Shaft-Banding the New Boy

By Randall Austin

A Short Two Part Story

**PART TWO - Conclusion**  
  
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When the transport vehicle finally arrived at the Hennepin County Social Services Training Center, the apprehension of the five new slaves was so great that it momentarily made them unaware of the pain in their cock shafts.

When the doors of the van’s holding area were opened, and the covey of new slaves were guided into the training facility by two armed guards, only then did the slaves notice what the cock-shaft band had done to their dicks. All five of their erections had subsided, and the tight band cinched their cock shafts to almost half of its normal circumference. But their cock heads, and only their cock heads, remained hugely erected, bulbous, and purple.

It was an odd site as the slaves walked into the facility, still all attached to one another by one cord that connected them by their cock-root cinches. Their flaccid cocks sported huge purple cockheads, which could not deflate because of the one-inch wide band located just behind their cockheads. The slave’s dicks felt strangely heavy to them as they swung between their legs as they walked.

As soon as they were escorted into the facility, a staffer attached temporary ID papers to their leather neck-collars.

A physician entered the room and did a quick check of their vital signs, and their cocks. The examination of their cocks by the physician, whom Bill believed would naturally be a more sensitive being than the guards they had so far met, prompted Bill to ask the physician why their cocks were banded, and to tell the physician that he feared the band would injure his cock, and that the pain was intense.

The physician answered Bill’s question as he checked out the new slaves’ rectums. “I bet not one of you boys thought about sex in any shape, way, or form as you were in transport to this facility. That’s the purpose of the shaft band. To keep your minds off sex. I bet if I showed you pictures of your girlfriends’ pussies you wouldn’t get aroused in the least. Shaft banding is an effective method to help new slaves adjust and concentrate on their duty of serving society through indenturement.”

“We’re going to keep you shaft banded for six days. And though it might hurt like hell, it is not dangerous. Minnesota takes good care of its slave force. All of you boys in training will be monitored daily by us staff physicians.”

Once the physician had finished with their rectums, he made notes in the new slaves’ files, and exited the room.

The guards then fitted the slaves with what looked like a vest made out of crisscrossed straps. The straps had many D-ring attachments on them.

Once the slave boys were vested, the guards walked them down a corridor, and stopped at a large steel door with a sign in large lettering; ‘SECURITY STAFF AND HENNEPIN COUNTY SOCIAL SERVICE LICENSEES ONLY’.

The door was opened, and Rod, Bill, Jake, Frank, and Aaron, never thought they would witness such a sight; in the room were about 80 naked, male, cock-shaft banded, slaves, hanging from the ceiling by cords that attached to their vests. They were hanging with their feet about two feet off the ground like animals hanging on meat hooks in a slaughterhouse.

And as the new slaves took in the fearsome sight, guards were pulling cords down from the overhead trolley system and attaching them to their vests. Once each of the boys was affixed to two overhead cords by their vests, the guards pushed a controller that lifted them off the ground.

Next the guards went up to the boys, pulled their arms to their backside, and cuffed them together.

With grappling hooks, the guards reached to the trolley above and pulled the slaves along the processing line. Once the boys were brought to the back of the line of the other slaves, they could clearly take in the sight; more than eighty naked guys strung up like animals on meat hooks; their bodies fully exposed; their cocks fully flaccid except for their obscenely inflated cock heads; their hands cuffed in back of them so that every part of their bodies was freely available to the processors.

The room was abuzz with processors and technicians who went from slave to slave, reading the requisition notes attached to their collars, and then performing the required body modifications on each slave.

Some slaves were branded. Some slaves were tattooed. Almost every slave was ringed in some part of their body. Some slaves were ringed with small rings, some with medium, some with large, and some with very large rings. Some slaves required several body modification procedures, and a few required every procedure available.

There were lots of outbursts and shouts from the slaves as they were pierced, and there was the occasional fearsome scream of a slave getting branded.

Rod, the carpenter, was ringed in his tits and ears.

Bill the disc jockey was pierced through his septum with a large gauge thick ring.

Jake, the ballet dancer, was pierced in his scrotal sack and belly button.

Frank, the medical technician, was tattooed with a number on his anus, and fitted with heavy gauge tethering rings through his septum and nipples.

Aaron, the fireman, was fitted with permanent steel bands about his ankles and wrists. And as the technician pierced and ringed his ears he explained to all of the slaves within earshot. “Don’t go thinking that after today all of your piercings and ringings are over. They’re not! Because all slaves in Minnesota get their cocks ringed in three places. But we will first be doing that in about eight days from now, once your penis-shaft bands are removed. All slaves in Minnesota are ringed through their cock heads, frenums, and at the base of the penises right next to the scrotum.”

By the time the five new slaves had all of their body mods completed, not one of them was any longer aware that his cock-shaft was painfully banded.

The slaves were hoping that they soon would be let off of the meat hooks, but eventually they noticed that once the slaves ahead of them had their body mods completed, rather than being let down, the guards would take the grappling hooks and lead the slaves through a partition into another room.

When the five new slaves were finally being pulled by guards into the next room as they hung from the overhead trolley, the thought that entered their minds was only one; how grateful they were that none of their family and friends could see them now, all strung up like animals on meat hooks, being pulled along by grappling rods, their naked bodies fully exposed, their bodies ringed all about by the State, and their cock heads forced into obscene erections while their cock shafts remained painfully flaccid.

Rod thought of his carpenter buddies, and how they would be laughing their booze-drinking asses off if they could see him now.

Bill thought of his cool friends in the music business, and how they would be shaking their heads in laughter and smiling at the state he was now in.

Jake thought of all the boys and girls who ogled him in his ballet tights, and how he was now no longer a pretty ballet boy, but a lowly cock banded slave.

Frank thought of all of his women friends, and how now he looked nothing like the dashing charmer they once knew.

And Aaron thought of all of his seemingly upright, conservative, firemen coworkers, and how if they could see him now they would surely be passing condemnation and self-righteous judgment on their former colleague.

But all of the five slaves knew that if they had ever happened to come across such a spectacle as they now were, they too would probably be laughing in derision at the unfortunate suckers hanging on meat hooks.

The boys were pulled out of the processing room, still hanging, by guards wielding grappling hooks. The next room was a vast room with about six large vats. A guard shouted out an explanation, “You’re going to be lowered into a solution that is a sanitizing solution, as well as depilatory. It’s going to sting a bit.” The slaves were pulled along over one of the vats, and they were lowered into the solution up to their necks. Each vat held eight slaves.

Slaves could be heard howling throughout the room as they were lowered into the sanitizing and depilatory solution. And when, after 15 minutes, the slaves were raised out of the solution, they were totally hairless from the neck down.

Next the slaves were led down an automated portion of the trolley, which squirted a body rinse at them from all angles.

Once they passed through the rinsing station, the guards looked on approvingly, “You’re all ready, and squeaky clean to start serving your fellow citizens!”

Once the boys were pulled out of the rinsing room, the auto-trolley led them into a large room that looked less like a processing center and more like a reception area. There the guards arranged the overhead trolleys so the hanging boys lined up into eight rows, each row with about 11 slaves.

88 slaves were hanging naked with their arms cuffed behind their backs. Fully exposed, denuded, ringed, and cock-shaft banded; like freshly butchered meat. Their newly processed body’s red from the modifications, scrubbing, and dipping baths. Their cocks still looking strange and painful, with huge bulbous dick heads on their very deflated cock shafts.

Guards went about and snapped a cord to the base of their cock and ball cinches, and attached it to D-rings in the floor. A guard over the intercom system explained, “Once the guards finish getting you boys secured by your cock cinch to the floor, so you can’t go spinning around as you hang from the trolley, we will be letting in members of various local High Schools’ Young Handlers’ Clubs. This is all a part of their classroom certification programs. They will be asking some of you questions, and taking a few photos for their classroom journalism projects. Then once the young handlers are through with you, we will continue with your processing. We will be lowering you boys into a pickling solution for several hours.”

None of the slaves knew what the guard meant by ‘pickling’, but wondered if it could be any more demeaning than letting a bunch of high school students see them in their current naked, helpless, meat-hooked, condition.

Once all the slaves were secured to the floor by a tethering cord from their cocks to the floor, so they couldn’t go spinning around as they hung from their overhead trolleys, a guard opened a door and about sixty high schools students entered. It was a surprise to the slaves to see that about a third of the Young Handlers were female.

The male Young Handlers were all dressed in blazers and ties, and had their hair gelled and slicked up like a bunch of conservative churchgoers. The majority of them appeared, to the new slaves, to be arrogant in demeanor.

The Young Handlers took in the sight of the meat-hooked slaves with lips parted and eyes wide open.

A guard addressed the assembled high school students over an intercom, “Welcome, Young Handlers to the Hennepin County Social Services Training Center. The bevy of newly body-modified slaves you see hanging before you will be helping to fuel Minnesota’s economy in a major fashion in the years ahead. And that is why we are so proud of young men and women like yourselves who care enough about Social Servitude to consider a career in the handling of the indentured.”

“In this facility we successfully train slaves, such as these you see hanging before you, to be dutiful, mindful, and obedient. We consistently turn out highly motivated servitors who know their place in society. Hennepin County has annually the lowest number of slaves who require either bull whippings, castration, or penectomies due to obedience problems.”

“Please feel free to walk freely among these new slaves, and ask them any questions you may have.”

The sixty Young Handlers walked about the slaves, with pen and notebook in hand, and scribbled questions.

The first question asked was by a 16-year old male of Jake, the 23-year old ballet dancer, “What crime led to your indenturement?”

Jake was not about to answer the young shit’s question. So the Young Handler asked it again, with an attitude. “Did you not hear me, slave? I asked you what crime you committed that got you indentured.”

Jake did not answer, but a guard with a service whip was there in an instant and shouted out to all of the slaves as he whipped Jake’s ass and legs, “Let this be a lesson to all of you new slaves. You respond to all questions asked of you, and you respond honestly and politely.”

After six strokes of the whip Jake was bucking and howling. He couldn’t believe that anyone would dare to whip an artist such as himself, especially a ballet dancer. He answered the Young Handler’s question while bawling out loud, “I was sentenced to six years of servitude for having been convicted a second time of drunk driving.”

The Young Handler smiled as he looked up at the bawling Jake. He made a comment to the slave, “I bet that band around your cock shaft makes you regret your actions!” Before moving on, the Handler took out a camera, and snapped a few photos of the meat-hooked Jake.

The Young Handlers were free to move about the room, ask questions, and take photos for almost 50 minutes before they were told the session was over. In all, they asked a lot of questions, took lots of notes, and lots of photos. And the slaves answered every one of their questions, no matter how demeaning.

One of the guards apologized to the Young Handlers, “I’m sorry that we can’t let you stay longer, but we have to get these boys into the pickling vats.”

One of the Young Handlers asked the guard, “I’ve heard about the new pickling solution procedure. Exactly what does it entail and what does it do?”

The guard answered the curious Young Handlers. “Well, it literally ‘pickles’ them. It’s a very strong brine solution. We put the boys in vats full of the brine solution and lock them down in it for four hours of everyday during their three-month training session here at this facility. This special curing in the brine solution ensures that their skin will be taut and healthy, and with a very fresh young-boy sheen, when we put them up for sale.”

One of the wise-ass Young Handlers called out, “So it’s sorta like you got the meat hanging on hooks, and now you’re going to cure it, kind of like bacon.”

All of the Young Handlers and most of the guards laughed out loud at the wise-ass Young Handler’s remark.

Once the Young Handlers of America had left the facility, the automated trolley system guided the new slaves into the pickling room. There all eighty-eight of the new slaves were lowered into the brine solution, still fitted with their vests, and their hands cuffed behind their backs. They have no choice but to be soaked, to allow their bodies to be ‘cured’ for the benefit of the state, so that their flesh may get the most dollars per pound. They were now, indeed, nothing but slabs of meat getting cured.

No one any longer will care about their achievements, personalities, and loves. These new slaves are now slabs of cured meat, beasts of burden, and commodities. In a few hours they shall no longer even respect themselves.

The tears of the eighty-eight new slaves only added to the salinity of the brine vat.

THE END

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