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

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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