**A Portrait of Servitude – The Holding Facility**  
  
By Randall Austin

Short Story  
  
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Place: Detroit, Michigan  
  
Background: Holding facilities, still referred to as  
‘holding pens’ in the South, are living quarters set  
up for the indigent, bankrupt, and insolvent who are  
seriously considering committing themselves to a term  
of indenturement.  Brokerage firms and professional  
buyers regularly scan a county’s holding facilities to  
gain advance knowledge of what’s likely to be  
available stock; or, if they like what they see, to  
convince those seeking refuge in the facility that the  
brokerage firm they work for would best be able to  
represent them and set them up in an ideal service  
position, one offering the best terms available.  
  
Although those who voluntarily take shelter in a  
holding facility are under no legal obligation to  
ultimately commit themselves to indenturement, it is  
commonly understood that, since the county is paying  
room and board for those in the holding facilities, it  
is the duty of those in the facilities to freely  
submit to inspections by and answer questions from all  
interested agents.  
  
Situation: Matt Wilkerson was 17 years old when he had  
his son, Julian, out of wedlock.  Matt, now at the age  
of 34, has ended up in severe debt.  His construction  
company was rendered bankrupt by several costly  
lawsuits.  Julian, now 17 years old and a senior in  
high school, is required by state law, as a minor, to  
remain with his guardian parent even if that parent is  
indentured.  Matt and Julian have been in the Wayne  
County ‘holding facility’ for two days, and three of  
Julian’s best friends have come to pay them a visit in  
their room.  
  
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“Hey, these digs aren’t too bad!” smiled Ralston,  
Julian’s best friend from high school, as he looked  
about the room.  To Ralston and his two friends,  
Jessie and Caloda, the room which Julian and his  
father inhabited at the county holding facility  
resembled the sort of room one would find in a very  
run down hotel: worn carpet; liquid stained furniture;  
a faint musty smell; dark, peeling, wallpaper; two  
cots serving as beds; bed blankets faded and tattered;  
a heavily stained and worn sink and toilet; and a  
bathtub one would hesitate to use.  
  
Matt shook his head, “Well, I’m thankful that it’s  
temporary.  The advantage of using the holding  
facility is that we’re given priority when it comes to  
placing us with interested buyers.”  Matt looked at  
all three of Julian’s friends, “I did tell Julian  
beforehand not to expect the Hilton.”  
  
The friends all laughed to ease the somewhat awkward  
situation they found themselves in.  Ralston, Jessie,  
and Caloda, all gay, began hanging out with the  
straight Julian because they were all on the same  
soccer team as freshmen in high school.  They have  
remained friends ever since; initially because the  
three of them just wanted to hang out with the very  
handsome and hunky Julian.  But eventually a real  
friendship formed between the four of them.  Through  
the years all three of the gay friends tried in  
friendly ways to put the make on Julian.  Julian was  
never bothered by his friends’ gayness, but he did let  
them know he had no interest in guys.   
  
To Ralston, Julian looked unhappy.  He put his arm  
around his shoulder and asked, “You doin’ okay,  
buddy?”  Julian nodded ‘yes’.  Ralston handed his  
digital camera to Caloda and told him to take a  
snapshot of him and Julian.  As Caloda snapped the  
photo the intercom rang.  
  
Matt pushed the chat button and everyone in the room  
could hear the voice on the other end. “Mr. Wilkerson,  
this is Ted Collins.  Are you and Julian both in your  
room?”  
  
“Oh, hi Ted.  Yes, we are.”  Matt covered the receiver  
with his hand and whispered to Julian’s guests that  
Mr. Collins was the director of the Wayne County  
holding facility.   
  
The voice on the intercom continued, “Good.  I have  
four gentlemen here; one is from a local brokerage  
firm, and the other three are interested private  
buyers.  They’re here checking our inventory lists and  
the four of them would like to visit with you and your  
son now, if it’s okay with you?”  
  
Matt smiled, “Yes, by all means.  Send them over!  I  
have guests here, do they have to leave?”  
  
“That’s entirely up to you, Mr. Wilkerson.  The  
gentlemen will be there in a couple of minutes, and  
they’ll be accompanied by one of our attendants.”  
  
“Thank you, Mr. Collins.”  The intercom went dead.  
  
Jessie asked the Wilkerson’s if they, Julian’s friends,  
should leave.  Matt answered, “Its okay with me.  How  
about you, Julian?”  
  
“Sure, my friends can stay.  I don’t see why not.”  
  
Caloda wondered, “Julian, dude, is this stint going to  
mess up your schooling?”  
  
Matt, anxious to put the best face available on the  
situation, explained that in most of the places Julian  
and he would likely be serving, the lease holder is  
required to allow Julian adequate time to complete his  
high school studies via the state’s mail study program  
for servants.  
  
Caloda nodded, “Wow!  That’s totally cool!”  
  
There was a knock on the door to the room, and before  
Mr. Wilkerson could make his way to the door to open  
it, the attendant had opened the door and ushered the  
four prospective buyers into the room.  The attendant,  
a pimply faced, 25-year old, Mort Rothstein, pointed to  
Mr. Wilkerson and his son, “There they are!”   
  
The minimum-wage earning attendants, who worked at the  
holding facility, were notoriously rude to the  
inhabitants of the facility, and reveled in the one  
perk of the low-paying job; an opportunity to boss  
around the down and out.  Mort snapped, “Okay, we need  
you two faggots to get cunt-naked!  Now!”   
  
Mr. Wilkerson was indignant, “We’ll do no such thing!”  
  
Mort smiled at the opportunity given him to show off  
his authority even further, “I want to see both of  
your cocks and balls in 60 seconds or I’m calling my  
manager and having him send up a control unit.”  
  
Mr. Wilkerson needed to spare his son any further  
indignity, “Look, I think you’re out of line young  
man!”  
  
Mort pulled his mobile out and turned it on.  Mr.  
Wilkerson was intent on not letting some punk  
attendant humiliate him, “I think I need to ask all of  
you to leave!”  
  
The gentleman from the brokerage firm was somewhat  
knowledgeable of the law as it pertains to servants  
and spoke up, “Mr. Wilkerson.  It’s standard  
procedure.  I was just told that all that the two of  
you own right now are the clothes on your back.  It’s  
almost 0 degrees outside right now, and it’s expected  
to get to 20 below this evening.  We are miles from  
town.  This is not a halfway house.  This is a county  
holding facility and there are no funds available  
whatsoever to provide you with transportation to a  
destination of your choice.  I suspect that the reason  
you ended up here is that you have nowhere else to go.  
Therefore, I’d suggest you do as you have been  
asked.”  
  
Mr. Wilkerson was finding the situation, on top of all  
he and his son had been through in the last few weeks,  
very difficult to bear, “No, it’s simply not right to  
be treated this way.”  
  
When Julian, who had butterflies in his stomach, saw  
the attendant smile and start to enter a call on his  
mobile, he urged his dad in a nervous voice, “Come on  
Dad.  Let’s just do what they want.”  
  
Mr. Wilkerson, with hardly a shred of dignity left,  
felt compelled to stand his ground, “No son, I assure  
you; nothing is going to happen.”  
  
Jessie whispered to Ralston, “Old man Wilkerson is a  
fuckin’ nitwit loser!”  
  
As Mort spoke to his manager on his mobile, Julian’s  
friends shifted nervously, while two of the personal  
buyers smiled bemusedly.  
  
Caloda overheard Jessie’s comment, and whispered to  
his friends, “He may be a nitwit, but he’s one fuckin’  
hottie!”  
  
Jessie agreed, and felt it would be awkward for Julian  
if he saw his friends whispering about him and his  
dad, so he restrained his need to comment on the fact  
that he agreed with Caloda, and had always thought  
Julian’s dad was even better looking than Julian.  He  
felt uncomfortable with his excitement over the fact  
that there was a good chance he was about to get to  
see Julian and his dad in the nude, given the  
unpleasantness of the situation.    
  
Within moments two large guards, dressed in the  
formidable black and grey uniform of the Wayne County  
Servant Control, and each carrying straps and cords,  
entered the room.  Both in their forties, they carried  
themselves handsomely and impressively in their  
thigh-flared trousers.  Jessie and Caloda swallowed  
hard, trying to suppress their excitement at being in  
the same room with two such swaggering officers.   
Ralston wanted to flee from the embarrassing scene  
taking place before his eyes, but, like Jessie and  
Caloda, he was transfixed.  
  
As both officers removed their caps, signaling to all  
that they were about to do something, the taller of  
the two asked, “What’s going on here?”  
  
Mort explained, “We have two uppity fucks here.  They  
refuse to strip for our clients.”  
  
One of the officers grabbed Julian roughly, as the  
other officer approached him with a large pair of  
scissors.  Julian’s terrified look steeled his father,  
“I order both of you to leave my son alone!”  
  
The officer with the scissors stopped in his tracks  
and looked at Mr. Wilkerson in amazement, then nodded  
at Mort, “You were right, kid!  I haven’t seen such  
uppity behavior in a long time.”  He then nodded at  
the officer holding Julian and indicated Mr. Wilkerson  
with a toss of his head.  The officer released Julian,  
then hurried towards Mr. Wilkerson and roughly grabbed  
him, gathering his arms behind his back.  As the other  
officer began snipping off Mr. Wilkerson’s clothes,  
Mr. Wilkerson screamed, “Gawdamn both of you fuckers!”  
As the officers stripped Mr. Wilkerson with a  
vengeance, Julian hurriedly began removing his clothes.   
  
The officer doing the snipping shook his head at Mr.  
Wilkerson, “Too bad for you both, because now these  
fine gentlemen here are not going to be interested in  
buying you unless we can show them that that  
uppityness of yours can be whipped out of you!”  
  
Julian stripped with his back to his friends and  
immediately covered his genitals.  Mr. Wilkerson could  
not cover himself as his arms were held by one of the  
officers.  When Julian’s three friends saw the tackle  
hanging from Mr. Wilkerson’s finely tapered physique,  
they all began to harden.  
  
The officers quickly guided Julian and his father so  
that they were facing each other, and pressed their  
naked bodies together.  Mr. Wilkerson did not know  
what was happening, and in a still firm voice asked,  
“What’s going on?”  
  
Mort was quick to respond, “They’re gonna’ wale your  
asses until you start behaving.  That’s what’s going  
on!”  The light gloss of perspiration that covered  
Mort’s pimply face indicated that he was excited at  
having successfully engineered a punishment for the  
good-looking father and son.  
  
Mr. Wilkerson asked, “On what authority can you do  
that.  We are not indentured!”  
  
As the guards held father and son tightly against one  
another they began binding their upper arms together  
with straps around their biceps.  As they did so the  
taller of the guards explained, “It’s all clearly  
explained on the form you signed when you came here.   
It said that by taking up residence in the Wayne  
County holding facility the tenant agrees to abide by  
all reasonable requests and is subject to all rules  
and regulations pertaining to the indentured.  A  
request by a prospective buyer to examine you is a  
perfectly reasonable request that you have failed to  
obey.  Having failed to obey such a request you now  
face the same consequences a social servant would for  
misbehaving.”    
  
Mr. Wilkerson tried to protect his son, “My son was  
not involved in this.”  
  
Mort, wide-eyed and angry, jumped in, “The kid refused  
to obey me, just like his dad!”  Mort’s explanation  
satisfied the guards; and Matt, Julian, and Julian’s  
friends, all knew that it did.  
  
With their upper arms bound firmly together, both father  
and son were now locked together so closely that they  
had to put their heads together side by side.   
Julian’s friends, as well as the buyers, admired the  
matching pair of prominent bubble butts on father and  
son.  
  
The representative from the brokerage firm spoke to  
the three private clients, “Ah, I think we’re going to  
see a punishment called the ‘carousel’.  It’s kind of a  
neat thing to see!”  
  
Each of the officers took a three-inch wide, three and  
half foot long, reformatory strap, and guided the  
bound father and son to the center of the room.  
Each officer then stood opposite each other six feet  
apart, with the bound father and son in between the  
two officers.  
  
The taller of the two officers commanded Mr. Wilkerson  
and his son, “Now I want you two standing up nice and  
tall and straight, like big boys.”  When father and  
son did so their bodies pressed intimately together,  
flesh against flesh from shoulders to feet.    
  
The taller officer then raised his arm holding the  
strap and said to his partner, “I’ll strike first.”   
When he said this, Ralston scrunched up his face with  
a worried look and let out a moan.  The taller officer  
saw this, brought his arm with the strap back down,  
and turned towards the three friends,  “Listen, you  
three young men.  I take it from the expressions on  
your faces that this is something you are not used to.  
Let me explain something to you.”  
  
The officer paused a bit, and in a very sincere tone  
continued. “When a parent admonishes a child in order  
to help it understand that it must not go near a hot  
stove, and then drives home the point with a few good  
swats to the child’s butt, they are not doing that out  
of hatred for the child, or out of a desire to inflict  
pain.  Rather they are doing it for the very opposite  
reason; out of love for the child and with a desire to  
protect the child from harm.  You three young men need  
to understand that Officer Stanns and I are  
exactly like such parents.  We are not meanies who  
hate servants.  Quite the opposite!  As Social  
Services professionals we are committed to the  
well-being of servants and to the success of the  
social services system.”  
  
“All of us at different stages of our life have  
different duties and different responsibilities.  You  
as students have the duty to get the best grades you  
possibly can.  And if Mr. Wilkerson and his son are  
accepted into Wayne County as social servants, then  
they have the duty to make sure that they perform all  
tasks assigned them quickly and efficiently.  The  
quality of work, social servants perform directly  
impacts the economy and the quality of life in Wayne  
County.  If a single servant slacks, then everyone  
suffers.  So the importance of the responsibilities  
they bear as social servants needs to be brought home  
to them in a very direct fashion.”  
  
All three of Julian’s friends nodded in understanding  
of the officer’s explanation, as did all four of the  
prospective buyers.  
  
The tall officer turned back to the business at hand,  
and again commanded the Wilkerson’s, “Okay, let’s see how  
nice and tall you two can stand for us.  Boys like you  
need to learn the consequences of disobedience.”  Both  
Wilkerson’s slithered their bodies up to show that they  
were obedient.  “Good boys!”  The officer then brought  
his arm up and let the strap flail across Mr.  
Wilkerson’s rump.  The strike made a lot of noise and was  
joined by a holler from Mr. Wilkerson, “Noooo!”, and  
that was followed by an attempt by him to get out of  
the way of the strap which caused him to try and bolt  
away.  When two seconds later the other officer’s  
strap landed across Julian’s ass, he also screamed and  
tried to avoid the blows, thus causing the two bound  
men to move in a circular fashion.  
  
One of the buyers laughed out, “I can see why it’s  
called the ‘carousel’.”  
  
The two officers were very skilled at strapping the  
two asses at just the right time to keep the two  
Wilkerson’s moving around and around.  Even despite the  
screams and howls of father and son, the unusual sight  
brought smiles of amazement to all of the spectators’  
faces, including those of Ralston, Jessie, and Caloda.  
  
As the ferocity of the strappings increased so did the  
circular motion of the bound father and son.  The  
muscled asses going round and round, coupled with the  
screams of Julian and his father, gave Ralston,  
Jessie, and Caloda, turgid erections.  And what they  
were witnessing, seeing buff Julian and his hot dad  
being treated to such a humiliating punishment, sent  
forbidden waves of pleasure through their bodies,  
causing all three of their dicks to start leaking  
precum.  At one point, when the three friends made eye  
contact with each other, they saw that they all had  
open-mouth half smiles, indicating that that they were  
excited.  Ralston shook his head in embarrassment.  
Jessie licked his lips and tugged at his slacks to  
free his boner, and his two friends, seeing the move,  
did the same to their slacks.  
  
The four individual buyers were laughing heartily.  
Julian, in the throes of embarrassment and pain, could  
hear the laughter and wondered if his friends were  
laughing.  When the officers had the father/son team  
prancing in circles at top speed, one of the personal  
buyers took out a camera and snapped a few pictures,  
“I gotta show this to my wife!”  
  
Ralston felt awfully doing it, but he knew that Julian  
couldn’t see him, so he quickly took his digital  
camera out and snapped two quick shots of the  
spectacle.  
  
The agent from the brokerage firm spoke to his fellow  
buyers, “I always have to smile when I see the  
carousel.  Not only is it damn effective, but it’s a  
hoot to watch!”  
  
Just when Caloda was beginning to feel that the  
punishment was too extreme, it stopped.  The officers  
unbound the two, and faced them towards the  
prospective buyers.  Both father and son’s cocks were  
in full-bloom.   
  
The agent from the brokerage firm took out two weights  
hanging from cords and said, “This would be a good  
opportunity for me to perform the weight test.”  The  
tall officer told him to go ahead, and he approached  
Matt and Julian and slung the cords with the weights  
around their erect dicks.  He was pleased with the  
test results, “I don’t know if you other gentlemen  
need this info, but our brokerage house always tests  
erectile strength.  And both father and son can carry  
a number 10 weight.  The father is in prime sexual  
health, just like his son.”  
  
When the buyer from the brokerage firm removed the  
weights from their penises, both Matt and Julian were  
dazed from the embarrassment.  Neither one of them  
could bear to look in the direction of Julian’s  
friends.  When they were both asked to bend over, they  
were so defeated and shamed that they offered no  
resistance as Mort took a slender diameter steel  
dildo, lubed it, and worked it up both of their asses.  
Mort offered his assessment to the buyers. “The old  
man’s kind of tight, but the kid is as fuckable as a  
bitch in heat.  But both of them can take it up the  
ass if they have to.”    
  
As Mort took a cloth and wiped off the steel dildo, he  
addressed the buyers, “While we got these two  
tits-naked, if any of you want to snap a few photos I  
can have them flex their muscles for you.”  
  
All four buyers wanted pictures.  Mort commanded Matt  
and Julian to skin back their dicks, stick out their  
chests, flex their biceps, ands strike a ‘muscle-boy’  
pose.  Both father and son complied; Matt out of total  
defeat and Julian out of fear.  
  
After the photos, their dicks deflated, and no one  
saying anything, Julian felt especially awkward and  
bent over and picked up his jockey shorts from off the  
floor.  Mort snarled, “Who the fuck told you two  
cocksuckers to get dressed?  Throw those shorts back  
on the floor!”  Julian did so with lightening speed.   
“The buyers are not finished checking you out.  Both  
of you, skin back your dicks again, so your buyers can  
see all of you!”  Father and son swallowed hard and  
did as commanded.  “Now stand nice and tall, hands at  
your sides!”  
  
One of the buyers, Frederick Koshell, wondered, “I  
like the material, but that whipping they just got  
doesn’t seem to have cured them of their problem  
behavior.”    
  
Another buyer, a gentleman of about 50, answered, “I’m  
definitely interested in these two, and intend to bid  
on them.  But I’ll tell you what’s going to happen to  
them if I win the bidding.  As soon as I get them to  
my place I’ll give them a good lecture on what kind of  
behavior I expect and then I’m securing both of them to  
the punishment frame, applying thumb, finger, toe, and  
tit screws to them, and leaving them to think on the  
consequence of misbehavior for two or three hours.   
Then, before I remove the screws, I’ll take my  
reformatory strap and have a good session not only  
with their butts, but also with their legs and thighs.  
I find that that does the trick on even hard-to-break  
servants, like these two.”  
  
Mr. Koshell nodded, “It sounds like a good control  
system.  I’m also interested in purchasing these two,  
but I don’t have time for disciplining slaves.  My two  
teenage sons are at an age where they enjoy handling  
slaves, so I let them handle all the discipline and  
control.  My slaves are all well behaved.  I let my  
sons have a free hand in their control.  I don’t know  
what they do, but I figure that as long as none of my  
slaves has ever had to be hospitalized, my boys can’t  
be doing anything too harsh in order to keep them in  
line.”  
  
Everyone laughed at Mr. Koshell’s laid back style.  
Another buyer, a 27-year old investment banker, liked  
what he had heard, “I don’t have any children to help me  
control slaves.  I too intend to bid on these two.   
But if I win the bid the first thing I’m having done  
to them, even before we leave this holding facility,  
is get them fitted with permanent cock cages.  I’ll  
let them know that I won’t even consider having the  
cages removed until after 10 months, and then only if  
their behavior has been exemplary.  And if the cages  
do come off after 10 months, they will still be on a  
limited and monitored masturbation schedule.  I find  
that you can best control a servant through his cock.”  
  
  
The gentleman from the brokerage firm agreed, “My firm  
believes in that policy, as well.  We believe in  
preemptive discipline, and if we sense bad behavior  
coming, we punish even if no actual transgression has  
occurred.  And for the severely intransigent, we give  
them ample warning that they are on the fast track to  
either getting docked or castrated.  Once we give them  
that warning, proper, inline, behavior usually  
follows.  It’s rare, but we have followed through on  
that threat on occasion.” The gentleman from the  
brokerage firm looked at the investment banker, “But  
it is very true what you say; slaves sure are awfully  
obsessed with their cocks, and through their cocks is  
the best way to control them.”  
  
Officer Stanns shared his knowledge, “My Uncle Phil  
had one of his slaves docked, and he is now one of  
Uncle Phil’s best behavers.”  
  
Jessie wondered, “What exactly are you talking about?”  
  
Officer Stanns answered, “It’s having their dicks  
surgically shortened: either removing the tip, or  
slicing it to half its length.  The slave can still  
do and feel everything he used to with his cock, but  
it does wonders for their personalities.  It makes a  
slave realize that he is really special, and is not at  
all like free men.  It has a calming effect on them and  
helps them to accept their lot.”  
  
Mort especially enjoyed this kind of talk, “I think  
all slaves should be docked.”  He nodded at Matt and  
Julian, “If I had my way they’d all be docked the  
moment they walked into this facility!”  
  
The tall officer and the buyers smiled somewhat  
nervously at Mort’s extreme views.  
  
The tall officer spoke, “Well, if you gentlemen have  
seen enough, then Officers Stanns’ and my work is  
finished here.”  
Mort spoke, “I take it, then, that all four of you  
gentlemen are interested in bidding on these two?”  
  
All four buyers nodded ‘yes’.  
  
Mort addressed Matt and Julian, “As the form you  
signed says, once a client has expressed an interest  
in your purchase, you are legally committed to  
indenturement if that person is able to come up with  
the funds in a timely manner.  There is no backing out  
now!  You two are now officially valued property of  
the State of Michigan until your sale, and as such I  
have to secure you.”    
  
Mort removed a pair of handcuffs from his belt,  
gathered Mr. Wilkerson’s arms behind his back, and  
cuffed his arms together.  When he did the same to  
Julian, Julian started sobbing uncontrollably.  
  
Mort then addressed the buyers; “I’ll lead you  
gentlemen to the bursar’s office.  A closed auction  
like this has a few unique rules, but it is a pretty  
low-key affair, and it should be over shortly.”  
  
The two officers exited the room, followed by the four  
interested buyers. Mort then addressed Julian’s three  
friends, “I’m sorry, but you have to leave now.  As  
these two are now indentured, and I cannot leave them  
unattended.”  
  
Ralston wanted in some way to strike out at Mort, to  
express his contempt over Mort’s treatment of Matt and  
Julian, but all that came out was, “Do you have to  
leave them naked?  Why can’t you let them have a shred  
of dignity?”  
  
Mort’s surprisingly composed response surprised  
Jessie, Ralston, and Caloda, “I’m sorry.  I know  
you’re probably not used to nudity.  But as soon as I  
lead the gentlemen buyers to the bursar’s office I  
have to come right back here and get to work on these  
two.  There’s a lot that needs to be done.  I need to  
get them shaved, disinfected, bathed, head-waxed,  
cock-polished, body stenciled, ear-tagged, scrotum  
looped, butt-plugged, ball-gagged, and dressed in  
their Michigan State Service jumpsuits.”  
  
Matt, Julian, Ralston, Caloda, and Jessie all made  
their awkward farewells.  When Mort exited the room  
after Ralston, Caloda, and Jessie, and Matt could hear  
Mort locking the door behind him, he joined his son in  
uncontrolled sobbing.  
  
**POSTSCRIPT:**  
  
Matt and Julian were purchased by Mr. Koshell, the  
buyer who said that he let his two teenage sons  
maintain his slaves.  Mr. Koshell runs a construction  
firm manned primarily by indentured carpenters.  Matt  
enjoys the work, and working with the other servants.   
It turns out that Mr. Koshell’s two sons were indeed  
interested in handling slaves; the female slaves.

They had no interest in the male slaves whatsoever and  
left them alone.  Mr. Koshell just always thought that  
when the boys told them they had been checking out the  
slaves that they had been making sure everything was  
going okay in the servants’ quarters.  He had no idea  
each one of his sons was carrying on an impassioned  
romance with his two female slaves.  
  
When Julian turned 18, eight months after being  
indentured, he was free to leave his father’s side and  
his indentured service, and attend college.  
  
The conditions of forced nudity and living in close  
quarters with other nude men effectively made both  
Matt and Julian come to terms with their sexuality.   
Julian and Ralston share a room on campus, and are now  
engaged in a fun-filled, passionate, affair.  
  
Matt is either giving it or taking it up the ass every  
night in Mr. Koshell’s servant quarters, and is  
enjoying it immensely.  He says that he still prefers  
women; but he also says that when he is finally  
released he is taking that portion of his sale that  
the state invested for him and intends to start a new  
construction company which caters to the needs of the  
gay community.

The End

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