The American Way - Eating Apples

By Randall Austin

Short Story

(A note from the author – The first part of ‘The American Way’ was a stand-alone piece, and I had no  
intention of it being a multi-part story.

This installment of ‘The American Way’; ‘The American Way - Eating Apples’ continues with the themes and events developed in the first part.  It too can stand alone.

The next installment of ‘The American Way’; ‘The American Way – A New Direction’ continues with the themes and events developed in the first part.  It too can stand alone.

The next installment of ‘The American Way’; ‘The American Way – Processing Day Hassles’ continues with the themes and events developed in the first part.  It too can stand alone.

The last installment of ‘The American Way’; ‘The American Way – Genius’ continues with the themes and events developed in the first part.  It too can stand alone.)

This story is erotic fiction meant for mature readers and should only be read by adults over the age of eighteen years old. Please do not use my stories without my permission and please forward all comments to [randallaustin2011@hotmail.com](mailto:randallaustin2011@hotmail.com)

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

Bill Levertson stood in the viewing area of Sherman,   
Lawson, and Stingle Imports’ servants-in-training  
dayroom rest and recreation area.  Below him was a  
large room of about one hundred dining tables, each  
with 8 folding chairs.  About the perimeter of the  
room were easy chairs, bookshelves loaded with  
magazines, and light exercise equipment.  More than  
half of the tables had at least four servants sitting  
at them, eating apples and chatting.    
  
Bill had invited his friend Kim Jeffers to meet him in  
the viewing room, and from there the plan was for them  
to share lunch.  Kim looked down on the dayroom, “Wow,   
there’s a lot of guys down there!”  
  
Bill was Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle Imports Marketing  
Director and he was good at estimating the size of large  
groups of social servants, “I’d say there are about  
300 servants in all down there.  That room can  
accommodate as many as 800 servants on break.”  
  
Kim was amazed, “Wow!  How many guys do you have here  
in training?”  
  
“Right now we have just a tad under 4000 men.  We only  
deal in males.”  
Kim had never before considered the prospect of having  
so many servants in one place, “Jeeze!  How in the  
hell can you control that many people?”  
  
Bill looked about the roomful of servants eating  
apples and commented, “It’s serious business.  You  
want to keep them content so they are truly pleasant  
in personality, yet at the same time you need to lay  
down firm guidelines.  The whole thing is a balancing  
act.  The chief component of control is having in  
place a tangible system of rewards.”  
  
Kim shook his head in amazement, like a young kid  
visiting an airplane assembly plant, “Wow, all those  
guys down there.  How can you possibly train them  
all?”  
  
Bill smiled, “I can assure we have plenty of employees  
here, and we’ve been in business long enough to know  
how to handle the basics.  And what you’re talking  
about are the basics.”  
  
“But what’s interesting, is now, for the first time, I  
am dealing with a logistical nightmare.  I have to  
come up with a way to get all of our stock body  
ringed.”  
  
Kim wondered, “Ringed.  I didn’t know they still did  
that.”  
  
Bill leaned over the railing, stretching his arms as  
he did so, “My boss, the managing director of the  
company, and I came up with a new marketing strategy  
that requires all of our servants to be pierced and  
ringed in seven places on their bodies.  And it’s my  
job to arrange the whole thing.  So now what I’m  
trying to do is to consider an efficient method.   
Like, do I have each servant emplaced with all seven  
rings at once, or do we go for a round robin kind of  
procedures line?  Have them line up, and pierce their  
right ear, then go to the next line for the left ear,   
and so on and on for their nipples, navel, nose, and  
cock.”

Kim shook his head, “Yeah, I see, that is a pretty big  
operation you’ve got on your hands.”  
  
The thought of seeing 4000 naked men getting dick  
pierced sent a strange shiver down Kim’s spine.  Kim  
looked at his handsome friend Bill Levertson as he  
leaned over the railing, looking at the men he  
marketed.  Kim always had a crush on Bill.  His  
lightly curled hair, his boyish good looks; though he  
was 42 years old; and manly body, always made Kim  
want to be close to Bill.  And through the years Bill  
was never bothered by Kim’s homosexuality.  
  
And Kim had never before really considered the daily  
closeness his friend, Bill, had with literally  
thousands of men, and the control he had over them.  
  
Bill pulled out his cell phone and made a quick call,   
“Simon.  More apples in the day room… Okay,  
thanks.”  
  
As Bill stuffed his cell phone into his pocket, Kim  
asked, "What’s with the apples?”  
  
“That’s what we feed ‘em.”  
  
Kim wondered, “You mean for snacks?”  
  
Bill shook his head to the side and back, “No.  It’s  
all that guys in their stage of training get to eat at  
this point.  Apples and water, and a few supplements.   
At any given time, our stock is divided into eight  
different training, feeding, and discipline,   
regimens.”   
  
Hearing about thousands of men being herded into  
various training, feeding, and discipline, regimens  
made Kim swallow hard with a strange and forbidden  
fascination.  His cock had that strange tingling  
feeling that wanted to be rubbed.  “Man, I had no idea  
what your work was like.  This is fascinating.”   
  
Bill looked at his watch, “We better leave for lunch.   
I have to be back here for a meeting in fifty minutes.  
There’s a nice restaurant across the street!”  
  
Kim exited with his friend, but really didn’t want to  
leave the viewing room.

The End

For more of Randall Austin Stories, Please visit the Randall Austin Archive Group. While it does not yet contain all of Randall’s stories [it will eventually], it gathers the stories in one convenient location.

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