A Portrait of Servitude – A Taste of Reality  
  
By Randall Austin

Short Story

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](mailto:randallaustin2011@hotmail.com)

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

Place: Decatur, Georgia  
  
Background: Even though the South is slowly adopting  
more humane practices in its treatment of the  
indentured, it is still a culture where the indentured  
are seen as objects to be used, and strict, useless,   
and outdated, state regulations mandate how indentured  
servants are to be handled and regarded.  The  
indentured are still referred to as slaves in most of  
the South.  
  
In Georgia, offenses committed by slaves are  
classified on a scale of 1 to 5.  All offenses in the  
1 to 3 range must, by state law, be punished with  
physical discipline.  A majority of the citizens of  
the state are against the old ways of regarding  
slaves, but efforts to have the old laws changed are  
not happening with any speed in Georgia simply because  
the state’s economy and lobbying interests are focused  
on issues of more immediate concern to the state’s  
citizens.  
  
Most owners simply ignore minor slave infractions such  
as backtalk.  But if such an offense is witnessed by  
anyone other than the owner’s family and friends, then  
it is always the wisest course of action to follow the  
proper Southern way: do as the law requires.  
  
Because most slave owners do not personally care to  
physically discipline their slaves, all counties have  
facilities for carrying out mandated punishments for  
those owners who do not have the stomach to do such  
things.  
  
Situation: 26-year old Gerald Frederick Harvard was  
usually considered by people who got to know him as  
the nicest boy in the whole world: an A-student, a  
dedicated state social worker, an activist for the  
underprivileged, kindly and gently disposed, helpful  
to all, and unselfconsciously handsome on top of it  
all.  
  
Gerald was enslaved nine months ago for a period of  
three years for falling into a steep and spiraling  
debt.  The judge, in sentencing sweet Gerald, told him  
he believed he was a “fine young man”, and that he was  
doing him a favor in sentencing him to indenturement  
because it would, relatively speedily, help him  
“escape” his debt.   
  
Gerald was purchased by a liberal professor of  
history, Dr. Elmore Madison.  Dr. Madison, his wife,  
Merilla, and their son Dante, 16, and daughter,  
Masona, 12, all loved Gerald, who Dr. Madison employed  
to do office duties and general housekeeping.  So it  
was an unfortunate event when one night Gerald was  
having a bottle of wine with some of his friends, and  
suddenly was surprised by the presence of Merilla, who  
had entered his room without knocking and overheard  
part of a confidential conversation.  In a fit of  
anger, inflamed by the wine, Gerald shouted at  
Merilla, “Jesus Christ!  Can’t you fucking knock on  
the door before entering like a civilized human  
being?”  
  
The following day Gerald apologized profusely for his  
drunken outburst.  Merilla and her husband told Gerald  
it was no big deal, that they loved him and forgave  
him, and that they would normally be quite content to  
overlook it.  Unfortunately, the mayor’s assistant was  
visiting and overheard the outburst.  When Doctor  
Madison asked Gerald if he knew what that meant,  
Gerald replied that he did.  Gerald smiled resignedly,  
and said to Doctor Madison and his wife that he “had  
it coming”.  Doctor Madison called the County Slave  
Authority, and a punishment date was set for the  
following Friday morning at the De Kalb County Court  
House.    
  
\*\*\*  
  
PART ONE  
  
Having been a state employed social worker for two  
years before he was enslaved, Gerald Frederick Harvard  
knew something of what to expect as punishment, but  
he, like most liberal intellectuals, tended to avoid  
places and things that had anything to do with slaves.  
He had tried researching Georgia state punishment  
codes on the Internet in the days preceding his  
punishment, called friends of his to ask if they had  
any idea of what the procedure was, but there was  
surprisingly little info to be found.  He knew that  
his offense, impudent backtalk, was considered a level  
3 offense, the least serious of the three punishable  
levels, and so Gerald took some comfort in knowing  
that his punishment probably wouldn’t be too  
horrendous.    
  
What he did know was that punishments were usually  
carried out in the nude, and witnesses were allowed,  
but limited to owners and their family members, and to  
the slave’s own immediate family.  While Gerald  
decided not to inform his own family of what had  
happened so they wouldn’t worry unnecessarily over  
him, he had hoped that Dr. Madison wouldn’t invite his  
family.  But Doctor Madison wanted his children to  
witness Gerald’s punishment, “Gerald, you and I both  
know that unjust things are still happening to the  
indentured in this country.  I want my children to  
witness this especially because they love you so much.  
I want them to see the system in action, so they can  
see how backwards and horrible it still is.  It’s for  
their education, and their own good.  I want them to  
have a taste of reality.  One day they will be future  
activists, helping to improve the lot of slaves.”  
  
On the morning of his scheduled punishment, Gerald  
felt awkward as he groomed himself in his normal way  
after showering.  As he applied antiperspirant to his  
armpits, and gelled and combed his hair, he wondered  
for whom he was trying to make himself presentable;  
for the guy who would actually beat him?  “Maybe I  
should be sweaty and stinky as a way of paying him  
back for what he’s going to do to me.”  
  
But Gerald was too sweet to hold a grudge, and  
realized he should look nice because he always wanted  
to be neat around Doctor Madison and his family.  Dr.  
Madison and his family loved the way Gerald looked,  
and they frequently complimented him on his full head  
of always neatly styled hair.  
  
As Dr. Madison, his two children, and Gerald set out  
for the courthouse at 9:30 AM, Gerald was nervous, and  
the presence of Dante and Masona in the car, chatting  
in the same way they did when they went out with  
Gerald on grocery shopping trips, unnerved Gerald.   
His hands were cold and sweaty.  
  
At the check-in desk of the courthouse, Dr. Madison  
presented his papers certifying his ownership of  
Gerald, and the clerk asked Dr. Madison if he wished  
to witness Gerald’s strapping.  When he said that he  
did, and he wanted the children to witness it as well,  
the clerk asked if the children were his.  When Doctor  
Madison confirmed that they were, the clerk handed him  
a ticket and directed Dr. Madison and his children to  
the 3rd floor of the courthouse, which dealt solely  
with slave affairs.  The clerk sent for a guard, who  
came and took Gerald away, and smiled at Doctor  
Madison, “On the third floor present your ticket to  
the security clerk, and she will direct you to the  
punishment bay.”  
  
When Doctor Madison and his two children stepped off  
the elevator onto the third floor of the courthouse,  
they noticed a large sign in front of all the elevator  
doors, “Overseers: No nudity beyond this point. Slaves  
leaving this floor must be appropriately attired.”    
  
Dr. Madison presented his ticket to the female  
security attendant, and she explained, “Go down the  
hallway and turn left at the first crossway.  Precede  
four doors down to Room 317, Corrections and  
Discipline, and present your ticket.  Punishments will  
begin promptly at 10:30.  There are twelve slaves in  
this morning’s punishment queue, and right now they  
are getting clipped, shaved, and harnessed.  Gerald is  
set to receive 25 strokes.  If any male slave erects  
during punishment, the punishment will be stopped and  
his penis will be slung and hung before his punishment  
continues, and five strokes will be added to the  
punishment.  After his strapping, Gerald will then be  
strung up and displayed in the rear curtilage for four  
hours.  You may leave him on display for the full four  
hours, or claim him anytime after the mandatory  
one-hour display time.”  
  
Dr. Madison was suddenly uncomfortable as he led his  
children to the punishment bay.  As he entered the  
“Corrections and Discipline” room with his children,  
he noted that it looked like a small auditorium with a  
seating area, and a raised stage in front.  There was  
nothing on the stage to indicate that it was a place  
of punishment, such as whipping frames or horses.   
There were about 30 people scattered about the seating  
area, and most of them had video cameras hanging  
around their necks.  As Dr. Madison removed his video  
camera from his side pack, Dante asked why he had it.   
Dr. Madison told his son that videotaping is  
recommended for legal purposes, should the slave incur  
any serious or permanent injuries during his  
punishment.    
  
When Dante realized that he would be witnessing real  
punishments in which people could get seriously  
injured, he became frightened.  His father noted his  
apprehension, and put a fatherly arm around his  
teenage son.  
  
The chatting of the spectators in the room was excited  
but hushed, as if everyone was looking forward to some  
special show.  Most of the spectators had taken seats  
in the front, near the stage.  Dr. Madison found three  
seats together in the third row, and he and his  
children sat down in them.  
  
Masona looked excitedly about, and asked her father if  
the punishments would take place on the stage.  Her  
father answered, “I assume so, honey.  I’m not really  
sure.”  A middle-aged gentleman seated in front of  
them overheard, and turned to answer, “Yes they do,  
sir.  The whole thing actually goes by rather  
quickly.”  
  
Dr. Madison nodded his appreciation for the answer,  
“Thank you.”  
  
The gentleman was curious, “You have an errant slave  
up for some correction?”  
  
“Well, it’s mandatory you know.  He simply got drunk  
and used some nasty language.”  
  
“Well that’s the beauty of the system, sir.  This way  
the slave doesn’t really hold so much of a grudge  
against you as he does of the system.  He gets  
punished because he’s got to, and in the end you get a  
decently obeying slave out of it.”  
  
Dr. Madison wished the gentleman would mind his own  
business, but the gentleman continued, “Whenever I  
bring my little Burt here for a bare-ass strapping, I  
always tell him that if I had my way, he wouldn’t be  
getting punished.  Of course, I’m damn glad he’s  
getting the beating he deserves, but I don’t tell him  
that.”  
  
The gentleman laughed to himself, and leaned over to  
whisper to Dr. Madison, “And there’s a little bonus in  
it for us today, mate.  I passed the back area on my  
way here and saw that there are two really sweet  
little chicks in the punishment line.”  
  
Dr. Madison showed no expression, and his disdain for  
the gentleman’s voyeurism did not come through.  But  
the gentleman turned his attention away from Dr.  
Madison when a stage door opened and two guards walked  
out on stage.  And they were soon followed by a parade  
of twelve nude slaves, with Gerald the third in line.   
All the slaves, 9 males and 3 females, had their heads  
down, and hands covering their genitals.  Two of the  
females were also trying with one hand to cover their  
titties.  When the guard showed the slaves where to  
stop, all the slaves turned as much as they could to  
keep their backsides facing the audience.    
  
All of the slaves had a large plastic tag affixed to  
their left arms, which gave their names and the type  
of punishment they were due to receive.  The slaves  
were also fitted with a chest harness that consisted  
of several straps encircling their upper torso; and a  
strap around the topmost part of each leg, which would  
provide most of the support for the slaves when they  
were hung in the courtyard after their punishments.   
  
Dr. Madison was shocked to see that the slaves were  
dripping wet, and all of them had been given body  
shaves.  The women’s heads were totally shaved, and  
all of the male slaves had all of the sides of their  
heads shaved, with only a circle of buzzed hair left  
on the top of their heads.  From what little Dr.  
Madison could see of the slaves’ covered genitals, it  
appeared that all genital hair was removed as well.  
  
The slaves, not having been allowed to dry themselves  
after the post-shaving shower that they had received,  
were shivering from the chill.  All the slaves had  
their heads down in shame, and some were red with  
embarrassment.  Gerald was among them.  
  
Two more uniformed guards walked out on the stage, and  
each one was carrying several implements; one carried  
a broad strap and two different versions of a large  
paddle, and the second guard carried a tawse and a  
whip.  The four guards on stage all wore the same  
black uniform, peaked cap, and knee-high boots, of the  
Georgia State Slave Patrol.  None of the guards  
appeared to be over the age of thirty to Dr. Madison,  
and as he looked them over he wondered why anyone  
would want to get into such a line of work.  
  
Two guards walked over to the first boy in line, a kid  
of 17 years, and each guard grabbed one of the slave’s  
arms and roughly pulled him towards the center and  
most forward part of the stage.  With a guard on  
either side of the slave and each firmly holding one  
of the boy’s arms, they faced the slave toward the  
audience.  The boy’s terror made him forget his  
modesty.  The boy looked young enough that several in  
the audience didn’t know if he was hairless because he  
was shaved or because he had not yet ever grown any  
pubic hair.    
  
The tallest guard came up behind the boy with a paddle  
as one of the guards holding the boy read the arm tag  
off, “Jason Lombard.  15 strokes with the hardwood  
paddle.”  
  
Several people with video cameras started shooting the  
boy before the first stroke landed.  When it did the  
boy screamed and bucked.  With the second stroke the  
boy bucked furiously, and one of the holding guards  
spoke furiously, “Calm your ass down, you fucking  
slave!”  
  
With the third stroke the boy was bawling and his  
small penis started erecting.  Masona was transfixed.   
By the ninth stoke the young slave’s penis was  
sticking straight up and a holding guard asked for the  
punishment to be halted.  When it stopped the boy was  
still wailing as the guard fetched a penis sling and a  
chained weight.  
  
The boy looked even more terrified as the guard knelt  
down in front of him and started to put the sling on  
him.  The first cuff of the sling cinched tightly the  
base of the cock in back of the balls.  Connected to  
the base cinch was another expandable cuff that was  
tightened around the base of the penis itself, in  
front of the balls.  At the base of this penis cuff  
was a D-ring to which was attached a six and a half  
inch light caliber chain from which hung a three pound  
steel ball weight.    
  
The boy screamed in agony when the guard dropped the  
weight, and let the slave’s cinched cock carry the  
weight.  The cuff about the base of the penis was  
cinched very tight, causing the penis head to turn an  
especially dark shade of purple.  It was obvious to  
all that it was very painful.  The weight tugged fully  
down on his young cock, causing it to stick straight  
out and slightly downward from his body, as the steel  
ball swayed between his legs.  The guard called out,  
“Five strokes added for a twenty strokes total, eleven  
more to go!”  
  
Dante swallowed hard as the punishment continued and  
the boy’s screaming continued.  When finally the  
punishment neared its end, the boy’s young prick was  
almost standing straight up again, even with the  
weight.  When his punishment was over, the sobbing boy  
was led offstage and the two guards went to the next  
slave in line, a 27-year old female, and pulled her to  
the front of the stage in a similar rough way and had  
her face the audience.  
  
Dante swallowed even harder.  He had never seen a real  
naked woman before, only in magazines.  And being shaved,  
everything was so fully exposed.  Perspiration broke  
out on his forehead.  Dr. Madison noticed his  
children’s interest, but had no qualms, for he thought  
of the experience as both a lesson in the horrors of  
slavery for his children, and, as an added bonus, a  
live-model anatomy lesson.   
  
As the female slave screamed during her 15 stroke back  
tawsing, the guards holding her shouted out especially  
nasty comments, “Just getting what you deserve, whore  
slave!”  “Be glad you’re only getting 15 strokes, you  
worthless bitch!”  The guards’ thoroughly obscene and  
degrading comments turned Dante on in a way he had  
never before imagined he could be turned on.  He  
loathed the guards for their crudeness, yet reveled in  
it.  
  
The fact that such demeaning talk to slaves was in no  
way censured or looked down upon, highlighted for Dr.  
Madison how truly backwards the South still was  
compared to the rest of the country, and especially to  
the rest of the world.  
  
Next up in the line of the naked slaves up for  
punishment was Gerald, who looked like he might start  
crying before the punishment began.  When he was  
pulled roughly forward in front of the stage, and held  
in place by the two guards, tears were already rolling  
down his face.  Gerald’s penis had shriveled  
considerably from shame and fear, and even shaved, it  
appeared to be no more than two inches in length, not  
counting his quite lengthy foreskin.  Despite his very  
small penis, Dr. Madison thought Gerald looked quite  
good with his new haircut.    
  
Masona also thought Gerald looked cute with his new  
haircut, but she was surprised that his penis was even  
smaller than the first young boy’s penis.  In fact, it  
almost looked like a little boy’s penis.    
  
Dante was shocked to see that Gerald’s penis looked  
smaller than his own.  
  
The guard called out, “Gerald Harvard.  25 strokes  
with the reformatory strap.”  
  
Gerald’s face and upper chest and shoulders were red  
from embarrassment.  Dr. Madison felt for him.  When  
the first blow of the strap hit Gerald’s buttocks, he  
winced and bucked.  With each stroke Gerald let out a  
louder yell.  After the second stroke his penis  
started to come to life, and with each peal of the  
strap it got bigger and bigger.  And it didn’t seem to  
stop growing.  After the 10th stroke of the large  
strap, when Gerald’s large, long, purple-header was  
sticking straight up, one of the holding guards called  
for a pause to the punishment.  
  
Little Masona had no idea something so small could get  
so big.  She couldn’t believe that their nice, sweet,  
gentle, and handsome, Gerald could have something on  
his body that would get so big, red, bulbous, and  
angry-looking.  She was horrified, yet hypnotized, by  
the size and shape of Gerald’s bobbing piss-stick.  It  
looked like something naughty that would attack her.   
She had seen little boys’ sticks before, but never  
before an adult’s.  As she watched the guard sling and  
weigh down Gerald’s big erect dick, she thought that  
maybe it was a good thing Gerald was getting beaten  
just for having such an ugly thing sticking out of his  
body.  She was secretly glad they were putting a sling  
on his dick, because it was clearly something that  
needed to be tamed, and secured down to prevent it  
from attacking her.  
  
Once the punishment resumed, for a new total of 30  
strokes, Gerald’s weighted cock swung all the more  
lewdly in its weighted downward position.  Most eyes  
in the room were on Gerald’s big, fat, swaying, ugly,  
purple-headed, steel-helmeted, gaping piss-slitted,  
thick-veined and throbbing, fuck-pole.  Even Dr.  
Madison swallowed hard.  His sweet friend and slave  
had an animal dick.  
  
And while Dante could no longer laugh at the size of  
Gerald’s pecker, he was now somewhat angry with envy.  
  
As Dr. Madison taped Gerald’s beating, he wondered why  
in the hell everyone else was videotaping his slave as  
well.  
  
Only once the punishment was over, could Dante begin  
to assess what he had witnessed.  Gerald didn’t  
out rightly bawl like the first two slaves to be  
beaten, but he would let out loud yells and howls with  
each swat of the strap across his ass.  But it all  
went so fast.  Too fast for Dante.    
  
Once the punishment was over, the slaves had their  
hands cuffed in back of them, and then were led out to  
be strung up and left hanging in the rear courtyard.  
  
Dr. Madison was about to gather his children and take  
them out for lunch while Gerald hung in the courtyard  
for his mandatory one-hour display time, but the next  
slave up was an especially beautiful young girl.  The  
gentleman seated in front of him was correct.  Dr.  
Madison thought it would be best if he stayed and  
allowed Dante one more chance to check out an adult  
female’s body in the appropriately non-sexual setting  
which the punishment room afforded.   
  
When the young girl’s beating was over, Dr. Madison  
led his children out.  Dante, flushed from what he had  
witnessed, held his jacket in front of his crotch as  
he exited the punishment room with his family.  When  
Masona told her father that she wanted to go and see  
Gerald hanging, her father, ever concerned for  
Gerald’s feelings, thought it best if they viewed him  
from afar.  On questioning a security guard, he was  
directed to some windows on the third floor that  
overlooked the rear curtilage where the slaves were  
hanging on display.  
  
When they got to the windows, the guards were in the  
process of hanging the attractive young girl whose  
punishment the Madison’s had just witnessed.  The  
slaves were hung from steel hanging poles, spaced five  
feet apart, placed along the walkway path.  There were  
thirty poles.  The slaves were hung from their  
harnesses in such a way that their bodies, in erect  
positions, tilted slightly forward, with their legs  
spread apart.  Because their arms were cuffed behind  
them and they were hung about four feet off the  
ground, it was the slaves’ genitals that were most  
immediately visibly to anyone walking the curtilage  
path.  The male slaves who had erected during  
punishment were hung with their slings and weights  
still affixed to their penises.  From the distance of  
the third floor, Gerald appeared to be crying.  
  
Although the rear courtyard is frequented mainly by  
legal and law enforcement personnel who work at the  
courthouse, the area is a public space, and the public  
is allowed to access the area.  Dr. Madison noted that  
most people who walked the path seemed to have seen it  
all before, so he assumed that the main witnesses of  
the slaves on display were employees on their way to  
and from the courthouse parking garage.   
  
Dr. Madison and his two children returned to the  
courthouse after having lunch.  They were directed to  
the “Collection Room” while a guard went to release  
Gerald from the hanging pole.  When the Madison’s  
entered the Collection Room, the first slave to be  
punished that morning, the 17-year old boy was being  
collected by his owner, a young housewife.  As a guard  
uncuffed the still naked young boy, the young  
housewife asked her slave, “Are you going to start  
behaving now, Jason?”  
  
“Yes, ma’am!” replied the timid boy.  The housewife  
asked the boy if he was chaffed from the genital  
sling, but a guard answered for Jason, “We’ve already  
checked him out for damage, ma’am.  He’s completely  
fine, no abrasions, and is ready for more body work  
anytime he steps out of line.”  
  
Gerald was brought in, still naked, harnessed, hands  
cuffed behind his back, slung, and weighted, and had  
to stand there and wait while the first guard finished  
removing Jason’s harness, and everyone watched the  
little slave get dressed.  Dante stood calm, but was  
internally a swelter of excitement and emotions.  He  
had a hard time keeping his eyes off of Gerald’s naked  
slave body.  
  
The guard standing next to Gerald asked him a  
question, “You going to be on good behavior now, boy?”  
  
Gerald knew from training that guards liked to taunt  
slaves and that all questions had to be answered,  
“Sir, yes sir!”  
  
Another guard asked him, “Did you like being up there  
on display for all of us?”  
  
“Sir, no sir!”  
  
For some reason unknown to Dante, he was finding the  
guards taunting questions of Gerald immensely  
titillating.  
  
“Are you a wanker-boy?”  
  
Gerald hated the stupid guards, and wished they would  
uncuff him so he wouldn’t have to be naked in such  
close proximity to his family.  “Sir, no sir!”  
  
The other guard did not believe him, “Are you lying to  
us, slave?  How often do you jack off, you slave  
fucker?”  
  
Gerald knew how to end the questioning quickly, “Sir,  
almost daily, sir!”  
  
Dr. Madison was about to express his annoyance with  
the way the guards were humiliating Gerald, but  
declined when the guard with the handcuff keys walked  
over to Gerald and started to uncuff him. The guard  
continued, “It’s a good thing you told the truth,  
loser boy, about your wanking habits or I would have  
clamped your thumbs.”  The guard looked over at Dante  
and smiled, “You better watch this one, he’s wanking  
off every chance he gets!”  
  
Dante nodded to the guard and felt for a brief moment  
that special camaraderie that free people share with  
each other when in the presence of slaves.  
  
When little Jason was dressed, the young housewife  
thanked the guards, grabbed her slave by the arm, and  
led him out of the collection room.  
  
When the guard had Gerald’s harness and penis sling  
removed, he put his hands on Gerald’s shoulders and  
turned him to face Dr. Madison, “He checks out just  
fine sir.  No broken skin or heavy bruises.  He’s  
ready to take more of the same anytime he needs it.”  
  
Dr. Madison thanked the guard, then felt awkward  
having done so in front of Gerald.   
  
Gerald began to dress himself quickly and in silence.   
As Dante watched Gerald get dressed he realized, as  
never before, that Gerald was a slave, and he had to  
do whatever he was ordered to do.  Dante felt weird  
having such thoughts regarding his friend, Gerald, but  
it was a thought he couldn’t let go off.  He had heard  
the guards talk to Gerald in the most demeaning way  
imaginable, yet there was nothing Gerald could do.  He  
had to take it since he was a slave.  Dante wondered  
if that was the way ‘things’ were supposed to be.  
  
Masona was addicted to Gerald.  At first she was  
afraid of Gerald’s big purple-headed mushroom dick  
that looked like the two halves of the tip would split  
while he was getting strapped.  And she was happy when  
the guards slung and weighted it down.  But now she  
liked Gerald all the more because he had such a big  
nasty part on him.  She knew now that Gerald really  
was a special kind of person; one who still had to  
receive punishments like a child, and had to be taken  
care of.  
  
  
PART TWO  
  
The children had had their ‘taste of reality’, as Dr.   
Madison put it, and they apparently liked it.   
Although it was too early to predict the long-term  
effects on Dante and Masona of witnessing Gerald’s  
punishment, the short-term effects were almost  
immediately obvious to both Dr. Madison and to Gerald.  
Both children displayed changes in attitudes toward  
Gerald, but their attitudes were very different.  
Whereas Masona tended to regard Gerald as a thing to  
be looked after and cared for, as one would a pet,  
Dante’s approach to Gerald was now one of almost  
contempt.  He immediately drew away, not considering  
Gerald to be his equal in status.  
  
It was first visible when one time at the dinner table  
Masona, in a very baby-sitterish way, said to Gerald,  
“Make sure you eat up everything on your plate”.    
  
The first real sign of a change in Dante’s attitude  
toward Gerald, apart from a pulling away and not  
engaging him in any way, was when Dante told Gerald he  
was having some friends over and wanted his room  
cleaned immediately. When Dr. Madison intervened and  
said, “Dante, you know Gerald always does a thorough  
job with the housecleaning.”  Dante answered, “I know,  
but I want it done now!”  On that occasion Gerald  
immediately eased the tension by saying, “It’s  
perfectly okay Dr. Madison, I’ll do it right now.”  
  
On another occasion Gerald walked past Dante as he was  
seated at a desk in the family study, and asked in a  
friendly way, “Hey there, sport, how’s the school work  
coming?”  Dante was clearly annoyed and responded in a  
way that stung Gerald, “Dude, just don’t bother me!   
Okay?  It’s none of your business.  Just do your work  
and stay out of my way!”  
  
Dr. Madison tried talking with his children on various  
occasions and reminded them that Gerald was an adult  
human being.  But the children had witnessed how  
officials of the government, who probably know a  
little bit more about slave matters than their father  
did, had treated Gerald; like a slave who needed to be  
watched, controlled, and disciplined.  
  
And Doctor Madison talked with Gerald as well, and  
asked him to please report to him if Dante or Masona’s  
treatment of him was in any way untoward.  
  
PART THREE  
  
One Saturday afternoon, three weeks after Gerald’s  
punishment at the courthouse, when Dr. Madison was  
away on a five-day school related trip, Dante sought  
out Gerald as he worked in the yard, “Gerald.  Get in  
here.  Now!”    
  
Gerald immediately stopped what he was doing and  
entered the house, where Dante commanded him, “Get  
into the bathroom!  You’re getting a haircut.”  
  
Gerald went into the bathroom and Dante ordered him to  
remove his shirt and t-shirt.  “Masona likes your  
slave haircut, so I’m going to redo it.  You’re  
getting a clipping and a shaving.”  Dante turned on  
the clippers, with no guard, and buzzed all the hair  
on the top of Gerald’s head, then spread the entire  
sides of his head with shaving foam.  As he started  
shaving Gerald’s head Masona entered the bathroom.  
  
For Masona it was a nice, pleasant, loving, grooming,  
nurturing, thing to do to a slave.  For Dante it was  
an opportunity to exert control and authority.  They  
both liked it.  Gerald felt awkward getting shaved by  
a 16-year old boy.    
  
When Dante finished shaving Gerald’s head, he wiped it  
with a towel, and ordered, “Now I want you to shave  
your face, then afterwards I want you to hop in the  
shower and shave yourself all over just like they did  
at the courthouse.  I want you looking like a proper  
slave all over.  When you’re finished come to my room  
so I can inspect you!”  
  
As Dante started to leave, he noticed that Masona was  
staying in the bathroom watching Gerald shave his  
face.  Dante thought a bit, realized his father  
probably would want him to give some guidance to  
Masona, so he said, “Come on, Masona.  Better leave  
him alone so he can do a good job.”  
  
When, after his shaving shower, Gerald entered Dante’s  
room wearing a bathrobe, Dante asked him to open it  
up.  He noticed that the slave’s genitals were shaved,  
but not his chest.  He reached a hand up inside of  
Gerald’s room to reveal an armpit, and saw that it was  
shaved.  “You shaved your pits and groin, but I told  
you I wanted you shaved all over.”  
  
Just then Dante’s cell phone rang.  It was Dante’s  
best friend, Hogan.  He explained to Hogan that his  
slave had not done as ordered, “I’m sending him back  
into the shower.”    
  
Hogan, from a slave owning family, was confused over  
the Madison’s handling of their slave ever since they  
first got him; “Dude there are several ways of  
handling a situation like that, and what you are doing  
is totally the wrong way.  Let me come over there with  
some of my things and show you how to handle a problem  
like yours.  It’s time you learn!”   
  
PART FOUR  
  
When Hogan arrived shortly afterwards with a couple of  
implements of slave control, he and Dante had a long  
talk about slave matters.  Dante told him all about  
what happened at the courthouse and his reaction to  
seeing slaves get punished.  Hogan was so pleased to  
see that Dante was finally getting interested in  
matters of slave control that he went on to explain  
why Dante needed to establish a new relationship with  
Gerald.  Hogan so fired up Dante with his ideas on  
what were the proper ways of handling problem slave  
situations, that Dante felt compelled to follow his  
advice.    
  
Dante called for Gerald, who by this time was back  
outside working in the yard, and ordered him into his  
room once again.  Dante introduced Gerald to Hogan;  
“Hogan is knowledgeable in the things that make slaves  
happy, and he has shared some of that knowledge with  
me.”  
  
Hogan spoke in an officious tone to Gerald, “Gerald,  
Dante has told me about some of the awkward situations  
he has found himself in with you, and I believe what  
we have here is the classic ‘failure to communicate’  
situation.  And what needs to be communicated to you  
is that you are to do whatever in the fucking hell he  
tells you to do!”  
  
Dante was surprised to see Hogan get red in the face  
with anger.  He had never seen such a thing in his  
best friend before this time.  
  
“My pal, Dante, here, told you to fuckin’ shave  
yourself all over, just the way they shaved you at the  
courthouse.  Yet all you did was shave your pits and  
nads.  How the fuck do you answer that, shithead?”  
  
Gerald swallowed, aware that this could get  
unpleasant.  “I’m sorry.  I just assumed he wanted the  
usual slave shave, not a total body shave.”  
  
Dante was almost embarrassed for Gerald at the way  
Hogan was screaming at him.  
  
Hogan was furious, “You just assumed!  Where the fuck  
does a rotgut slave get the right to assume?  Huh?”  
  
“Sir, I had no right to assume.  I was wrong.”  
  
“Your gawddamm fuckin right you were wrong, asshole.   
Now get naked!  NOW!”  
  
Seeing Gerald suddenly obeying Hogan quickly changed  
Dante’s perception of what was going on.  If Gerald  
was obeying Hogan, then Gerald probably knew that  
Hogan was right and that he was, in fact, slacking.   
Dante was suddenly impressed with Hogan and wanted to  
hear him holler at and humiliate Gerald some more.  
  
Even though his tormentors were juveniles, Gerald was  
terrified.  As he undressed there was a knock on  
Dante’s bedroom door.  It was Masona; “What’s going on in  
there?  Why the shouting?”  
  
Dante shouted, “It’s okay, Masona.  Leave us alone!”  
  
Masona tried the door and saw that it was locked,  
“Dante, why is the door locked?  Gerald, are you all  
right?”  
  
Gerald’s first care was that Masona not be upset,  
“It’s all okay, Masona.  Everything is okay!”  
  
There was silence, and Dante tiptoed to the door to  
make sure that Masona had left.  He slowly opened the  
door and checked the hallway, then closed and relocked  
the door.   
  
There was awkward silence in the room as the two  
16-year olds waited to be sure that Masona was no  
longer around.  A short moment later the front door of  
the house was heard to be closed, and Dante rushed to  
the bedroom window and saw Masona leaving; “Thank  
fuck!  She’s leaving!  We can get back to business!”  
  
Hogan had brought with him a backpack, and removed  
from it a long broad strap and held it up for Dante to  
see, “This is the only language they understand  
clearly.  No need to tell a slave anything twice with  
this baby!”  
  
Hogan commanded the situation, “Gerald, get over to  
that desk, bend over and get a good grip on it, then  
stick your ass up as high as you can get it!”  
  
“Dante, take this strap, double it up, and do a few  
practice swings!”  As Dante did some practice strokes  
on a pillow on his bed, Hogan shared some control  
tips; “My dad often has me discipline our slaves,  
Sleek and Buckles, and he says that the sooner you can  
cause a slave to get erect from a beating, the better  
the disciplinarian you are.  My dad can usually get  
our slaves fully boned with three or four strokes, but  
it takes me at least six or seven strokes.  Let’s see  
how much natural talent you have!”  
  
Dante stood in back of Gerald with the strap.  He was  
visibly nervous.  Hogan offered encouragement; “This  
your first time, best buddy?  Just jump in and don’t  
worry too much about technique.  You’ll find your  
stride in no time.”  
  
With that Dante swung the strap, Gerald screamed, and  
Hogan offered encouragement; “Good one.  Don’t be  
afraid to really lay it on with full force.  That’s  
what a slave’s rump is for.  Remember, you’re doing  
him good in the long run!  You want him to learn that  
he needs to start listening to you.  My dad says that  
a slave hears best through his rump!”  
  
The next three strokes had Gerald hollering, not  
caring who heard.  Hogan continued with his  
encouragement, “Aim a few shots at the legs!  Make him  
spread his legs and direct some shots on both the  
inner and outer legs!  
  
The next stroke had Gerald pleading, “Please, Dante.   
Please, no more!”  
  
“Way to go Dante!  You’ve got him dancing now.  Don’t  
stop yet.  He’s just starting to go hard!”  
  
Dante delivered the next three strokes in rapid  
succession, and Hogan was impressed, “Good machine-gun  
round!”  When the next fierce stroke curled around  
Gerald’s legs and got his inner thigh, Gerald  
shrieked, stood up shielding himself, backed away, and  
fell to his knees, “Dante.  Dante, no!”  
  
Hogan was amazed at the size of Gerald’s hardon, “Holy  
fuck.  Look at that thing!  You did it pal, got him  
fully boned in just eleven blows.  Way to go!”  
  
Hogan high-fived Dante, who, flushed with excitement,  
was feeling very much like an in-control overseer.   
  
Hogan ordered Gerald, “Get over here, slave!  I want  
to check out your pecker!”  Gerald got up and walked  
over to Hogan, and Hogan grabbed him by the balls,  
“You intend to obey Dante from now on when he tells  
you do something?”  
  
Gerald, with his eyes half closed, answered, “Yes,  
sir.”  
  
Hogan pulled on Gerald’s prick and examined it all  
over.  While Dante, just a week ago would have found  
it impossible to imagine even watching his best friend  
touching another guy’s prick, what he saw Hogan doing  
now was simply exerting control.  Hogan wasn’t, after  
all, examining another guy’s prick; he was examining a  
slave’s prick.  
  
Hogan went to his backpack and took out a butt plug  
with attached straps that secured it in a slave’s  
hole.  He held it up for Dante, “They call these butt  
plugs, ‘comfort stops’ up north.”  Both boys laughed.   
“Okay Gerald, bend over.  I want to show your boss the  
proper way to plug your ass.”  
  
Gerald went back to the desk and leaned over the  
desktop.  Hogan lubed up the plug, “My dad says a  
plugged slave not only gives better service all  
around, but he also delivers much better sucking  
action.”  
  
As Hogan worked the plug up Gerald’s ass, Gerald let  
out some cries and some sobs.  Hogan was direct, “Shut  
the fuck up, you whining cunt!”  As Dante watched  
Hogan work the plug up Gerald’s ass, he felt his prick  
stiffen.  After a bit he asked, “What did you mean,  
Hogan, by sucking action?”  
  
“Having a plugged slave slobbin’ on your knob feels as  
good as any cunt.”  
  
When Hogan had the plugs’ straps secured around  
Gerald’s upper legs, he gave him a slap on the ass and  
ordered him to stand in the corner.  Both Dante and  
Hogan had stiffies as they watched Gerald waddle into  
the corner.  Hogan noticed Dante’s tented pants,  
grabbed his own crotch, and smiled at Dante, “You look  
like me pal, like you could use some release.”  
  
When Hogan saw Dante’s perplexed expression, he was  
surprised and asked, “You mean you aren’t using Gerald  
for personal service?”  
  
“What do you mean?”  
  
Hogan was incredulous, “Where have you been, dude?   
What I mean, buddy, is that Gerald should be helping  
you bathe, wiping your ass after you take a shit, and  
taking care of your morning hardon!”  
  
Dante could only say, “But…”  
  
Hogan was direct, “What the crizehell do you think a  
slave is for, anyway?  I can assure you Gerald knows  
all about it.”  Hogan looked at Gerald’s backside as  
he stood in the corner, “Gerald, did you receive any  
training in sexual matters?  Tell the truth, because  
if you answer ‘no’, I’m calling Slave Authority to  
find out where you were trained, and I’ll contact them  
directly and see if you’re telling the truth.”  
  
Gerald answered quietly, “Yes, sir.  I had some  
training in that area.”  
  
Hogan smiled and looked at Dante, “You see!  What did  
I tell you?”  Dante swallowed, Hogan looked at him and  
his smile turned to a leer, “I think it’s time we  
check out some of the special features that Gerald  
comes with.”  Hogan tapped Dante on the shoulder and  
had him follow him over to Dante’s bed.  Hogan sat  
down on the bed, and patted his hand on the mattress  
next to him, inviting Dante to sit down next to him.   
Dante joined Hogan on the bed, and Hogan then spoke to  
Gerald, “Gerald, not only was that strapping you just  
got for your own good, but it was hard work.  So I say  
you owe us!  Get down on your hands and knees and  
crawl over here between my legs!”  
  
Dante, speechless and excited, watched Gerald crawl on  
his hands and knees as ordered.  The butt plug forced  
Gerald to keep his legs spread quite wide, making his  
ass appear all the more large and obscene.  Hogan was  
pleased, “That’s a sight I never tire of seeing: a  
freshly shaved, strapped, and plugged, slave crawling  
on his hands and knees toward his overseer’s feeding  
tube!”  
  
When Gerald got in front of Hogan he looked up at  
Hogan, as if looking for a go-ahead command, and Hogan  
gave him one, “You got it, dinkhead.  You know what I  
want, so unwrap my package and go for it!”  
  
Gerald undid Hogan’s zipper, eased down his trousers  
and undies, and Hogan’s hardon snapped into view;  
“There’s a nice slave snack for you inside of this  
baby, all you gotta do is start sucking and it’ll come  
out!”  Dante watched intently; he was never hornier in  
his 16 years of life than he was now.  Gerald bent  
forward and took Hogan’s dick into his mouth, and  
slowly began sucking.  Hogan knew immediately he was  
skilled, and he let out a loud “Oohhhh Yeah!”  Dante  
had never seen such a thing, and he leaned closer to  
watch with his mouth open wide.  
  
“I can tell you, Dante, Gerald has been well trained.   
You got yourself one super sucker here!”  Hogan smiled  
and moaned in ecstasy.  He looked down at Gerald,  
triumphant in his control of another, older, human  
being, “Look at him go to town!  He’s a hungry little  
guy, isn’t he?”  
  
Hogan grabbed Gerald by both ears, and instructed  
Dante, “You can always hold your licker by the ears,  
like this, for better control.”    
  
Hogan ordered Gerald to speed up the action, and Dante  
could not believe the way Gerald, the guy he once  
admired, was bobbing his head up and down with such  
speed on Hogan’s big hard cock, like some whore.   
Hogan commanded, “Okay, I’m getting ready to shoot, so  
don’t you lose a drop of my cum.  Swallowing my man  
juice is going to turn you into a better slave!”  
  
Hogan shuddered and came.  Dante had never seen his  
best friend ejaculate before, and he noted that he  
moaned and shuddered in much the same way he did when  
he jacked off by himself.  
  
Gerald kept his mouth over Hogan’s cock as he  
recovered, and after a bit Hogan explained to Dante,  
“See the way Gerald hasn’t let go yet?  It’s a mark of  
good training and good form; a slave only releases his  
mouth when commanded.  What I’m doing is deflating a  
bit, then I’m going to give him the order to suck out  
the last of the juice from my slit.”  
  
When Gerald finally did suck out the last of Hogan’s  
juice, Hogan ordered him to release his prick and held  
a box of tissues in front of Gerald.  Gerald grabbed  
some tissues and carefully started wiping off Hogan’s  
cock and balls.  Hogan then commanded, “Okay, sucker,  
get over there and do Dante in the same way!  And  
don’t you dare lose one drop of my best buddy’s jiz,  
or I’ll give you an arm-pit whipping you won’t ever  
forget!”  
  
Gerald, profoundly humiliated, undid Dante’s trousers  
and undies, and slowly bent his head down and took his  
teen stiffy into his mouth.  Dante was too sexually  
aroused to ponder such a matter as Gerald’s shame.   
When Gerald started slowly sucking, the elated  
expression on Dante’s face made it clear that Dante  
had found everything he had ever wanted.  Hogan  
noticed, smiled broadly, and asked Dante, “Feel good?”  
  
Dante could only let out a moan and shuddered, “Oh  
hell, yeah, man.  Oh fuck!”  The young teen came in no  
time, much sooner than either Hogan or Gerald had  
expected.  After he came his prick was very sensitive,  
so he gently pushed Gerald’s head away.  
  
Hogan let Dante catch his breath for a bit, then said,  
“I don’t know about you Dante, but in a few minutes  
I’m going to be ready for seconds!”  
  
An almost entranced Dante had no trouble, whatsoever,  
agreeing with his friend.  Hogan put an arm on Dante’s  
shoulder, “I say that for round two we do him up the  
ass!  We’ve already got him primed with that plug up  
his behind.”  
  
Hogan stood up, and as he started removing his shoes,  
socks, trousers, and undies, he commanded Gerald;  
“Okay get on the bed, jackerboy, chest on the bed, and  
stick your ass up as high as you can get it.”  
  
Gerald got up on the bed in the proper position, and  
Hogan undid the straps about his legs securing the  
butt plug.  He pulled it out slowly, but Gerald still  
moaned in discomfort.  Hogan then started removing his  
shirt and t-shirt, “I always like to be totally dog  
naked when I fuck slaves!  Gives a nice feeling of  
control!”  His erection bobbed as he pulled off the  
last of his clothes, and Dante admired his friend’s  
self-assurance.  
  
Hogan grabbed a flip-whip from his backpack, knelt up  
on the bed, positioned himself just in back of  
Gerald’s hole, and slowly eased himself in.  Once in  
he gave the thumbs up, “Oh yeah, Dante.  You’ve got  
yourself one swell honey pot to dip into!”  
  
Hogan was excited and spoke to Gerald, “The way you’re  
taking me in I can tell you like it up the ass,  
slaveboy!  I bet your mom does too!  She must have  
been one whore-bitch of a mom, doing it with all the  
trailer trash. But one day one of those trailer trash  
boys put it in the wrong hole, and 9 months later out  
you came, a brand new spanking-fresh slave!  All you  
slave boys have whores for moms!”  
  
Dante, excited as he was, was at first unsure about  
Hogan’s last comment to Gerald, but when he saw how  
excited it got Hogan, and how wimpy it made Gerald  
look, it restiffened his young prick to the hilt.  
  
Hogan, pumping away, held up his flip whip for Dante  
to see, “You need to get yourself one of these.  It’s  
called a ‘bedroom flip’.  It’s basically a stick with  
a six-inch leather braid on the end of it.  It’s for  
use on a slave’s legs and thighs while you’re fucking  
it.  It gives you pinpoint control.”  
  
To demonstrate, he spoke to Gerald, “I’m doing all the  
work back here.  I want you to give me some more  
pucker and rotation!”  Along with the verbal command  
he gave Gerald’s right leg a slice of the flip whip.   
Gerald yipped and immediately starting squeezing down  
on Hogan’s rod with his sphincter while rotating his  
ass.  Hogan made sure Dante was observing, “See, I  
told you this slave knew something about the finer  
arts!”  
  
As Dante watched Hogan fucking Gerald, he started  
removing his pants.  He normally would never have  
wanted to be seen naked by Hogan or Gerald.  But Hogan  
and he were in on this one; just as two guys have no  
qualms about being naked in front of each other when  
they’re working over some chick they picked up in a  
bar, so now their nudity was a non-issue.  And as for  
Gerald, he was no longer regarded by Dante in the  
light he once was, as that of a mentor.  Now Gerald  
was a slave, a server, a son of a whore, a thing.  His  
thing.  And he sure in the hell didn’t give a fuck  
what Gerald thought of how he looked or what he did  
with him when he was naked.  
  
As Dante, naked, stood watching and listening to Hogan  
fuck and talk down and dirty to Gerald, he couldn’t  
refrain from grabbing his own cock and start jerking  
it.  
  
Hogan was turned on all the more seeing Dante getting  
turned on over his fucking of Gerald that he started  
thrusting and ramming with full force, and in no time  
he came with a loud scream, followed by moans of  
ecstasy.  It took him a long moment to recover, and  
when he finally pulled himself out of Gerald with a  
plop, he slapped the bed, “Okay, Dante, it’s your turn  
to get on board the Gerald express for your maiden  
run!”  
  
Dante had never fucked anything before in his life,  
and as Hogan helped him lube his prick up, he was  
afraid he would cum before entering his slave.  Once  
his young dick was lubed up and glistening brightly,  
he reveled in his manhood in a way he had never done  
before.  He wanted his friend Hogan to look at him and  
admire his shining randy teen prick; watch him target  
Gerald’s hole, and see that he was now, finally, a  
real man.  A free man about to do some manly fucking.  
  
As he entered Gerald’s hole he thought of how the  
guards taunted and beat the slaves at the courthouse;  
how Hogan had tamed and taunted Gerald just now in his  
bedroom; and how he was now, finally, a real man just  
like the slave guards, and all the other free guys who  
control and fuck slaves all around the world.  
  
Once Dante had impaled Gerald he felt a glow of  
triumph that made him shiver almost as much as his  
orgasm just did; he now had the right to dominate  
Gerald, totally.  All that Dante had taken in and  
learned from the guards and from Hogan had finally  
come to fruition, and as he started pumping his hips  
he gave voice to his new found ecstasy in authority;  
“You fuckin’ slave.  Can you feel me up there, Gerald  
Frederick Harvard?”  
  
“I finally found some use for you!  I’m going to be  
working you over every day, Jerrysucker!  You think  
you’re such a fucking hotshot, Mr. Social Worker, the  
way you got my dad fawning over you and preaching to  
me about slaves’ rights.  Here, I’ll give you some  
slave rights!”  
  
With that, Dante picked up the bedroom flip Hogan had  
left on the bed and gave three quick strokes across  
Gerald’s back.  Hogan laughed out loud. Gerald yelped  
and screamed.  Dante laughed maliciously, “You scream  
like a girl!”    
  
Dante gave Gerald several hard pumps, as Hogan yelled  
out, “Dante, dude, you fucking stallion!”  Hogan  
grabbed his prick and started pumping away as he  
watched Dante thrust away at his slave.  
  
Dante reached in back with the bedroom flip and  
swatted Gerald’s ass, “Move your ass, slave.  Make me  
feel good!”  Gerald rotated his ass and pinched his  
young overseer’s prick with his sphincter.  Dante  
started to fine tune the slave,  “Okay, now speed it  
up just a little bit.  Wiggle that ass some more, just  
like a girl.”  
  
Dante was never happier as he slowly fucked the  
wiggling slave ass, “There are going to be some  
changes made around here, Gerald Frederick Harvard!   
I’m going to be keeping you busy so you don’t have so  
much free time wanking away in your bedroom.  We’re  
beginning every morning with your slave tongue giving  
me a morning ass licking.  Then you’ll be drinking the  
piss out of my morning hardon, before you give me my  
hazylazy morning blowjob!”  
  
“And I promise you, if you give me any shit  
whatsoever, I’ll be giving the nice folks down at the  
County Slave Authority a jingle, and make an  
appointment to get you into the next punishment queue.  
We’ll drive down there and I’ll just sit back and  
watch them take care of you.  Then while you’re  
hanging on display, I’ll relax and watch some more  
slaves get the punishments they deserve, and as a  
bonus I’ll pick me up lots of control tips from the  
experienced guards at the De Kalb County Court House.   
Those guards really know how to handle slaves!”  
  
“And remember, disobeying or refusing to follow an  
order is a level 2 punishment.  That’s a good bit more  
severe than the level 3 punishment you got three weeks  
ago!  And if I report it, punishment is mandatory; my  
dad couldn’t stop it even if he wanted to.”  
  
Dante laughed as he started pumping harder.  Hogan,  
pumping away on his own prick, was just as thrilled,  
“Oh Dante.  You look so great dude.  You have finally  
found your stride.”  
  
“Thanks to you, Hogan!”  Dante started slamming Gerald  
with force.  
  
Hogan asked, “I’m getting near to cumming again, pal.   
Do you think you could use the bedroom flip on Gerald  
so I can hear him screaming as I cum?”  
  
Dante was delighted with the suggestion, “I sure can,  
best buddy for life!  That’s just the icing this piece  
of cake needs!”  
  
Dante whipped Gerald on the thighs.  Gerald yelped.   
Dante realized that he too was about to cum, so he  
targeted Gerald’s back and gave his back a slice of  
the flip whip with each thrust of his hips.  Gerald  
was screaming and sobbing.  Hogan moved in closer and  
aimed his jackin at Gerald’s bald head.  When Dante’s  
orgasm began he threw the whip down and lost himself  
in the intense waves of pleasure and wonderful sight  
before him; the manly back of his impaled slave  
beneath him; his best buddy Hogan freely jackin in  
front of him and shooting a high-powered load of cum  
onto the side of Gerald’s bald head; Gerald’s ear,  
eye, and bald head splattered in cum; the beautiful  
smile on the face of his pal, Hogan; his own dick  
oozing in and out of Gerald, covered in glistening  
slime; Gerald’s back covered in sweat and the red  
marks of the flip whip; and Gerald sobbing and fully  
humiliated before him as he began to fully realize he  
was just a slave, after all.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
Dr. Madison’s two children, having gotten their taste  
of reality, seemed none the worse for wear. Masona  
found herself with a wonderful male thing that needed  
taking care of and Dante found himself intoxicated  
with his naked authority over another human being.  In  
the months that followed, as Masona doted on and  
admonished Gerald, and as young Dante immersed himself  
in his slave’s orifices on an almost daily basis, Dr.  
Madison noticed a marked improvement in his children’s  
scholastic records.  He knew something was going on,  
but since Gerald never came forward as he had asked  
him to do if there was ever a problem, Dr. Madison was  
content to not inquire.  Especially since, to him,  
Gerald seemed more quietly composed than before.  
  
Whatever effect the witnessing of their slave’s  
punishment by the State Slave Authority will finally  
have on Dr. Madison’s children, it is too early to  
say.  Youthful improprieties are often a part of the  
formation of balanced and compassionate adults.  But  
it also isn’t uncommon for liberal, anti-slavery,  
parents to have children who grow up to become  
pro-slavery reactionaries.

The End