**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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