**A Saturday Morning Tapping**

By Randall Austin

Short Story

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Laura Chelen gave a concerned look to her husband,
“Jeff, do you really think you should be taking Timmy
along with you?  He’s only 14 years old.”

Jeff knew his son would have a good time if he
accompanied him, and tried to reassure his wife,
“Honey, the kid getting tapped is a boy, not a girl.
And besides, next semester Timmy has a human anatomy
class and an introduction to social servitude class.
So I think it’s about time he gets to see what the
real world is really like.”

Laura shook her head, “That’s next semester.  I don’t
think he’s ready.”

Jeff attempted to dissuade his son, “Timmy, why don’t
you stay here and keep your mom company.  I’m only
going to be gone for a little while, and it would be
good for you to spend some quality time with your mom
on a Saturday morning.”

Timmy raised his voice, “Aw Dad!  You promised!”

Jeff was not in a mood to argue the point, “Laura.  If
I felt in any way that Timmy was going to be seeing
something that he shouldn’t be seeing, I would not be
taking him.  But Wyatt assured me most of these
tappings are low key events.”

As Jeff and his son made their way out the door, Timmy
gave out a hoot and Laura shook her head frustrated.
To her, social servitude was as much a blight on a
nation as were its questionable wars.  But they were
things you simply didn’t raise too much protest over
if you didn’t want to be completely ostracized from
society.

Jeff’s friend, Wyatt Tansler, was a one-man social
servant dealership.  He inducted and notarized social
servants; processed them, gave them minimal training,
and marketed them.

When conversation about his work came up one night in
the bar, Wyatt suggested to Jeff that he join him on
one of his tappings. “Saturdays are a good time.  It’s
a busy time.  Most folks seem to choose Saturday
morning for a tapping.”

Tapping is the trade word for notifying someone that
they are legally a social servant and then inducting
them into servitude on the spot.

The first part of the job of tapping, notifying
someone of their social servant status, is the easy
part.  It is the second part of tapping, the
induction (apprehending and duly processing an
individual into servitude), that is the tricky part.
And it is for this reason there are very few one-man
social servant dealerships.  Telling someone that they
are now a social servant and showing them the papers
to prove it is one thing.  But having that person hang
around after you have informed them of the fact so
that you can take custody of them is quite another
thing.

A licensed dealer bears a considerable responsibility.
If a person bolts and gets away after they are
informed of their status, the State certified and
licensed agent is fully financially liable for the
escaped servant.

But Wyatt Tansler is as fit, assured, and capable as
anyone in the business.  As Timmy and his father
drove with Wyatt in his Jeep Grand Cherokee to their
destination address, no one could have guessed the
seriousness and import of their mission.  Timmy looked
on the 37-year old Wyatt with considerable awe.
Although Wyatt was dressed as inconspicuously as was
Timmy’s father (“You don’t want to give them a clue as
to what’s up.”), he struck Timmy as a very different
kind of man than his father.

Whereas Timmy’s father was serious, Wyatt was serious
and self-assured.  Timmy’s father was healthy, but
Wyatt was healthy, broad-shouldered, large-biceped,
and fit.  And though Timmy’s father was an attractive
guy whom the women liked, Wyatt looked positively sexy
to Timmy with his gleaming broad face, wide set eyes,
and slicked back hair.

As Wyatt spoke about the mission, Timmy thought how
he’d like to be like Wyatt; how fully cool he was.
Maybe he should start slicking back his hair.

Wyatt informed the two Chelen men that they were
heading out to the south part of the city to pick up
an 18-year old boy; the stepson of a man whose mother
had left the boy with her deserted husband.  The
abandoned boy was not getting along well with his
stepfather or the man’s two sons.  So the stepfather
called Wyatt and asked if he could set his stepson up
in some ‘nice indentured situation’.  Wyatt assured
the stepfather that he knew of a good fit for the boy.

When they pulled up in front of a house in a lower
middle class area, already parked in front of the
house, and waiting in a car, was Heather Madison and
her 12-year old daughter.  When Wyatt and his guests
parked and exited their car, Heather and her daughter
got out of their car.  She went up to Wyatt and
apologized,  “I’m sorry Wyatt, I had to bring my
daughter, Ellie, along.  It was too short of a notice
for me to find a babysitter.”

Wyatt smiled and said it was okay.  Wyatt introduced
Heather to the Chelen’s and explained, “I always need
to subcontract a state registered nurse if I need to
have any on-the-spot ‘mods’ performed.  Heather’s
daughter is an old pro at this.”  Wyatt rubbed Ellie
on the head, “I bet if your mommy weren’t here you’d
be able to do the clipping, nubbing, and ringing
yourself!”

Ellie smiled, and Heather nodded proudly to Jeff and
Timmy, “Ellie wants to be a nurse just like me when
she grows up.”

Heather carried with her an extremely large holiday
purse; and as Wyatt pulled a knapsack out of the back
seat of the Jeep and slung it over his shoulder he
explained, “We carry all of our tools in bags that do
not arouse suspicion.”

The five member group walked up to the front door of
the house, and Wyatt knocked on the door.  When Mr.
Nathan Bouder answered the door, Wyatt introduced
himself.

Mr. Bouder, surprised to see two children present,
wondered what was up.  Wyatt explained, “Nurse Madison
couldn’t find a babysitter, so she had to bring her
daughter, Ellie, along.  Her daughter often
accompanies her mother on these kinds of things, so
she won’t be seeing anything she hasn’t seen before.
And this is my friend Jeff Chelen and his son Timmy.
They’ve never witnessed a tapping before, and I
thought this would be a relatively easy and low-stress
affair for them to observe.  I hope you don’t mind.”

Mr. Bouder was too preoccupied with the pending
indenturement, and so eager to get it over with, that
he waved everyone in with a shrug.

Standing in the living room with folded arms were Mr.
Bouder’s two paternal sons, David, 20, and Henry, 22.
Mr. Bouder asked Wyatt if everything was ready.  When
Wyatt said that he was ready, Mr. Bouder instructed
David to fetch his stepbrother, Steve.

Moments later David entered the room, followed by the
18-year old Steve.  Steve was a healthy looking boy,
but one who looked like he was living in a stressed
environment.  When Timmy saw him, the reality of the
situation before him hit him strongly.

Jeff could sense the stressed environment, and now
suddenly he felt more like he was a voyeur rather than
an observer.  But he responded to the guilt he was
feeling for being present by thinking that it could
only be a good thing to get the kid out of such an
unwholesome environment.

Mr.Bouder spoke to his stepson, “Steve, this gentleman
here is Mr. Wyatt Tansler, and he has something very
important to tell you.”

Wyatt spoke, “Hi son.  You’ve been selected for
membership into a very exclusive organization.”  The
young boy’s face perked up and grew a light smile.
Maybe at last his stepfather would realize that he
wasn’t a worthless kid.

Wyatt unzipped the side of this knapsack and reached
his hand in, “I have something for you Steve.  Why
don’t you come over here so I can give it to you.”

Steve’s smile grew as he made his way past his
stepbrothers and stood next to Wyatt.  In a flash
Wyatt grabbed Steve by the shoulders, spun him around,
pulled his hands together in back, cuffed them, and,
gave out a satisfied mumble, “Toughest part over.”

With one hand holding on to one of Steve’s arms he
slipped off his knapsack, stooped down, and pulled out
a large pair of processing shears and a choke chain.
Nurse Madison acted swiftly in a similar fashion, and
set her large purse on the floor.  She removed several
large implements which frightened both Steve and
Timmy: a nose punch, large medical pliers, several
spiked rings, and a vicious looking steel cylinder
with a bulbous tip.

Timmy swallowed hard in excitement, as Steve froze in
gut wrenching fear.

Wyatt held up a court order for Steve to see and
explained to him that he was now an indentured servant
for the rest of his life.  Once he got Mr. Bouder to
sign his name on the document in several places, he
secured the document in a zippered pocket on the
inside of his shirt, and spoke to the new server boy,
“Okay boy.  You stay calm.  Let’s make this go real
fast and easy.”

As Wyatt took the shears to Steve’s clothing, tears
started rolling down his cheeks and he called out,
“Mr. Bouder, I don’t want to be a slave.”

Mr. Bouder tried to comfort his stepson, “Steve, this
would have never worked out… you staying here.
You’ll like your new life.  I’ve made nice
arrangements for you.  No hard labor.  No
out-of-country sale.  Everything is going to go well
for you, I assure you.  This is all for your own
good.”

As Wyatt snipped off Steve’s clothing, Steve began
wailing and pleading with this stepfather.  No one
said anything, but watched as Wyatt cut through all
Steve’s clothing.  As Steve’s voice grew more frantic,
Wyatt stopped the snipping and gave a serious look to
Steve, “Boy, I want you to shut up right now!”

When he did not stop his crying, Wyatt gave him an
unexpected and very hard slap across the face, “You
keep quiet now, boy!”

Steve could only haltingly stop his crying, so Wyatt
gave him two more hard slaps across the face, “You
have to learn to keep quiet, boy, or else I’m going to
have to get tough with you.”

Steve managed to hold back his loud sobbing, but tears
rolled heavily down his face as Wyatt got back to
snipping off his clothing.  Mr. Chelen had expected to
find the new servant’s stepfamily hostile to their
abandoned step brother, but such was not the case.
The family was in considerable distress, especially
the two sons.  Once Steve had started wailing, both
David and Henry started to tear up.  And their
distress made the proceedings all the more difficult
for Mr. Chelen and his son to observe.

Once the new slave boy had his clothes clipped off,
and was bared for all to see, Nurse Madison stooped
down and removed the boy’s shoes and socks.  Mr.
Bouder noticed a tattoo of a small flower above
Steve’s as crack, “Who said you could get that tattoo,
Steve.  When did you get that?”

Steve was too lost in despair to answer, but Mr.
Bouder asked Wyatt, “Is that going to affect the sale
in any way?”

As Wyatt dug through his knapsack for a foreskin clip,
he responded, “No, not at all.  It’s kind of tasteful.
Shouldn’t bother anyone.”

As Wyatt gathered Steve’s foreskin and clipped it,
Nurse Madison knelt down in front of Steve’s penis
with a foreskin punch.  The new server boy started
howling.

Wyatt told the nurse to pause, and dug out of his
knapsack a strange looking wire mesh ball and told
Steve to open his mouth.  When the boy did not, Wyatt
took a pair of ‘slave pliers’ for the boy to see and
commanded him again to open his mouth.  When the boy
was still too stunned to react, Wyatt held the open
jaws of the pliers next to the boy’s right nipple, “I
just told you to open that cock hole of yours!”  The
new server boy, terrified, finally did so, and Wyatt
stuffed the wire-mesh ball gag into his mouth.  As he
secured the gag with straps around the back of the
boy’s head, he explained to the observers, “This is a
mouth damn.  See how it keeps his mouth open almost as
wide as it will go.  It allows him to breathe freely
and easily, yet doesn’t let him make much more sound
than a whimper.”

Timmy, frightened, grabbed a hold of his father’s
hand.  Jeff now wished he had listened to his wife and
not come to the event and certainly not with his 14 year
old son in tow.

As Wyatt and his nurse did the things they had to do;
pierce the boy’s foreskin, nose, and right nipple, and
then fill those holes with spiked slave rings,
everyone watched.  But Steve was not now the only one
doing the crying (although his was heavily muted
because of his slave wire-mesh mouth gag).  Also
crying were Mr. Bouder’s two sons, who called out,
tearfully, such things as, “You’ll be okay, Stevie.”
“Dad says we can visit you in a couple of weeks.”
“Hang in there man.”  “I love you bro.”

Nurse Madison let her 12-year old daughter, Ellie,
spray the new teen server boy’s penis and right nipple
with pain killing antiseptic, which considerably
lessened the boy’s discomfort and sobbing.  And when
the young girl dabbed the same antiseptic on to the
boy’s freshly pierced nose-piercing with a Q-tip
applicator, the young slave’s boy’s penis started to
firm up, but quickly stopped once the boy let out a
yell from the pain of his new foreskin piercing.

Timmy, distressed by the harsh treatment the new
server boy had received from Mr. Tansler, nevertheless
thought it was cool the way Mr. Tansler did all of the
things he had to do; from subduing the new server boy,
being firm with him when needed, and acting the entire
time so totally cool about all of it.

Both Timmy and his father quickly took on an air
of nonchalance regarding being in the presence of a
naked server boy.  They quickly caught on; to Mr.
Tansler and Nurse Madison slaves were commonly nude,
it was in no way unusual.

But it was a big deal to Timmy.  And as Wyatt knelt
down in front of the new server boy to put wide
leather bands around his legs, just below his knees,
he noticed a bulge in not only Timmy’s pants, who was
standing next to him, but also a slight bulge in the
slacks of Timmy’s father.  Wyatt had witnessed many
times the bulges that sprout up in free men’s trousers
when they are watching a tapping for the first time,
and it always amused him.

Timmy, so shocked and titillated at what he was
witnessing, was completely unaware of his juvenile
hard-on.  Mr. Chelen was only too aware of his own
turgidity, and shifted uncomfortably as he stood.

Mr. Chelen was about to ask Wyatt what the leg bands
were for, but when he saw Wyatt attach a short length
of chain from one leg band to the other, he knew they
were hobbles.  Here he was, in the  21st Century,
watching a naked slave boy get hobbled.

And as Wyatt hobbled the boy, Nurse Madison knelt in
back of the boy and lubed up the strange looking steel
cylinder with a bulbous tip.  She worked it quickly
and smoothly up the server boy’s ass, and the boy
seemed hardly aware that it was going in.  Only when
Nurse Madison started to secure the steel plug with
bands around the boy’s waist and ass crack did the boy
start to writhe in discomfort.

Timmy noted that the boy’s prick started to get fat
again, and as it did so Wyatt put a cinch around the
base of the new server boy’s cock and balls.  He then
attached a length of chain from the base of the cock
cinch to the middle of the chain between the boy’s two
leg hobbles.  The chain made the boy have to bend very
slightly to ease the uncomfortable pull on his genitals.
With the new server’s boys wire-mesh ball gag forcing
his mouth into a wide open position, and giving his
face a pitiable questioning look, both Timmy and his
father thought how the boy looked the picture of the
abject slave; one who probably, from this point on,
wouldn’t be giving his new owner and trainer very much
trouble at all.

Wyatt’s final act was to secure a towel-like band
around the hobbled boy’s waist, “There, let’s get you
covered and dignified.”  Wyatt led the server boy out
to his Jeep, followed by Mr. Chelen and Timmy.  Mr.
Bouder called out to Steve from his front porch, “We
love you, Steve!”  His two sons echoed their father’s
words.

Wyatt placed the new server boy in the back seat of
the Jeep.  There were secured to the floor of the Jeep
several lengths of chain, which Timmy did not notice
on his ride out to the Bouder’s, and which Wyatt now
attached and locked to the server boy’s leg bands.  He
then invited Timmy to sit in the back seat of the
Jeep, next to Steve.

Before getting into the Jeep, Wyatt looked at the new
server boy, “Another fine young man tapped into
service for his country!”

Wyatt got into the driver’s seat, and Jeff sat next to
him.  It was a beautiful day.  As they drove along,
the breeze on Timmy’s face felt wonderful.  He looked
at the secured server boy sitting next to him, and had
a sudden and indescribable urge to reach his hand
under the boy’s waistcloth and fondle his genitals.

Wyatt noticed Timmy in the rear view mirror, eyeing
his new server boy.  He winked at Timmy, “Go ahead,
you can feel him up.”

Wyatt and Jeff looked at each other and smiled.  Jeff
looked back at his son and the servant and asked
Wyatt, “Can you remove the mesh gag?”
“Nope.  Sorry.  The last thing you want to do is let a
server boy think he’s got a new set of friends.  He’s
calm now in large part because of that wire-mesh gag.
It stays on.”

It sounded like a harsh answer to Timmy.  Yes, he
wanted to feel the boy up; reach under his towel and
pump his slave pecker, especially while he was mouth
gagged.  But Timmy was a civilized young man, raised
well by his loving parents.  But he nevertheless
wanted very much to touch the boy.  So he reached over
to the new server boy, nodded at him, and gave the boy
several loving taps on his bare shoulder.  Taps that
said, “I’m sorry man.  I wish you well and all the
best.”  The server boy looked Timmy in the eyes, and
was comforted.

The warmth of the nearly naked boy’s shoulders were
inviting to Timmy.  He moved closer to the boy and
hugged him, lovingly.  Jeff looked back at his son as
he comforted the server boy.  He was proud of his son
and glad, at last, that he had brought him along to
observe the tapping.

THE END

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