**Home Training**

A Short Story

By Randall Austin

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Julian Forestman got into the backseat of Michael Morgan’s SUV.  Julian just met Michael Morgan ten minutes ago, having learned that Mr. Morgan had purchased him only moments after the judge sentenced him to eight years servitude for hosting a party where drugs and minors were involved.

 How Julian’s life had changed.  When he left his condo earlier this very morning he had assumed he would be put on probation, or, at worst, sentenced to public duty servitude for a year or two.  He even assumed if he were to be sentenced to public duty servitude he would find the state’s two month training session for public duty slaves something of an amusing vacation experience.  Then, after training, his skills as a software engineer would be utilized by the state in some easy-as-pie programming capacity.

 Instead Julian was sentenced to full servitude for eight years and immediately put on auction.  Mr. Morgan was at the County Social Services office using their online catalogue and saw Julian’s information become available as soon as the judge banged his gavel and sentenced him.

 Mr. Morgan was a farmer and needed a strong, young, man for hard labor.  On the order form Mr. Morgan checked the box that indicated that he wanted to personally train the slave.  The state is happy with that option as it saves money if it doesn’t have to take on the expense of housing and training the slaves that it indentures.

 Mr. Morgan instructed Julian to put on his seatbelt.  Sitting next to Julian was Mr. Morgan’s 14-year old son, Danny.

 In the middle seat was Mr. Morgan’s 17-year old son, Kyle.

 And in the front seat, sitting next to his father who was getting into the driver’s seat, was 21-year old Steve.

 All three boys looked at the new slave.  Steve asked, “How old are you boy?”

 Julian was shocked at being called ‘boy’ by someone younger than himself.  Mr. Morgan spoke, “He’s talking to you, Julian.  Show some respect and answer his question.”

Julian didn’t like Mr. Morgan’s tone either, but answered the question, “I’m 24”.

 Kyle commented, “He sure doesn’t act like a slave.”

 Mr. Morgan answered, “That’s because he hasn’t been trained.  We’re going to home-train him, boys.”

 Danny wondered, “Is that why you bought those whips and paddles and those strange looking gadgets, Dad?”

 “That’s right, son.”  Mr. Morgan took a hand away from the steering wheel and wiped his chin.  “And you boys are going to be helping me to train him.”

 Julian’s stomach sank.  Mr. Morgan continued, “I can’t be watching him the whole time, so one of you boys is always going to be present with him when I’m not with him.  And report to me if there are any problems.”

 Julian felt like crying, but was also becoming frightened at his situation.

 Mr. Morgan touched Steve on the shoulder, “Now you, Steve, are old enough where you can actually do some of the punishing of the slave, if any needs to be done.”

 Steve’s cock plumped up a bit.

 Danny asked, “How come he doesn’t have a collar on, Pa?  All the slaves who work at Marco’s Department Store wear collars.  And so do all the garbage slaves.”

 Mr. Morgan answered, “Once we get him home we can get him naked and check him out, and see what kinds of collar, bands, irons, bracelets, and leggings, will fit him best.”

 Steve wondered, “Did they shave him, Dad?”

 “Boys, they didn’t do anything to him.  I indicated on the order form that we would do it all: totally home train, groom, and body-modify him.”

 Steve’s cock plumped up some more.

 Little Danny had never been so close to a real slave before, and wondered if he should be afraid, “Daddy, how do I know that he won’t hurt me?”

 “You don’t have to be afraid, honey.  Day’s before his sentencing, Julian was required to undergo various tests, including a physical and psychological.  He was determined to not present any risk at all.”

 Mr. Morgan glanced at his new slave in the rear view mirror, and continued, “But that doesn’t mean that he won’t be ornery and defiant once we try to make him do some hard work, so that’s why I’ve purchased all the control devices that I did.  They are just things used to motivate slaves. Very standard.”

 Julian shook his head, looked out the window, and mumbled, “Fuck!”

 Steve jumped on the comment, “Dad, did you hear that?”

 Mr. Morgan answered, “I sure did, son.  And I’m not letting that pass.”

 Mr. Morgan raised his voice and addressed the new slave, “Julian, I’m sorry you did that.  But that kind of behavior will not be tolerated on the farm.  Now when we get home, the first thing I’m going to do is have you go over my knee for a spanking.  We have to get you naked anyway, so we can inspect you and figure out what we want to do to your body.  But before we even decide how we’re going to fix up your body, the first thing that’s happening once you’re totally bare is a good old fashioned over-the-knee spanking.  And my boys are going to be watching.”

 The pricks of all three of Mr. Morgan’s sons erected fully – from Danny’s pricklet, to Kyle’s teen boner, to Steve’s fully adult unit.

 Mr. Morgan wasn’t hard, but he already knew that he expected his new slave to be providing him with plenty of rock-solid hard-ons in the years ahead.

 The remainder of the drive from the courthouse to Mr. Morgan’s farm was difficult for both the new slave and Mr. Morgan.

 Julian found himself frustrated over his recent indenturement, and the barrage of questions from Mr. Morgan’s three sons only added to his misery.  Julian, in his frustration, ended up not only cursing again, which had already gotten him a promise of a spanking from Mr. Morgan on their arrival home; but Julian also ended up using some really nasty swear words that were entirely inappropriate in front of Mr. Morgan’s two younger sons, Danny 14, and Kyle 17.

 Mr. Morgan’s eldest son, Steve, 21-years old, had, of course, heard the vulgar words before, but it was he who encouraged his father to take tougher measures than a spanking once they were back home at the farm.  Mr. Morgan agreed.

 Once they arrived at the Morgan home, Steve watched the new slave get out of the family car, and as he eyed the slave he had a look on his face that told Julian that Mr. Morgan’s eldest son would be watching him like a hawk.  In Steve’s eyes, Julian was already an ‘untrustworthy slave’, part of the enemy class that has to be watched, subjugated, and punished.

 Julian was uncomfortable.  Here he was being led into the home of a total stranger and his three sons.  A total stranger who happened to own him, who had total control over him, and who intended to let his three sons have a hand in watching over him and punishing him.

 Mr. Morgan opened up the trunk of the car and ordered Julian to carry the three boxes that were in the trunk into the house.  This was Julian’s first order as a slave, and Mr. Morgan’s three sons seemed to be fascinated watching the new slave boy obey orders.

 Julian felt awkward and humiliated being told what to do and being watched like he was the family’s new puppy.  He initially fumbled with the three boxes, and Mr. Morgan told him to be careful, “Take it easy, boy!  Watch what you’re doing!”

 Julian felt miserable being reduced to the status of bumbling slave, and being treated like a child.  When Steve coaxed the new slave to move faster by saying, “Move it along, little guy!”, Julian had to restrain himself from back-talking his owner’s eldest son.

 The interior of Mr. Morgan’s farmhouse was classic rustic, and seemed to lack the touch of a woman’s influence.  Julian did not know, but assumed that Mr. Morgan and his three sons were the only residents of the farmhouse.

 The boys were hustling about and as excited as if it were Christmas morning over the prospect of having their very own slave.  Mr. Morgan asked Steve to help him move a large item, that had been delivered to them earlier in the week by Social Services, to the center of the living room.

 Danny asked, “What is that thing, Dad?”

 “It’s a scrotal pillory, son?”

 Kyle asked for clarification, and Mr. Morgan explained, “A pillory is a device used to secure and expose a person guilty of some offense.  A pillory is most often used in modern times not just to display a slave, but also to secure a slave for punishment.  In some pillories the head and the hands of the guilty are put into a yoke, and the offender is thus rendered immobile.  The ‘scrotal pillory’ is a normal servant spanking frame.  But right where the slave’s ball-sack would be hanging when he is bent over the frame for a spanking, is a cuff that goes about the servant’s ball-sack at the point just below the penis.  Thus the slave is secured to the frame by his scrotum.”

 Danny giggled from embarrassment.  Danny’s father was understanding, “That’s okay, Danny.  I can see why you would think it was funny.  But you need to know that slaves often have their genitals used as tethering points.  Later today we are going to have Julian ringed through his penis and nut-sack so that we can use them for tethering him. Such use of a slave’s genitals as areas for tethering and control are very common in modern servitor stewardship.”

 Kyle was clearly interested enough in the contraption to ask another question, “But once you start beating the slave, won’t all of his jumping about put him in danger of ripping off his nut-sack?”

 Mr. Morgan pointed out the wrist and leg cuffs that were attached to the pillory, “Yes, that is why you must always cuff a slave down by both his wrists and his legs if you have his nut-sack cuffed to the pillory and intend to beat him.”

 As Julian stayed quiet, hoping to be ignored, Mr. Morgan called out to him, “Okay boy, come and stand over here.  It’s time for me and my boys to begin home training you.  Take off all of your clothes so we can begin.  You have earned yourself some extra punishment, so instead of a spanking, I’m going to use this opportunity to give my eldest son, Steve, some lessons in the proper way to use the paddle.”

Kyle felt left out, “Dad that isn’t fair.  How come Steve gets to punish the slave but I don’t?”

 Little Danny called out also, “Yeah Dad, me too.  I wanna paddle him too!”

 Mr. Morgan rubbed his chin and looked at his sons as he thought for a moment, then responded, “You know, boys, I think what we saw driving home today is that we have ourselves a slave who is probably going to be needing lots of correction in the days ahead.  So I think it would be wise if I allow you, Kyle, to have the authority to paddle the slave as you see fit.  However, unlike your older brother, you are never allowed to give Julian more than ten swats of the paddle on any given day.”

Mr. Morgan next patted his youngest son on the head, “And I don’t see why you, Danny, can’t be allowed to paddle Julian’s ass from time to time, but only under my supervision.”

Mr. Morgan’s two youngest sons yipped and high-fived in excitement.

 Julian, shocked by what he was hearing, hadn’t begun to undress.  Mr. Morgan encouraged him, “Come on boy, we want you to get totally bare buck naked!  You don’t have anything to be ashamed of any longer, as you’re a slave now.  It’s as common for slaves to be naked as it is for little babies.  No need to be ashamed.  No one thinks a thing of it when they see a naked baby, and it’s the same with slaves.  We’re going to be seeing you naked an awfully lot from now on.”

 Julian began undressing, with a defeated look on his face.

 Kyle asked, “Dad, I heard that Nicolas Cage keeps his servants naked all the time.  Why can’t we keep our slave naked?”

 Mr. Morgan liked the idea, “I think that’s not a bad idea, especially during these first several weeks while we’re home training him.  So I think that’s what we will do.  No more clothes for you, Julian, until we feel you are up to speed as a servant!”

 Julian couldn’t take any more.  He stopped undressing when he was down to his white undies, and started to sob.  And moments after he began sobbing, Julian broke down completely and started bawling out loud.  The reality of his situation had hit him.  He was now a lowly slave, about to get naked and be punished by his new owner.  He was no different than slaves throughout history, being forced to feel pain in order that they might learn proper behavior.  He was no more than the lowliest galley slave of ancient Rome, or the African loaded into ships in the 18th Century and shipped to America.

 Another man now had total control over Julian’s life; a man who had the authority to make him feel pain as a teaching tool; a man who could take away his privacy; a man who could completely ignore his personhood and past achievements; a man who could, and was about to, treat him to the most demeaning kind of pillorying imaginable, securing him to a spanking frame by his balls; and a man who could and was about to let his three young sons participate in his pillorying, ass-paddling, and whatever else he wanted to.

 As Julian stood and wept, Mr. Morgan went up to him, and very gently pulled Julian’s underpants down.  It was meant to be a comforting sign to Julian that Mr. Morgan was sensitive to his shame, and would not shout angrily at him in his misery.  Julian appreciated the fact that Mr. Morgan wasn’t berating him for being in such misery, but his mind was much too blurred to take everything in.

 When Julian’s hairy, adult, cock came into view, all three of Mr. Morgan’s sons had to swallow in excitement, for this was the moment; their very own slave was finally naked before them, bawling at his miserable condition, fully exposed, and about to be secured to the spanking frame by his nuts.  And they would be allowed to help paddle his ass.

 Little Danny had an idea, “Make him do some jumping jacks, Dad!”

 Mr. Morgan thought it was a good idea, “That sounds like a good idea.  It might help get his mind out of the doldrums.  But I don’t have to order him for you, Danny.  He is your slave too!  Go ahead and tell Julian what you want him to do.”

 Danny happily instructed his new slave, “I want you to do some jumping jacks, and don’t stop until I tell you to stop.”

 Danny’s order did take Julian’s mind away from what he was crying about, but more because he was shocked at being ordered around by a 14-year old kid.  Mr. Morgan encouraged Julian, “Do as Danny says Julian.  He is your master too, as are all three of my boys.”

 Julian was slow to comprehend.  Mr. Morgan encouraged Julian, “Do as your young master says, and do it now.  Or else your paddling is going to last 20 minutes instead of 10 minutes!”

 Julian began doing jumping jacks, and the boys laughed out loud at the big boy jumping naked, with his cock and balls jiggling wildly about.

 But Danny was eager to see what a real slave punishment session would be like, so after just a minute or so, he told Julian to stop jumping, and instructed his father, “Get him tied down, Dad, so we can begin beating him.”

 Mr. Morgan led Julian to the spanking table/pillory, and the first thing he did was to take his nuts, cuff them, and lock the cuff to the table.  There was Julian, standing at the spanking table, secured to it by only his nuts.  Before Mr. Morgan ordered Julian to bend over the table so he could cuff his arms and legs to the pillory, he ordered Julian to stand up tall.

 Julian did as ordered, and Mr. Morgan addressed his sons, “There he is, boys; our slave, Julian, locked to the spanking table by nothing but his ball-sack.  I think it is beginning to sink into him, as he stands naked before us, his new owners, cuffed to the punishment table by nothing but his scrotum, that he is now a slave, and nothing but a slave.”

 All three of Mr. Morgan’s sons began leaking precum, as Mr. Morgan continued, “Here’s our new slave, boys, cuffed to the pillory by his scrotum.  Steve, why don’t you snap some pictures of him standing there for the family album.  Some pictures of Julian secured by his balls, waiting to receive his first paddling from his new owners.”

Steve quickly grabbed his cell phone and began snapping.  He walked all around the pillory snapping pictures, as Julian sobbed.

 Mr. Morgan continued, “Once we finish up with his punishment, we will spend a lot of time exploring his body, as we decide just how we want to get him fixed up; what parts of him to ring, what to cut, what to bell, and what to tattoo.”

 Mr. Morgan touched Julian on the shoulder, “Okay, big fella, bend over now so I can cuff you down by your wrists and ankles so my boys and I can begin working on your rump with the paddle.  We’re going to work you over really good, boy!”

 Julian did as ordered, and as Mr. Morgan fitted Julian’s ankles and wrists in to the cuffs, and secured him to the pillory by, he spoke to Julian, “It’s time to pay the piper, Julian.  Swearing is never allowed in my home, at least not by a slave.  I hope what you are about to receive teaches you to show proper respect for my boys and me.”

 Mr. Morgan next addressed his sons, “Boys, Julian is categorized as both a ‘hard-labor’ and a ‘personal’ slave.  That is why he cost so much money, and it means he not only does work for us, but we can also use him for personal matters.  We discussed this a little bit beforehand.  Remember how I said I wanted you boys to be able to have a means of ‘release’ so that your schoolwork doesn’t suffer.”

 Julian, secured to the spanking table by his cuffed legs, ankles, and balls, was listening to Mr. Morgan as intently as his sons were listening.

 “I can see all three of you boys are tenting in your pants at the prospect of Julian’s paddling, so I would suggest we make this a real professional style beating, and have all three of you get naked as you paddle Julian, just the way professional trainers often do.  Then, after you boys get nice and worked up from paddling Julian, you can go ahead and fuck him.”

 The boys had heard that professional trainers are often naked as they whip trained new slaves, and the fact that their father wanted them to start fucking their new slave on his first day in service pleased them greatly.

 The boys certainly wanted to fuck the new slave, but the idea of doing it in front of each other seemed somewhat awkward.  But being young males they needed to fuck something, so they looked questioningly at each other.

 Their father encouraged them, “Go ahead boys, it’s common for the males of slave owning families to get naked as they punish their slaves.  There is nothing to be ashamed of; just as its common for babies and slaves to be naked all the time, so it’s common for overseers to strip naked as they punish their slaves.  And it’s just as common for overseers to fuck a slave after it’s been punished.”

 All three of the boys wanted more than anything to get naked, but it took Steve to set the example by being the first to begin undressing.  Once Steve began undressing, the two younger boys stripped off at lightning speed.  In no time Mr. Morgan’s three sons were naked and sporting full blown, at attention, purple knobbed erections, with all of their dick heads glistening with precum.

All three boys were well endowed, and Mr. Morgan was proud, “Beautiful boys. Just beautiful.”

Mr. Morgan handed a paddle to Danny, showed him what areas of Julian’s buttocks he should aim for, and Danny went to work.

Danny really didn’t need any lessons.  He swung the paddle with a vengeance, and each stroke turned his teen boner into a higher grade of steel.

Kyle called out, excited, “See how loud you can make him squeal, Danny!”

Mr. Morgan went to get the lube, and when he came back he was surprised at the ferocity with which his youngest son beat Julian’s ass.  He suggested it was time for him to stop paddling Julian, as he handed him the lube, “Here Danny, why don’t you lube up.  You look like you’re ready to explode.”

Danny knew how to lube his dick up, and his father helped guide his youngest son’s prick into slave Julian’s hole.  “There you go, son. Have yourself some fun!”

Danny’s cock slid into the new slave’s with little effort.  He cooed in ecstasy as he began pumping his hips.  Kyle slowly jacked his prick as he watched his young brother hump-fuck their new slave.

Like any 14-year old, Danny shot his load within a minute, and screamed as he came.  He screamed so loud that no one could hear Julian crying.

Once Danny pulled out, Mr. Morgan handed the paddle to Kyle.  Kyle began paddling, but his mind was aglow with the fucking that was to follow, and his swats were gentle compared to his younger brother’s.  After just six relatively mild strokes of the paddle he handed the paddle to his father, and began lubing up.

Kyle was, however, a harder fucker than a paddler, and he rammed Julian’s ass with the fervor of any wild beast in heat.  Julian cried out, and the cries of the slave were delicious sounds to Kyle’s ears. Kyle’s father complimented his 17-year old son, “Nice style, son.  You are one ace stud!”

As Kyle fucked, 21-year old Steve flexed his muscles and admired himself in the mirror in preparation for his turn at bat.

When Kyle’s dick began exploding, he went silent as his eyes rolled back in his head.  His orgasm was mind numbing.  Once he came he let his dick remain up the slave’s ass for a good minute.

Steve lubed up his dick before he began paddling.  Once lubed, his father instructed, “Your two younger brothers didn’t do that much with the paddle, so I’m counting on you to give it to him good.”

Steve smiled and waggled his dick at his father in acknowledgement of his request.  He began paddling with surefire focus, and was able to elicit the most howls and pleas from Julian.  Steve’s dick was sloshing precum as he beat Julian’s ass.  Steve proved his father’s hunch that he would be able to deliver the paddling the slave deserved.

When finished, Steve handed the paddle to his father.  Steve was a talker-fucker.  As he entered the slave’s hole, he talked, “Okay boy, I’m going to give you some overseer prick.  Do you like the feel of my dick up your ass?  This is the dick that will be controlling you!”

And as Steve fucked, he talked, “Feel good, bitch?  You like having your master’s prick up your ass?  You gonna be a good boy?  You gonna keep your cunt nice and juicy for me?”

And Steve reached down to grasp Julian’s cock as he fucked him, “You want me to make your clitty feel good, slaveboy?”

And as he shot his gobs, he talked, “Take that, you hard-labor, cum bucket, slaveboy bitch!”

Mr. Morgan was aglow, “I can’t tell you boys how proud I am of you.”

The three boys were, by now, comfortable with being naked around their slave, and were not eager to get dressed.

Steve asked his father, “Dad, you gonna have a go at the slave?”

“Not now son.  But I will probably have him sleep with me tonight.”

Mr. Morgan undid the slave’s restraints, releasing all the cuffs that secured Julian to the scrotal pillory.

Julian stood up, tears in his eyes.  And was surprised to see Mr. Morgan’s three sons as naked as he was, and apparently not eager to get dressed.

Mr. Morgan touched his slave affectionately, “There, you have taken your first punishment very well, like a good slave always should.  Now I want you to thank my boys for helping you become a better slave.”

Julian thanked the three boys, even calling each one by name.  His slave-groveling ‘thank you’s’ had the effect of making the three young overseers feel like real slave owners.

Mr. Morgan gave Julian a hug, and liked the sweaty smell of the freshly punished slave.

“Okay boy, come with us now.  We’re going to lay you out on the shaving table and check your body out and decide how we want to get you fixed up.”

Mr. Morgan and his three naked sons led the naked slave to a very large bathroom and had him recline, front side up, on a massage table.

Julian was surprised that the table had cuffs attached, and Mr. Morgan’s sons cuffed his legs and arms down.

Mr. Morgan and his three naked sons looked down at Julian.  Mr. Morgan pointed to a collection of beads, baubles, rings, jewelry, collars, cuffs, and bells that were on the countertop.  “Okay boys, what should we do to him?”

Young naked Danny grabbed a silver collar and held it to Julian’s neck.  “I like this one, Dad!”

“So do I, Danny.  Why don’t you snap it on him!”

Danny collared the new slave.  As he did so his prick began once again to plump up.

Kyle held a very large ring to Julian’s dick tip, “This looks good, Dad.”

His father agreed, “Then go ahead and ring his dick.”

Kyle took out his piercing kit and began by marking Julian’s dick by where he would be piercing it.

Julian cried out, but Mr. Morgan explained, “Don’t you go fretting.  Kyle is a trained body modifier.  He has not only ear and tit-ringed himself, but has also done piercings for his brothers and friends.”

The family had a good time decorating their new slave.  They ended up giving him not only a cockhead piercing, but also pierced both of Julian’s tits, both ears, his nose, and his scrotum.  And they enjoyed hearing Julian howl as Kyle did the piercing of his various body parts.

The piercings, collaring, cuffing, ringing, and belling of their new slave made all three brothers’ cocks steel hard once again.  Their father was happy that common nudity had helped to make his sons more comfortable with their bodies, “I think it’s wonderful that you boys have decided to remain naked as you worked on Julian.  It’s a real family moment for us.  I can see that all three of you need some more release, so I will leave you boys to have some more fun.  And then once you’re finished with him, give him a shave, a bath, groom him, and put some food in his bowl.  Then after he eats you can put him to work in the yard.

The boys did everything they could think of to Julian.  They did some more fucking, as well as making Julian suck dick, lick ass, and drink piss.  And all three of the naked brothers even gave Julian’s dick a good sucking as they played with him.

Once they had finished playing with their new toy, the brothers groomed their new slave and took him to their father to show him off.  Mr. Morgan was surprised and pleased at what his sons had done to Julian.

The three naked brothers had slave Julian stand in front of their father for his inspection.  They had shaved all of his body hair off; they had cut his hair leaving only a one-inch wide swath of hair from his forehead to his neck, and a crisscrossing one-inch wide swath of hair running from ear to ear, and this they had gelled so it stuck up like a Mohawk in the shape of an X; they had his body completely oiled from face to foot so he glistened; they painted his lips and the tip of his dick a brilliant red; they attached a cowbell to his collar; they had a doggy tail but plug secured on that wiggled when Julian walked; and as a finishing touch Kyle sprayed him from head to foot with his Axe Body Spray.

Mr. Morgan was pleased, “You boys sure know how to pretty up a slave!”

Steve smiled, “We thought that since he was going to be working in the yard, he should be presentable in case any of the neighbors happen to see him.”

All three of the boys donned a pair of shorts and a training whip as they led their new slave outdoors to supervise his yard work.

Mr. Morgan beamed with pride at how his decision to get a hard-labor/personal slave for his boys was not only having a bonding effect among his sons, but would also help them learn new responsibilities.

The End

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