**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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