**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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