THE NEW BIRTH - Part 7

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by Syke Master

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The Barn

A huge complex, the slave barn boasted a large, open, central processing arena, one side of whose concrete floor slightly declined toward the open drain sluice running adjacent to and the length of the bare exterior wall. Looking at the floor's surface, Icould see the patterns of five-inch stainless-steel D-rings, embedded so when they were laying flat, trays and other portable equipment might be rolled on the floor without incident. The flooring itself was finished with the usual transparent, polyurethane-enhanced concrete surfacing typical for factories, resisting heat, water, and odor extremely well.

The D-rings came in pairs, spaced about three feet apart, and were positioned with the hinges to the outside. Each pair of D-rings was aligned with its neighboring pair in a checkerboard pattern, like this:

X X X X X

X X X X X

X X X X X

X X X X X

and was spaced approximately seven feet from its neighbor, giving a full five feet of "body-space" for a property fastened in position and an additional two feet for my assistants and Ito move among a hundred properties fastened at any one time.

Between each pair of D-rings Icould see the flat, but slightly contoured edges of the retractable rest bar. Hydraulically operated, the rest bar worked like those platforms in auto repair centers designed to raise heavy vehicles permitting access underneath, except that these rest bars lowered flush to the floor surface and made a water-tight seal with the surrounding gasket of high-tech plastic rubber.

Slaves could be bent over these rest bars, when they were raised to the height of a man's hip, for all manner of activities, such as discipline, branding, circumcision, castration, tattooing, fisting, fucking, and whenever it was important that the property be immobilized to avoid self-injury, or danger to processing personnel. Once over the bar, slaves could be restrained further by using the additional pair of D-rings embedded into the floor middle distance between the ends of the rest bar, and on either side. Collars, for example, might be secured with a chain attached to one of these D-rings and further restraints, either to the shackled arms or the waist, could be fastened to the other D-ring. Above each rest bar and hanging from the ceiling was a pair of retractable chained hooks to which wrist or ankle restraints might be securely fastened.

Overhead each array of four "slave stations" hung an assortment of processing tools, from a portable steel pillory, to an electric branding iron, a dental drill, an electric hair clipper, an electric shaver, a water hose, a douche wand and an anal vacuum for cleaning rectal cavities, and a varied group of miscellaneous fasteners. One overseer could process twenty properties at a time with the further help of four assistants at each four-station work array, who performed, in turn, most of the work under the overseer's supervision. Thus five overseers and twenty assistants normally could process a hundred properties an hour, on average.

It was six-thirty on a Monday morning and the first hundred or so properties would be brought in for processing by seven o'clock. Heavy on my mind—Master’s charge to create a fairly detailed plan to ramp up production of Elite Properties—got me thinking rather seriously about my five overseers, Greg, Nick, Mace, Sam and Doug. Excellent properties all, I sensed they would make excellent slavemasters as well.

The problem was they must first become born slaves and I must become their owner. Should I do session work with them? Yes, of course, I had to. Should I work with each one individually in a session, or should I have all five in the room at the same time, letting each one observe what I do? Obviously it would be best if they all observed, but I wondered about the effect on the session. To bond so deeply with an individual slave, as envisioned in the Elite Program, means achieving an extraordinary level of Master-slave intimacy. Would that intimacy be compromised in any way?

Also, these guys would still have their nuts. There is a sort of creative freedom in one's ability to dominate another man if one has already been through whatever ordeal one is proposing to do to someone else. Having each overseer offer his balls to me voluntarily would be a good thing as far as developing intimacy between the two of us and taking him quantum leaps into his slavery, into his utter submission to my will, and I had counted on castration as a major tool in securing the high level of obedience and slave-desire for any 45-year-old potentials in the New Birth program.

On the other hand, Master Lord had secured my complete submission to His will before He cut my balls. Granted, the ordeal of the castration did affect me and greatly deepened my desire to serve Master. Castration realigned my consciousness completely, making me appreciate the fact that I was a piece of property to be used by Master any way He saw fit, and that I wanted to do nothing but be used by Master for His own pleasure. The quantum leap into my submission could not have been greater, and what made that possible was the voluntary castration.

So I began an internal dialog. Master Lord has the ability to secure my complete devotion and love by castrating me, I began. It was not necessary that He be castrated to bond with me. That was my job to do, since I am the property. Master does what He wants, He controls the situation, He controls the property. That's what ownership means—absolute use and disposal. So basically i'm full of shit to think potentials need trainers who've been castrated, since it is not the job of the trainers to bond with the potentials, it is the job of the potentials to transfer power (control) over to their owners, the trainers. Castration is an excellent tool, but the power-exchange will not be altered one way or the other if the trainers have their balls cut. The only purpose in cutting THEIR balls will be to increase their submission to MY will as their Slavemaster.

So it is. Slavemaster needs to have the balls of his overseers to secure something like the submission to his will that he has for Master. Is castration the only tool that will achieve this goal? Possibly not. Maybe these overseers don't need to achieve a level of submission to my will that I need to achieve to the will and pleasure of Master. Perhaps it is a bit selfish to think they can or need to achieve what I've achieved. On the other hand, I am not thinking like Master here. Does Master worry if He is acting selfishly? I hope not. my whole reason for being and doing is servicing His will and pleasure.

It is decided. I will do session work with these overseers. I will do both individual and group sessions. I will use the whole range of tools I have at my disposal to assist their attainment of new levels of submission to my will. I will work them slowly, like I would train non-human animals, bit-by-bit. At the end of the day, so to speak, I will want them to surrender their balls to me voluntarily, just as a gift to increase my pleasure in their slavery. Were that to happen . . . Master Lord would be so filled with celebratory enthusiasm there would be no putting up with Him! . . . my heart simply overfilleth and runneth over . . . this is something I can do to bring the most exquisite pleasure into Master's life!

The other part of Master's charge is the ramp plan. Probably we will need to cut back just a little on ordinary slave processing at this facility to kick start the Elite Program to get enough product on line within the year to satisfy Master's requirements. we will probably need to promote some of our best assistants to overseer status so my own overseers can devote the needed time for the Elite Program, and then make promotions all down the line . . . .

The first group of wild slaves began to arrive. By "wild" I mean men who have either sold themselves to satisfy their creditors or have been auctioned by the courts to satisfy a legal judgment of either a civil or criminal nature. In either case, ASI buys them as properties, and expects to exercise fully all rights of use and disposal. I always enjoy this part of the day since handling these wild men gets my dick hard, and, frankly, it's best to handle them in the morning when I am most fresh and most enthusiastic about dealing with ordinary slave bullshit. Later in the mornings we process used slaves new to our ownership or being prepared for inventory in corporate sales and leasing.

At any rate, I love assessing the bodies of men. It is easy and enjoyable for me to carefully but quickly review "the troops" so to speak, each morning, keeping an eye out for those outstanding properties, those potentials for special treatment or consideration. Such potentials merit my time since either their profit potential for Master is great, or their general physical "type", talent and intelligence are highly desirable characteristics for promotion within ASI working directly for the company.

In fact, it is properties who are socialized and trained in the "corporate ranks", so to speak, that become our most prized and profitable offerings, because they frequently accompany corporate executives in business meetings and in other travel and pleasurable activities sponsored by the company designed to promote the use of slaves. Corporate use is one of our really major marketing tools. There has never been a time that I have accompanied Master fully naked, as I am at present, that Master has not been approached, often repeatedly, with offers to purchase me, despite the fact that I am now 45 years old. Demand for me is, in fact, one of the major factors that convinced Master to initiate the New Birth program in the first place.

Greg, Nick, Mace, Sam and Doug all busied themselves leading the properties into this main processing arena. Each slave had ankle restraints and these were fastened to the aforementioned D-rings embedded in the concrete floor. Wrists were also shackled together and held in position behind the head with a clip fastened to the heavy link collar each slave wore around its neck. These restraints held each property loosely in what I have termed the Display position, although wild slaves mostly lacked that pride in their slavery, that exhibitionary élan that caused trained slaves to tighten their bellies, thrust out their chests, and tilt their pelvic area slightly upwards and out to facilitate handling of their tackle and general inspection of their physical bodies by Masters and prospective purchasers. Many were embarrassed, not accustomed to public nakedness. Some resistance was inevitable.

I should note in passing that, yes, of course, I also wore a permanent slave collar made of linked surgical steel, although mine was considerably less bulky than the collars of my overseers or of these wild slaves, as I had, from time to time, occasion to wear business clothing where it served Master's purpose to hide the fact of my status, although I suspect this would be increasingly hard to do as the New Birth program ramped up and ASI achieved greater market penetration with the new product. I looked forward to the time when Master would refit my neck with the much larger, heavier slave collar so there would be no mistaking me for anything other than a piece of property belonging to Master.

it's worth pointing out, too, that we didn't go the expense of fitting stainless steel collars to ordinary property—we used really heavy gauge black iron bolted and welded on the neck to emphasize to the property its new status as a slave. This was the sort of heavy collar I would have preferred on myself. I love the weight and the sense of burden the chain imposed, but Master preferred stainless steel on me and those who worked under my supervision to avoid rust problems and discoloration of the skin.

The overseers, of course, also wore, as did i, the heavy gauge-6 tit rings as well as the even heavier gauge-4 Prince Albert’s through their dick heads. they were a fine team of heavily muscled studs, all in their late thirties, all highly skilled in the more physical techniques of slave training, and, very appropriately, they were all true "Tops" in the old SM (sado-masochistic) meaning of that term. they were men who enjoyed dominating other men, and this trait in their character did not disappear just because they became, for one reason or another, pieces of property in service to Master.

The secret of Master's success in this slave training business, as I reminded Him from time to time when doubts stole into His mind to rob Him of His pleasure and the confidence He had in His course of action, was to seek out the natural character, the natural traits in an animal and use those talents, abilities, and tendencies to master it and make it serve its highest purpose.

Just this was the difference between an economy built primarily on free labor and one built on slave labor. In the last analysis, the one built on free labor will be more efficient and yield the greatest general good, since businessmen are then free to lay off workers whose job skills are no longer needed by the company, for as its market changes, so must its product, and consumers are the final judges regarding the success or failure of the business enterprise.

In a slave economy, businessmen already have made a tremendous capital investment in their labor and it therefore makes no rational sense to sell off such investment at a loss just because the market may change. A successful businessman must find or make a new market that will absorb the product his slaves can make. So, in effect, his range of product possibilities is determined by his capital investment, rather than the other way around, where his capital investment only comes into play as a response to specific or potential demand of the market. What determines what gets manufactured? The market? or What can my slaves produce? Obviously, an economy will be more productive if the market decides the issue.

And that fact is the real, practical limit on the spread of slave labor. The current system of slavery in this country is based completely on the theory of penal servitude, that only if you can pay your debt in no other way will you be reduced to selling yourself to another, or having the courts do it on your behalf, as the result of civil or criminal judgment against you.

Such a system gives every citizen the most powerful conceivable incentive to pay his debts, or to make such arrangements that any conceivable debt he incurs will be covered by liability insurance—the now-famous "slave insurance" that has grown into a multi-trillion dollar enterprise all by itself.

Bottom line is that good slaves are worth a lot of money, and for that reason alone, their value becomes self-limiting, for as their value increases, their owners become more and more restrained and hedged about in how they can put slave talents and abilities to profitable use. This great insight is what built ASI—American Service Industries—what wags in the tabloids call American Slave Industries! But that's OK, because the demand for slave labor and talent on a leased basis has never been more profitable. Leasing reduces the capital investment required to exploit slave labor; it also tends to be self-limiting, however, because one cannot build a successful business whose key personnel are leased personnel, whether free men or slaves. Here is the market niche ASI under Master has carved out for itself, and it is a market that ASI dominates on a global scale.

For these reasons, Americans should have no fear of the institution of slavery as it presently operates. It is self-limiting. It is also the important means whereby people who have made bad mistakes in judgment can make full and complete restitution to their creditors; where those who have violated the rights of others in criminal ways can continue to live productive lives in a condition where their own will and purpose has been completely surrendered to their Masters, and the Master's will and purpose henceforth regulates their relations with others and with the world. Such a system actually increases liberty for free men and women since they are no longer obliged to support penitentiaries or the onerous financial burden involved in prosecuting capital cases that have taken years and millions of tax dollars under the old regime.

Slaves should proudly embrace their submission and their slavery, since their slavery is the only value left to them, having transferred all other power over to their Masters. To fight surrender is to contradict the very premise that permits them to live productive lives! Would they really prefer death? Or life-long imprisonment? How could the old system be considered anything but dehumanizing, cruel, and immoral?

I left that question hanging in the air as I addressed the troops that morning, and as I finished up, standing on the dais, powerfully muscled and naked like some kind of huge Renaissance god, I was joined on the floodlit dais by my five overseers, who then kneeled in surrender and worship, kissed my cock, and prostrated themselves down before me and each placed my right foot on his neck seriatim in ritual subjection to the One who truly owned them.

This scene was substance, of course, but it was also theatre of the most dramatic and personal sort, for these wild men, mostly, did not really understand the meaning of that power-transfer and its ritualized observances. Their habits, their customs and thoughts, were all those of free men still, men who may have acknowledged the justice of their slavery but were ignorant as to its forms, meanings, and those actions of theirs that would convey to free men everywhere that they were, in fact, slaves—no longer masters of their destiny—a destiny which led them to this very spot, at this very time, in this very place and which proved, beyond a shadow of doubt or cavil, that their exercise of mastery had been an abject failure.

Today they had a new Master and henceforth they could look forward to a great destiny!

I motioned for my overseers to take their places, but not to begin until I passed each array of work stations. I had, of course, rapidly reviewed the files of these hundred slaves earlier, looking for anything unusual. As fortune would have it, I noted that there would be a father and his son this morning, the son 22 years old, named tony, all of 5' 6', 150 pounds, and his father, clay, an ex-Marine, aged 44, 5' 11", 180 pounds. I figured the Marine would be in pretty good shape and possibly the apple would not fall too far from the tree and i'd get a nice little muscle stud in the son, or at least the prospect of making one out of the baser materials I was accustomed to inspecting.

There were also three or four slaves who were highly educated and, if their bodies were at all of an acceptable quality, might be suitable candidates for the Elite program, either now or in the future.

"Mace, Greg, Sammy, Doug and Nick! Spread out and look for temporary SIN's (Slave Identification Numbers) 213, 214, 257, 261, 273, and 289. When you've found them, flag them for me as I look over the rest of the stock."

"Sir, Slavemaster, Sir. Yes Sir!" they all said in unison. in the meantime I kept my eye open for any really tall, well-muscled stock suitable for Mistress or for the New Birth program. I knew there were several slaves pushing the mid-forty limit and hoped they didn't all look like couch-potatoes.

Nick came running up to me, kneeled in Full Present position, and awaited my acknowledgement of his approach.

"Nick, what's up?"

"Sir, Slavemaster, Sir. SIN's 213 and 214 have been found and await Your pleasure, Sir!"

"How do they look, nick?"

"Master, they are of the general type that gets Master's dick hard and wet."

"What cheek! Nicko, i'm going to have your hunky ass in a sling before the day is over! Move on out and show me the stock!" nick probably wasn't capable of blushing, but I noted the play of a smile crossing his lips.

we threaded through the rows and columns of naked slaves standing at Display until nick led me to a far corner were the prizes were tethered to the D-rings. Oh, I was going to like this! Yes . . . I saw the little bastard right there and was he ever the smoldering muscle hunk!

Better than the hunkiness was the body hair. This kid was totally hot to look at. Milky white skin with fine pores, covered with chest and belly hair beautifully flowing down to the pubes, all of it in just the right places, but not so thick as to obscure the chiseled ridges of muscled flesh on his abs and pecs. his upper arms were relatively bare, but the lavish growth resumed beginning just above the elbow and generously covered the thick meat of his forearms. his skin showed vascularity, but it was not "paper thin", so there was still some fat to be squeezed out of his body. he did not appear to be a bodybuilder as such; he just had a great natural physique. his dick was average, about 3½ or 4 inches flaccid and I figured it would probably go 5½ or 6 inches when erect, but the pole appeared to be rather thick, the fine mushroomed nob sporting a noble flange, suitable for tongue work as well as some highly attractive piercings. So far, I had just been looking at this piece of manflesh. Hadn't put a hand on him yet. he shifted his weight just very slightly from foot to foot, indicating a fair amount of anxiety he was struggling to get under control.

I circled in back and marvelled at the light coating of hair on one so young. This hair wasn't patchy either. it was even, yet not so dense that I couldn't make out the chiseled quality of the traps, lats, and posterior delts. And what a tight muscular bubble butt this kid had! . . . covered, like his back, with a nicely attractive coat of black hair that actually increased in density as it slid off his ass and trailed down each muscled thigh to his ankles.

my heart was definitely beating faster and frankly, it was all I could do to avoid raping his gorgeous ass right then and there! nicko was just exactly correct about this property's dickdrool quotient! Well, I simply had to pull back and take stock of myself. I trusted that my lust wasn't too very obvious, so I just flagged this property for my person instructions.

"Master Sir, Do You wish to give Your assistant instructions on how to process this piece of flesh?"

"nick, you bet. First off, don't touch a hair on its body. Give it the conventional shave on dick, sac, perineum and anus. But shave no more than a one shaver width around the hole. Also, you'll have to shave the inside of the left ass cheek for the brand. I don't want its body hair to start burning from the brand. So be especially careful, nick! But no more hair shaved than absolutely necessary to prevent an accident.

"Second, shave around its aureolas exactly one shaver width. I will personally attend to its cinch and tit rings, PA, nose ring, and circumcision and branding. SIN to go on sole of right foot. you do everything else. Check his dental work carefully. When finished, nick, alert me. Secure the property in my main training room.

To no one in particular, I said, "Let's take a look at the father."

The father's face evinced considerable anxiety over the attention I had shown his son, and it appeared to go off the meter at the mention of "circumcision" and "branding."

"clay is the name, is it?" I directed the question at the father.

"It is." By the time he answered, I was already behind him, enjoying the sight of his large beefy ass cheeks. I took a cane and landed three nicely spaced stripes of moderate intensity across the Marine's rump and he yowled at the first, probably out of surprise, and took the remainder like a true Marine, stoically.

"How were you instructed to address those in authority over you, slave?" I asked.

"Fuck you, you bastard. I ain't no slave." he spit out.

In the regular course of my work with slaves there is nothing quite so delightful as the opportunity of training a Marine. The only question was which game was I going to play with him? But to have a Marine and his son at the same time, well, my cup truly runneth over, to borrow old Biblical style.

It is, of course, mere child's play to break a man and reduce him to obedience, to make a slave out of him. That is, after all, what we all do here at ASI. But our spirits always rise when we encounter a real Mensch, a determined hard-ass: variety relieves the boredom that sometimes steals upon us, even in the best of times. nick and mace were standing alongside awaiting my instructions, but they definitely perked right up at the insolent display of this Marine.

To mace I said, "Raise the rest bar for tony, bend him over and secure his collar tightly to the floor. Secure his waist to the bar so he will be completely immobile."

mace did as I instructed and now Tony's attractive butt was fully open and the pink asshole on display.

"The boy's got a beautiful ass doesn't he, mace?"

"Sir, Slavemaster Sir, The boy's got one beautiful bubble butt, Sir!"

"How'd you like to shove that big black dick of yours right up there?"

"Sir, Slavemaster, Sir. This slave would like nothing better than to fuck that ass, Sir, hard and fast, Sir."

"What do you think, tony, want that big black dick up your hole, wanna get raped by a big black stud like mace here?"

"Fuck you, mister. It's just like my Dad said, I ain't no slave and I ain't no pervert either. Guys don't dick me and I don't dick guys. I like women!"

"Well, mace, seems we have hit the jackpot . . . two real hard-asses at the same time!" I had planned on laying on some stripes to the boy's butt to punish the father for smart-mouthing me, but since the son proved to be so much like his Dad, I decided to alter the plan somewhat.

"mace, perhaps you will get to use these two slaves later, but I think for now, just prep the boy as instructed. Depilate the Marine from the top of its head to the soles of its feet, and I do mean every single hair on its body including the eyebrows, beard, and nostrils. You can leave the eyelashes. Give them both a chance to shit and piss. No water, no food. Insert the biggest butt plugs each can take, but do try not tear any rectal tissue. Then insert ten-inch catheters up their dicks secured with one of Master's new, Japanese-made catheter valves. Put six-inch penis gags into their mouths and make sure you explain to them they have to suck on the dicks if they want to breathe, because six inches will cause a gag reflex. Store them in a single small cage--I want the boy's dick up his dad's crack--and put the cage in my main training room. After you've processed the morning's stock, you and other overseers meet in the training room as well, say about 10:30. we'll do some head adjustment on these two hard-asses. Any questions?"

"Sir, Slavemaster, Sir. No Sir, no questions. Thank You, Sir."

By this time, Greg, Doug, Sammy, and nick were all kneeling before me, awaiting my acknowledgement.

"who's got the closest one now?" I asked.

"Sir, Slavemaster, Sir. SIN's 257 and 261 are close by, 273, then 289, Master Sir."

"Lead on, Doug, to 257."

Threading through the rows and columns once more, we quickly arrived at our destination.

"Master, Sir, here is 257," cried out Doug.

slave 257, according to his file, used to be one of the chief financial officers of Exxon Corporation, Computer Science & Information Services, Florham Park complex, in New Jersey, who was convicted of embezzling over $4 million dollars in the last three years of what had been a five-year employment contract. As there was no way he could repay the embezzled sums, nor the treble damages to which he was liable, and since his "slave" liability insurance only covered fines and penalties, not restitution, slave 257 found that he was truly in "deep shit."

It always amazed me how such bright, intelligent people could be so goddamn dumb when it comes to simple "common-sense" decisions. Whatever was this man thinking? It was one thing to embezzle $4 million dollars from one of the largest corporations in the world with one of the most sophisticated accounting systems in existence, but then to compound one's truly monumental stupidity by failing to take out comprehensive slave insurance, well, what can I say? In my own case, I really could not have foreseen the disaster just beyond my view, so my policy didn't quite cover the liability, but then, I never set out to cheat anybody either! Here's this idiot, intending to steal, and when he gets caught, which was as close to a certainty as it is possible to get in this world, he doesn't even have a decent policy! On the other hand, he must have had some skills, some talent; otherwise Exxon managers would not have hired him for such an important post.

Slave 257 wasn't much to look at. Maybe 5' 10", 44 years old, thin as a beanpole, probably wore glasses and a green visor at his desk, too! That was a joke.

"Doug, let's move on. Put 257 down for the New Birth program, since he's got some smarts. Otherwise, standard prep."

"Sir, Slavemaster, Sir. This is slave 261."

"Let's see, 261, ummm . . . right size I should think. Says here he's 6'3", weighs 240 pounds. Not bad potential, physically. 47 years old. Convicted of computer hacking . . . broke into our own systems . . . sold proprietary information on the black market . . . so, ASI's got his ass now! Tell me poetic justice doesn't exist in this world! I want this son-of-a-bitch on the New Birth program. Maybe even on the Elite program, but boy is it going to take some training. Give him standard prep, though, Doug. After processing, get his ass in the gym. he'll need to lose i'd say about 40 pounds by the end of the month.

"Next!"

Slave 273 . . . black . . . age 44 years . . . 260 pounds . . . 6' 5" . . . linebacker for the New Orleans Saints. Convicted of rape, couldn't pay the fines and restitution. Guess he didn't have a very effective manager--no insurance at all! Can you believe that?

To Doug, I said, "Handsome man, considerably overweight, but looks like his muscles will respond well to the right regime, that is, if his system's not fucked up too much by overusing steroids and pain killers. Pay especially close attention to the condition of its liver, prostate, blood pressure, and cholesterol levels. Check bone, muscle, ligament, and cartilage, especially in the legs. I want a detailed medical exam. Definitely a candidate for New Birth, possibly Elite. Ass in the gym, pronto. See to it, Doug."

Last, but not least, I came to slave 289. this boy was definitely a hot piece of ass. he was only 32 years old, so a bit premature for the New Birth program. Very blond . . . obvious bodybuilder . . . bubble butt . . . well-formed all over I'd say . . . no egregious imbalances, as you usually find among this set of the population . . . but really big muscled . . . graduated Harvard Law . . . seems he got convicted of bribing some judges in one of the national body-building contests just a few months ago. Damn, another case of inadequate slave insurance!

"OK, Greg, this one's definitely prime meat.

"boy, ever had a dick up your ass?"

"Yes . . . Master. I am homosexual and definitely enjoy getting fucked."

"Greg, standard prep for this one. Then take him to my training room the same time the father-son duo. All three need some further gym training, but their bodies are attractive enough now to be used. Make sure I have the standard assortment of rings, including these new tit cinch rings like I'm wearing."

End of Part 7

TO BE CONTINUED . . .