**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**

For more of Randall Austin Stories, Please join his Archive group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>