The American Way – Genius

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>

John Powers, managing director of Sherman,   
Lawson, and Stingle Imports, put the photos of the   
firm's newest trainee candidates back into the   
folder and called for his marketing director, Bill   
Levertson.   
  
When Bill entered the room, Mr. Powers apologized,   
"I'm sorry for calling you away so soon after your   
budget meeting, since I'm sure it was strenuous,   
but I'm real curious.  I was just looking at the   
photos of our latest acquisitions, and I have a   
question."

Mr. Powers felt obliged to compliment   
his marketing director before continuing. "As usual,   
you've done an amazing job of selecting a group of   
top prospect servitors: handsome, smart, educated,   
height-weight proportional, fit, healthy, good   
definition, and nicely dicked and balled."  
  
"But I am real curious about one of the candidates,   
a fellow named Ian James.  He's an A+ student I   
notice, and he's got a nice set of low hangers.  But,   
one has to admit he's hardly more than what one   
would call ‘pleasant looking’, and his body lacks   
any definition.  What's going on with him?"  
  
Bill smiled, "Oh yes, Ian James.  I didn't expect you   
to be reviewing the photos of our newest trainee   
candidates so soon, but I did intend to get a report   
out to you very shortly regarding Ian."  
  
Bill and John were friends, as well as being two of   
the most important directors of the import firm, and   
Bill had no problem taking a seat in Mr. Power's   
office without being asked.  As Bill relaxed into the   
comfortable leather chair, he was eager to explain.   
"We here at Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle Imports   
pride ourselves on offering absolutely top quality   
servants capable of providing a broad range of   
specialty services.  No other brokerage firm   
matches us in offering servitors of such a high   
degree of excellence within various specialized   
categories."  
  
Bill nodded self-assuredly and continued, "Ian   
James is a very special kid.  He's 20 years old and   
is a genius."  Bill smiled broadly and proudly, and   
said no more.  
  
Mr. Powers waited, expecting his marketing director   
to continue with his explanation, but Bill kept   
smiling, confident that Mr. Powers was pleased with   
his explanation.  When the silence continued   
accompanied by a quizzical look from Mr. Powers,   
Bill realized that Mr. Powers didn't understand what   
he meant. "Mr. Powers, when I said that Ian was a   
genius, I meant it.  He has talents that no other   
indentured person who has gone through our   
training program has ever come close to   
possessing."  
  
Mr. Powers wondered, "When you say ‘talents’ I   
assume you mean fetishes.  Our servants are   
trained to respond to a client's fetishes   
systematically.  They do not actually have to have   
a given fetish in order to respond as if they actually

have such a fetish themselves."  
  
Bill shook his head, "No.  I'm not talking about   
anything as ordinary as various and unique sexual   
skills here.  I'm talking brain skill.  Ian James has   
an IQ that can't be measured.  At the age of 14 he   
wrote an award winning paper on radiological   
physics.  The kid is simply a walking brain."  
  
Mr. Powers nodded his head up and down, thinking   
he grasped Bill's marketing concept for Ian James,   
but wanted more explanation from Bill, "Please continue,   
Bill."  
  
"Mr. Powers, all of our servants are bright and   
educated.  We have long acknowledged in our   
marketing analysis and sales strategy reports that   
a large part of our success is due to the ordinary   
man's love of lording it over someone who is   
brighter and more accomplished than they are.  It's   
a fact of human nature that a lot of people are that   
way.  It's a large part of the reason a lot of people   
are willing to pay Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle   
prices for a common domestic servant when they   
could get someone just as attractive and capable   
for the job from the local county social services   
agency."  
  
"But in Ian James we have the chance of hitting   
two markets.  The first is the market that actually   
wants to utilize his intellectual capabilities.  We   
will probably end up selling him to some   
university's science research department.  But if we   
don't, it's a safe bet that there's someone out there   
who isn't satisfied with just lording it over someone   
who used to be a lawyer or a physician before they   
were indentured; they need to control the ultimate   
achiever, so to speak, in order to attain that special  
pride of servitor ownership.  And Ian is the answer   
to their prayers!"  
  
Mr. Powers rose from his desk and walked to the   
liquor table, "Brilliant thinking, Bill.  Just  
brilliant!  To me, Bill, you are just as much a genius

as is this Ian James."

Mr. Powers poured himself and Bill a   
glass of sherry.  As he handed Bill his glass of   
sherry he patted him on the back, "You've been   
with the company almost a year now, Bill.  I want   
you to know that if you ever want a little weekend   
help around your place, doing odd jobs, house   
cleaning, yard work, serving dinner guests, or  
whatever, you may feel free to have your pick of   
any of our boys who are in stage three and beyond   
of their training."  
  
Mr. Powers held up his glass, and the two men   
toasted.  Mr. Powers winked, "Just make sure you   
bring him back to work with you on Monday   
morning."

The End

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