A Portrait of Servitude – Assessing Tommy  
  
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>

(Author's note: Each "Portrait of Servitude" presents a little  
descriptive scenario, or snapshot, of slavery as it is found in some  
part of the world, most frequently in the United States. Each chapter  
or posting of "A Portrait of Servitude" is intended to stand alone,   
and is complete in itself.)  
  
Place: Austin, Texas  
  
Background: In terms of slavery/social servitude, an assessor is an  
official who evaluates slaves both for taxation and control issues.  
The issues of control and taxation are tied up because, in determining  
a slave's value, the amount and types of control needed to maintain a  
slave directly affects the value of the slave. The more supervision  
and guidance a slave needs, the more the slave costs to maintain.  
  
Situation: Mr. Jerome Clanton, a liberal slave owner in the not so  
liberal state of Texas, was growing frustrated with his slave, Thomas  
Farrington. While Mr. Clanton liked Thomas, and cared about him  
almost as if he were a family member, he found himself in a bind over  
Thomas's increasing slacking ways. Every time he would remind Thomas  
of some shortcoming, often minor, Thomas would offer an apology and a  
promise to improve.  
  
But Thomas was not improving, and seemed to be getting ever more lax  
as time went on. Mr. Clanton realized his complaints were over small  
matters - such as dinner being served slightly late, debris left in  
the work station; clothes not neatly ironed – but there seemed to be  
such shortcomings several times a week.  
  
Eventually Mr. Clanton contacted the State's Slave Bureau and an  
appointment was made to have a Travis County assessor sent out to Mr.   
Clanton's residence.  
  
\*\*  
  
Mr. Clanton apprised Thomas of his decision to seek counseling from a  
county assessor on his shortcomings. Thomas did not seem overly  
concerned, and asked Mr. Clanton what was likely to happen as a result  
of the assessor's visit. Mr. Clanton told Thomas he had no idea,   
having never dealt with a slave assessor previously. But he did tell  
Thomas that he was looking for a humane solution to the problem.  
  
On a Wednesday morning in early November the assessor, Mr. Martin  
Morley, arrived, carrying with him two large cases. The 29-year old  
Mr. Morley was dressed smartly in a suit and tie, and his freshly  
scrubbed face conveyed to Mr. Clanton that he was a wholesome and  
balanced individual.  
  
Mr. Clanton and Mr. Morley chatted briefly in private. Mr. Morley  
told Mr. Clanton he had studied the report he had been emailed on  
Thomas: "I went over the details of your report thoroughly, and the  
problems you describe are of a fairly common, easy to control,   
situation. Naturally, of course, I would like to spend a little time  
with Thomas so I can verify my suspicions, and make sure that I'm  
recommending the right course of action on his behalf."  
  
Mr. Clanton was pleased with Mr. Morley's professionalism, and felt,   
already, certain that he had made the right decision in consulting a  
professional in the slave control field to help solve his problem.  
  
Mr. Clanton called for Thomas, and he and Mr. Morley each took a seat  
in the living room.  
  
When Thomas entered the room, he heard Mr. Morley ask Mr. Clanton,  
"Now exactly how long have you had Tommy?"  
  
"I've had him for almost six years. I got him when he was 22, the  
year he was enslaved, and I have been his only owner since he was  
enslaved."  
  
Mr. Morley interrupted, "What was he enslaved for?"  
  
"He got drunk and caused a heck of a lot of problems, injuries, and  
property damage. He was enslaved for life."  
  
Mr. Morley nodded knowingly. Drunkenness and debt were the major  
causes of young men being enslaved in Texas.  
  
Mr. Clanton continued, "Tommy is, for the most part, a good kid. I  
had to give him quite a few spankings his first year that he was here;  
but then, after that first year, all the work I did on him trying to  
turn him into a service-focused worker-boy seemed to "take", and he's  
been a "behaver" ever since, for the most part."  
  
Mr. Morley nodded again, "Good. Good."  
  
As Thomas looked over the serious, handsome, finely dressed, free-boy  
assessor, he felt the way he always felt when he was in the presence  
of someone who had the authority to determine matters that affected  
the quality and circumstances of his life: like an abject slave.  
  
In moments like this Thomas's major regret always returned in full  
force: if only he hadn't gotten drunk and did the things he did so  
many years ago that got himself enslaved, he could be a free boy just  
like Mr. Morley, and be wearing fancy clothes, and have girlfriends,  
party, and do whatever he wanted to do.  
  
Mr. Morley looked up at Thomas standing in front of him, and asked Mr.   
Clanton, "So you say that lately he's been slipping. Messing up. Why  
haven't you resorted to the methods you've used that first year you  
had him? Why not paddle him on the spot when he does wrong?"  
  
"Well, that's kind of where I was hoping you could help me out, Mr.   
Morley. Thomas, after all of these years, has become like a son to  
me. He's 28 years old, and one just doesn't spank a 28-year old son.  
I figure that there must be some other ways to control him."  
  
Mr. Morley ran a hand across his mouth and furrowed his brow, "Bad  
situation. It's a common problem though: owners getting all squeamish  
about taming the slaves they come to regard as almost family members."  
  
"What I can often provide in these cases, first off, is simply a  
little encouragement. You perhaps need to be reminded that Thomas is  
not your son; that there is nothing untoward about physically  
disciplining slaves; and it would probably strengthen your  
relationship with Thomas rather than weaken it if you were to take a  
firm hand with him once again."  
  
Mr. Clanton responded, "I'm aware of that. I did have a nice  
conversation with my advisor at Indentured Services Support and he  
told me to just steel my nerves, order Thomas to undress, and wale the  
tar out of him. He told me if I gave him a good walloping just once  
I'd see that it wasn't that big of a deal, and I would soon get back  
into the swing of things and have no problem handing out well-deserved  
beatings to Thomas."  
  
"Well, I've thought about that route, but I just can't get into it."  
  
Mr. Morley nodded in understanding, "I know where you're coming from.  
I've seen a lot of people get into the state that you're in. But one  
thing I'd like to suggest along the same lines, before we move on,  
that might make it easier for you to get back into physically  
disciplining Tommy: we could have Tommy get undressed and over my knee  
right now; I'd then proceed to tawse his ass and legs until he's  
bucking and squealing at a level that indicates the strokes are really  
getting through to him; then, with Thomas still in my lap and you  
standing over him with a training whip, I get my hands out of the way  
by reaching underneath Tommy and grabbing his sex tackle with both  
hands, and you then slice his back, ass, and legs up with the training  
whip. The more he tries to buck and get away, the harder I squeeze.  
You then keep going at him with the whip, while reiterating the things  
he needs to improve upon, until you "break" him."  
  
"I suggest this last approach because a lot of people find it easier  
to beat a slave once he's already been reduced to screaming and begging.  
Once a slave is half broken, a lot of otherwise sensitive owners find  
it easier to step in and finish the breaking process."  
  
Mr. Clanton responded, "That approach does sound a lot more palatable  
to me. But I still think it's not the one for me. I mean, just take  
a look at him."  
  
Mr. Clanton and Mr. Morley both looked up at Thomas, who was feeling  
very much like a naughty boy. He hated feeling such a way, since he  
was no longer a boy. But he felt like he had been bad. It was a  
feeling Thomas often had around Mr. Clanton when he sensed that Mr.   
Clanton wasn't 100% pleased with him. His owner was now the most  
important person in Thomas's life, and he hated it when he felt he was  
being considered as a problem child.  
  
Mr. Morley commented on Thomas's appearance, "Fair looking slave!"  
Thomas was considered a "cutey" by the neighborhood girls and boys,   
with his dark curled hair. They liked seeing him in the summer  
working in Mr. Clanton's yards in nothing but his slave shorts and  
yard sandals.  
  
Mr. Morley noted that Thomas had acquired "submissive eyes", a feature  
that told experienced slave handlers that the slave they were dealing  
with had more or less accepted the condition of servitude as their lot.  
  
Mr. Clanton tried to explain his hesitation in spanking Thomas, "Just  
look at him! He's a grown man. He's 28 years old. At the peak of  
his manhood. He'll be a slave for the rest of his life. He's a dear,   
sweet, kid. He's like a son to me. He'll never have a wife or kids  
or the freedom to do the things he wants to do. He has to do what I  
tell him to do. He has a good life here, but it's not the kind of  
life you lead, Mr. Morley, or I lead. Therefore I think he deserves  
the dignity of at least not being beaten. People are no longer  
allowed to beat animals, but we still can beat human beings if they  
happen to be enslaved or indentured. But I am not going to lay a hand  
on someone who is almost a son to me. I want Tommy to preserve his  
dignity. Therefore I want to go another route: the humane route. I  
know that boys can be "fixed" so that they behave. I want to have  
Tommy fixed."  
  
Mr. Morley nodded, "I understand where you're coming from. I heard  
your northern accent and figured you might have northern views.  
That's okay. We folks here in Texas are open minded, and don't put  
folks down if they happen to have views that are different from our own."  
  
"What is clear to me is that Thomas clearly needs to be "broken", and  
broken hard! But you are exactly correct, Mr. Clanton. The behavior  
shortcomings Thomas exhibited can indeed be corrected without  
resorting to beatings. Beatings are indeed humiliating, and lead to a  
loss of personal dignity. Some people believe that it is the  
humiliation factor which makes beatings so effective, more so than the  
actual pain of the beating."  
  
Mr. Morley continued, "But if you want to go the humane route, I can  
go ahead and get your boy fixed for you, if you'd like. If you don't  
mind, Mr. Clanton, I need to ask Thomas a few questions to verify my  
assumptions about the cause of his behavior problems."  
  
Mr. Clanton told Mr. Morley to do whatever he had to do, and Mr.   
Morley took out a clipboard and pen, and asked the first question,  
"Tommy, Mr. Clanton, in the questionnaire I forwarded to him,   
indicated that you do not have sexual relations with anyone. Is that  
correct?"  
  
Thomas answered, "Yes sir, that is correct."  
  
Mr. Morley wrote on his clipboard, and asked, "When you masturbate,   
Tommy, do you think of boys or of girls?"  
  
Thomas hesitated, "Boys, sir."  
  
Mr. Morley nodded, "Good. Good. You're being honest."  
  
"How many times a week do you masturbate?"  
  
Thomas looked at Mr. Clanton, embarrassed, and Mr. Clanton encouraged  
him, "It's okay, Thomas. You're a slave and we need to know these  
things so that we can help you. Please answer Mr. Morley's question."  
  
"At least once a day, sir. Sometimes twice." Mr. Clanton swallowed  
hard. He had no idea his 28-year-old "boy" was doing that so often.  
He wondered to himself if that was normal or okay. Maybe it was an  
indication of problems, and related to Thomas' behavior problems.  
  
Mr. Morley scribbled on his note pad and asked, "Do you ever fantasize  
about having sex with Mr. Clanton, Tommy?"  
  
Thomas hesitated again, this time longer, "No, sir."  
  
"Now Tommy, Mr. Clanton tells me that when on August 3rd he told you  
that you had not swept the driveway, and that was clearly on your  
chore list to do that day, you responded, and I'm quoting you here, "I  
am sorry, Mr. Clanton, sir. But I couldn't find the broom." Is that  
what you said?"  
  
"Yes sir."  
"Now, may I ask you why you felt it was not your responsibility to  
alert Mr. Clanton about your inability to find the broom, rather than  
waiting until he noticed that you had not completed a chore that  
required a broom?"  
  
Thomas was finding Mr. Morley, acting like a police detective, hard to  
take, "Sir, I had intended to ask him. I just had so much on my chore  
list on that day that it just slipped my mind."  
  
"Are you not aware of "slave clips" that can be clipped on your tits  
to remind you of things that need to be done?"  
  
"I am, sir."  
  
"What is your reason for not availing yourself of such reminder devices?"  
  
"I don't like to use them because they hurt, sir."  
  
"So your more concerned over a little discomfort to yourself rather  
than pleasing Mr. Clanton?"  
  
Thomas shifted his weight, "Oh no, sir!"  
  
Mr. Morley only said, "I see", as he wrote a summary on his clipboard.  
  
When Mr. Morley was finished writing, he looked at Thomas, "Your owner  
is correct, Tommy. We need to get you fixed. You need help, and a  
little heavy duty rigging will do the trick."  
  
Thomas was frightened and looked at Mr. Clanton. Mr. Clanton gave  
Thomas a knowing nod, as Mr. Morley got up and went over to the two  
large cases he had brought along with him, stooped down beside them,   
and started to open them. He then gathered items from the cases,   
including something that looked like a harness to Mr. Clanton. Mr.   
Clanton had no idea what all the other things were which Mr. Morley  
was collecting. Mr. Morley stood up with his arms full of straps and  
gadgets, moved next to Thomas, and looked down at the seated Mr.  
Clanton: "What I hold in the my arms are the solutions to Thomas'  
behavior shortcomings." Mr. Morley turned towards Thomas, "Tommy, you  
need to be fixed so you can't misbehave anymore."  
  
Thomas took a few step backwards, frightened, as Mr. Morley just  
stared at him, while talking to Mr. Clanton, "Mr. Clanton, your boy  
needs to be harnessed, braceleted, blinkered, gagged, groin locked,   
and hobbled."  
  
As Thomas opened his mouth in a shocked frown, Mr. Clanton asked, "Now  
are these things to be permanent or temporary?"  
Mr. Morley answered, "It will be up to you. Certainly for at least a  
year or two. These items I hold in my arms will give you pinpoint  
control over Tommy. You can decide with what frequency you want to  
use them, and I'll be giving you instructions and suggestions on their  
use as I get Tommy rigged up."  
  
Mr. Morley looked at Thomas, "I see that Mr. Clanton lets you dress up  
like a free boy, Tommy. That's very nice of him. But right now you  
need to get those Levis off, along with everything else you're wearing  
so I can get your body rigged out properly."  
  
Thomas's voice pleaded, "Mr. Clanton?"  
  
Mr. Clanton's voice was becalming, "Go ahead son, do as Mr. Morley says."  
  
Mr. Morley's voice was more assertive, "Hurry and get undressed,   
Tommy, so I can get this hobbling harness on you. Then once it's on  
we can groin, bracelet, blinker, and gag, you. We're trying to help  
you, Tommy. We want to fix you so you can't misbehave anymore."  
  
Rather than undress, Thomas tried to reason with Mr. Clanton, who was  
always reasonable. Mr. Morley set all of the control items on a  
table, and as Thomas made his case to Mr. Clanton, Mr. Morley opened a  
plastic package holding a silver bracelet. He went up to Thomas as he  
was speaking, grabbed his arm, and snapped the bracelet on his wrist.  
Mr. Morley then picked up a small remote control device and aimed it  
at Thomas's new silver bracelet.  
  
Thomas shuddered and grabbed at the bracelet, "Oh my gawwd. What's  
happening to me? Turn this off. Please!"  
  
Mr. Morley smiled, pleased to see a stubborn slave who, he was  
certain, would soon obey his order, "The moment you have all of your  
clothes off I'll turn it off."  
  
As Thomas tore at his clothes to get them off, Mr. Morley explained to  
Mr. Clanton, "It's the latest miracle slave control device, the "buzz  
bracelet". It delivers a mild and continuous electric shock that  
delivers a most unpleasant queasy feeling. It makes one feel as if  
you could vomit at any moment. You can control it by remote, or you  
can set it to go off by a timer. For example, let's say you want the  
garage cleaned up, and want it done in two hours. You set the  
bracelet's timer to go off in two hours. Just make sure you tell the  
slave when it's set to go off, and you can be certain he'll have the  
job finished on time."  
  
As Mr. Clanton exclaimed in wonder, "What will they think of next?"   
Mr. Morley was aiming the remote at the now naked Thomas. When he had  
deactivated the bracelet, Mr. Morley complimented Thomas, "Good. I  
hope you realize now that it always pays to obey."  
  
Thomas sniffled in defeat. Mr. Morley tried to comfort him, "Don't go  
crying, slave guy. There's nothing to be ashamed of. These items  
were made for slaves like you, to help you be all that you can be.  
These things are not meant to punish you, but to motivate you. Think  
of them as teaching aids."  
  
Mr. Morley approached the slave with the harness. Thomas stood there  
like a horse, silent, as the young, handsome, county assessor fitted  
him with the hobbling harness, "I've fitted lots of naughty boys with  
hobbling harnesses like this one. It always does the trick!"  
  
Mr. Clanton looked Thomas over. It was the first time he had ever  
gotten a really good look at  
Thomas's body. When he had purchased him from the county's online  
catalogue six years ago, there was only one full body photo of Thomas,   
and it was a hazy photo. At the time, he never even thought to  
download the photo for future reference.  
  
Mr. Clanton liked the way Thomas looked naked. He liked even better  
the way Thomas looked in the harness he was being fitted with. He was  
still his slave boy, but now he would be a properly controlled slave boy.  
  
The modern hobbling harness is a sleek affair. Synthetic materials  
make the harness lightweight yet durable. The straps, made of the  
latest "ecosyn" plastic, that encircled Thomas's lower abdomen and his  
upper chest, and connected to each other with vertical bands, were  
only half an inch in width, lightweight, thin, yet very durable.  
Three-inch wide bands of similar material were place around Thomas's  
upper arms and upper legs. The armbands were connected to the chest  
strap, and the leg bands were connected to the waist strap, by four  
ecosyn tubes. Through these tubes ran a series of filaments which  
could be drawn by locked control points on the back of the harness.  
By setting the control points, the upper leg and upper arm movements  
of the wearer can be regulated to reduce movement from just a little,   
to total immobilization.  
  
Attached to the lower abdomen strap hung a molded, circular, strap, or  
loop, which hung down in front of Thomas's genitals. Mr. Morley  
pulled Thomas's genitals through the plastic loop. At the base of the  
genital ring Mr. Morley attached a thin ecosyn cord and secured it to  
the back of the lower abdomen strap. He instructed Thomas and Mr.   
Clanton "Make sure that this thin cord is always centered in Thomas's  
ass crack. If it's not centered properly it could cause discomfort  
and even orthopedic injury."  
  
Mr. Morley showed that the hobbling harness is studded throughout with  
D rings to which items can be attached, or by which a servant could be  
tethered. He also showed that attached to the strap that encircled  
the base of Thomas's cock and balls were studs to which a groin cage  
could be attached.  
  
Mr. Morley had Thomas take a few steps to demonstrate that he had free  
and complete movement. He then had Mr. Clanton stand with him in back  
of Thomas, and showed him how to adjust the harness settings, with the  
special key, in order to achieve various degrees of hobbling. He set  
the harness to a medium-high point, and ordered Thomas to walk. When  
Thomas could only walk and move his arms within a limited range of  
motion, he started to cry. He was embarrassed and knew that he must  
look awkward, if not comical to free people.  
  
Mr. Clanton felt for Thomas, but liked what he saw. He now could  
effectively control the range of motion of his boy's upper arms and  
legs. Thomas stopped walking, and not looking at either Mr. Morley or  
Mr. Clanton, asked, "Why would you want to do this to me? It will  
only limit what I can do and slow me down, make me less efficient."  
  
Mr. Morley was glad to have the question, "Hobbling slaves has just  
the opposite effect. It will make you more efficient and effective.  
I'd like to do a little demonstration here and show both of you,   
Thomas, and Mr. Clanton, how hobbling works to make a slave more  
work-focused and energy efficient."  
  
On the dining room table were some dirty dishes from Thomas's and Mr.   
Clanton's breakfast. Mr. Morley examined the table and the distance  
to the kitchen. He then took the bracelet remote control and entered  
in some timing information. He explained, "Thomas, I have set your  
bracelet to "buzz" or go off in four minutes from the moment I say  
"go". When I say "go" I want you to clear that dining room table of  
everything that's on it, take it to the kitchen sink, wash the dishes,   
and put them in the drying rack." He nodded to Mr. Clanton to make  
sure that he was watching, then said, "GO!"  
  
The naked, harnessed, Thomas, quickly found that he could walk with  
greater speed if he moved his lower legs to do most of the walking.  
Thomas was too worried about the bracelet's timer deadline to worry  
about how comical a naked hobbled male looks when he tries to scurry.  
  
At the table Thomas realized he could only afford one trip to the  
kitchen, so he gathered and stacked the dishes so he could carry all  
of them at once. He found that he had to use his forearms to get most  
of the work done. This too was comical in appearance, but Mr. Clanton  
was transfixed: it was like he somehow was controlling Thomas at his  
very core. He was almost breathless with excitement.  
  
Thomas finished washing the six pieces of dinnerware and five pieces  
of silver before the bracelet buzzed him. As Mr. Morley aimed the  
remote at Thomas to turn off the timer, Mr. Clanton was convinced:  
"That is simply amazing."  
  
Mr. Morley smiled, "You haven't seen anything yet!"  
  
As Mr. Morley and Mr. Clanton made their way back to the living room,   
Mr. Morley snapped his fingers at Thomas to get him to follow them.  
  
In the living room the two free men stood on either side of the  
harnessed Thomas and looked him over. Mr. Clanton asked, "So, what is  
the schedule for this harness. Do I keep it on him at all times, and  
what are the recommended settings?"  
  
Mr. Morley brought his hands together, "Yes, absolutely keep it on him  
at all times. He can shower and sleep with it on. Thomas has a  
classic slacking problem commonly seen in lifer slaves sometime after  
their fifth to eighth year of enslavement or indenturement. Most  
slave owners report on having a flurry of discipline problems within  
that time frame, and the solution, for most people, is simply to  
resort to a liberal use of the tawse and paddle. Once fervent  
punishments for shortcomings are introduced, the slacking problem  
usually starts to improve within a couple of months. In place of such  
punishments, you have opted for hobbling. So to make sure that you've  
really got Tommy's problem behavior licked, don't even ponder taking  
the harness off before a year, at least. But to be safe, I'd suggest  
two years."  
  
"And as far as the degree of hobbling goes, that is up to you as you  
learn what does and does not work to get Thomas to behave. You might,   
after a period of a couple of months, want to undo the hobbling  
settings when his workday is over. But for now I definitely recommend  
that you keep him rather severely hobbled fulltime. For at least a  
half-year."  
  
"And make liberal use of the bracelet and set timings to help motivate  
Thomas. If you find him slacking, set the bracelet timer to shorter  
periods than is usual for various tasks in order to get him to focus  
and speed up on a particular task."  
  
Mr. Morley picked up a "groin cage" from the pile of items he removed  
from his cases. He went up to Thomas, and attached it to the part of  
the harness that encircled the root of his cock and balls. As he did  
so he explained, "The best part about the hobbling harness model I've  
put on Thomas is that it allows for easy attachment of the most  
successful model "groin cage" or "chastity cage" available. This  
groin cage, like the harness, can stay on permanently. He can sleep  
with it; bathe with it, with no problem. It is very durable, cannot  
be breeched, but is extremely lightweight; and it is the only model  
groin cage that makes any and all sexual stimulation of the genitals  
impossible."  
  
"Now Tommy, when you piss, you have to sit on the toilet seat and push  
the groin cage down, and then do your business. Just wipe the outer  
filament grid off with toilet tissue once you're finished. It is also  
important, wearing the groin cage, that you shower and hose yourself  
off through the cage at least once each day."  
  
Mr. Morley pointed out another feature of Thomas' cage, "Because of  
the fine filament covering on the groin cage, his genitals are  
completely concealed. The model he is wearing passes Texas' decency  
codes, so it's all the clothing he needs. You can have him work in  
the yard in it, take him to church or shopping in it, or anywhere  
else, and he doesn't have to wear any other clothing."  
  
Thomas was too embarrassed to look anyone in the eye. Mr. Clanton  
asked, "And what is the deal on that groin cage. What is it for, and  
how long do I keep it on Tommy?"  
  
Mr. Morley nodded, eager to explain, "I'm recommending that it be  
permanent fixture on Tommy. Even if a year or two down the road Tommy  
starts behaving and you decide to remove the hobbling harness, gag,  
and blinkers, I would strongly recommend that you have him fitted with  
a permanent groin cage. There are two reasons I am making this  
recommendation for Tommy: First, Thomas has a slave comportment  
dysfunction. That means that even though he has accepted servitude,  
more or less, he still dreams of being a free boy. And that is a  
seriously energy draining situation on a slave boy. By caging his  
unit you help him face reality."  
  
"And second, a big part of Tommy's problem is simply that he  
masturbates way too much! It is a well-known fact that most gay boys  
like him masturbate way too much; but once you enslave a gay boy, they  
just start jacking away like animals. Tommy has even admitted it! So  
it is very important that you lock him up down there. In my opinion  
it is an absolute fundamental imperative that gay slaves, at least,  
have their genitals permanently locked up and out of the way."  
  
"By keeping Tommy's hands forever away from his play station you will  
have a slave with a lot more energy to channel into productive tasks."  
  
Thomas was heard to sob as he looked down at his caged genitals. Mr.  
Morley commented, "I don't know where in the heck male slaves get the  
idea that they're entitled to the same sexual pleasures as free boys,  
but if I were the slave commissioner of this state, I'd make it law  
that all male slaves must be permanently genital-caged."  
  
Mr. Morley looked at the sobbing Thomas satisfied, and continued, "Mr.  
Clanton, you will see the results of this caging on Thomas's attitude  
in just a couple of days, I guarantee you!"  
  
Mr. Clanton looked at his hobbled and caged slave and was deeply  
pleased. If before he had felt the hobble harness made it feel like  
he was controlling Thomas at his core, the groin cage made Mr. Clanton  
feel like he was controlling Thomas's very soul.  
  
Mr. Morley went to the table, got the blinkers, and held them up for  
all to see. "These are Tommy's blinkers. You absolutely want to keep  
these on Tommy for the main part of his workday. Nothing helps a  
slave focus like blinkers. The blinkers, along with the hobbling  
harness and bracelet, really help a slave to focus on the task at hand."  
  
As Mr. Morley put the blinkers on Thomas's head, Mr. Clanton felt a  
new bond growing with his slave. The harness, blinkers, and groin  
cage made Thomas look almost like a different kind of being, not quite  
human. He loved Thomas, but he was no longer exactly a normal human.  
What he was in love with now was something different than before. He  
was now no longer loving Tommy the young man, but Tommy the fully  
rigged, `have to do as he's told', slave.  
  
As Mr. Morley tightened the blinker band about Thomas's head, Thomas  
started crying. A quiet sobbing, but steady. The blinkers at the  
side of Thomas's head prevented him from seeing anything except what  
was in front of him. When Mr. Clanton spoke to Thomas in an attempt  
to comfort him, Thomas had to turn his head about 65 degrees in order  
to see him. To Mr. Clanton the blinkers made Thomas seem like some  
kind of little animal.  
  
Mr. Morley tried to ease Mr. Clanton's concern as he reached for the  
ball gag, "Don't you worry, Mr. Clanton, about Tommy's pouting. This  
finishing touch will quiet that sobbing!"  
  
Mr. Morley especially enjoyed putting ball gags on slaves as a  
finishing touch to their hobbling, caging, braceleting, and  
blinkering. He knew that he was doing his part in helping maintain an  
orderly slave population in Texas. A hobbled, blinkered, caged, and  
braceleted, slave was almost totally guaranteed to stay out of trouble.  
  
As he secured the cords of the mouth gag in back of Thomas's  
curly-haired head, Mr. Morley felt that special pride of being a free  
man. He shared his feelings, "I've had to hobble lots of naughty boys  
in my day, and it is always a mighty satisfying feeling when I put on  
the last piece of the full hobbling ensemble, the mouth gag."  
  
Mr. Clanton was feeling special too, but he wasn't exactly sure what  
was happening to him. He saw his blinkered slave crying, tears  
rolling down the front of his face, as the blinkers guided the tears  
coming from the sides of his eyes down the front of his face.  
  
Mr. Morley explained ball gags to Mr. Clanton, "They're a good thing.  
They stop useless chatter, stifle crying, sobbing, and pleading, and  
along with the rest of his rigging help a slave to stay focused on his  
work. Focus is what it's all about."  
  
Mr. Morley walked around Thomas, admiring his rigging job, "Very nice.  
Looks good, doesn't he Mr. Clanton?"  
  
"Indeed he does, Mr. Morley."  
  
"Now you've got yourself a properly rigged slaveboy. No more trouble,  
Mr. Clanton!"  
  
"That's good to hear. Thanks for a job well done!"  
  
Mr. Morley was proud of his work and patted Thomas on the back, "When  
you have a boy all rigged up the way Tommy is here, he couldn't  
misbehave even if he wanted to!"  
  
As a fresh stream of tears ran down Thomas's face, Mr. Clanton knew he  
had made the right choice. He never felt so supportive or caring of  
Thomas.  
  
Thomas had to open his mouth extra wide to catch enough breath because  
of his sobbing. Mr. Morley offered advice, "Mr. Clanton, Tommy is  
most likely going to be crying for the rest of the day. Slaves always  
do a lot of crying their first day in proper rigging. In order to  
help him get over himself and his wounded pride, I'd suggest you have  
him get right to work on his normal chores. His tasks will then  
occupy his thoughts, just the way they are supposed to occupy a slave  
boy's thoughts. He'll soon be completely unaware of his heavy duty  
rigging."  
  
Mr. Clanton nodded, "That does sound like good advice to me, Mr. Morley."  
  
Mr. Clanton went and put his hand on Thomas's shoulder. Thomas felt  
somehow more silky and warm to Mr. Clanton than he had before. He was  
delighted with Thomas's new feel, "Tommy, sweet. I want you to go to  
the computer and print out your chore list for the day, just the way  
you always do each morning, and then get to work on your chores. And  
this afternoon you're scheduled to scrub the basement floor. For that  
task I'll set the bracelet timer on you to help you get over that task  
quickly, because it's a chore I know you really hate."  
  
As Thomas hobbled away to the computer, to the delighted smiles of Mr.  
Morley and Mr. Clanton, the ball gag did not entirely mute his  
defeated sobbing as it grew in volume. Mr. Morley was especially  
pleased, "Look at him go. Shuffling along just like a real time,  
big-city, fully rigged, slave boy! It's a beautiful sight to me."  
  
Still reveling in a job well done, Mr. Morley continued, "That's the  
way all slave boys should be rigged. You should be aware, Mr.  
Clanton, that you've got yourself a top model slave now. Harnessed,  
hobbled, caged, blinkered, gagged, and buzz-braceleted, boys are among  
the most service-focused worker boys out there. When your neighbors  
see him hobbling about in the yard, all caged, blinkered, and gagged,  
they'll be envious."  
  
Thomas was seen shuffling to the printer to get the chore list. Mr.  
Morley almost laughed, "That hobbled walk, the slave shuffle, is a  
glorious sight. Look at your boy move! He'll be like your little  
puppet now, Mr. Clanton. You control the strings."  
  
Mr. Clanton smiled at Mr. Morley's remarks. But Mr. Morley was  
correct. Mr. Clanton now had extreme control over Thomas's movements.  
Thomas' hobbled movements did indeed make him look like a puppet.  
  
Mr. Morley and Mr. Clanton stood and chatted awhile as they watched to  
make sure that Thomas was getting into his chores properly. The first  
thing on the slave's chore list, the dishes having been already  
washed, was laundry. Thomas seemed to have no problem doing the chore  
as usual. Mr. Clanton noted that although Thomas' movement was slowed  
somewhat, the focus on the task was stronger, and thus Thomas was  
accomplishing more in less time.  
  
When Mr. Morley finally departed after a long chat, Mr. Clanton went  
to his desk and worked on financial matters. But as he worked he kept  
an eye on Thomas to see how he was doing. After an hour, when Thomas'  
sobbing seemed to have stopped, Mr. Clanton called Thomas into the  
living room and invited him to sit down next to him on the couch.  
  
Mr. Clanton patted Thomas on the leg, then reached up, undid the strap  
at the back of Thomas' head, and removed the ball gag. He then gently  
removed the blinkers and asked his stunned slave, "How are you doing,  
kiddo?"  
  
Thomas broke down and started crying again, utterly defeated and  
humiliated. Through his sobs he explained, "When my friends see me  
they'll think I'm a problem slave, Mr. Clanton. They'll see my  
harness underneath my clothes and know that I'm under discipline. And  
when they find out that I have to be blinkered and gagged when I work,  
they'll think I must be really awful, and they will probably be afraid  
of me. They won't visit me anymore. And if they find out that you  
have my private parts locked away from me, they'll then think that I  
must be some awful person with a really serious behavior problem.  
Please, Mr. Clanton. Take this stuff off of me. I promise I'll behave."  
  
Mr. Clanton threw an arm around Thomas' shoulder and pulled him close,  
"Tommy dearest. I respect you too much to take off your rigging. You  
know that. It's so I don't have to spank you like a little boy. When  
you're all rigged up like this I have no choice but to love and  
respect you because your rigging guarantees that you can't do wrong,  
and that you will do everything you're told to do. And a boy who only  
does as he is told has earned all the respect in the world. It will  
make you into the kind of worker boy I know that you want to be."  
  
Mr. Clanton looked lovingly at Thomas, "You want to please me, Tommy,  
and make me happy, don't you?"  
  
Thomas sniffled, "Yes Mr. Clanton. Very much so."  
  
"Well then know how much it pleases me seeing you rigged up like this.  
I have no choice but to totally respect you, knowing that your  
rigging is going to reap benefits for me. More productivity from you  
means benefits for both of us. You know that. You share in all the  
good things I have here. You are adding so much to this household, to  
help make it a special place. That is why I'm so happy to have you,  
and especially happy to have you hobbled and fully rigged. Your  
friends will surely see that when they visit you, and respect you as  
much as I do."  
  
Thomas put his arm around Mr. Clanton, "But my friends will know I  
only had to get rigged in the first place because I had a behavior  
problem."  
  
Mr. Clanton squeezed Thomas, and pulled him more tightly against his  
body, "Yes, they will realize that. But the first step towards  
recovery is to acknowledge your failings."  
  
After holding each other in silence for a while, Thomas asked, "Mr.  
Clanton, are you really going to keep this cage on me all the time?"  
  
"If, as Mr. Morley says, the harness and hobbling are effective and  
solve your behavior problems sometimes after a year or two from now, I  
then intend to remove all of your rigging permanently except for a  
chastity cage. After that, I may then remove your chastity cage once  
or twice a year so that you can masturbate, but I will seek advice on  
that from Mr. Morley beforehand. He may not think it's a good idea."  
  
Thomas started crying out loud, "It's not right, Mr. Clanton. It's  
not right. I'm a man. You can't do this to me, sir. You can't do  
this to me based on what some punk kid assessor says."  
  
Mr. Clanton cradled Thomas's head tenderly, "Tommy, Tommy, dearest.  
Calm down. I sure can, and must, act on what the assessor says. For  
your own good! Mr. Morley may be younger than you, but that doesn't  
mean he doesn't know what he's talking about. Try to think  
differently now. Remember, you are not a free boy. Remember what Mr.  
Morley said. Slave boys need to put themselves into a proper  
headspace. You can't go expecting to have and do all the things that  
free boys do. You're a slave. And that makes you a very special  
person. You have to realize that for now, and perhaps for the rest of  
your life, you can't go touching yourself down there between your legs  
the way free boys can."  
  
Thomas sighed, again, and asked quietly, "Why?"  
  
"Because this is something I believe we needed done for your own good,  
honey. I had you fixed because it will help you. And, Tommy, if  
you're going to keep nagging me on this, I'll have no choice but to  
tighten your harness some more. Do you want me to have to do that to  
you?"  
  
Thomas nodded `no', like a defeated little boy. He couldn't believe  
the firm approach his loving master was taking. He couldn't believe  
the position he was in. Just an hour ago he was a proud, cute, young  
man. Admittedly a slave, but one who all the neighbors liked,  
admired, and were attracted to. Now Thomas was a hobbled, gagged, and  
blinkered, geek, who had just had his life's most intense pleasure  
center taken away from him.  
  
As Mr. Clanton cradled and rubbed his sobbing slave boy, his calming  
touch quieted Thomas, who relished the feel of his owner's embrace.  
And Mr. Clanton felt, also, a special warmth coursing through his  
body, one he had never felt before: the warmth of being in total  
control of another person. Both Thomas and Mr. Clanton squeezed and  
rubbed each other's shoulders and back. A new feeling was coming to  
the fore for both of them, one that they had never experienced before;  
and it was strong.  
  
Thomas felt a strange feeling of submission as Mr. Clanton rubbed him.  
He was growing excited as he felt the controlling love of his owner.  
  
As Mr. Clanton's own excitement grew, he reached for the blinkers and  
gently put them back on Thomas' head. As he secured the blinkers the  
warmth and submission of Thomas felt wondrous. He almost trembled.  
Thomas, too, felt something happening. The warmth of his owner's  
hands about his face caused him to tremble.  
  
Mr. Clanton then took the ball gag and gently put it back into the  
pliant Thomas's mouth. As he secured the ball gag's cords around  
Thomas's head, and gently tugged the cords to make sure they were not  
too tight, Thomas's loins started to gently and sweetly convulse.  
Such a thing had never happened to him before. Suddenly he loved  
being totally controlled and subdued. As Mr. Clanton tenderly rubbed  
his ball-gagged and blinkered boy's face, the totally controlled  
Thomas' loins started to pulse uncontrollably, and a feeling of  
orgasmic ecstasy, the sweetest he had ever known, swept through  
Thomas' young man body. From his lifer, slave boy, penis ejaculated  
gobs of slaveboy cum into his new groin cage.  
  
Mr. Clanton squeezed his hobbled Thomas intensely as his boy gently  
moaned and sobbed. Mr. Clanton, too, did not know what he was  
feeling, but it was a feeling of indescribable and delicious peace.  
He knew all was well and that the right decision had been made in  
getting Thomas hobbled.  
  
After both men recovered from the rare experience, Mr. Clanton asked,  
"Are you happy, Thomas?"  
  
Thomas turned his blinkered head to look fully at his owner, and  
nodded `yes', as new tears, tears of joy, rolled down his face. Mr.  
Clanton looked lovingly at his special, almost not quite human, slave.  
He kissed his index finger and put it to Thomas' forehead, then to  
Thomas's lips.  
  
Mr. Clanton loved the way the blinkers made it necessary for Thomas to  
go through extra motion in order to look at him. And as Thomas gazed,  
blinkered and fully hobbled, he loved, finally, that his owner had  
brought him to such a hobbled stage. He began to understand that a  
special and new experience awaited the both of them.  
  
The men broke from their embrace in silence. Thomas stood up, gave  
one more loving look at his owner, finally content in knowing that he  
no longer needed to care that he was all rigged up, that he was  
comical looking all hobbled, blinkered, and gagged, and that his most  
private and personal parts were locked away and out of his reach. He  
was happy because his owner was happy. As he hobbled away to start  
his day's chores, he was happy to look like a foolish hobbled slave,  
for he knew Mr. Clanton liked the way he looked, and that he was  
receiving all the controlling love and affection he needed. As he  
hobbled off his freshly spurted dick started hardening again within  
it's cage. He no longer cared if he never got to touch his own penis  
again. It was no longer necessary.  
  
Thomas spent his first day in his new rigging relishing his owner's  
hobbling, controlling, love.  
And when Mr. Clanton would check up on Thomas throughout his first day  
as a naked, hobbled slave, he had a hard time breaking away from the  
beautiful sight of a fully hobbled and rigged toiling house slave.  
  
That evening at the dinner table, as Mr. Clanton reflected on the  
day's events, noting how Thomas had performed all of his chores to  
perfection, he realized that getting his slave fixed was one of the  
best decisions he had ever made. But the biggest reward came at the  
dinner table, when Thomas himself told Mr. Clanton so: "Mr. Clanton.  
Thank you so much for getting me fixed. I did all of my chores  
exactly as you wanted them performed, and I have never felt so good  
about myself, or so proud of myself. Thank you, sir."  
  
That evening as Thomas and Mr. Clanton each retired to their rooms,  
neither one could get the other out their minds. Thomas was pleased  
when shortly after he had gotten into bed, Mr. Clanton rang for him.  
  
Mr. Clanton was in bed, and turned on the light when the naked hobbled  
Thomas entered the room. He ordered Thomas to approach the bed. Mr.  
Clanton shivered with delight as he watched his slave hobble to his  
bed, like a human puppet. Mr. Clanton spoke, "Thomas, I removed your  
blinkers and ball gag when you finished your work day. But somehow it  
doesn't seem right that you should be allowed to go to bed at night  
without a mouth gag."  
  
Thomas was confused, `But sir, that would be most uncomfortable."  
  
Mr. Clanton, "A hard ball gag would be. But for nighttime you need a  
flexible mouth stopper. I want you to get into bed and get into  
position so your head is in my groin."  
  
"You want me to sleep in your bed, sir?"  
  
"Yes, with your mouth around my cock. It's to be your nighttime gag."  
  
As Thomas got into Mr. Clanton's bed for the first time, and saw for  
the first time his owner's controlling cock, tears of joy welled up  
inside him. And when he took Mr. Clanton's cock into his mouth for  
the first time, his body sent out shimmering feelings of delight that  
would not stop. The slave found that he was experiencing the same  
stimulation in his own groin as he was giving to Mr. Clanton.  
  
When Mr. Clanton eventually came for the first time in his slave's  
mouth, and Thomas had eagerly slurped down his owner's delicious cum,  
he removed his mouth from his nighttime gag to speak, "Mr. Clanton,  
thank you for keeping me gagged at night. I really need it, sir."  
  
Mr. Clanton kissed his boy on the head, then guided the slave's head  
back down to his cock, and patted Thomas lovingly on the head as he  
suckled him. As Thomas suckled his owner he could hardly wait until  
the morning when Mr. Clanton would put his mouth gag and blinkers back  
on. Nor could Mr. Clanton wait until the morning, when he could spend  
the entire day totally controlling his boy. Both men fell into the deepest, most satisfying, sleep of their lives.

The End