A Portrait of Servitude – Assessing Tommy

By Randall Austin

Short Story

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 (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.

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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