The American Way – Correction and Conversion

‘Peter Foster’s Correction and Conversion’

By Randall Austin

Short Story  
  
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There is probably no other job title in the business  
of social services that carries such a wide range of  
job descriptions as does the category of:   
‘Overseer’, ‘Monitor’, or ‘Docent’.    
  
In the South an overseer is often an entry-level  
position with little authority, simply meant to  
provide a physical presence and show of force for  
trainers, who have full authority over servants.  
  
In the North an overseer is not only a position  
requiring a degree, but often an advanced degree in  
some specialized field in either the business end of  
servitude or in the handling and control of servants.  
  
At San Francisco’s prestigious Sherman, Lawson, and  
Stingle Imports, a docent is not only a high-end  
position, but it is one of the most important elements  
in Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle’s philosophy of  
servant training.  The idea behind the well dressed,  
highly educated, docent is to make those in  
servitorship training bond and feel closely connected  
to the docents; so they get to a point where they feel  
they could say to the docents, ‘Hey buddy, you and I,  
we’re alike.  You and I would probably be best friends  
by now if it weren’t for my indenturement.  I was just  
like you: well educated, used to dress and groom  
myself just like you, was a (clubbing) stud’.  
Because Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle Imports deals  
only in young, fit, educated, and attractive males,  
reinforcing the connection between trainee and docent  
is especially important because it has the effect of  
making trainees want more than anything to please  
those whom it believes are its peers.  
  
And that is why servant-in-training Peter Foster was  
pleased when docent Brett Halston approached him and  
asked him to accompany him to the elevator, “Some  
important people want to see you.”  
  
Peter Foster was a newly hired classics teaching  
assistant at an exclusive private high school in  
Berkeley when he was criminally indentured at the age  
of 24 for lascivious behavior.  He was entertaining  
some students on a field trip, when fueled by a few  
beers, he playfully demonstrated to some of his male  
students the proper way to kiss a girl.  He used one  
of his female students for the demonstration.  The fun  
went a little too far, and Peter’s demonstration also  
included some basic tit fondling procedures.  The  
girl’s parents and the state made a big deal out of  
it.  The judge was sympathetic to Peter’s situation,   
but his hands were legally tied in sentencing, and  
Peter was given the choice of either seven years  
imprisonment or five years indenturement.  Peter chose  
indenturement, and at auction Sherman, Lawson, and  
Stingle Imports snapped him up.  Peter was, to them,   
an example of ideal servitor material: intelligent,   
educated, attentive, neat, handsome, and youthful  
looking but with a sober and serious demeanor.  
  
Peter was somewhat unsure of what was going on, and  
was slightly concerned because the usually friendly  
Brett seemed in a no-nonsense mood.  When Brett pushed  
the elevator button for the 55th floor, Peter was  
surprised.  The servant training and housing  
facilities occupied the first 30 floors above ground  
level, and the three first floors below ground level  
of the prestigious skyscraper.  This was the first  
time Peter had ever been any higher in the building  
than the 11th floor.  
  
When the door opened, Peter was taken aback at the  
luxuriousness of the office decor.  And when he was  
led to a door that had the name ‘Byron Lawson’  
emblazoned in gold, he was nervous.  It was Byron  
Lawson of Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle Imports; one of  
the owners of the company.  
  
Brett knocked on the door, and the door was opened by  
another docent, Ian Matthews, dressed in exactly the  
same sharp shirt, tie, slacks, jacket, and shoes, as  
Brett.  And both docents had their hair heavily gelled  
and styled in a similar fashion.  Peter and Brett  
entered the room, and Brett led Peter to stand in  
front of Byron Lawson, seated at a large desk.  Seated  
opposite him were John Powers, managing director of  
the company, and Bill Levertson, marketing director.   
  
Peter recognized Bill Levertson.  He was the man who  
interviewed and bought him for the company.  Bill  
nodded at Peter and called out a friendly “Hello,   
Peter.”  
  
Peter nodded, “Hello sir, Mr. Levertson.”  
  
In the few weeks since full-time nudity for servants  
in training was enforced, Peter had gotten used to  
being nude around trainers, docents, and a few members  
of the administrative staff.  But now he felt his  
nudity all over again, to an extreme degree.  Everyone  
in the room was so well dressed, and the three  
directors expensively so, that Peter felt more  
embarrassed than ever before.  He held his hands  
clasped in front of his dick, so recently pierced by a  
large 4-inch diameter, thick gauge, servant ‘humbling’  
ring.  Being the only naked slave in front of a  
roomful of neatly dressed gentlemen only highlighted  
his discomfort and humiliation at not only being nude,   
but also being servant-ringed all over his body.   
Suddenly he felt not only terribly nude and rawly  
exposed, but also like a freak; an animal ringed all  
over so he could be controlled and tethered into  
performing in anyway his masters requested.  
  
Peter blushed as he realized that his ear, nipple,   
nose, and navel, rings were glinting in the sunlight  
coming in through the office tower’s huge glass  
windows.  The rings were calling attention to  
themselves and to Peter’s controlled status.  The  
sunlight highlighting the rings on his body only made  
him look more servile than ever.  He was a naked,   
ringed, beast of burden in front of these well-dressed  
free men.  
  
He felt a sudden surge of anger mixed with shame that  
they had turned him into a ringed animal, and he  
reacted by pulling his clasped hands closer to his  
body to hide even more his male sex.  His confused,   
uncontrolled emotions, quickly abated when Byron  
Lawson, noticing his unease, spoke; “You don’t seem  
too comfortable, Mr. Foster, with your nudity.  You  
obviously feel you have something to hide.”  
  
Peter didn’t know what to say.  He only shook his head  
in the affirmative.  Mr. Lawson continued, “Tell me,   
Peter, are you uncomfortable or unhappy with your  
situation?”  
  
Peter spoke quietly, “Yes, sir.  I mean, I don’t know,   
sir.”  
  
Mr. Lawson looked at Peter’s hands clasped in front of  
him, “Well, we certainly want to help you get used to  
your status as servitor.  After all, it’s one of the  
most important parts of training, isn’t it?  If you  
aren’t comfortable with servitorship, then you are not  
going to be a very pleasant servant to be around.  We  
want to help you get over any of your inhibitions.  So  
go ahead and drop your hands to your sides.”  
  
Peter swallowed and did as commanded.  
  
Peter was now not only embarrassed at being naked and  
ringed in front of a room full of clothed men, but he  
was profoundly humiliated that his cock ring, a heavy  
thing, tugged down his penis.  It was meant to, of  
course; that is why it is weighted and called a  
‘humbling ring’.  The humbling ring is intended to  
constantly remind servants of their abject status as  
it tugs down their penises.  It helps to not let them  
forget that they are meant to serve.   
  
Mr. Lawson asked, “How old are you Peter?”  
  
“I’m 24, sir.”  
  
“Tell me Peter, have you been in the habit of lying  
all of your life?”  
  
Peter winced, “Sir?”  
  
Mr. Lawson pulled three letters out of a folder on his  
desk, pointed at them, and spoke, “Peter, as a result  
of a letter you wrote to a friend of yours, Vincent  
Coburn, telling him that he couldn’t visit you while  
in training because Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle  
Imports doesn’t allow servants in training to have  
visitors, I have received three letters from people  
complaining about our policy, as well as a query from  
the state’s attorney general.”  
  
“I, of course, have responded to all of these  
complaints, informing them that we, in fact, have a  
liberal visitation policy; and that you simply told  
your friend a lie, for some reason.  Tell me Peter,   
why did you lie to your friend?”  
  
Sweat formed on Peter’s face.  He felt like an errant,   
bumbling, slave being interrogated in some former  
darker age.  He felt like crying.  Peter mumbled,   
“Sir, Mr. Lawson.  Sir.  I told Vincent that so he  
wouldn’t visit me, sir, because I’m too embarrassed to  
have my friends see me nude and ringed like this.  I’m  
sorry sir.”  
  
Mr. Lawson didn’t have much sympathy for Peter, “It  
was a lie, and it was extremely selfish behavior.  It  
was a lie that could have hurt the reputation of this  
company and all who work here.”  Mr. Lawson again  
pointed to the letters, “If these good people hadn’t  
written me concerned about the servants in training  
here, you could have done some serious damage.”  
  
Peter felt like a loser, “I know, sir.  I’m sorry  
sir.”  
  
Mr. Lawson questioned, “Do you know what the  
consequence of telling a serious lie is for a servant?  
Do you know what ‘guidance procedure’ we are required  
by state law to administer?”  
  
“No sir.”  
  
“An old fashioned whipping.”  Mr. Lawson stuffed the  
letters back into the folder.  “I’m sorry we have to  
do this.  The docents’ report on you up until this  
incident was very good.  You’ve been an ace obeyer up  
until now.  You’ve never had to receive any discipline  
so far, not so much as a brief paddling or a mouth  
washing.  Now, unfortunately we have no choice but to  
give you one of the most serious corrective measures  
in the training arsenal.  So I’m sorry to have to say  
that your first punishment here in training at  
Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle Imports will be a very  
memorable one.”   
  
Peter’s throat constricted.  This couldn’t be  
happening.  Peter had to say something to stop such a  
punishment.  Without thinking he pleaded, “Please sir.  
I’m a high school classics teacher.  You can’t do  
this to me.”  
  
Mr. Lawson did not like Peter’s elitist tone, “Do you  
think that just because you’re a teaching assistant at  
some high school, that you have a right to lie?  It’s  
okay for you to tell damaging lies, but not okay for a  
servant who was a truck driver before he was  
indentured?”  
  
“I didn’t mean it that way, sir.  I didn’t mean to  
harm anyone, sir.  I know I did wrong.  Please don’t  
hurt me, sir.”  
  
Bill Levertson hadn’t seen severe punishment meted out  
in quite some time, and had forgotten how entertaining  
it can be to watch an about-to-be whipped servant  
plead.  
  
Mr. Lawson spoke, “I appreciate the fact that you are  
a scholar.  That’s why we bought you.  That and the  
fact that you’re a very good looking young man.  I bet  
a lot of your students of both sexes had big crushes  
on you.”  
  
Mr. Lawson paused to tug his ear and run his hand  
through the hair on the side of his head, “As a  
classics scholar you probably have high standards.  So  
does Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle Imports.  You,   
however, are not yet up to our standards, and that is  
why we have to do this to you.”  
  
Peter sounded as if he would start crying, “Please  
sirs.  Let me talk to my mom and dad.  Please.  You  
can’t do this to me!”  
  
Mr. Lawson stood from his chair, and walked around his  
desk and stood next to Peter.  He grasped Peter gently  
by the nape of the neck, almost as if he were handling  
a little lamb, and spoke, “Of course we can do this to  
you, and we will.  We paid the state of Montana almost  
$200 thousand dollars for you.  Bill here has set your  
market price at a bit over $400 thousand.  Now no one  
is going to buy you if they sense that you can’t be  
trusted.  And frankly we can’t trust you after what  
you’ve done.  You need to be taught a lesson that  
reaches your soul.  And the only way we know to reach  
a guy’s soul in a short amount of time and effect a  
change that is lasting and sincere is through the  
whip.  Sorry, but it’s got to be this way.”    
As Mr. Lawson gently fingered the hairs on the back of  
Peter’s head, Peter again pleaded, “Oh sir, please,   
no.  I see now that what I did was very wrong.   
Please, don’t hurt me.  I’ll be good.  I promise.”  
  
No one paid any attention to Peter’s pleading.  Mr.   
Powers took his hand away from Peter’s head and spoke  
to the docents, “Get him ready, boys.”    
  
So quickly and unexpectedly did Ian and Brett each  
grab one of Peter’s arms, that Peter didn’t realize  
where they were leading him or what they were doing  
until they were each cuffing one of his arms to the  
sidebars of the room’s whipping frame.  When Peter  
realized he was going to get whipped here and now, he  
cried out, “Oh god, no!  Please sirs, I’ll be good!  I  
promise.  I’ll never be any more trouble!”  
  
As Bill Levertson stood up, he got on his cell phone,  
called the facilities department, and asked them to  
send a custodian up to Mr. Lawson’s suite.  He then  
joined the other two directors standing to the side of  
the whipping frame.  
  
As Ian checked to make sure the cuffs holding Peter to  
the whipping frame were secure, Peter pleaded again,  
“Please sirs, don’t do this.”  
  
Satisfied that the cuffs were secure, Ian pulled three  
bells out of his jacket pocket, each about three  
inches long, and began clipping one to each of Peter’s  
nipple rings, and one to his large cock ring.  Ian  
smiled as he clipped the penis bell on, “There!  Now  
we’ll have a little music with each stroke of the  
whip.”  
  
The three directors smiled and laughed.  Mr. Powers  
called out, “Clever!”  
  
Once Ian had Peter secured and belled, he reached a  
hand down to Peter’s balls and gave them a sudden and  
very hard squeeze.  Peter let out a full-force howling  
scream.  It is something no servant trussed up ready  
to receive a whipping ever expects.  The pained and  
surprised reaction of the servant is something docents  
find priceless, and Brett and Ian smiled broadly.  The  
pre-whipping ball squeeze is a Sherman, Lawson, and  
Stingle, tradition.  Bill Levertson complimented Ian,  
“That was a good one, Ian!”  
  
Ian thanked Mr. Levertson, and Brett slapped Peter  
hard on the shoulder, “Stand up tall!  Take this like  
a man!  Come on, boy!  Stand tall for your whipping!”  
  
The trussed, freshly squeezed, servant let out a  
pitiable moan of fear.  Ian rubbed his lips together  
as he handed Brett a stock whip, “I think this one is  
a little longer than the training whip you usually  
use.  You may want to take a few practice swings  
first.”  
  
Brett thanked Ian, and turned to face the wall to do  
some test swings of the whip.  
  
The three directors looked over the trussed and ringed  
nude body of Peter Foster.  He was moaning and  
sobbing, but the intense pain from the ball squeezing  
had the effect of taking Peter’s mind off of the  
soon-to-commence whipping.  The three directors were  
all very pleased with what they saw;  not only was  
Peter Foster sure to bring in his projected sale  
amount, but seeing him ringed all over his body  
confirmed for them that they had made the right  
decision as company directors to go with ringing and  
fulltime nudity for their servants.  
  
There is an undeniable satisfaction, for free men, in  
seeing servants nude and fully body-ringed, thus  
making their status as servitors to free men clear and  
obvious.  And no modification on a servant is more  
satisfying for free men to behold than a heavy  
‘humbler’ ring, such as the one that now tugged down  
Peter Foster’s penis.  It made clear the fact that he  
was a servant, and nothing but a servant.  And the  
lamb bell hanging from the humbler ring highlighted  
Peter’s servile ‘beast of burden’ aspect.    
  
As Brett took some practice swings, Toby Watson, a  
20-year old, pimply-faced, custodian, entered the room  
with his cleanup gear, and silently nodded to Mr.  
Levertson.  Custodians are needed at severe punishment  
sessions because servants can lose control at both  
ends under the duress of the whip.  Many of the  
custodians who work at Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle  
Imports consider it a perk of the job that they get to  
be present and up-close at severe punishment sessions.  
  
Toby always hated the way he sweated especially  
heavily during whippings because sweat aggravated his  
acne condition.  But acne was a price he was willing  
to pay in order to enjoy the spectacle of a servant  
being taught its lessons through a good whipping.  
  
Brett, finished with his practice strokes, took his  
position in back of the lying servant, “Thanks Ian.  I  
think I’ve got the hang of this whip!”  
  
Ian nodded and put a thumb up, “Go for it, dude!”  
  
Brett swung the whip with force, but standing too  
close to the servant, it caused the whip to curl  
forward and snag Peter’s mid-belly.  Peter squealed  
violently, causing everyone in the room to jump in  
surprise.”  
  
Brett quickly apologized, “Oops.  Sorry about that.”  
  
As Brett backed away to improve his distance, Ian  
wanted to help dispel any embarrassment Brett might be  
feeling, “That’s okay buddy.  It was pretty good for a  
first attempt.”  When the second blow sliced Peter  
squarely across the back in proper fashion and caused  
the slave to buck and scream in a more normal way, Ian  
confirmed Brett’s success, “You’ve got it now!  Way to  
go!”  
  
The so-called ‘stock’ whip used in servant training is  
not akin to the traditional leather stock whip.  Stock  
whips used in human services training are simply  
longer versions of the training whip, and are made of  
state of the art polymers designed not to abrade the  
skin under normal use.  But the sting they deliver is  
considered to be even more fierce than the  
old-fashioned leather version.  
  
Peter, lost in intense pain, still had thoughts.  Just  
a couple of months ago he was an accomplished, and  
productive, member of the community.  He was looked up  
to in a way that was unusual for one so young, and he  
had a bright career ahead of him.  Now he was nothing  
more than a naked and ringed slave, getting whip  
trained just like circus animals were a 100 years ago.  
  
Brett always enjoyed punishment sessions, especially  
whippings.  And if a servant was scheduled to receive  
a whipping, he was always pleased when he found out  
that he was the one assigned to do the actual  
whipping.  But he did find whippings strenuous, and it  
usually took him about 10 minutes in the men’s room to  
freshen himself up properly after wielding the whip.  
  
One of Brett’s proudest accomplishments was when he  
received his State ‘Level A’ Corrections License,  
which authorized him to administer all gradations of  
physical punishment.  He knew his dad was very proud  
of him, and he always wished his dad could be present  
to watch him whip a slave, but non-licensed personnel  
are forbidden from attending Level A discipline  
sessions by state law.  
  
With each blow of the whip the bells attached to  
Peter’s tits and cock rang out loudly, bringing smiles  
to the faces of the spectators.  And with each blow of  
the whip Peter violently twisted and thrust out his  
pelvis in an attempt to escape the lash.  It only made  
his cock shake all the more wildly, causing his bells  
to make quite a ding.  
  
After the 14th blow of the whip, Peter felt like he  
had to pee.  He looked down at his penis and saw that  
it was sticking straight up.   
  
Ian enjoyed punishment sessions too and always wished  
he could shoot some video of a whipping session so he  
could show his friends what whippings were really  
like.  But that too was forbidden by both state and  
company policy.    
  
The pain coursing its way through Peter’s body made  
him face the fact that obedience was now going to be  
an important part of his new life.  Each stroke of the  
whip seemed to beg him to be obedient.  Eventually, a  
stroke of the whip that hit both of his upper legs at  
the same time caused him to scream out his new  
commitment to obedience, “I’ll be good.  I’ll never  
misbehave again!  Please stop!  No more!”   
  
But Brett, an accomplished docent, and therefore also  
a highly trained disciplinarian, knew that Peter had  
not yet had enough of the whip, and continued his  
skillful work on the high school classics teacher’s  
assistant back.  
  
It was especially interesting to the two older  
gentlemen present, Byron Lawson and John Powers, to  
note how Peter’s penis, now fully erect, could still  
hoist the quite heavy humbling ring and its attached  
bell, even given his relatively young age.   
John wondered to himself if his own penis could still  
hoist such a weight.  
  
The erotic element present in a discipline session is  
something that civilized countries try to minimize. In  
many servant training centers throughout the United  
States, overseers have no qualms about sprouting  
erections during punishment sessions, and, indeed, are  
often proud of them.  But Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle  
Imports is a high-class venue, and it neither  
encourages nor fosters such traditions.  But  
nevertheless, the pricks of the observers in the room,  
as well as the two docents, were healthily firmed up  
in response to the full spectacle of a severe  
whipping.  The sight of a handsome servant bucking,  
crying, and screaming, as he gets needed whip training  
always sends blood to the loins of any healthy male.  
  
Only Toby Watson sprouted a fully fledged erection, and  
his attempts to conceal his erection by shifting his  
stance is one of the things that caused him to get so  
nervous and sweat so much during punishment sessions.   
Mr. Powers noted Toby’s erection and nervousness with  
amusement, and he didn’t really care;  Toby was a just  
a janitor after all.  
  
On the 22nd stroke of the whip Peter let out a  
continual high pitched wail.  Brett knew that the  
continuous wail of the whipped is a sign that they are  
reaching their limit.  Because the modern polymer whip  
does not severely abrade the skin, there is a tendency  
for some disciplinarians to overdue a punishment  
session.  Brett had determined beforehand that of the  
21 to 26 strokes of the whip mandated for telling  
serious lies, Peter should be able to take all 26.   
But after the 22nd stroke, Brett paused longer between  
each stroke in order to give the servant time to  
recover his senses and thus be able to bear and savor  
the full reforming benefit of the final strokes of the  
lash.  
  
When the 26th stroke was delivered, the roomful of  
spectators was silent, as they listened to the moaning  
and sobbing of Peter, and watched him writhe in agony  
on the frame for some time.  
  
Ian approached Peter from the front, gently fingered  
his purple-headed erection, as a necessary part of a  
servant’s homosexualization, and spoke in a soothing  
voice, “Don’t be ashamed of this, Peter.  Everyone who  
gets more than a few strokes of the stock whip gets  
hard.  It’s nature’s way of trying to offer you  
comfort.”    
  
Once Ian had given Peter’s dick a few gentle tugs, he  
undid the bell hanging from the penis ring and put it  
back in his jacket pocket.  As he started removing  
Peter’s tit bells his face was close to Peter’s face,  
and he whispered, “You’ll be all right.”  
  
Peter was indeed soothed by Ian’s apparently concerned  
demeanor after the whipping, as much as he was  
confused by Ian’s manipulation of his erection.  
  
Toby Watson took his leave, happy with the whipping  
session.  It was a good show that would provide him  
with plenty of jackoff material in the days ahead, and  
there was no shit or piss to clean up.  
  
Brett placed on a small table, to the side of the  
whipping frame, a foot square poster board and a  
signboard marking pen.  Ian led the sniffling servant  
to the table, took a piece of paper out of his pocket  
with some text on it, placed it on the table, and  
instructed Peter. “You are to copy in your own hand,  
in large letters, the text on this sheet of paper onto  
the poster board, and then sign and date it.”  
  
Peter found the copying exercise demeaning, but he was  
now in that state which all freshly whipped slaves  
find themselves in; eager to do any and everything  
they’re told immediately.   
  
Ian took a camera and instructed Peter to stand and  
face him, holding the card just below his nipples, “I  
want your ringed nipples showing in the photo.”  Ian  
looked into the viewer, “Now move further back just a  
tad, I also want to make sure we get your humbler ring  
in the photo.”  
  
Peter posed as instructed, holding the sign in front  
of him, ‘My name is Peter Foster, and I am in the  
servitorship training program with Sherman, Lawson,  
and Stingle Imports.  I have just been disciplined for  
telling a serious lie that could have harmed the  
reputation of Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle Imports.   
My punishment was justified, and I am grateful to  
Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle Imports for my  
correction’.  The card was dated November 16, 2011,  
and signed ‘Peter Foster’.  
  
Ian snapped four photos of the red-faced, teary eyed,  
servant.  Once the photos were taken Peter felt  
crushed.  He was curious what the photos were for, but  
was afraid to ask.  And he wondered; how would he ever  
again, once released from servitude, be able to lead a  
normal, respectable, life, knowing that somewhere  
there were such photos of him?  
  
As Brett and Ian were about to lead Peter out of the  
office, Mr. Powers addressed the servant, “Mr. Foster.  
You have just received your first physical discipline  
in training.  Let’s hope you won’t have to receive any  
more discipline while you’re here, at least with the  
whip.  But be warned; there is an ill-informed mindset  
that some servants get into after their first taste of  
punishment in training.  They think that if they can  
just behave in training and avoid punishment, then  
once they’re sold they can behave in any old way they  
like.”  
  
“Let me tell you why that would be very dangerous  
thinking, and why you need to cultivate a mindset  
dedicated to obedience for your full term of service.   
When we sell you, you come with a guarantee that we  
offer to your buyer.  But we can only guarantee our  
servants up to a point; and we do not and cannot cover  
any losses your owner feels they are owed due to poor  
performance on your part if the owner is not committed  
to a program of strict discipline.  We only cover  
losses or replace product if your owner abides by the  
agreement to follow a course of strict discipline, and  
keeps a signed record of any and all of your  
corrections in a discipline book, in which he dates  
and signs each entry.”  
  
“You stand warned, Mr. Foster.  When we sell you, you  
come with not only our guarantee, but also a starter  
package for your owner.  And that starter package  
includes a discipline book, the same kind of stock  
whip that was just used on you, as well as an  
assortment of paddles, hobbles, and punishment  
mouthwashes.  And owners know that if they do not use  
the proper punishment on you when a guidance procedure  
is mandated by corrections protocol, then we cannot  
guarantee your performance.  So don’t think you can  
start slacking in the behavior department once you’re  
sold!”  
  
Ian grabbed Peter’s chin, “Did you hear what Mr.  
Foster said?”  
  
Peter sniffled, “Yes sir. Thank you sir.”  
  
With Ian holding Peter by the left upper arm, and  
Brett holding Peter by the right arm, the two docents  
led Peter to the elevator.  Peter could not look into  
the faces of the docents.  He noticed that Brett  
pushed the elevator button for sub level 2.  Peter did  
not know what was on that level.  But he felt certain  
that nothing he would ever face in the future could be  
more humiliating than what he had just been subjected  
to.    
  
But once the elevator arrived at sub level 2, and  
Brett and Ian led him to a door that said  
‘Post-Correction Treadmills - Authorized Personnel  
Only’, and opened it, he knew that he was wrong.  What  
he saw was a nightmare.  
  
It was a roomful of 150 treadmills, looking somewhat  
like typical exercise bicycles.  On 65 of the  
treadmills were male servants, naked and ringed, all  
walking at a brisk pace to keep up with the automated  
tread.  Their arms were cuffed to handlebars, and rods  
in front of them and in back of them kept them  
centered on the treadmill, and a heavy belt about  
their waist kept them on the treadmill.  Coming from  
the ceiling and going up into the rectums of each  
servant was a tube which provided them with an anal  
nutrition drip as they trotted.   
  
Scattered about the room were eight docents serving as  
overseers.  
  
Ian and Brett led the stunned Peter to one of the  
treadmills, secured his arms to the handlebars, and  
locked him into position on the tread by means of a  
heavy belt about his waist.  Ian pulled down a  
nutrition drip tube that came from the ceiling, and  
spoke as he eased the lubed tube high up into Peter’s  
ass. “You will be running on this treadmill until you  
make a heartfelt confession of your wrongdoing; make a  
sincere plea of your need for continued guidance and  
correction; and make an absolute and total commitment  
to a term of obedient service.  You will be on this  
treadmill for as long as it takes.”  
  
“Until you make your confession and accept your new  
status in life, you will be given no other food to eat  
except for this nutrition drip that feeds you  
internally.  It makes no difference to us how long it  
takes you to accept your status as total servitor.   
Keeping you on the treadmill isn’t just to help you to  
make a resolve towards a commitment of total  
obedience; continual jogging is also needed to  
maintain proper peristalsis so your body can absorb  
the nutrients coming from the drip tube.”  
  
“Once you admit your failing, confess your need for  
continual guidance, make a sincere promise to never  
again misbehave, and commit your life to obedience,  
you will be forgiven.”    
  
Brett turned on the treadmill and Peter had no choice  
but to jog in place like all the other servants locked  
in their treadmills.  
  
Ian watched Peter adjust his jogging stance to keep up  
with the tread, and continued, “The treadmill runs  
continuously.  Every 27 minutes there is a  
three-minute rest break.  If you have not made a  
sincere confession by 3 AM tomorrow morning, we will  
then lock you down for a three-hour nap, and you shall  
be returned to this treadmill at 6AM.  This is your  
own doing.  You can choose this treadmill, or you can  
choose a life that is committed to the total joy of  
serving others.”  
  
Brett stood close to the jogging Peter, and touched  
him on the shoulder, “Please, Peter, search your  
innermost being, and try to get to a point where you  
can confess your failing, take a vow of strict  
obedience, and ask forgiveness.  Once you do that, we  
will then forgive you and you will be redeemed, and we  
will then have nothing but praise and admiration for  
you.”  
  
Peter was uncertain of what was going on, of what  
exactly they wanted of him.  What did they mean ‘ask  
forgiveness’?  What were they doing?  Why such  
language?  He felt lost in another world, for sure,  
and he wondered if he was really experiencing what was  
going on.  Was everyone suddenly nuts?  
  
No sooner had Peter wondered what was going on, when  
he got his first hint of an answer.  A servant on a  
treadmill not far removed from him; a handsome, tall,  
black-haired, boy with wide-set, doe-like, eyes;  
suddenly broke down weeping and cried out. “I’m sorry.  
I’m sorry.  Please forgive me for talking so  
disrespectfully to a docent.  I realize now how awful  
that was.  Please help me.  I want to change my life,  
start behaving, and be of service.  Please help me.”  
  
The boy continued to mutter and sputter promises even  
as the docents came and turned off his treadmill,  
started to touch him soothingly all over, and tell him  
what a good servant he was.   
  
Like religious fundamentalists at a healing service,  
weeping and sobbing that they’ve been sinners and need  
to be healed, and willing to make total fools out of  
themselves in order to accept the comfort that  
superstition offers, so the handsome black-haired  
servant wept out his commitment to obedience.  
  
Peter saw the plan.  The treadmills were used to break  
servants in the training program into happily  
accepting their servant status.  The goal of the  
treadmill was to tear down any and all resistance.   
Peter was determined; he would never make such an ass  
of himself as the black haired servant had just done.  
  
Ian and Brett stood next to each other and watched  
Peter jogging on the treadmill.  They liked securing  
naughty boys to the treadmill and watching them cope  
with their inescapable lot.  In Peter Foster’s case,  
they especially liked what they saw.  Peter was aware  
of them staring at him, but he was too humiliated to  
look them in the face.  The two docents watched Peter  
weeping and jogging for several minutes.  Just before  
they took their leave, Ian and Brett exchanged smiles.  
Peter did not notice their shared smiles, nor did  
Peter notice Ian and Brett as they each tugged at  
their trousers in order to free their erections before  
returning to their offices.  
  
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Almost exactly 37 hours after being placed on the  
treadmill, Peter Foster was converted.  He broke down  
and tearfully made a heartfelt confession of his  
lying; stated in earnest terms his need for continual  
guidance and correction, made a commitment to total  
obedience, and asked all the docents in the room to  
forgive him.  
  
As soon as Peter broke down, the docents in the room  
called Peter’s trainers, Ian and Brett, and they  
arrived in the treadmill room within minutes, happy  
that their boy had finally made a commitment to total  
obedience.  
  
When Peter was released from the treadmill, he fell to  
the floor in a heap, crying out his shame at his past  
behavior.  
  
Docents Ian Matthews and Brett Halston, assuring Peter  
that he had been redeemed, gently touched Peter’s  
naked, ringed, body.  Ian rubbed Peter’s crotch and  
fondled his sex, as a part of the homosexualization  
process, and Brett fingered circles about Peter’s  
ringed nipples.  Peter Foster accepted the feelings of  
pleasure that came with the docents’ touch as being a  
part of healing forgiveness.  Ian and Brett appeared  
now to Peter as comforting saviors who could show him  
the way to a life of happiness in service.  He loved  
them.  
  
Brett patted Peter on the head, “There’s no need to  
cry any more, little fella.  Everything’s going to be  
okay!”  
  
Like a little child crying after a spanking, Peter did  
not stop crying, but kept offering tear-filled  
promises to never again be naughty.    
  
It always filled Ian and Brett with immense  
professional pride every time one of their trainees  
was converted.  They loved seeing men turned into  
servants.    
  
Peter’s eyes were now filled with tears of joy instead  
of sorrow as Brett and Ian each took one of his arms  
and helped him up from the floor.  They offered him  
continual praise as they escorted him to his reward.   
Peter sobbed, “I just want to be a good servant.”  Ian  
rubbed his back as they guided him, “You will be,  
Peter.  You will be!”    
  
Docents know full well the value of the reward  
system, and they use it.  They took Peter to a spa on  
the 18th floor, and Brett told the bath attendants,

‘groomers’ in the employ of Sherman, Lawson, and  
Stingle Imports, to give Peter the royal treatment,  
“Here’s a boy who is going to be an ace of a servant.   
Let him soak in the Jacuzzi for as long as he wants.   
Then give him a full rub down, oil and scent him, and  
put a garland in his hair.”  
  
As the white coated and smiling groomers guided Peter  
to the hot tub, Peter was proud, at last, of the giant  
humbler ring tugging down his penis.  And when Peter  
noted that the two gay boy groomers couldn’t take  
their eyes off of his still somewhat engorged pierced  
dick, ‘from Ian’s fondling’, he ever so slightly,  
thrust out his hips to proudly show off his ringed  
tackle.    
  
It was indeed a provocative sight, and one of the gay  
boy groomers couldn’t resist reaching out touching the  
handsome servant boy’s prick as he eased Peter into  
the hot tub.  Peter loved the attention the groomers  
were paying to him.  Finally Peter was at peace,  
knowing that groomer boys  and, indeed, boys  
everywhere, would be envious and desirous of him with  
his servant dick pierced by the giant humbler ring,  
and would probably be wishing that they could be  
ringed in just the same way as he was.  
  
It was a happy day all around at Sherman, Lawson, and  
Stingle Imports. Peter Foster had been successfully  
corrected and converted.

The End

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