**That Slave ‘Feeling’**

A Short Story

By Randall Austin

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Randall Austin’s Archive Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>

Hi!  My name is Pepper, and I was enslaved for life by
court order three years ago when I was 25 years old.
In my last performance review I was given one of the
highest ratings ever received by a domestic slave from
the Oklahoma Bureau of Slaves.  Therefore the Bureau
has asked me to write a brief essay on how I found
happiness as a slave and finally achieved that slave
‘feeling’, for use in the Bureau's slave training
program.  It is the Bureau's and my sincere hope that
if you are newly enslaved and reading this for the
first time you will find comfort and hope in this
brief sharing of my personal journey; a journey from
being a rebellious slave to one who eventually found
true happiness in serving my masters.

When I was a free man, and used to see slaves bowing
and scraping to their masters' every whim, I used to
think, ‘What a miserable lot’.  How wrong I was.  Of
course, slavery can be a miserable existence for one
who does not accept it, and who rebels at every turn.
But if one does accept one's lot, slavery can be, as I
have found out, a glorious and stimulating existence,
especially when one finds and learns to accept that
"slave feeling".

Out of high school I got a job as a construction site
helper, doing general clean up and supplying the
carpenters and masons with their needs.  I thought it
was the good life.  I had planned myself to eventually
become a carpenter.   But for then I was enjoying what
I thought was the good life, going out every night,
hanging out with friends, drinking, dancing, and
picking up chicks.

Through the years I was arrested for a number of minor
offenses, usually bar fights, twice for drunken
driving.  One bar fight night I went too far.  The
owner ordered me out of the bar after I had provoked a
fight.  In retaliation I went to the back of the bar,
and dumped gasoline along the perimeter of the
building.  I got into my car, drove past and threw my
lighted cigarette into the soaked ground.  The fire
quickly spread, hit some sodding chemicals, and there
was a big explosion.  Many people were injured.  I was
arrested, tried, and sentenced to life enslavement for
the common good.  I was delivered to the Oklahoma City
Slave Training Center for my initial training.
Standard slave training at the center takes four
months.  I soon found out that by doing what I was
told to do I could avoid punishment.  So I did what I
was told to do.  But I was not happy.  Indeed, on the
inside I was seething with bitterness, anger, and
resentment.

I found the whole training experience totally
humiliating, which I later found out is what it was
designed to do.  As soon as I was delivered I was
taken into a room.  Seven slave handler/trainers were
there waiting for me.  They were in their fancy
trainer uniforms.  I had to get naked in front of all
of them.  They then all gathered around me and
started taunting me, saying things like, "Well, well,
look at the porn star", "Hey naked boy, where are
your clothes?", "Hey slave, you ready to do a little
work for free?",  "Slave boy, you sure look cool,
would you like to dance for us?",  "What kind of hair
cut should we give loser boy?",  "You think your girl
friend will like your new haircut?", "Are you hungry
slave?  What would you like on your pizza?", "Want to
join us in a six pack, slave?", "What position are you
going to use when you fuck your girlfriend tonight?"

After four months of nonstop humiliation, which I
bore to avoid the whip and paddle, I was delivered to
the auction house.  When I was finally put up on the
auction block and saw all the free people laughing and
joking at the expense of slaves, I didn't think I
could get any more depressed or feel any more
hopeless.

I was purchased by a Mr. Hubert Parkinson for domestic
service.  Mr. Parkinson, his wife Imelda, a daughter,
Isabelle, of 22, and their sons Tony, 24, and Steven,
18, were used to always having a house slave around,
and I replaced their long held, but recently retired
slave, Perks.

The entire family, while not vicious or sadistic, were
constantly snapping orders at me.  If I was too slow
or irritated them in some way, they would say things
like, "Pepper and father need to have a session
together.", or "I can see dad needs to have a serious
‘talk’ with you."

The family monitored my every movement, it was their
method of slave control.  I was not allowed to have a
door to my room, which was really a converted utility
room which I shared with the washer and dryer.

Mr. Parkinson always made me bathe with him so I could
bathe and groom him, and he could monitor me, and make
sure that I washed myself all over.  I was constantly
treated like a child, considered too stupid to know
what was best for me.  I no longer felt like a man,
but like some total loser who probably was just a
stupid kid after all.

One time while I was showering, and Mr. Parkinson was
getting dressed in the bathroom so he could supervise
me as I washed, as he always did, he ordered me to
wash my arm pits more thoroughly than I had just done.
I sort of moaned at the order.  But that did it.  Mr.
Parkinson had had enough of my attitude.  He pulled me
out of the shower dripping wet, gathered my arms
behind my back with one of his hands, and with the
other he started paddling my ass with the paddle that
was always handy for just such a moment. Holding me
very secure in a standing position, he paddled my ass
the way I knew he had wanted to for a very long time.
I was getting spanked like a little kid, but for
something not even a teenager would be spanked for.
I was getting spanked for not knowing how to wash my
myself properly, and expressing annoyance when asked
to do a better job.  It wasn't like I had taken drugs,
or had a car accident.  He had every right to treat me
like a little kid because I was just a slave.  As he
spanked me I started to cry out loud.  Through the
bathroom window I saw Peter Sparrow, a neighbor about
my age who often kindly chatted with me, driving off
to work, and I felt like a total loser.

As the paddling continued I begged Mr. Parkinson to
stop, to please stop, that I would behave.  I felt
totally miserable.  I finally shouted out that I was
nothing but a fucking loser.  In my despair I said I
was going to kill myself.  Mr. Parkinson stopped the
paddling, spun me around and slapped my face.  He said
I was not a loser, just a slave like any other slave
in need of direction, and for saying that I was a
loser the spanking was going to continue for a long
time.

I pleaded, but as Mr. Parkinson put me back in
the secure standing position and resumed the paddling,
he told me that it was about time that I accepted my
status, that I was not a loser, but a slave.  He asked
me if I heard.  I said, "Yes, I heard you sir.  I am
not a loser, I am a slave."  He then said, "That a
boy!  Now let me hear you say that again."  By this
time his sons had gathered outside the bathroom and
had opened the door to watch me get it.  They were
giggling as usual.  So totally dejected, fully
exposed, getting spanked on the ass like a kid, I said
out loud through my tears, once again, "I am not a
loser, I am a slave."   But as I said that for the
second time, something happened to me.  I felt like it
was so right.

In slave training we are taught that erections occur
with some frequency during punishment.  But when I
said, "I am a slave" the second time, my penis got
harder than I can ever remember it getting.  When I
made eye contact with Mr. Parkinson's two sons as I
said that, I could see in their faces that they knew I
was finally saying that I was a slave like I believed
it.

As Mr. Parkinson continued the spanking, I kept
talking out loud through my bawling.  "I am not a
loser, I am a slave, and I am happy to serve."  When
Mr. Parkinson started complimenting me and calling me
a "good slave", though still spanking me,  my penis
starting pulsing and throbbing on its own, and as he
delivered the final blows I ejaculated a load of cum
all over this bathroom floor.  I was full of shame and
embarrassment, but at the same time it felt so totally
wonderful.

When the spanking was over, I felt a new
strange feeling, and said to Mr. Parkinson and the
boys, "Thank you Mr. Parkinson, sir, for the spanking.
I am very sorry I have been disobedient.  I am going
to behave from now on.  I am also very sorry that I
soiled your bathroom.  I will clean it up immediately
sir."

Mr. Parkinson was beaming.  He said, "Good boy" one
more time.  I felt truly proud. He said to his boys,
"What you have just seen was a very special moment of
acceptance for Pepper.  I think he's going to be a
very good slave from now on, boys."  I immediately
said, with new tears in my eyes - tears of joy, not of
pain and humiliation, "I am determined to serve you
well.  Please let me know if I displease you.  Is
there anything I can do to help you boys off to
school?  Steven, can I gather your books?"  Steven was
taken aback, he said, "No, that's ok Pepper.  But
thanks."

I said to Tony, "Tony, sir, can I help you comb your
hair for school the way you like it?"  Tony was
thrilled, "That would be neat Pepper."  So Tony came
up to the sink, and as I combed out his hair I asked
him if he would like me to clean out his room while he
was at school.  Mr. Parkinson was overjoyed at all of
this, smiling and happy to watch me serve master Tony.
Tony said the room was ok for now, but maybe it would
need a cleaning by the weekend.

When Mr. Parkinson complimented me again I felt a rare
magical feeling.  I felt good wanting to serve.  And I
found as I asked if I could do this or do that, I
actually got a physical charge of euphoria that
coursed through my entire body.  As I pomaded Tony's
hair I kept asking what more I could do for each of
them.   And when I asked Steven, who in the past I
never liked because he was mean to me, if I could wash
and wax his car, I thought I was going to ejaculate
again.  As I combed Tony's hair into an elegant pomp I
never felt happier in my life.  There I was totally
naked, freshly spanked, serving my family like a good
slave at last.  I never felt so good in my life.  And
ever since that day serving my masters has been
nothing but pure pleasure.

In fact, during the first few weeks of my new found
pleasure in serving I was probably something of a
nuisance to the entire Parkinson family as I went
continually from one family member to the next asking
if I could serve them in any way.

It has often been written and spoken that the only way
an enslaved person can accept his status and find that
slave ‘feeling’ is through the bull whip.  But I am
here to tell you, that is not true.

Once you accept your slave status and find that
special slave ‘feeling’ that is within you, even your
punishments will be experienced in a new light.  You
no longer see punishment as being humiliated and hurt,
but as being molded into something better because your
master cares for your well being and continued
betterment.

Some scientists have argued that the slave ‘feeling’
is related to our sexual identity; some have argued
that it is not a sexual phenomenon, but is an
emotional issue that in some aspects mimics sexuality;
some researchers have argued that the slave ‘feeling’
is in fact a primordial instinct; and the most heated
debate concerns whether it is a dormant or latent
potentiality of the cerebral cortex.

But as slaves, it is not our need to worry about the
science behind what makes us what we are.  I only
mention the arguments out there to let you know that,
indeed, there is something in our psyche that knows
that slaves will exist in a society, that slaves are
integral to humankind, and to help you accept the fact
that as a slave you are indeed a part of the Grand
Plan.

Some of my most special moments as a slave have come
to me, ironically, when I have felt I was being
punished unfairly.  Young master Steven is sometimes
moody, and he often takes his unhappiness out on me.
He especially likes to punish me in front of his
friends; that is just his style.  Situations that in the
past I would have considered very unjust and would
have depressed me for hours, now give me the highest
pleasure.  For example, when Steven
decides I need to be punished at times when I feel I
have in fact been serving him well, the slave feeling
at such times is so special and intense as to be
almost unbearable, in a most delicious way.

As slaves, if we are ever going to be content, we have
to come to the point where we realize that we are
slaves and that status is not going to change.
We all must come to the point where we accept the fact
that we have no say on the matter of our enslavement.
Once the state decrees it, we are slaves; it isn't
going to change.  We might as well accept it.  For
that acceptance is what makes all the difference.
When we do come to the point where we accept the fact
that we are slaves, that we have no choice in the
matter, and that we have to do what we are told to do
from now on and for the rest of our lives, something
special happens.  That slave feeling begins to take
hold of us.

You can let that slave feeling take hold of you, too.
By accepting the fact that you are a slave to your
very bones, to the very depth of your being, you will
eventually feel, I am confident, that rare magic, that
tingling ecstasy, that very special feeling that only
a slave can feel: that SLAVE FEELING.

**The End**

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