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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