A Portrait of Servitude – A Taste of Reality

By Randall Austin

Short Story

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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and outdated, state regulations mandate how indentured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.

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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.

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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