**A Portrait of Servitude – Humane Discipline**

A Short Story

By Randall Austin

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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: Minneapolis, Minnesota

Background: ‘Training rings’ are emplaced on slaves in
order to provide an owner with punishment alternatives
to the standard application of physical pain, which is usually
beatings should they be needed.  Typically training
rings are emplaced, through body piercing, to the
ears, nose, nipples, and genitals.  An example of a
standard ring punishment would be tethering a slave by
a short length of chain from a training ring to an
immovable object, such as a wall, in order to force a
slave to stand in one spot and ponder the consequences
of misbehavior.  They are fast becoming popular, as
they are seen as the most useful of the many humane
alternatives to such common forms of punishments as
spankings, paddlings, tawsings, whippings, face
slappings, thumbscrewing, and flesh pinching.

It is legal in all 50 states of the United States to
emplace training rings on all slaves, servants, drudges, or

indentees, even ones who are serving temporary terms.

They are called ‘training rings’ because the idea is that

they are needed only to get a slave properly trained.

In actual practice most owners do not remove training rings,

even once a slave is trained and behaving up to an owner’s
specifications.  Most owners like knowing that they
have them available on the slave should there ever be
a need for further punishment.

Some other common forms of humane punishment are
public humiliation; caging; soaking; restrictive
diets; and the use of safe chemical agents, either
ingested or applied topically to the skin, which cause
varying degrees of discomfort.

Situation; Juan Cadena was arrested on a night of one
of the many high school graduation parties he attended
for driving while under the influence of alcohol.  The
accident caused extensive property damage.  While no
one was hurt, the fact that Juan was very drunk, and
the expensive hillside house which he ran into with
his car was rendered unfit for habitation due to
structural damage caused to the pilings, prompted the
presiding judge to sentence Juan to 5 years indentured
service.

Juan’s father was very pleased that the person who had
purchased Juan’s lease, Humilard Rathbone, believed in
the concept of ‘humane punishment’.

After five months of service with Mr. Rathbone, Mr.
Rathbone kindly arranged to give 18 year-old Juan an
afternoon off from his duties as house servant so he
could spend some time with several of his friends from
high school.

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Juan Cadena was nervous as he prepared the patio for
his guests, very nervous.  A stomach full of
butterflies such as he had never experienced before
would not go away.  He wondered why he was so afraid
to meet his friends from high school, who were due in
an hour.

Juan was always surrounded by friends.  He was smart,
good looking, with big brown doe-like eyes, and
possessed a fine natural form and a gentle
disposition.  But even Juan was surprised at how
quickly he was taken in by the rich, white-boy, elite,
crowd of the high school he attended, Mosley-Bitterman
Prep School.  Now he was afraid that perhaps his
friends would see his situation of indenturement as a
natural environment for him, given his brown skin.

On top of his butterflies, Juan started sweating as he
thought about what his friends would think of his bald
head, his uniform, and the training rings, the ones
that were visible, through his ears and nose.  He was
ashamed of all of it, but especially of his training
rings.  While only three quarters of an inch in
diameter, it was the thickness of the rings’ gauge
that made it clear that their purpose was not
ornamental, but practical.  They were meant for
tethering.  Tethering an errant slave.  They made Juan
feel that he looked like an animal.  Juan knew that
everyone knew what training rings were for. The very
fact that your owner had you fitted with training
rings meant that he expected you to have behavior
problems, and that he intended to correct you when
problems arose. Juan feared that now his rich white
friends would begin to have doubts about his status,
and think that perhaps Juan really should be a slave.
Juan couldn’t shake the idea that his friends, who
even though they were liberal hearted and kind, would
start thinking, “Juan really was just a slave deep
down inside, after all.  He was born to be a slave.”

Mr. Rathbone entered the patio and Juan stiffened, “If
you really cared about your friends, you’ll do a
better job than the one you have done of cleaning off
the table tops.  Haven’t I given you enough lectures
about self-respect?  When is it going to start sinking
in, little guy?”

And as much as his appearance, if not more, Juan
worried about Mr. Rathbone and his verbal putdowns.
He was helpless to stop them, for he knew the awful
consequences of countering anything that Mr. Rathbone
said.  Juan was determined to make no mistakes during
his friends’ visit so that Mr. Rathbone would have no
occasion to humiliate him in front of his friends.

Humilard was an imposing figure.  A former athlete, he
was still fit, tall, handsome, and strong, at the age
60.  Except for Juan, Humilard lived alone with his 16
year-old daughter, Corrine, from his second marriage.
When his wife died 8 months ago, Humilard decided to
trade in their former indentured servant for a new
one.  Their former servant was a favorite of his ex
wife, but he reminded Humilard too much of his wife,
and he needed a change in his servant to help him
avoid painful memories.  He also needed a new servant
because now that he was wifeless, Humilard had many
new duties for his servant.

“And look at yourself!  You have guests coming and you
haven’t even oiled your head properly!  When you have
special guests coming you show your respect for them
by using extra oil on your face and head.”  Humilard
called out to his daughter.  She opened the patio door
and Humilard instructed her, “Take Juan into the
bathroom and show him the proper way for a servant to
oil and buff his head and face when he is serving
important guests!”

Juan was humiliated enough having to shave his head
and body each morning, but having to oil his head was
something he had hoped Humilard wouldn’t insist on
today.  As he sat on the toilet seat as Corrine rubbed
mineral oil into his head and face, Juan was pissed
and wanted to express it.  But he had learned his
lesson a long time ago.  Corrine liked Juan, and Juan
liked the very attractive Corrine, but Corrine
reported every one of Juan’s moans, complaints, and
whines, to her father.  And her father punished Juan’s
every moan, complaint, and whine.  But he always
punished ‘humanely’, as he liked to remind Juan before
every punishment session.

As Corrine wiped Juan’s head with a buffing cloth, she
said, “Let’s polish you up real bright and shiny and
get you looking super spiffy for your friends!”
Sometimes Juan felt as though he had lost so much
personal dignity through his ordeal of indenturement,
that he wondered if he would ever again feel like a
man who could be proud of himself.

When Juan returned to the patio, Humilard complimented
him.  “You look good, Juan.  Really good.  Just the
way a neat, obeying, well-polished, servant should
look!”  Humilard had Juan dress up in servant dress
clothes for his friends’ visit.  Servant dress clothes
were the same basic neutral green color as standard
slave fatigues, only they were cut like normal dress
clothes.  Thus, in design, Juan’s clothing looked
liked standard khaki’s, dress shirt, tie, and loafers,
but they were all slave green in color, including the
tie and shoes.  Juan really didn’t mind, because at
least the slave dress shirt covered up his servant
collar, a big mean looking metallic mesh collar that
Humilard picked out, and which Juan despised.

As Juan passed a mirror, he stopped to examine
himself.  He gulped.  When he saw his slave dress
clothes, his big, shiny, bald, head, and his thick
nose and earrings on both ears, he looked like a slave
and nothing but a slave.  He wanted to cry.  There was
no escaping the way he looked and what he was.

At around 1 PM four cars pulled into Mr. Rathbone’s
large semi-circle driveway and parked.  Seeing all of
his friends through the dining room window made Juan
almost completely forget his status and he ran to get
to the front door to let them in.  As he hugged and
greeted Buck, Scruggs, Pete, Soren, Jamie, Andre, and
Danny, not one of them let on that they thought his
appearance was in anyway unusual.

Juan introduced his friends to Humilard, and it struck
Juan that Humilard treated his free friends quite
differently from the way he treated him.  “So all of
you are now in your first year of college?”  Every one
of Juan’s friends acknowledged to Humilard that they
were now in college.  “That’s wonderful!”  Humilard
placed a hand on Juan’s shoulder, “Just think.  When
you kids complete your first year of graduate school,
five years from now, Juan can join you as a freshman
on campus.”  Everyone smiled, finding Humilard’s
statement a bit awkward.

Pete broke the tension, “Wow Juan, you look great!”

Everyone nodded, and Juan made the best of it, “Oh
yeah!  Look at me: ‘old baldy’!”  Juan’s self-
deprecating joke relieved everyone’s slightly nervous
condition, and everyone laughed.

Scruggs liked Juan’s head too, “Nice and shiny!  I
like it.  It’s rad, dude!  Totally!”

When Corrine entered the room and was introduced,
Juan’s male friends all took a definite interest in
Humilard’s nubile daughter.  Her budding breasts made
all of the boys want to reach out and touch, and her
blouse outlined two small yet perky nipples.

With the ice broken, Juan invited his friends into the
kitchen to serve them drinks.  Humilard moved to an
adjoining room, and started reading a newspaper.  The
conversation flowed freely, and Juan answered many
questions from his friends about servitude.  In fact,
Juan’s servitude conferred something of celebrity
status on him, and soon he was his old self: charming,
witty, and always quick with a clever retort.  In fact
he was so much his old self that he soon forgot who he
was, and to Soren’s bad luck story about being dumped
by his girlfriend, Juan exclaimed, “Jeezuzchris, that
so much fuckin’ sucks!”

Within seconds, Humilard appeared in the kitchen.  His
presence silenced everyone, and he calmly said, “Juan,
go stand at the sink and put your hands in the cuffs!”
Juan’s first really carefree moment since being
indentured was brought to a sudden halt.

Juan’s friends looked at each other, confused.
Humilard noticed and explained as he made his way
towards Juan, “No servant ever uses that kind of
language in this house.

On each side of the sink, attached to the countertop,
were Velcro cuffs.  Juan stood in front of the sink,
with his arms stretched out and placed in the
countertop cuffs.  Humilard approached Juan and
tightened each cuff.  He then opened a cupboard and
removed an aerosol can labeled ‘Swenson Service
Control’.  He shook the can, put a hand on top of
Juan’s bald head, admonished, “I’m so disappointed in
you!”, and then ordered, “Now open your mouth!”  Juan was
so shamed that the punishment he was about to receive
didn’t register.  Humilard put the spray nozzle
slightly into Juan’s mouth, and pushed the nozzle to
release the can’s contents.

Juan immediately started coughing, gagging,
sputtering, and spitting into the sink.  Humilard put
the spray can back into the cupboard and walked back
to where Juan’s friends were gathered and watching in
silent astonishment.  Humilard explained, “Its
punishment mouth spray.  It stings like nettles in the
mouth and tastes like rotting garbage, but it’s
totally non-toxic and completely slave safe!  Juan
will have to stand there and ponder the consequences
of foul language for ten minutes.  I suggest you all
move out onto the patio.  It can be disturbing
watching a servant face the music.  Juan will be
rejoining you shortly.”

As Humilard exited, Andre shook his head in disbelief,
and whispered to his friends, “What a gawdamn fuckin
creep!”  All of Juan’s friends expressed similar
disgust with Humilard as they moved out onto the
patio.

When Juan rejoined his friends fifteen minutes later,
after being released from the cuffs by Humilard and
rinsing out his mouth, it was a different atmosphere;
one of commiseration.  Juan tried to tell his friends
that while the punishment mouth wash stings and tastes
foul, it easily and completely rinses away.  But
Juan’s friends could see that Juan had dried tears
from his eyes and was putting on a brave front.
Juan’s friends were almost as embarrassed at having
witnessed the punishment as Juan was having received
it.

What struck Juan, especially, was that the visit of
his friends was having the opposite effect on them
from the one he feared.  Rather than driving his
friends away, his treatment at the hands of Humilard
seemed to be drawing his friends closer to him in
support.

After an hour of conversation on the patio, in which
Juan had to convince his friends that being indentured
wasn’t quite as horrible as it seemed, Juan lit the
barbecue, and started bringing out meal items from the
kitchen.  His friends jumped in and were eager to
help.  When Juan, carrying a platter of sandwich buns
and condiments, bumped into Danny carrying a tray of
juice and glasses, the noise of the collision was
almost as big as the mess it made.  Humilard was on
the patio in no time, and ordered Juan into the house.
Danny was quick to take the blame, “It was my fault.
I should have looked where I was going.  I’m sorry.”

Humilard looked at Danny and shook his head, then
addressed all of Juan’s friends, “Look, you people;
you aren’t doing Juan any favors by lying.  I happened
to have been watching the whole episode from the
window in my study.  Juan came bursting out on the
patio carrying the platter, and he was busy trying to
get Jamie’s attention when he should have been
watching where he was going.  He is going to pay for
his inattentiveness.”

Juan was quivering as he and Humilard went into the
house.  His friends were upset over the accident, and
weren’t certain if they should enter the house.  They
debated the issue briefly.  When Scruggs finally
opened the patio door and said he was going in to see
what was happening, everyone followed him into the
house.

When they found Humilard and Juan in the living room,
Juan was already tethered.  He was standing in the
middle of doorframe looking straight up.  A light
caliper chain from his nose ring to the top of the
doorframe forced him to remain standing in one spot
with his head bent looking straight up at the ceiling.
And to keep him immobile, similar chains went from
each earring to the sides of the doorframe.  All three
chains were drawn tight so Juan was forced to remain
almost immobile.  His head was so tightly drawn into
the bent position, that it looked painful to his
friends.

All of Juan’s friends winced when they saw him, and
the pained expressions on their faces had Humilard
sensing that he was not a popular guy in their view.
Humilard explained, “Juan will have to stay in this
position for half an hour.  My suggestion is that you
all work on the meal preparation, and by the time the
food is ready, Juan will be able to rejoin you.”

Buck felt something should be said to let Humilard
know how the gang felt, so he began, weakly, “This
kinda sucks, man!”

Humilard agreed, “You don’t have to tell me!”

Andre took up the cause, “No, what Buck means, Mr.
Rathbone, is that it seems kind of extreme the way our
pal is being treated.”

Humilard nodded, “I agree with you.  Juan is being
treated with what is both the most humane and
effective form of punishment.  It is indeed extreme.
Extremely humane!”

Scruggs wondered, “How can you call this kind of thing
‘humane’?  You’re treating him like a dog.”

“If you are interested in learning why it’s humane,
please join me in my study, and I’ll be happy to show
you.”  Humilard exited, but no one followed him into
his study.

Pete went up to Juan and put a hand on his shoulder,
“Listen buddy.  You just hang in there!”

Everyone caught on to the bad choice of words almost
immediately, and several of the guys had to stifle
their snickering.  Pete regained himself, “We’re going
to go back out and cook up the best barbecue for you.
The best ever!”

Soren went up to Juan and patted him on the back,
“Rathbone is a fuckin pisshead, dude!  You deserve
better.”

Juan let out, “Thanks guys”, as tears of humiliation
rolled down his cheeks.

The meal preparation went smoothly, although Scruggs
and Andre let it be known that they felt that Juan
really was being something of a klutz for not being
more careful with the big platter he was carrying.
Danny sort of agreed, “Yeah, I was really surprised.
Juan wasn’t looking where he was going and he just ran
into me.  I was actually kind of pissed at him.  He
hurt my arm.  It was totally his fault!”

The half hour went by quickly as the friends enjoyed
themselves preparing the meal.  When Juan rejoined
them on the patio he was rubbing his neck.  Jamie went
up to him and took over the rubbing, “Come on dude,
let me help you!”

Juan let Jamie massage his neck, and he was moved.  As
everyone watched, Juan thanked everyone for preparing
the meal, and for being so supportive.

Everyone sat down at the two picnic tables that were
joined together, and proceeded to enjoy the meal.
Buck asked Mr. Rathbone if he wanted to join them, but
he politely declined.  He did, however, come out on
the patio on regular occasions throughout the meal and
ask if he could help with anything.

As the meal progressed, the jovial atmosphere once
more returned.  Everyone was chatting just like old
times.  At one point Mr. Rathbone came out to the
patio with two fresh pitchers of water.  Several of
Juan’s friends thanked him, and as he was about to
make his way back into his house, he commented to
Juan, “Juan, sit up there, nice and straight.  Don’t
be a slouch in front of your friends.  Show them some
respect!”  Juan bit his tongue as Mr. Rathbone started
to make his way back indoors.  Just before entering
the house Humilard paused, and added, “And straighten
your tie!”  Perhaps because Juan felt Humilard’s
chiding was an unnecessary humiliation that had
suddenly caused another awkward moment, he could not
control his fury, “Shit man!  Can’t you ever leave me
alone for just two seconds?  Is that asking too fuckin
much?”

Mr. Rathbone remained at the patio door, and without
looking back, calmly ordered, “Get into the exercise
room, remove all of your clothes, and take a seat in
the punishment chair.  If you’re not in the chair and
ready in two minutes, you’re punishment will be
doubled!”

As angry and frustrated as Juan was, he knew what a
double punishment entailed, so he rose from the picnic
table without making eye contact with any of his
friends, and rushed into the house.  He moved so
quickly that he managed to make his way into the house
even before Mr. Rathbone.

Scruggs said, to no one in particular, “Man, this is
getting kind of tiresome!”

Mr. Rathbone heard the comment, “Well, you have Juan
to thank for that.”  He thought a bit, then continued,
“I know this is all new to you, and perhaps seems
inordinate.  You are welcome to observe, as I think
that could have a salutary effect on Juan.”

Mr. Rathbone made his way into the house.  Juan’s
friends all looked at each other, and Jamie said,
“Well, if our presence is going to help Juan, then I
think we should go in.”  The curious group of friends
made their way into the house and quickly located the
exercise room.  The exercise room had a thick door
with a very large and thick glass window.  Through the
glass, they saw Humilard and Corrine in the exercise
room with Juan, who was already naked and about to
take a seat in a strange looking chair.  It was a
padded metallic chair with side arms, outfitted with
straps and D rings, and had several knobs for making
various adjustments.  As soon as Juan sat down he saw
his friends open the door and start entering the room.
Juan quickly covered his genitals with both hands.
The first things that his friends noticed was that
Juan had thick gauge rings through both nipples, just
like the rings in his ears and nose, and his wide mesh
collar that looked like something one would put on a
dangerous wild beast.  Juan was starting to look a bit
more like a ringed and collared creature to his
friends.

Humilard came forward and strapped Juan’s legs to the
legs of the chair.  He then took a light caliper
chain, attached it to Juan’s nose ring, had Juan bend
his head all the way back, and attached the chain from
his nose ring to a ring bolted to the wall in back of
the chair.  Thus chained, Juan had to keep his head
bent way back.  Humilard then attached chains to both
nipple rings and secured them to the side arms of the
chair.  The chains to his nose and nipples were taut,
so Juan could not move without the rings pulling his
flesh.  Humilard then pulled Juan’s hands to each arm
of the chair and strapped them down.  Juan, looking
up at the ceiling, closed his eye as his shaved
genitals came into view of all of his friends.

His friends, on seeing him naked, completely forget
their self-righteousness, finding themselves totally
absorbed with Juan’s naked appearance.  Humilard spoke
to his friends, “Now you can see his full set of
training rings.”  Juan, totally nude, shaved, ringed,
and collared, looked like some kind of tethered and
ringed wild animal.  Many of the guys had not actually
ever seen a real Prince Albert piercing, and were
amazed at how the very thick gauge ring went through
the head of his dick and through the piss slit.  It
looked very painful, but also it looked like something
you would put on some wild beast in order to help tame it.
Humilard then attached a nine-inch chain to Juan’s
penis ring, and secured it to a ring in the seat of
the chair, which was right near where the tip of
Juan’s penis hung.  Juan’s friends wondered in silence
why there was so much slack allowed for his penis
chain, and none for his nipple and nose chains.

As Mr. Rathbone went to a cupboard in the exercise
room, Buck then explained their presence to Juan. “Mr.
Rathbone asked us to come and watch, as he said our
support would make your punishment easier to bear.”

Humilard overheard the comment and explained, “That’s
not the way I meant that your presence would have a
salutary effect.  What I meant was that your presence
would add to Juan’s humiliation, and that, in the long
run, will help Juan accept the necessity of his total
obedience.  We all want Juan to be compliant and
obedient.”

Humilard gathered some protective goggles and another
aerosol can from the cupboard and approached Juan.  He
put the goggles on Juan, shook the can, took off the
cap, aimed the spray at Juan’s face, pushed the
nozzle, and sprayed Juan’s face for two seconds.  He
then aimed the can right at the tip of Juan’s dick,
and gave it a good three-second spray.

Everything happened at once; Juan let out a series of
high pitch wails over and over, his dick sprang
straight up to rock hard attention and took up all the
slack of the chain, and his friends realized that
Humilard had just used pepper spray on Juan.

Humilard turned on a stopwatch that was on a counter
next to the punishment chair, and instructed the
group, “Okay, let’s all step back a little.  I don’t
want you whiffing the fumes.”

Juan started twisting and Humilard advised him, “Just
take it like a man, Juan.  Remember to hold yourself
still and release any discomfort vocally, if you have
to.  But you don’t want to buck and twist, or else
you’ll tear your rings out!  It’ll be over in five
minutes, and then you can hop into the shower!”

Through the crying Juan shouted, “Fuck man!”  Humilard
warned, “Keep that kind of language up and you’ll be
in the chair for ten minutes instead of five!”  Juan
immediately shut up, and Humilard smile slightly and
nodded at Juan’s friends to observe the bucking Juan.

“The reason my threats work is because Juan knows that
I make good on every single one of my threats.  I
never issue an idle threat.  And it’s a good thing,
because look how my threat helped Juan to calm himself
down!”

Andre was disgusted, “Man, that is fucking disgusting
what you just did to Juan!”

As Humilard responded to Andre’s comment, he made a
gesture for everyone to leave the room, “I would like
all of you to join me in my study so that I may show
you something.  But in any case, I think we all should
leave this room both because of the fumes, and because
it isn’t a pleasant thing watching a slave writhing
about as he gets a lesson driven home.”

When everyone was out of the exercise room, Humilard
closed the door behind him and turned to Corrine.

“Would you please watch Juan through the window, and
release him the moment the stopwatch signals.”
Corrine indicated she would, and turned to watch Juan
through the glass.  All of Juan’s friends also turned
and watched Juan through the glass as well.

Soren, watching fascinated, said, “Poor Juan.”

Pete, also fascinated, “I wish I could do something to
help him.”

Humilard, watching Juan’s friends, commented, “He is
being helped, right now, so there’s nothing to be
concerned about, this punishment is helping Juan.
Juan is a slave now, and this is how little slave boys
learn their lessons.  It’s an old story with many
happy success stories.  Juan will be a better slave
after this little five-minute episode.  Juan is a
slave now and this is how slaves learn their lessons.
What you see happening here to little Juan now is
happening to new slaves all around this country.”

Humilard knew that the boys’ newly found fascination
with Juan’s punishment would be a good time to talk to
them, so he again urged all of them to follow him into
his study.  Buck said he was interested in what
Humilard had to say, but that he was concerned for
Juan, and just wanted to watch the punishment to make
sure that Juan was okay.  Juan’s other friends voiced
the same concern.  Humilard told the boys that that
was very good of them, pointed out his study, and as
he left for his study he told the boys he would be
seeing them in just a few minutes.

Juan’s friends watched Juan in silence through the
glass.  Juan’s writhing consisted of moving his
shoulders up and down, scrunching his face, scissoring
his knees in a back and forth motion, and thrusting
his hips and his very upright erection in an up and
down motion in the mere two-inch or so space that his
cock chain allowed.

Danny murmured, “Man, look at him sweating!  He’s
soaked!”

Jamie spoke in a hushed voice as well, “He looks like
an oiled pig or something.”

Scruggs stretched his neck to get a good view over the
heads of his friends, “Fuck.  Why did he go cussin’ at
Rathbone that way?  Doesn’t he have any sense?  He
almost sort of deserves what he’s getting for being so
stupid.”

Soren swallowed, “Man, his dick looks like it’s going
to explode!”

Buck whispered, almost to himself, “That shit that
Rathbone sprayed on him must sting like hell!”

Corrine explained, “The pepper spray my dad used on
him isn’t the kind the police use.  It stings even
worse, but it rinses off immediately with water.  As
soon as I release Juan he’ll zip into the shower.”

Pete was sweating so much that he had to break away
from the cluster of his buddies.

Andre smiled, “What’s wrong Pete?  Can’t take any
more?”

When the stopwatch hit five minutes, Corrine made
haste to enter the room and release Juan for his
shower, as Juan’s friends made their way to Humilard’s
study.

When Juan’s friends entered the study, Humilard
indicated for them to gather around his desk.  Danny
spoke first, “Mr. Rathbone, it seems like Juan is
getting punished all the time for small things.  Isn’t
that kind of extreme?”

Humilard brought up a website as he spoke, “Not at
all!  Juan is a servant in training.  Several
punishments a day are the norm for newly indentured
boys.  Being aware of that fact is why I, and
thousands of other enlightened folks, subscribe to the
principles of humane discipline.”

Scruggs wondered, “So it isn’t uncommon that this is
the third punishment Juan is getting within our two
hours of being here?”

“Absolutely right!  Punishments can be frequent, and
that is why humane punishment methods are so
important.  Young guys like Juan, guys your age, don’t
naturally want to do what they’re told.  But the
indentured have no choice.  They have to do what
they’re told.  So being young and indentured means
most likely that one will have to go through quite a
few punishments before being able to fully grasp the
requirements of one’s new status.  That’s why I have
Juan all kitted out with those heavy gauge training
rings; so that his inevitable punishments will be
humane ones.”

Soren asked, “What’s humane about spraying someone
with dangerous chemicals?”

Humilard was serious in his reply, “I would never do
anything to harm Juan.  All chemicals used in humane
discipline are absolutely safe.  Little Juan was
tested to make certain that he was not allergic to any
of them.  Other than possible allergic reactions, all
substances used on Juan for discipline are thoroughly
tested and proven slave-safe.”

Humilard made space and told everyone to gather around
his computer screen.  He brought up a website titled
‘Humane Alternatives to Slave Control’.  He went to a
section titled ‘Gallery’, and hundreds of thumbnails
of slaves undergoing humane discipline showed up.
Humilard spoke, “I assure that I and the thousands of
other folks who support this website do not do so
because we have some prurient interest in watching
young men suffer.  The purpose of this website is
exactly the opposite; it is a gathering site for those
who really do care about slave welfare.  Folks like
myself who are totally against the needless infliction
of pain that could result in bodily injury.”

Humilard went to another gallery of the website,
“Here, let me show you what the alternatives are, and
why I support humane discipline methods.”

When Humilard showed the boys online photos of what
the results can be on the human body of standard slave
discipline methods, they all fell silent and listened
to him explain why he was on a mission to make humane
punishments the only legal forms of punishments for
slaves.  The photos of beaten, scarred, bruised,
bloodied, and broken, bodies horrified all of Juan’s
friends.

After a lengthy conversation with Humilard, Juan’s
friends no longer saw Humilard as some mean spirited
weirdo, but an enlightened and compassionate slave
owner who had Juan’s best interests at heart.

Humilard concluded the boys education on slave
punishment by saying, “So after all those bloodied and
beaten backs you’ve just seen, it’s important to
realize two things; not only is the discomfort from
the pepper spray treatment completely and immediately
rinsed away with water, but it is also proven to be
even more effective than the whip in turning boys like
Juan into obeyers and behaviors.”

“If you really cared about Juan, when you see him now
you would support him by telling him how well he took
his punishment, and how you feel it will help make him
into an obedient slave who you can all be proud to
know.”

Juan’s friends spent almost half an hour with Humilard
in his study, and Juan wondered what they were talking
about.  Juan’s friends eventually rejoined him as he
was clearing off the picnic table.  The guys seemed
somewhat cool towards Juan, and Juan noticed that they
seemed more interested in chatting with Corrine now
than with him.

Juan thought at first that he was imagining that his
friends were treating him differently, but when he
tried to engage Jamie and Scruggs in a conversation,
they both seemed condescending.  Juan evaluated the
situation, and decided that he was not going to let
his friends new attitude upset him, an attitude he was
told he could expect from some of the slaves he met
during training, so he ignored his friends and
continued cleaning up the mess from the barbecue.

When he was finished, and was about to go to his room,
Danny asked where he was going.  Juan answered, “I
just need to be alone.  It seems everyone is more
interested in visiting with Corrine than with me right
now.”

Danny wondered, “So you’re just going to leave us?”

Juan hoped to make his friends feel sorry for him, so
he answered, “Well, you seem to be avoiding me or
looking down on me or something, so I…”

“Hold on there”, said Scruggs.  “Who’s avoiding who?
You’re the guy who is responsible for interrupting our
visit three times by doing stuff that Mr. Rathbone had
to put a stop to.”

Pete agreed, “Yeah, I mean it seems like you were the
one being rude to us.  One would think you could at
least, like, be on good behavior or something when you
have friends visiting.”

Andre supported his friends, “I totally agree with
Pete, dude!  Juan, you’re the one responsible for
turning this visit into a bummer.”

Juan could take no more, “Well fuck it then.  You can
visit with Corrine, because I’m outta here!”

As Juan made his way upstairs to his room, Corrine
hurried into the house calling, “Dad!”

Moments later Humilard appeared on the deck and spoke
with Juan’s friends, asking for their support.  When
he realized that they were eager to give their
support, he gave them some instructions and then sent
Corrine to fetch Juan and bring him into the living
room.

When Juan arrived in the living room he saw all of his
friends and Mr. Rathbone gathered together around the
couch.  Mr. Rathbone ordered Juan to remove all of his
clothing.  Juan asked, “What for Mr. Rathbone?  I
didn’t do anything wrong?”

“You left your guests, telling them that they seemed
more interested in visiting with Corrine than with
you.  I consider such rude behavior to be very
immature, and I intend to do whatever I can do to help
get you on the fast track toward maturity.”

Pete added, “And also, Mr. Rathbone, don’t forget that
Juan used a swear word.”

“I haven’t forgotten that either, Pete.  I’m not
paying $90,000 a year to the state for Juan’s services
as a gentleman housekeeper to have him talking and
acting like some punk rocker.”

As Juan, dejected, removed his clothes, he wondered
why the punishment was taking place in the living
room, as there were no tethering bolts or punishment
chairs in the living room.

Juan’s friends watched him take off his fancy slave
dress clothes with smiles, anticipating the chance to
help out their friend.

Soren encouraged the slave, “That’s the way, buddy.
Just do as you’re told and everything will be all
right.”

To Juan, the comment was very weird coming from a
friend.  On one hand it sounded sincere, but on the
other it seemed like Soren was suddenly trying to act
like an overseer.

Humilard instructed the naked Juan, who kept his slave
sex organs covered with his hands, to take a seat in
the middle of the couch.  Humilard exited the room to
get the items needed for punishment.

Juan was worried, and asked with a voice that sounded
like it would break into tears any moment, “What’s
going on?  What are you all doing?”

Scruggs answered, “We’ve only been here a couple of
hours, pal, and already this is the fourth time you’ve
needed to be punished.  Obviously you need some
direction, dude.  Mr. Rathbone said it would be a good
thing if we could help out, since we’re your friends.”

Buck scratched his neck, “Mr. Rathbone explained to us
how guys like you need to be housebroken for your own
good.”

Andre explained, “That’s right, Juan.  Mr. Rathbone
has your best interests at heart.  He showed us,
amigo, what kinds of things are done to servants and
slaves under standard punishments.  Mr. Rathbone
totally cares about your safety and wellbeing.  He’s
just trying to get you to be an ace behaver that he
can be proud of.”

Pete sat on the couch right next to Juan, so close
that his trousered leg was up against Juan’s bare leg.

“Mr. Rathbone told us that you despise your training
rings.  He wants us to help you to start thinking of
your training rings as your friends.  So that’s what
we’re going to do; we’re all going to hold you down
while Mr. Rathbone punishes you.  We’re going to be
acting as your training rings, holding you in place so
you take your punishment like a slave should.  That
way you can begin to think of your training rings in
the same way you think of us; as your friends who are
there to help you.”

Mr. Rathbone entered the room, set a bottle of 99%
isopropyl alcohol on the coffee table, took out a
syringe of the sort one uses to administer liquid
medicines orally to animals, and filled the syringe.
When Juan, seeing the supplies, started protesting,
Mr. Rathbone addressed his friends, “As you can see,
Juan knows what’s coming.  This will not be his first
‘dick rinsing’.”

Pete wondered, “What’s a ‘dick rinsing’, Mr. Rathbone?”
“I’m going to shoot a solution of almost 100% pure
alcohol up Juan’s penis.  It’s going to burn like
hell, but it has absolutely heavenly results on Juan’s
behavior.”

As Juan started moaning, pleading, and fidgeting, his
friends moved into positions around the couch.  Pete
moved his body closer to Juan, as Andre took a seat on
the opposite side of Juan, and moved up close to him.
Pete and Andre each grabbed one of Juan’s arms with
both hands.  Danny and Buck both moved behind the
couch, and Danny gently grasped Juan’s head in his
hands, while Buck took hold of Juan’s shoulders.
Jamie and Scruggs sat on the floor beneath Juan and
each grabbed one of Juan’s bare legs with both arms.
Soren scooted down on the floor between Jamie and
Scruggs, who pulled Juan’s legs apart to make room for
Soren.  Soren gathered Juan’s balls into one his
hands.

Humilard approached with the syringe and spoke, “Okay
Juan, we’re going to try and rinse that, ‘I’m going do
whatever I please’, attitude out of you!”  He then
addressed Juan’s friends, “Okay everyone, get a tight
hold on Juan.  Remember, once I shoot him up’ he’s
going to be trying to buck like crazy; when he does
that hold him secure with one hand, and with the other
hand start pinching him as tightly as you can.  Then,
if he relaxes his bucking, you can then stop pinching
him.”

“And don’t have any qualms about pinching Juan as hard
as you can.  Remember, what we are doing here is not
only humane, it is positively beneficial.”

Humilard lubed the tip of the syringe with KY jelly,
Reached over the boys on the floor, grabbed Juan’s
penis with one hand, and with the thumb and index
finger squeezed Juan’s dick tip to open up the piss
hole, which presently was blocked by his Prince Albert
training ring.  “The penis ring makes it somewhat
difficult to insert the syringe properly, but I’ve had
enough practice on Juan that it’s no longer a problem.”

As soon as Humilard managed to get the tip of the
syringe into Juan’s piss slit, next to his thick gauge
Prince Albert ring, he injected the contents of the
syringe with one quick and forceful push of the syringe plunger.
Immediately Juan started screaming and trying to break
free.  Humilard instructed the boys, “Hold him down
firmly.  He’s going to be trying very hard to break
free with his arms so he can grab his penis and
massage the alcohol out of his dick.  But what we want
to do is hold him down until the alcohol is completely
absorbed or evaporates, which is usually about five minutes.”

Juan’s dick erected from the alcohol and was bobbing
around quite wickedly as Juan struggled to break free.
The free boys held Juan tightly, and they all did an
admirable job of ignoring Juan’s crying and pleas to
let him go.  The free boys were also trying to impress
Mr. Rathbone with the seriousness of their intentions
to help Juan become a better slave.

Pete offered Juan some verbal support, “We’re just
trying to help you, buddy.”

The free boys, gathered tightly around naked Juan,
holding him down as he bucked and yelped, could feel
the warmth emanating from his lithe Latino body.

The warmth the boys felt for their indentured friend
was nurtured by the very physical warmth of Juan, and
there was a desire to comfort him.  Soren almost
whispered, “You have to learn some self-control,
Juan.”

Jamie noticed that Juan was blushing from the exertion
and the pain, and tried to soothe him, “Hey pal,
there’s nothing to be ashamed of.  You’re in training
now and guys like you in training slip up, and then
you have to pay the consequences.  Just take your
punishment like a man, but there’s no reason to be
ashamed of yourself.  All these training rings on your
body should prove to you that slipups are to be
expected.  That’s why Mr. Rathbone had them put on
you; to help you.  And that’s what we’re trying to do,
amigo, is help you.”

Buck was generating almost as much heat as Juan was,
“Dude pal, if we’re not ashamed of you, then you
shouldn’t be ashamed of yourself.”

Soren also tried to lend support, “You need to be
proud of yourself, good buddy.  You’re a real slave
now, so you should be looking up and stepping proudly.
You’ve got your collar and training rings on, your
head is all shaved and polished; you’re the real
thing now, man.”

As the effects of the alcohol began to wear off, Juan
gradually stopped his struggling to break free.

Scruggs, holding Juan tightly, added, “There’s nothing
to be embarrassed about at all, bro.  There are
thousands of guys right here in Minneapolis going
through what you are going through right now.  In
fact, rather than be embarrassed about yourself, you
should be proud of yourself; because I know what we’re
doing to you right now is going to help you become a
better server boy.”

Mr. Rathbone agreed, “You sure are right about that
Scruggs.  The training manual I have says that males
naturally think of their penises as pleasure centers.
But it’s important to let the indentured know that
their masters have the authority to turn what is
usually a pleasure center into a pain center if they
are not going to behave.”

Buck tightened his grip on Juan’s shoulders almost
lovingly, “So because you’ve been a bad buckaroo, Mr.
Rathbone had to go and turn your pleasure peter into a
pain peter.  But it’s probably a good thing for you
Catholic boys.  Since you feel deep down inside of you
that your wiener is naughty, it’s only right that it
should hurt once in awhile.”

Juan was tired of all of his friends, “I ain’t a
Catholic, you goddamn racist fuckers!”

His friends tightened their grips on Juan.  Jamie
spoke first, “Man, I say he deserves another shot of
alcohol up the pee hole.”

Mr. Rathbone said, “I agree.  It has to be done.  I
think it might be more effective if one of you does
it.  Buck, since it was you Juan just spoke abusively
to, would you be willing to give Juan his rinsing?”

“I sure would, Mr. Rathbone.”  Buck came from behind
the couch and took the syringe from the coffee table.
He filled it from the bottle of alcohol.  Mr. Rathbone
complimented him, “You’re doing this like an old pro.”

Buck smiled, “Thanks Mr. Rathbone, but I watched
everything you did very carefully.”

Andre rubbed Juan on the chest, “It’s time to give our
little sidekick here another dose of discipline!”

Buck smiled too, “Man, I’m stoked, dudes!  This feels
really good being a part of something important like
this!”

Pete was also enthused, “I’m charged, too man.  Big
time!  I just want to do anything I can to help out my
old buddy Juan!”

Buck reached over the free boys on the floor and
grabbed hold of Juan’s prick, “It’s time for another
round!”

Danny offered support to his free pals, “If it’s gotta
be done, it’s gotta be done!”  He then addressed Juan,
“You gotta learn to watch your language dude!”

Humilard offered instruction to Buck, “Now you want to
jack his dick a bit.  The bigger it is, the more
punishment surface area there is.”  Buck smiled
broadly as he jacked Juan’s dick.  Juan’s dick got
nice and hard in no time, and all of Juan’s friends
laughed as Juan got jacked in front of everyone.
Humilard continued, “Next, grasp his penis firmly and
pinch the knob to open up his piss slit.  You want and
try to get his pee hole to open up as far as it will
go.”  Juan winced in pain.  Buck licked his lips and
placed the tip of the syringe into Juan’s pee hole.

Humilard approved of Bucks efforts, “Now remember,
when you’re ready to rinse him be sure to push the
plunger all the way in at once and with great force.
If you don’t get it all of it in at once, the
sphincter will tighten up and you won’t be able to get
any more alcohol up there.”

Buck tensed up a bit before the big moment, so Jamie,
on the floor holding one of Juan’s legs, patted Buck
on the leg, “You’ll be okay, best buddy!”

Andre also offered encouragement, “Okay Buck, fill her
up!”

Buck nodded and swallowed, and addressed Juan,
“Okay, are you ready Juanito?  Here’s a little
nourishment for your nighttime commander!”  He pushed
the syringe plunger with force and focus.  As Juan
started screaming and squirming, Danny shouted out,
“Good shot, Buck!”

“Way to go, dude!”, high-fived Scruggs.

Humilard smiled, “Just like a pro!”

Juan was openly crying, trying to free himself from
the strong grasp of his friends.  Humilard was
pleased, “Do you hear that crying, gentlemen?  That’s
the sound we want to hear.  It’s a classic.  It’s the
sound of slave who is finally getting a lesson in good
behavior driven home!”

Andre gave Juan a good squeeze, “Just cry it out,
Juan.  I think you’re beginning to realize now that
you can’t keep on swearing and acting like a punk
anymore.”

Soren offered his comfort, “It’s really a special
moment for me, Juan, to be here helping you out like
this.”

Jamie joined in, “Don’t be ashamed, little buckaroo,
that you’re bawling like a baby in front of all of
your friends.  We understand, dude, that this is all
part of the process of your becoming what the state
has ordered you to become.”

Pete, sitting next to Juan, placed his hand on Juan’s
chest, “Calm down there, buddy.  Show us that you can
take it like a man.”

Danny was next, “Take it easy there, bro, and know
that we’re here for you.  If the worse that ever
happens to you is that from time to time you have to
get a dose of wisdom delivered down your pee chute,
then you’ll be doing all right!”

Scruggs was getting emotional as he rubbed Juan’s
inner thigh, “Holding you down, bro, as you get the
naughtiness rinsed out of you is really special for me.
I feel a lot closer to you than I ever did before, and I
really care about you.”

Buck felt the same way, “Shooting you up the way I did
just now was like totally awesome, dude.  It made me
feel like I’m your dad or something; someone really
important in your life who can help you become a
better person!”

The free boys all felt very proud of the special part
they played in helping out their little brown friend.
And as the sting of the alcohol subsided and Juan’s
struggling died down, the free boys kept holding on
tightly to Juan, wanting to do all that they could do
to help keep him under control.  And all of the guys
were, by this time, lovingly rubbing or patting Juan
on some part of his body.

When Humilard was sure that the alcohol was causing
Juan no more pain, he told his friends that they could
release him, “I want to thank all of you boys for so
admirably helping out with Juan’s wiener rinsing.”

He continued addressing the free boys, “I’m going to
have Corrine diaper and pacify Juan now.  So with a
nippled pacifier in his mouth he won’t be able to
speak with you anymore today.  Since Juan’s behavior
was pretty babyish today, I think he needs to spend
the rest of the day in diapers!  He won’t be able to
visit with you anymore today, but that is entirely his
fault.  But your presence here, I can tell you, has
had a very real and positive impact on Juan.”

Juan, who was feeling certain that today marked the
end of his relationship with his friends, was
surprised when Danny suddenly asked Humilard, “Could
we come again next weekend?”

Humilard was surprised as well, “Actually, that will
be a rather busy time for Juan.  Juan is going to be
preparing the house and yard for the arrival of
several guests on Monday, so he wouldn’t be able to
visit or even chat with you very much.”

“That’s okay, Mr. Rathbone.  We won’t bother him.  We
just like being around our old friend.”

“But that could be distracting to Juan at what is
going to be a very busy weekend for him.”

Jamie joined in, “We won’t bother him, Mr. Rathbone,
honest.”

Pete added, “In fact, we could kind of help you watch
him.  You know, like just be there, maybe chat a bit,
but help Juan to keep focused.”

Mr. Rathbone scrunched his face, then nodded his head
several times, “Why, that’s an excellent idea.  I
think that could actually make the weekend less stressful
for me, having you there to monitor Juan and helping
to make sure that the exceptionally heavy workload
scheduled for that time gets accomplished.  Thank you
boys!”

As the boys took their leave, they said their
farewells to Mr. Rathbone, then went, one by one, up
to Juan, who was standing ; still totally bare except
for his collar and training rings, with one hand
covering his privates.

“It was great seeing you, Juan.”

“Great seeing you buddy.  Hey, you can stop trying to
hide yourself.  I think we’ve all had a good look at
everything you’ve got.”

“Hang in there, dude!  I feel now like you’re my
little brother or something.”

“Same here, bro.  I feel responsible for you.  Looking
forward to spending more time with you next weekend!”

“I love you, pal.  Remember to do what Mr. Rathbone
tells you!”

“Man, this was a totally special day for me!  I hope
next weekend isn’t quite as painful for you as today
was!”

“Take care, guy!  I feel totally bonded with you and when
I see you next week, I want to see you standing tall
and looking proud with a big smile on your face at all
times!”

**The End**

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