**My Brother Tony, the Penury Slave**

Part Thirteen - Conclusion

By Randall Austin

This story is erotic fiction meant for mature readers and should only be read by adults over the age of eighteen years old. Please do not use my stories without my permission and please forward all comments to randallaustin2011@hotmail.com

Randall Austin’s Archive Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>

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

For more of Randall Austin Stories, Please join his Archive group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>