**My Brother Tony, the Penury Slave**

Part Twelve

By Randall Austin

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We found visiting Tony at the tannery to be generally
unpleasant.  He was always sullen, we could sense
resentment underneath his quiet façade, and eventually
we felt that our mere presence made Tony unhappy by
reminding him of his former life.  So our visits grew
infrequent, to about four a year.  His first Christmas
as a slave happened soon after he was enslaved, on his
second Christmas as a slave the Blazers said we could
bring Tony home for a visit if we would like, but we
declined.  On his last Christmas as a temporary slave
with the Blazers, the Blazers again said that Tony
could visit us for ten days if we would like.  This
time we took them up on it, mainly because we had a
lot of big dirty jobs around the house that needed to
get done.

Dad never once visited Tony after he was purchased by
the Blazers.  So when dad announced that he was going
to Europe while Tony was visiting at our home, we were
not surprised.

My brothers and I felt we were now better prepared to
handle Tony than we were in the past, since by this
time we had all managed to take some short courses in
slave handling.  Tony's old room had been converted
into a computer and gaming room, so we fixed up our
rather spacious laundry room for Tony to sleep and
hang out in, with a cot, a television, and small desk
with a laptop.

We showed Tony right off the bat the jobs he had to
get done; painting the upstairs, cleaning out and
painting the store room and attic, and doing trench
work around the perimeter of the yard and told him
he could do the jobs on his own schedule, but that
they had to get done.  We also laid out some house
rules; he had to keep the house immaculate, do all the
laundry and dishes, and have all meals prepared on
time according to a schedule we gave him.

We also told him that masturbation was not allowed.
This order was one we picked up from Meisner's
reference on slave handling.  The idea is that slaves
are going to masturbate no matter what you tell them,
but by forcing them to keep it on the sly, so they
have to hide that they're doing it under cover of
night like some little school kid, reinforces their
slave status.  Meisner calls the verbal ‘no
masturbation’ policy a very forceful tool in keeping
slaves abject.  Meisner also writes that another
advantage of the policy is that if you ever want to
punish your slave for pleasure or personal reasons,
you will always be able to offer masturbation as a
reason for the punishment because you can be sure they
are doing it.

After his second full day with us, Gabriel and I had
noticed a number of small things Tony was doing wrong,
so when we noticed that he left the milk out on the
table, we decided to confront him and instill in him
once and for all that he needed to be alert so that
mistakes were not made.  We took our barber paddles
and went into his room, where he was lying on the cot
reading.  We told him what the problem was, ordered
him to get up, drop his trousers, and bend over the
bed.  He did so, and Gabriel and I each gave him eight
swats.  He cried, but promised he would be more
careful in the future.

While he was bent over we noticed his thigh and calf
muscles had developed, so we were curious.  We ordered
him to strip completely so we could assess how he was
developing all over and perhaps estimate how much he
would be likely to bring in when we took him to
market.  When he stood naked in front of us, we were
hugely impressed and told him so.  We also noted his
huge and hard erection, no doubt brought about from
the paddling.  We told him not to be embarrassed since
it meant he was probably being a good boy and not
masturbating.

When Gabriel ran his hands down Tony's chest and arms,
it was inevitable that his hand would reach for and
encircle his cock, and pull the length of it.  When I
felt Tony up, I did the same thing as I complimented
him.  My hand stopped at his cock tip and grabbed his
giant cock ring.  I pulled lightly down on it, and
brought his cock way down.  I then playfully let go of
it and watched his cock snap back to his belly.  We
all smiled.  Gabriel and I closed in on Tony.  We were
breathing heavy.

Gabriel's voice went to a barely audible whisper,
"Elliott tells me you've become a super cock sucker.
Slaves are cocksuckers.  No need to be ashamed of
that, little brother.  How about showing me some
brotherly love?"  Gabriel unzipped and Tony sank to
his knees.

When Gabriel got his cock out, Tony instinctively took
it his mouth and his slave head started bobbing away.
Gabriel's hands went to the sides of Tony's head and
grasped his hair clumps, and started to control Tony's
head pumping by his hair clumps.  It was totally
awesome seeing my older naked muscled slave brother
servicing my oldest brother.  I never felt in a more
family way.  We three brothers were brothers again,
bonding as never before.  When Gabriel shuddered and
came, I took out my cock as Tony slurped up all the
juice from Gabriel's penis and gave it a thorough
cleaning.  Tony's tongue darted into Gabriel's piss
slit, and Gabriel moaned some more as he got a tongue
cleaning from his own brother.

Tony moved over to me, and I grabbed his thick hair
clumps as he went to town.  I look down at my muscled
brother's broad shoulders, and saw down to his much
spanked muscled slave ass.  There was my older slave
brother sucking away on me, because he had to do that
now that he was a slave.  But he was so good at it.
If he didn't do a good job on me I was going to spank
him, but he was doing a super job.  I was in love with
the idea of being in the room with my two brothers,
and us all sharing, so beautifully.  I came as never
before.  Tony's cleanup job of me was super as well,
and I told him so, that he really knew how to clean up
a dick.  I also told him if I ever found a woman who
could suck half as good as he could, I would be in
love.

As I was stuffing my dick back in my trousers, telling
Tony what a good boy he was, Gabriel went out of the
room for a moment, then came back with a stack of porn
videos.  He gave them to Tony, "Here dude.  You've
earned it!"

Tony's training and service was paying off.  He proved
himself a useful slave, and any annoying habits that
crept in were now easily correctible with either a
verbal reprimand or paddling.  At least Gabriel and I
found it easier to be around Tony now that we had no
qualms about delivering corrective measures.

Richard had more difficulty, probably because he was
the youngest.  When Tony accidentally erased all of
Richard's gaming scores on the gaming console, he told
Gabriel and me of his disappointment, but he didn't
tell Tony.  We told Richard the only way he would find
satisfaction was if he took the matter in hand,
confronted Tony, and delivered punishment if he felt
it was warranted.  He decided to confront Tony.

At first I was a little uneasy over the prospect of it
not going well, or of it being very awkward.  But
things went well, mainly because Tony's training had
wiped most of the defiance out of him.  The moment
Richard told Tony that he had a problem with him for
not asking how to use the gaming console before using
it, and that he had accidentally erased an entire
year's accumulated scores, Tony was very upset over
what he had done.  From there Richard could see that
he had the upper hand and things flowed naturally.  He
ordered Tony to give him the wide black belt from his
trousers, to remove his shoes and trousers, and place
himself over his knee.  Tony got that large schoolboy
frown he got when he knew he deserved what he was
about to get, and rather than balk or be defiant, what
he showed was both extreme humiliation, and a kind of
grudging slave acceptance of the punishment to come.
Tony went over Richards's knees, and I held his
shoulders down while Gabriel at the other end grabbed
both of Tony's legs.  Richard waled away with the belt
at his slave brother's bare ass with vigor and
determination.  I could tell he got a real sense of
justice and satisfaction out of punishing Tony.  The
punishment went on for quite a while and both Gabriel
and I had to struggle to keep the screaming Tony on
Richard's lap.  When it was over Richard made Tony
stand against the wall with his bowed head touching
the wall, his legs spread wide, and his naked ass
sticking out, just the way he has to after a spanking
at the tannery.

As an additional punishment, later in the evening,
when Richard's new girl friend came over, he made a
jock-strapped Tony serve them some beers.  Richard
later told me that he did that because he figured if
his girl friend could see the muscles on Tony, she
would probably think that he was built the same way,
and thus he'd have an easier time of getting her in
bed.

Soon after Richard's first successful punishment
session with Tony, Richard came to me and told me he
had something he wanted to confide in me.  He told me
Tony had been acting up, so he made him take off his
shirt, cuffed his arms, tied him to a chair, and
applied tit pinchers.  He said that when he went
fifteen minutes later to release him, once he had
freed Tony he touched Tony on the shoulder and Tony
started to cry.  As he embraced him, he said Tony just
felt very ‘subservient’.  He didn't know what got into
him or what was happening, but he just sort of pushed Tony
to his knees, and then either got him to, or made him; he

wasn't sure which; suck his cock.  It just
happened.  I told Richard that Gabriel and I were
already using Tony on a regular basis, and that he
shouldn't feel bad about that at all.  "Tony's a lifer
slave, and that's what he's for."

It's strange, but when you have a sucking slave
around, he gets used.  I would never confide to my
free brothers that at two in the afternoon I was going
into my room to jack off while looking at some porn.
But with a slave brother, I had no qualms about
hauling him into my room whenever I felt like it, make
him tickle my ass and thighs as I flipped through a
porn mag, and then when I was nice and worked up have
him suck me off.

At night time my brothers and I had a fairly regular
routine.  Gabriel would take Tony into his room when
he retired, and when he was finished with him he would
send Tony into my room.  Then, when I was finished
with Tony, I would send him to Richard's room.

Richard liked using Tony for bath service, as well.
He'd have Tony get into the shower with him and make
him wash him all over.  Then Tony would have to towel
dry him, massage him, comb his hair, and apply scent.
He even got into having Tony wipe and talc his ass
after a shit.

For our big Christmas party, which Tony dreaded; we
told him to ‘get over it or else’; we had him wear
nothing but a full length Christmas apron.  It showed
off his arms, muscled backside, and bubbled ass, very
nicely.  Our extended family does not include, for the
most part, experienced slaveholders or dealers.  But
when the relatives saw how Tony had developed, you
could tell they were seeing him in terms of dollar
signs.  Suddenly Gabriel, Richard, and I were coming
across as three rich young men.

Our relatives really did not seem to have a problem
with Tony being enslaved, probably mainly because they
did not know what it entailed.  They all told Tony he
was still the best looking guy in the family, he had
muscles like a horse, but that it was too bad about
the haircut because he used to have such sexy hair.

I suppose it is inevitable at a gathering of that size
that sometime during the course of the evening the
serving slave has to get disciplined, and Tony was no
exception.  He was getting behind in keeping up with
keeping the wine glasses filled, and Aunt Emilia and
her son Marco went to the bar to help themselves.
They accidentally broke a couple of wine glasses and a
bowl as they looked for a new bottle of Barolo.  They
apologized profusely, but Gabriel told them not to
worry, since it was Tony's fault.  Tony was called
over, ordered to grab the bar, I parted Tony's apron
in the back, and Gabriel gave him a really firm and to
the point paddling.  It worked beautifully.  After
that Tony scurried red-faced and teary eyed to keep up
with the guests' needs, probably because he knew that
if he had to be disciplined again, it would be in the
nude.

After the party, and the guest left, we three brothers
went to Tony with a bottle of wine and toasted the
family slave.  We told him he did a good job.  We
three free brothers were dressed in our expensive
clothes and shoes, wearing our Christmas sweaters,
with our hair slicked up, each wearing our favorite
scent, feeling very free, and looking forward to our
futures and our inheritance.  And Tony, a former
janitor, was now a naked, workboy, baldheaded,
cocksucking, nose-ringed, lifer slave. We told him we
came for our Christmas suck, and if he did a good job
we had a present for him.

Richard put on a CD of Rosemary Clooney singing
Christmas songs, we all sat on the couch, and as we
drank our wine, Tony on his knees, went down the line
of us, giving each one of us a superb blowjob.  Tony's
mouth felt as good as the best pussy I ever had, and
my brothers all agreed with me.

When we were finished, Gabriel gave Tony a bottle of
LBV port, and told him he didn't have to clean up the
party mess until tomorrow morning.  He also told Tony
to help himself to his porn video collection, and that
he could use the Jacuzzi.  We retired, satisfied that
it was a beautiful Christmas for all four of us
brothers.

In the morning I noticed that Tony had drunk the
entire bottle of Port, and had eaten all the nuts
in the bowls scattered about the house.  His room had
CDs scattered about the floor.  He probably listened
to music and tried to recall the good times just like
we free boys do.  As he was cleaning up the mess I
could tell he was suffering from a major hangover.
It's probably best to keep slaves and alcohol
separated.

Because Tony wasn't hauling 200 lb hides around for
most of the day, the way he usually has to out at the
tannery, we were somewhat concerned about him flabbing
out during his 10 day stay.  We didn't want his time
off from the tannery to have any negative impact on
what he could eventually bring in at the market, so we all
got into the habit of making him do on the spot
exercises: chiefly calling for such things as 50
pushups, 15 minutes of chin-ups or jumping jacks, and
varied times doing sit-ups and punching exercises.  If
he balked in the least, he got the paddle on the spot.

One time while I was paddling Tony's naked ass for
just such an infraction and two UPS delivery boys arrived
with a shipment for dad's business, which consisted of
several large boxes.  I showed the boys where to set
the boxes in the house and got on with Tony's
punishment.  The delivery boys were fascinated and
asked if they could watch, and I told them that would
be all right.  They laughed and joked the whole time,
but I could tell they were homosexuals who just wanted
to view a handsome and muscled naked slave get
punished.  I had no problem with that.

But Tony did.  When they left he told me that what I
did wasn't proper, and that it really embarrassed him.
I reminded him that he was now a lifer slave and that
it wasn't his job to worry about who got to see his
little peepee.  My answer didn't satisfy him, and he
went on to make the point that he had a right to
standards of public decency, and felt the need to
remind me that there were codes of slave privacy.

I told him the old federal slave standards were no
longer taken seriously by the courts, and that they
were simply intended as guidelines in the first place.
When he started to rebut me I cut him off and told
him to get to his room, strip naked, and to lay on his
back on his cot with his feet sticking up in the air.
He said, "Fuck you, you're no brother of mine!"  He
stomped off to his room and slammed the door.

I called the Oklahoma Slave Patrol, and they were at
my front door, within in four minutes.  Three officers
entered, dressed in their uniforms of black slacks,
white shirt, blue tie, black jacket, red epaulets,
tall black boots, and their Slave Patrol wide brimmed
hats.  They were all fairly young, about Tony's age,
well built, and neatly scrubbed and combed.  One of
the officers carried two large cases with him.  I
explained the problem, and took them to the laundry
room door.  The officer with the cases set them down,
opened them up, and handed the two other officers a
variety of punishment implements, many of which I had
no idea as to what they were for.

They opened the door and went in.  I heard scuffling,
and soon afterwards I heard some awful screaming
coming from Tony.  I really couldn't stand to listen,
so I went upstairs and grabbed a soda for myself.  To
take my mind off of what was going on I went into the
game room and played some video games.  About 20
minutes later the three officers came up, carrying
their supplies, and told me Tony was now gagged,
ball-clamped, blindfolded, butt-plugged, fitted with
toe pinchers, and securely chained to the bed.  They
told me to remove the clamps and pincers in about two
hours, and that he should be allowed to recover for
the next two days.  I thanked them for the great work
that they do, and when they left I went back to
playing video games.

After two hours of gaming fun I made my way back down
to the laundry room.  I had no idea in what shape I
would find Tony, but I realized that I really didn't
care too much.  He was just a lifer slave after all,
they routinely need corrective actions to stay on course, and
frankly I was rather pissed that he was going to be
lying around for the next two days doing nothing.

When I saw my bruised brother my attitude changed.  I
released him from his plug, gag, blindfold, pinchers,
clamp, and chains, and told him he was getting a
two-day rest.  I asked him if he wanted any food or
drink, he answered "no".  I told him to help himself
to any food he wanted.

The episode made me look forward to the day Tony would
finally be sold as a ‘lifer’, when we could collect
our money, and then finally wash our hands of him once
and for all…

To Be Continued…

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