Shaft-Banding the New Boy

By Randall Austin

A Short Two Part Story

**PART ONE**  
  
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The covey of newly indentured males sat in the holding room in the basement of  
the Minneapolis Court House. The five males had just been handed various terms  
of indenturement from the court, and were waiting to be transported to the  
Hennepin County Social Services Training Center.  
  
None of the five males, ranging in age from 23 to 30, really knew what to  
expect. They were all dressed and groomed neatly, wearing ties and sport  
jackets as their lawyers' had requested. They were told that giving a neat  
appearance could add positively to the judge's perception of them, and could be  
an influence in their favor.  
  
For these five men the nice clothing and gelled hair didn't help. But even  
though sentenced to servitude, they had, thus far, all been treated respectably  
by everyone in the system. Their first and only somewhat demeaning moment was  
after their sentencing, when they heard the bailiff call into his mobile, "I  
have a covey of slaves ready for transport."  
  
‘Covey’ is a term used to refer to animals. A couple of the men winced when  
they heard the term.  
  
In the holding room the five males bonded, as men in such a situation usually  
do. They introduced themselves.  
  
Rod was a 25-year old carpenter sentenced to 3 years servitude for shoplifting.  
  
Bill was a 30-year old part-time disc jockey sentenced to 8 years for drug  
dealing.  
  
Jake was a 23-year old ballet dancer sentenced to 6 years for a second drunk  
driving conviction.  
  
Frank was a 27-year old medical technician sentenced to 16 years for  
manslaughter.  
  
And Aaron was a 26-year old fireman sentenced to 5 years for beating up his  
wife.  
  
A young redneck 25-year old guard opened the door to the holding room and  
interrupted the new slaves' conversation with a rough voice, "All right. Cut  
out the talking! Now!"  
  
When the guard had closed the door, Aaron shook his head, "Jeezizchist, what a  
jerk!"  
  
All five of the new slaves laughed, which helped to break the tension.  
  
Seconds later the young red neck guard entered the room accompanied by another  
guard, who appeared to be the same age as the redneck, but softer looking in  
appearance, went up to Aaron, grabbed him by the shoulder, and pulled him into a  
standing position. They put a thumbscrew on his right thumb, and tightened it.  
  
Aaron clutched at his thumb, screaming, "What are you doing to me?"  
  
The red neck guard answered, "You don't ever speak disrespectfully of any  
overseer in command of you!"  
  
The two guards smiled as they watched Aaron desperately trying to get the  
thumbscrew off as his eyes filled with tears in pain.  
  
He pleaded, "Please take this off."  
  
The second guard asked, "Do you think you've learned your lesson?"  
  
Aaron shouted, "Yes!"  
  
The second guard took a key from his pocket and unlocked and removed the  
thumbscrew. He explained, "Don't worry, your thumb isn't broken. It only feels  
like it is."  
  
The two guards left, and Aaron, a former tough guy hero-type fireman, was  
embarrassed that he had just been reduced to tears in front of four other guys.  
  
Bill touched Aaron on the shoulder and whispered, "Sorry, man!"  
  
Aaron nodded appreciatively as he wiped the tears from his eyes.  
  
Moments later the softer looking guard arrived along with a high school aged kid  
pushing a cart with five cloth bags on it. The guard took one of the bags and  
read the name and ID number on it, "Rodney Holstrum." Rod nodded and the guard  
gave him the bag, "Put everything you're wearing in the bag. Put your shoes in  
the bag first."  
  
The guard handed out the rest of the bags and the five new slaves began  
stripping. The guard told them that everything goes in the bag, "Everything,   
gentlemen; watches, rings, jewelry, and billfolds."  
  
The high school kid was gay and had landed a dream job. He watched the five  
hunk slaves undress with appreciative eyes wide open.  
  
Once the men had all of their belongings bagged, the boy gathered them, put them  
on his cart, and exited the room pushing his cart along with the guard.  
  
Behind the closed doors the five slaves smiled at each other awkwardly, the  
first step in acknowledging that life was probably going to be a little  
different for them from now on.  
  
Bill started to joke about their situation, but Jake shushed him with a finger  
to his lips and whispered, "Let's not get Gumbo the guard all riled up again!"   
The five slaves laughed at Bill's name for the redneck guard.  
  
Both guards returned fifteen minutes later, each holding truncheons, and the  
softer guard instructed the slaves, "Line up, single file, hands at your sides,   
and follow me. Be quiet and orderly at all times!"  
  
The guard led them out of the holding room, and the redneck guard followed the  
slaves at the end of the line, holding his truncheon with both hands.  
  
The new slaves were very embarrassed. They were being led through what were  
standard offices, with male and female workers in their cubicles, and people  
walking down the hallways. Many of the office workers looked up to take in the  
sight of the new slave parade, but many did not.  
  
When several of the new slaves' hands went from their sides to cover up their  
genitals, the redneck guard shouted, "Hands at your sides!"  
  
By the time the covey had arrived at the loading dock, all of the slaves were  
red-faced from embarrassment. At the loading dock were two very muscular and  
tall guards in black and blue uniforms, like the redneck guard's uniform, only  
they had cords and chains hanging about their necks, and from their belts hung  
several plier-like instruments.  
  
One of the muscular guards went up to Rod and took hold of his cock by its root  
with both hands, and began pulling on it. Rod was taken by surprise and  
shouted, "What the fuck! Cut it out!"  
  
The muscular guard immediately let go of Rod's cock and grabbed him instead by  
both of his forearms and pulled him up very close to him. Rod, stud carpenter  
until just moments ago, was frightened. The muscular guard had Rod pulled so  
closely against himself that Rod's naked cock was scrunched into the guard's  
uniformed groin.  
  
The muscular guard holding Rod nodded to the redneck guard, who grabbed a prison  
strap from an implements table, and went up behind Rod.  
  
The redneck guard began strapping Rod's ass ferociously. Rod screamed. Rod  
yelled. The strap was noisy. Rod howled and tried to dance away but the  
guard holding him was a force of nature. The guard looked into the face of Rod  
as he screamed in agony. He peered into Rod's eyes and softly smiled.  
  
The four other slaves were terrified at what they saw. The strapping was  
quickly turning Rod's ass into a most painful looking bright red. Welts were  
beginning to form.  
  
A transport vehicle began backing into the loading dock, but the redneck guard  
did not stop his beating of the former carpenter.  
  
The muscular guard holding Rod could feel Rod's cock erect in reaction to the  
pain. He held Rod more tightly, almost as if he wanted to feel Rod's erection  
tight against his uniformed groin.  
The transport vehicle parked, and two officers from the Hennepin County Social  
Services Training Center exited the vehicle. They folded their arms as they  
waited the redneck guard to complete the strapping.  
  
The redneck guard stopped the beating only when it looked like the first of the  
welts raised on the carpenter's ass were about to break and bleed.  
  
The muscular guard let go of the bawling carpenter, and both of his hands resumed  
groping Rod's now very erect cock by its root. When he had Rod's root gripped  
just the way he wanted it, he pulled a cord from his service belt and looped it  
around the root of Rod's cock. He cinched it tightly. It caused Rod's already  
enormous cock to turn into a purple-headed monster.  
  
The other slaves watched in horror, but lost their concern for the carpenter  
when the other muscular guard grabbed Bill by the cock in a similar fashion and  
cinched him.  
  
The two muscular guards found the remaining slaves very compliant and easy to  
cock cinch.  
  
When the five new slaves were all tightly cinched, and their cocks and balls  
were hoisted prominently, one of the muscular guards took a prison cord and  
snapped it to a loop in Frank's cock cinch. He eventually connected all five  
slaves by their new cock-cinches to the same cord.  
  
Once the new slaves were all cinched together one of the muscular guards went up  
to Frank, grasped his cock, and started to jack him off as he instructed, "Come  
on all you slaves, get hard for us. We have to get your cock shafts banded.  
  
The muscular guard let go of Frank's cock and nodded at him to start jacking  
himself.  
  
Rod was not in need of jacking as his erection had not subsided in the least  
from his ass strapping, so he was the first to get cock shaft banded by one of  
the guards. The guard took what looked like a ball-bander used on bulls, the  
elastrator, and fitted it with a one-inch wide elastic band. He  
positioned the band just in back of Rod's cock-head, and squeezed the banding  
tool.  
  
The band was a very tight fit, as it was supposed to be, and Rod screamed in  
pain, "AHHHH, what are you doing to me?"  
  
Before the guard could answer, the other guard snapped a cock shaft band on  
Frank, the first of the remaining slaves to get erect, who let out a scream that  
was louder than Rod's.  
  
One of the more seemingly mild mannered transport officers answered, "Don't  
worry, gentlemen. The shaft band is becoming a standard item for slaves in  
training. It'll help you get your mind off sex and focused on your duties as  
slaves."  
  
Once the line of root-cinched and cock-banded slaves, all locked together by a  
single cord, had their cocks painfully banded and had gotten over their initial  
howls of pain, the two muscular guards proceeded to fit each of the new slaves  
with a comfort stop, which is basically a heavily lubed butt plug, of a smallish  
size, that is held in place by a unique strap that goes about the upper legs and  
has a stopper that prevents the butt plug from exiting its orifice.  
  
But the new slaves hardly felt the butt plugs being worked up their slave holes,   
since the pain was so great in their cocks. A weeping Frank finally cried out,  
"Please take it off, it hurts. I can't stand it!"  
  
None of the guards answered Frank's request, and instead the guards began  
fitting the new slaves with very wide leather collars.  
  
During his collaring, Bill cried out to the guard working on his collar; please  
take that thing off my cock. Please!"  
  
The muscular guard did not answer.  
  
Once the slaves were collared, the transport guards guided them into the  
transport vehicle, "Okay slave boys, get into the vehicle, grab a post with both  
hands, and remain standing for the journey. Make sure you grab the post  
securely. If you fall during transport, you risk tearing your fellow slaves’  
cocks off!"  
  
The doors to the transport vehicle were noisily closed once the slaves were in  
place, and the slaves could hear locking mechanisms being triggered.  
  
Once the vehicle started on its journey, the slaves started wondering out loud  
what the tight bands on their cocks were for. Aaron was frantic, "Fuck man,   
this is going to damage my cock. It's pinching my skin. It hurts like hell!"  
  
Frank responded in a loud angry voice, "Those fuckers! Society doesn't have  
right to do this to us. This goddamn band is cutting off the blood supply to  
the tip of my cock. It's fucking dangerous!"  
  
Jake was bawling as he joined in, "They ain't got no right to do this to us!   
I'm contacting my ballet company and they'll not let this inhumane shit  
continue!"  
  
Rod only wept and murmured, "Oh man, it hurts so bad!"  
  
But Rod was the angriest. He pounded on the walls of the vehicle and screamed,  
"I wanna know what in the goddamn hell you fucking goddamn jesuslovin morons  
think you're doing. You ain't got no right to do this shit to us. You ain't  
got no goddamn right at all. Fucking crazies!"  
  
Rod stopped his swearing when he finally broke down in convulsive sobbing. Some  
of his fellow slaves removed one of their hands to give him comforting touches.   
But they were all, in fact, just as frightened and confused as Rod, and none of  
the slaves knew what the purpose was of the tight band around their cocks,   
cutting off the blood supply to their cockheads.

To be continued…

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