pointed  
out the peanuts, and Joshua started eating some.   
Gabriel gathered the torn documents and put them in  
his folder, "Good thing these were just photocopies."  
  
I saw Elliott come out of the overseers' building, I  
waved at him, he waved back and started walking  
towards us.  I was glad he was coming over, since I  
hoped the diversion would ease some of the  
awkwardness.  As Elliott approached he shouted, "How  
you guys doing over here?"  
  
"Just great!  Come and join us," shouted Richard back.  
Elliot sat down at the picnic table with us, next to  
Tony.  "Seems a little glum over here."  I answered  
Elliott by saying that Tony was just trying to take in  
what we told him.  
Elliott flashed his toothy grin, "So you told him!"   
Elliot reached over and started rubbing the seated  
Tony's bald head, "Cool, huh?  You're a lifer slave  
now Tony!  You join the big boys now.  You thought you  
were outta here in three years.  Surprise!"  Elliott  
laughed, watching for Tony's reaction.  
  
Richard reached over, as if to compensate for  
Elliott's insensitivity, and put his arm around Tony.   
Elliott, noticing the gesture, spoke up, "You guys  
just aren't used to handling slaves.  They aren't  
going to break from rough handling and a little  
spanking.  Tony here isn't a china doll.  I mean, just  
look at the muscles on this guy now that he has had a  
couple of months of hauling 200 pound hides all day  
long.  He could beat any one of us in a fight.  Hell,  
he could take us all on!"  We were all happy to hear  
the compliment, even Tony, regardless of where Elliott  
was going with it.   
  
"You seem to be having trouble dealing with Tony, in a  
straightforward fashion.  I know you want to come off  
as nice guys to your own brother and appear to be  
decent human beings.  But let me tell you something my  
dad taught Brandon and me, and which has made a big  
change in the way we both deal with slaves.  Dad  
taught us that there is simply nothing wrong with  
slapping, spanking, teasing, paddling, restraining,  
exercising, tawsing, or whipping a slave.  Nothing at  
all.  This is the 21st century after all, and it is  
time that such medieval notions that there might be  
something wrong with disciplining slaves were done  
away with.  A slave's duty is to serve.  That's all.   
You need to realized that slaves have the same basic  
human rights as everyone else, and those rights are  
protected by international law.  We prod slaves to  
serve with the threat of the paddle.  Big deal!   
Everyone out in the job market is prodded to serve  
just as well.  It may not be with the paddle, but such  
things as the threat of lower pay or being fired have  
far more serious consequences than getting your tit  
pinched or having your fanny smacked.  I mean, I just  
want to say to those squeamish slave lovers, "It's no  
big fucking deal being a slave.  Get over it!  And  
don't fucking judge me because I have to paddle the  
ass of your lazy ass slave brother who would need a 24  
hour baby sitter if he wasn't enslaved! Fuck it  
pisses me off!"  
Joshua smiled hugely, patted Tony on the back, and  
said, "Easy there, big fella!  I know life is hard."   
We all laughed.  Elliott loudest of all.  
  
As the two overseers ate their peanuts, they chatted a  
little business.  "Elliott, we've got a lot of work to  
do on Tony in the days ahead, now that he's a lifer  
slave."  Elliott obviously liked the prospect of an  
increased work load, since he smiled as he told Tony,   
"We're going to be teaching you lots of cool stuff in  
the days ahead that only lifer slaves get to learn!"  
  
Gabriel, who had been looking at Tony's naked body as  
he sat at the table, told him he looked "awesome". He  
reached across Richard, who sat between them, and felt  
Tony's muscled arms and chest.  He then told Tony to  
stand up.  Tony looked at Joshua.  I saw no signal  
from Joshua that told Tony to stand up and obey his  
brother, but Tony must have, since he stood up, with a  
blank look on his face.    
  
Gabriel explained, "Ok Tony, I want to take some  
pictures for dad.  I've already got some cool snaps of  
your ballsack dangling between your legs along with  
the other slave butts as you worked the hides, and I  
got one of you over Joshua's knees kicking and  
screaming as you were getting spanked, but now I want  
a shot that will show dad how you are developing.  I  
want you to strike a muscle-boy pose for me now, so I  
can take some pictures."  
  
Tony didn't know what to do.    
  
Joshua encouraged, "Come on Tony.  Flex those  
muscles."  Tony did a halfhearted attempt.    
  
Gabriel explained, "Tony, get into it.  Bulge those  
biceps, spread those legs, and smile."  
  
Elliott got up and went beside Tony, and started doing  
exaggerated muscle boy poses, telling Tony to imitate  
him, all the while playfully mugging for the camera.   
Gabriel shot a picture of Elliott and we all laughed.   
Finally Tony joined in, somewhat less distracted and  
Gabriel was able to get a few good shots. Gabriel was  
pleased; "I think I got some good shots for dad and  
our friends.  It's amazing the way Tony has developed.  
Dad will be super pleased.  If Tony keeps muscling  
out like this, in three years' time when we send him to  
market he should do very well for dad."  
  
"But there is one thing I'm noticing that causes me  
some concern.  His arms and torso are developing very  
nicely, but the legs and thighs aren't bulking up.  If  
he keeps developing as he is, won't that create an  
unbalanced look?"  
  
Joshua answered, "You're right, Gabriel.  But don't  
worry about that for now.  You just come out here  
about 8 months before his lifer term kicks in, and we  
can evaluate him.  Then we can work him in the  
evenings for you.  We could probably solve the leg and  
thigh problem by just putting him on the automated  
treadmill for an hour every evening after supper.   
We'll get him bulked up for you."   
  
Elliott smiled playfully, "Come market day your little  
piggy will make you boys nice and rich."  He then  
offered some information. "I'll let you in on a little  
secret."  He went up to Tony and grabbed his balls  
with his left hand, and used his thumb to move the  
cock off to the side.  He turned the scrotum and felt  
underneath to bring the balls into clear view.  "Get  
rid of these two pesky little boy berries about four  
months before he goes to market, replace them with  
extra large artificial testes for cosmetic reasons,  
and he will not only muscle out dramatically, but it  
will make him look even younger than he already does.  
These benefits are short lived, but they usually can  
add up to $50,000 on the asking price.  And as an  
additional benefit, if you snip these two little  
troublemakers out, you won't be getting any more lip  
from Tony.  Taking a slaves' balls away usually mellows  
out the overly frisky, problem, boys, like Tony, real  
nicely.  And Noland can perform the castration for you  
right here, at a huge savings from what it would cost  
you at the Bureau of Slaves or a private physician."  
  
Gabriel wondered, "I see that one can do all of  
these things to slaves to up their price, but isn't  
there some danger that in the sales room when the  
brokers let clients see what's available that a slave  
like Tony could act up and ruin the sale, causing a  
lower sale price?"  
  
Elliott laughed.  'I know that's in the minds of first  
time slave dealers, but let me tell you that the  
brokerage houses that are on your list would never  
risk such a thing.  That's what ‘deep training’  
programs are all about.  You wouldn't want to know  
what they do to slaves in those programs, but let me  
assure you, when Tony is inspected, or put on the  
block, or walks naked down the runway, he is going to  
be behaving like the sweetest little angel boy you  
could imagine.  Those brokerage firms are able to get  
top dollar and maintain their high end reputations  
precisely because they know how to get even the most  
ornery convict slave to behave when they're up on the  
block or walking the runway.  They get 'em to behave  
like little lambs."  
  
Gabriel thanked him, "That's very reassuring, thank  
you Elliott.  I'll pass that on to my dad because we  
were all wondering about just such a matter last  
night.  Wondering if Tony would be able to fuck the  
sale up in any way."  
  
"There's no way that will ever happen.  Stop worrying.  
Those brokerage firms are professionals."  Elliott  
smiled and rubbed Tony on the head.  "You hear that  
Tony?  When we get you all fattened and muscled up,  
your daddy and brothers are going to take you to  
market." We all chuckled at Elliott's joke, and found  
his ability to lighten difficult situations a real  
balm.  Elliott put his hand on Tony's back, and led  
him back to the table.    
  
Joshua announced that he had to get back to work, and  
thanked us for the peanuts.  When he left, Elliott  
ordered Tony to pick up all of the peanut shells.   
Tony immediately started gathering the peanut shells  
and putting them into the empty peanut bag, as we all  
watched him in silence.   
  
Elliott stretched and smiled, "You guys want to play  
some tennis?"  Richard replied, "That sounds great.   
That's one of Tony's favorite pastimes."  
  
"I'm sorry, I was just asking you guys.  Tony's got to  
get back to work.  Which reminds me, I'd better get  
him back on the tannery floor right now.  Tony, put  
your shoes on and gather your clothes!"  Tony got up  
from the desk, walked to his clothes, sat in the grass  
and put his socks on and his big black awkward looking  
slave shoes.  Elliott got up, and from a pocket in his  
cargo pants took out a pair of ‘blinkers’ or ‘blinders’.  
He called Tony over, and put the black band around  
Tony's head.  Two large blinders at the sides stuck up  
and out, preventing Tony from seeing anywhere but  
forward.  Elliott grabbed Tony by the cock and said to  
us, "I'm taking this guy back to the tannery.  I'll be  
right back after I get Tony cock and nose-ringed  
secured, and cinched back down on the tannery floor."  
  
We shouted out our goodbyes, and Tony had to turn  
almost completely around in order to see us.  He said  
a quiet goodbye and looked absolutely pathetic as he  
stood there naked in his big black shoes, horse  
blinkers, and his giant nose and cock rings glinting  
in the sun.  Elliott tugged his prick and led him down  
the path to the tannery.

To Be Continued…

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