**My Brother Tony, the Penury Slave**

Part Thirteen - Conclusion

By Randall Austin

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After Tony's little meeting with the Oklahoma Slave  
Patrol, he was an absolutely super well-behaved guy.   
There simply were no more reasons to paddle him, as he  
hopped to our every command.  Once the boundaries were  
established, Tony knew his place; what to expect, and  
how we operated and we were all very happy with the  
arrangement.  I even felt disheartened when I realized  
that his holiday time with us was almost up and that  
he soon would have to be going back to his owners.  
  
On the day before he was to be sent back Richard and I  
went to our hair stylist and we both decided to get  
flattops.  I don't know why, but we were both in just  
a ‘do something different mood’.  When we got back in  
the afternoon Tony was watching television.  It was  
ok, since he had accomplished all of his major tasks.   
But something about him just taking it easy annoyed  
me.    
  
Richard and I went into the bathroom and we both  
starting checking out our new haircuts.  I told  
Richard how something about Tony laying around was  
pissing me off and he told me that he kind of felt  
the same way.  Richard took out the pomade and started  
applying it to his hair, to make his hair stick up.   
He then applied it to the shorter hairs on the sides  
of his head to make every hair on his head glisten.   
He looked cool.  So I dressed my hair in the same way.  
Standing in front of the mirror admiring our hair,   
proudly standing up tall, flat on top, and glistening,   
we commented that we now had haircuts just like the  
Oklahoma Slave Patrol.  We laughed.  
  
We not only looked like the Oklahoma Slave Patrol, but  
we felt like them.  We exited the bathroom and I told  
Richard to follow me.  I took him downstairs and we  
went into Tony's laundry room.  He kept it neat, as he  
had been ordered to.  I looked in the wastebasket and  
pulled out some cum-drenched tissues.  Four of them,   
in fact.  I held them up for Richard to see.  We  
exchanged smiles.  I stuck my head out of the laundry  
room and hollered for Tony to get downstairs.  
  
He came down and I think he could sense we were in a  
mood just by looking at our hair, if nothing else.  I  
showed him the tissues.  He said he hadn't been  
masturbating, that they were left from Christmas night  
when he had been given permission to masturbate.  I  
told him even if that was true, which I doubted, he  
had failed a direct order to clean his room every day,  
and that meant emptying waste baskets everyday as  
well.  We ordered him strip totally bare.  His face  
showed a wearied expression, one that showed he knew  
he had no chance to win an argument, so he removed his  
clothes in silence.  We had him lay on his back on the  
cot, with his feet hanging over the edge.  I took off  
my inch and three quarter black belt, and stood  
between his legs.  I picked up his left leg, and as  
Richard started to pick up his right leg I told him to  
get the video camera.  A memento of the occasion would  
be nice since this would probably be our last session  
with Tony.  
  
When Richard returned, we each took a leg with one arm,   
and with our other arm Richard manned the camera and I  
manned the belt.  After my second swat to Tony's inner  
thighs, Richard and I were hard.  By my fifth swat  
Tony was hard, and screaming like a typical slave.  I  
quietly told Richard to get a close up of Tony's face  
for the next few swats, and he did.  He also got a  
good panorama of Tony's cock pulsing with each blow.   
I had intended to stop at ten strokes, and when I did  
I was just too flushed and hypnotized and so was Richard.  
I gave Tony three more swats, and even then it was  
hard to stop.  Richard stopped the camera and set it  
down, and unbuckled and unzipped his trousers without  
saying a word, as I did the same thing.  We told Tony  
to get off the cot and we both lay down on the cot  
with our pants off, and our crew cut heads touching.   
  
We ordered Tony to get to work, and a blubbering Tony  
had a somewhat difficult time giving head, both  
because he was straddling the cot in an awkward way to  
get at both of us, and because his crying caused him  
to more easily gag and choke.  We didn't mind.  We  
just told him to go back and forth between us for  
starters as best he could.  He finally settled down on  
Richard and got him off in no time. By the time he was  
slobbing on my prick, he was back in control with his  
full whore skills coming beautifully to the fore.  It  
was a fitting final suck to the holidays.  
  
As we drove him back to the tannery the next day we  
thanked Tony for all the work he had done around the house.  
We asked if he would rather stay with us or go back  
to the tannery.  He said he enjoyed both places, but  
that he had lots of slave friends at the tannery he  
was looking forward to seeing.  
  
I decided the drive out to the tannery was the right  
time for me to announce to my brothers that I intended  
to make a down payment on a nice, but small, home for  
myself.  I presented the bank with court papers on  
Tony's lifetime enslavement, and a signed note of  
dad's intentions, and was able to borrow the $50,000  
needed for the down payment.  My dad Okayed the whole  
thing because real estate can be as good as any other  
form of investment.  My brothers were excited for me,   
and suggested we all drive out to see the place once  
we got Tony delivered to the tannery. I was glad the  
conversation took place with Tony present because I  
wanted him to know how much he was giving to all of  
us, so he could feel proud.  But he was silent the  
whole time.  
When we got him to the tannery, Brandon came over and  
chatted with Gabriel, Richard, and I.  Gabriel was  
effusive in his compliments on Richard's and my new  
haircuts.  I saw two of Tony's slave pals come over  
and hug Tony.  They moved a bit off to the side, and I  
heard one of the slaves ask, "Well, how was it?"

I saw Tony roll his eyes and shake his head.  If I  
hadn't just gotten my rocks off with a final suck from  
Tony before driving out to the tannery, I probably  
would have made a big deal out of that and called for  
a major whipping.  But as it was, the three of us were  
just happy to have Tony out of our lives and back at  
someplace where his muscles could keep developing  
until the day he was sold.    
  
When we left the tannery we drove out to what was soon  
to be my house, and my brothers absolutely loved the  
place.  We had a great time talking about how good it  
was to have such a head start in investing at our age,   
and what we were all going to do with our money from  
the sale of Tony.  
  
(Intermission - You may pause here to get a bottle of  
beer or a glass of wine, and to give your slave a  
quick wake-up and stay alert spanking.)  
  
It is well known among slaves that one does not file a  
complaint to the State Bureau of Slaves lightly.  All  
complaints filed by the meanest of slaves are looked  
into, and with surprising alacrity.  However, if a  
complaint proves to be frivolous, the State has broad  
powers of reprimand, usually amounting to an extension  
of servitude.  And for lifers, where service extension  
is not an option, reprimands often take the very  
unpleasant form of a week or two at the State  
Punishment House. Thus, slaves are well aware of the  
risks they take in filing a complaint.    
  
So it was with great surprise that we received in the  
mail a letter from the State Bureau of Slaves asking  
us to verify Tony's time of service at the Blazer  
Tannery, and the dates of his visit to our home over  
the holidays.  Tony had filed two complaints with the  
State Bureau of Slaves alleging that punishments at  
the tannery were administered for both arbitrary and  
frivolous reasons.  Soon after Tony's complaints, the  
Bureau received complaints from 9 other Blazer slaves.  
  
  
The State dismissed all of the complaints as just part  
of a slave mail bombardment tactic and suggested that  
all of the slaves who wrote be shipped to the State  
Punishment House for an eight-day session in their  
famous ‘road to wellness’ therapy.  But three of the  
slaves who wrote mentioned not only the arbitrary  
nature of the punishments, but also that every detail  
of the punishment was videotaped and/or filmed with  
professional camera equipment, that filmed punishment  
took place only in the evenings when head overseer,   
Joshua Rangle, was not present, and that Joshua Rangle  
consistently failed to deal with their complaints on  
the matter.   
  
The functionary whose job it was to investigate these  
complaints talked to the slaves who complained about  
the filming, and found out the sessions were filmed in  
Joshua Rangle's office when he was not there.  He went  
to Joshua Rangle who showed him the camera equipment  
in his office, and explained that the cameras were  
simply the routine camera setup of a typical  
punishment room of any slaveholder who owns more than  
a couple of slaves.  In this litigious age prudent  
slaveholders videotape all punishments as insurance  
against slaves crying abuse.  Joshua happily gave the  
functionary access to the full videotape record.  
  
The videos were in boxes marked with date ranges.  All  
those examined were routine videotapes, often with  
murky images, but no punishment viewed was deemed to  
be inordinate.  Indeed, the functionary noted that Mr.   
Rangle's avuncular manner did much to mitigate the  
misery of the slaves being punished.  
  
The functionary then viewed some tapes that were  
currently in the cameras positioned about the room and  
saw something very different.  These were of some  
sessions led by Brandon and Elliott Blazer, and the  
functionary noted that when Joshua Rangle saw what was  
on the tapes, he wept.  
  
A call to the police, and a search of Brandon's and  
Elliott's office revealed a video business of  
staggering proportions, with an out of state website  
advertising: ‘Real slave punishment sessions. Don't  
settle for amateur quality in your punishment videos.   
All slaves guaranteed young, muscular, and handsome.   
Top professional quality includes facial and genital  
close-ups interspersed with full body shots.  Watch  
the slaves get lectured, stripped, and punished.    
Great variety of punishment methods’.

The website listed videos by forms of punishments and had little  
snapshots and bio info on the slaves featured in each  
video.  Tony was featured in two of their offerings.   
The tapes sold for as high as $200 apiece.  
  
The religious fundamentalist bureaucrats of Oklahoma  
could not afford to let such a crime go unpunished;   
though they would have preferred to.  If this case  
was allowed to go unprosecuted, the anti-slave lobby  
could have set back the cause of slavery in Oklahoma  
dramatically.  
Brandon and Elliott Blazer, along with two of their  
partners in the business, were sentenced to 20 years  
slave labor in the service of the State of Oklahoma.   
The defense attorney for Elliott argued for  
imprisonment rather than slavery, citing his sadistic  
nature as rendering him unfit for serving the state.   
The judge overruled, noting that a tendency towards  
sadism was not a tendency towards violence.    
  
Although head overseer Joshua Rangle was sentenced to  
only four years imprisonment for negligence, Judge  
Misha Blumethal reserved the harshest criticism for  
him. "A master's control over a slave is a sacred  
assignment and you have failed to provide the slaves  
under your watch and control consistent guidance,   
oversight, discipline, training, and an effective  
channel for grievances.  By your negligence you have  
caused extreme suffering and loss of human dignity.   
All of it could have been avoided if only you would  
have been vigilant as your position mandates.  Mr.   
Joshua Rangle, I censure you as an affront to the  
civility of Oklahoma State!"  
  
Mr. Edward Blazer was in no way connected with the  
illegal video operation, but his business was forced  
to file for bankruptcy due to the litigation.   
  
Nineteen of the Blazer's 26 slaves appeared in various  
videos.  All 26 slaves were granted lifetime freedom.   
Those 19 slaves who appeared in the videos were  
awarded compensation of $1,300,000 by the State of  
Oklahoma.    
  
When news of the charges against the Blazer boys hit  
Richard and me, we scrambled to find the private video  
we had made of Tony.  We watched it together in my  
bedroom behind locked doors as we jacked off together.

I borrowed a large calibrating magnet my uncle used  
to set flight instruments and ran it over the tape.   
We put it on to test it and the magnet had  
effectively erased the video.  Considering the  
religious climate in the Oklahoma back woods, we  
didn't want to take any chances.  
  
I also had to scramble to put my recently acquired  
house up for sale so I could pay back the loan.   
Fortunately, I sold it in time to pay back the loan.   
If I hadn't, I think I would rather have suffered  
penury enslavement than be forced to beg Tony for the  
money.   
  
The slave rights people took all of the freed Blazer  
slaves under their wing in order to document their  
stories for their anti-slavery lobbying efforts.   
Business consultants were called in to advise the  
slaves on investing their awards.  With their help,  
Tony started up a business called; ‘Gentleman  
Janitors’, which offers business's janitors dressed up  
in dress slacks, shirts, ties and jackets, and all are  
elegantly groomed, as opposed to the usual image of  
janitors in Levi jump suits.  It was a huge success  
right from the start and is now a small business  
success story.  
  
Tony, who is super looking with his hair grown back  
and his muscled body, has been used by the  
anti-slavery lobby in their advertising campaigns,  
and, as well, has been on the cover of Oklahoma  
Business and highlighted in a feature story on his  
business success.

Five of the former penury slaves from the Blazer Tannery  
work as janitors for Tony.  The interesting thing is  
that none of the former Blazer slaves would ever have  
to work again if they didn't want to, but their slave  
training just makes them want to be contributing  
members of society.   
  
Tony bought a beautiful condo in his favorite part of  
town.  He has a horde of girl friends, but he is  
closest to Eileen Fillmore, the daughter of the state  
attorney general, who is fond of Tony and looks after  
him like his own son.  
  
Dad has turned to drinking pretty heavily.  Gabriel is  
having a hard time coming to terms with all that has  
happened, with all that he became.  Richard wrote to  
Tony and apologized.  Sweet Tony wrote back and said  
he accepted his apology.  When Richard got the letter  
he broke down and wept.    
  
I am dealing with things as well.  I can admit to the  
world many awful things about myself.  I can admit  
that I betrayed my brother for the most detestable  
reasons imaginable.  I can admit I want to find out  
where Brandon and Elliott are enslaved and go and tell  
them they deserve it, and laugh at them, for fucking  
up and making me lose out on the money I stood to make  
from the sale of Tony.  I can admit I want to give up  
graduate school and become a member of the Oklahoma  
Slave Patrol for reasons that may not be wholesome.  I  
can admit my wildest orgasms came after punishing  
Tony.  I can admit that the times when Tony's mouth went  
around my cock were the happiest moments in my life.   
But what I cannot admit is that I wish I were even one  
one-hundredth the man Tony is.  
  
The End

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