The American Way – Homework

By Randall Austin

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>

Michael Branson, 22 years old, was a well-behaved and  
well-liked kid.  Especially when he was playing guitar  
in his industrial rock band.  But once his bills began  
to mount and the money he made playing gigs wasn’t  
enough to cover the cost of living, Michael decided to  
make a little extra cash in the lucrative business of  
selling drugs.  He wasn’t into it fulltime; he really  
loved making music more than drugs.  Unfortunately for  
Michael, he was more attuned to the details of rocking  
and didn’t pay enough attention to covering his drug  
deals.  He ended up getting caught selling a variety  
of drugs to an undercover agent; was convicted; and  
sentenced to six years indenturement with the Maine  
Department of Social Services.  
  
The State of Maine makes all of its criminally  
indentured available to private brokerage firms.   
Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle Imports liked what they  
saw in Michael and bought him, even though he did not  
meet their education requirements.  The marketing  
department was attracted to Michael’s exceptional good  
looks, alertness, wit, overall nice shape, and  
intelligence.  They knew that in Michael they could  
easily recover whatever extra it would cost to bring  
him up to their training level and education  
requirements.  
  
In the agreement reached with the state and the  
brokerage firm, Michael would attend classes at the  
local community college in the courses in which he was  
deficient.  Once his courses were completed, he would  
then enter into a full service training program with  
Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle Imports.  While Michael’s  
official training with Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle  
would first begin in six months, he would in the  
meantime be living at home with his parents while he  
completed his course work at the local community  
college.  His legal status during his schooling would  
be that of one on ‘administrative probation’, and it  
is a status that receives very minimal attention from  
the Department of Corrections.  Michael would be  
living very much as a free boy until he entered  
training in six months time at the brokerage firm  
Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle Imports, in San  
Francisco.   
  
Michael, being a smart kid, found the coursework at  
the community college easy, but he also found it  
boring.  Hanging around the community college crowd,   
he began to meet other people his age that he liked,   
but whose lives were not centered on music.  In the  
past, Michael had considered the community college  
crowd to be something of a bunch of losers.  He had  
always thought kids who attend community college  
couldn’t make it into the university system.  But  
despite his prejudice, Michael found that he was  
enjoying, for the first time in his life, making  
friends with people whose lives were not centered on  
music.  Being a handsome and charming kid, Michael  
always found himself surrounded with guys and gals to  
chat with and do things.    
  
And although Michael’s attitudes towards the people  
who attended community colleges were changing, his  
view of the community college, in general hadn’t.  He  
considered the community college to be a ‘third rank  
school filled with dud instructors’.  As a consequence  
of his opinion, he was disdainful of his instructors,   
and was slack in performing their assignments,   
especially homework.  
  
When one morning Peter Verrell, economics instructor,   
asked Michael at the start of class in front of  
everyone, where his homework was, Michael replied that  
he ‘had an emergency’ and couldn’t get to it.  When  
Mr. Verrell reminded Peter that it was the third  
assignment he had missed, Michael quietly apologized,   
nervous for the first time that Mr. Verrell might  
bring up his indentured status in front of his  
classmates.  
  
When Mr. Verrell responded, “Remember Mr. Branson that  
you’re on special status here, and I would advise you  
to comply with all instructions given you”, Michael  
was embarrassed.  His hopes that his classmates  
wouldn’t question him on the matter were realized for  
the most part.  Only his newest friend, Hale Sorbison,   
later questioned Michael on the incident.  Michael  
lied to Hale about the meaning of Mr. Verrell’s  
comments. “My special status has to do with the fact  
that I’ve only lived in this county for 8 months.  The  
school had to make a special dispensation for me to  
get the standard community tuition rates.”  
  
Life continued to be uneventful yet not unpleasant for  
Michael, and as a result Michael eventually slipped  
back into his easygoing ways.  One Wednesday, three  
weeks after the incident in the economics class, Mr.   
Verrell again questioned Michael, “Mr. Branson, I  
can’t seem to find your essay in the stack on my  
desk.”  Michael responded quietly yet earnestly, “I’m  
sorry, Mr. Verrell, but I had an emergency situation  
at home.”  
  
Mr. Verrell questioned, “Oh?  What was the emergency?”  
  
“I’d rather not say in public, sir.”    
  
Mr. Verrell folded his arms, “Then come up here and  
tell me in private.”  
  
“I’d rather not sir.”  
  
“Mr. Branson, you are duty bound to respond to my  
questions.”  The entire class sat up.  
  
At first Michael put his head down with a pained look  
and was silent, but when Mr. Verrell called out for  
him to come forward, Michael could take no more, and  
muttered under his breath, “Fuck this shit, man!”  
  
Mr. Verrell was also indignant, and unfolded his arms,   
“That does it!  Get up here to the front of the class,   
young man, and take off your shirt!”  
  
Michael’s classmates looked at each other, uncertain  
of what was going on.  
  
When Michael did not move, Mr. Verrell threatened, “I  
will not allow someone in the servitor corps to  
disrupt a community college class!  Mr. Branson, if  
you don’t come up here right now, your term of service  
can be extended.”  
  
Michael, defeated, his head bowed down, shrugged out  
of his seat and walked to the front of the class.  
  
Mr. Verrell repeated his request, “Take off your  
shirt!”  
  
The entire class, along with Michael wondered what Mr.   
Verrell was going to do.  Michael asked, “What are you  
going to do, man?”  
  
“From now on I am to be addressed as ‘sir’, and not  
‘man’.”  Mr. Verrell reached up and started to  
unbutton Michael’s shirt, “And what I’m going to do,   
young man, is show the class how I treat smart-alecky  
and troublemaking members of the servitor corps!”  
  
Michael almost whispered, “You can’t do this to me.”  
  
Mr. Verrell did not whisper his reply, but wanted the  
entire class to hear, “Mr. Branson, I would advise you  
to read the terms of your sentencing agreement.  I’ve  
been provided with a copy of it, and you can see it if  
you’d like.  It basically says that if you’re sent to  
any state certification course before you actually  
enter training with your lease holder, then that  
institution providing the certification has full  
overseership privileges and authority over you.  I am  
a state certified servitor handler and corrections  
officer.  And I intend to handle you as I see fit by  
offering you a little correction right now.  Now  
finish getting that shirt off immediately or I’ll  
double your punishment!”  
  
As Michael, dazed, removed his shirt, he was aware of  
the devastating silence in the classroom.  Once  
Michael pulled his shirt off, he held it close to his  
chest, as if attempting to cover himself.  
  
Mr. Verrell grabbed the shirt away from Michael, threw  
it on his desk, grabbed Michael’s forearms, and  
hoisted them to two cuffs that were attached to a tall  
bookshelf just to the left of his desk.  No one in the  
class had noticed the cuffs attached to the shelf  
until now.  The cuffs were just at the level of the  
top of Michael’s head.  Once Michael’s wrists were  
locked in the cuffs, the class could see his hairy  
armpits.  Mr. Verrell pointed to Michael’s hairy pits  
and commented on them to the class, “Once they get  
Michael into the processing center, that pit hair,  
along with the rest of his pubic hair, is going to be  
the first thing they take off.”  
  
Michael was being made a spectacle for the enjoyment  
of the class.  Mr. Verrell, by choosing to point out  
his armpit hair to the class, had succeeded in  
reducing Michael to a servant to be talked about.  
  
Several girls in the class, and a few guys, were happy  
to see Michael’s bare back and chest.  Mr. Verrell  
reached around in front of Michael’s trousers, opened  
the top button, and lowered the zipper of his fly half  
way down.  He then grabbed the waistband of Michael’s  
trousers and pulled them down, about two inches, to  
expose more of Michael’s lower back and the start of  
his ass crack.  Michael swallowed in humiliation.  
  
In all of his years in grade and high school, Michael  
had never once received physical discipline.  He felt  
that his classmates should be reacting with  
indignation at his treatment; instead they were  
mesmerized by the spectacle of Mr. Verrell robbing him  
of his dignity.  
  
Mr. Verrell took a small whip from his desk drawer.   
It had a nine-inch long dowel handle, and connected to  
it were two strands of leather, each two and a half  
feet long.  Mr. Verrell held it up, “Class, this is  
known as a ‘flip whip’, and it is the whip you’ll find  
most frequently used for maintaining servitor control  
in classroom and in exercise training room situations.   
It is lightweight and easy to use.  It’s not  
considered a serious control device, but it gets the  
job done.  It gets messages delivered swiftly and  
without too much mess or trauma.”   
  
Mr. Verrell took the proper distance in back of  
Michael and announced, “Five slices of the flip whip  
for classroom disruption.”  
  
Mr. Verrell swung the whip and sliced Michael’s back.   
Michael cried out, “Oh gawd!”  Two more slices quickly  
followed, accompanied by loud howls from Michael and a  
“Shit!”    
  
Mr. Verrell paused, “You learning your lesson, corps  
boy?”  It seemed to some members of the class as if  
this was something Mr. Verrell enjoyed doing.  
  
There was no response to the question from Michael.   
Mr. Verrell sliced Michael’s back one more time,   
waited for the scream, then applied the last stroke  
with all the force he could muster.  
  
When finished, Mr. Verrell stood to the side of  
Michael so the class could see the red marks on  
Michael’s back.  He noted with pleasure that the class  
seemed both shocked and awed by what they had just  
witnessed.  He enjoyed showing the class the power he  
had over members of the servitor corps.  
  
Once the pain of the whipping started to subside,   
Michael felt an even more searing pain ensue; the pain  
of realizing that he would no longer be considered a  
normal person by his classmates.  
  
Mr. Verrell uncuffed Michael’s wrists and handed him  
his shirt.  As Michael started to put the shirt on  
with his back to the class, to hide his teary eyes, he  
felt violated with everyone watching him get dressed.  
  
Mr. Verrell spoke to Michael, “You may go back to your  
seat now, Michael, if you promise to make up all of  
your missed assignments.  Are you going to do that?”   
Michael nodded his head like a little freshly spanked  
child.  His classmates could hear him sniffling.  
  
Mr. Verrell wanted to prolong Michael’s humiliation,   
“You nodded your head.  Now tell me what that means.”  
  
Michael kept his head bowed, “It means I’m going to do  
my homework from now on, sir, and make up all of my  
missed assignments.”  
  
As Mr. Verrell smiled, satisfied that his chastisement  
had paid off, Michael made his way back to his seat  
with his eyes to the floor.  He felt he would never  
again be able to look his classmates in the eye.  
  
When Michael took his seat he knew that some of his  
classmates had their heads down too; they, as well,   
were too embarrassed to look at Michael.  Michael felt  
as if Hale and his other friends were embarrassed for  
ever having befriended him.  
  
When the class eventually let out, everyone left in a  
hurry, eager to discuss what they had witnessed.  Not  
a single person came up to Michael to offer sympathy.   
  
On any school day, Michael usually had two or three  
offers for a ride home from classmates.  On this sad  
day there were no offers for rides.  No one even spoke  
to him.   
  
As he walked home several cars slowed down as they  
passed him so the occupants could get a good look at  
the slave boy.  One of the cars honked, and hooting  
and laughter could be heard coming from inside the  
car.  
  
When Michael got home, he called his closest female  
friend from college.  She was not in Mr. Verrell’s  
class, but when she came on the phone she told Michael  
not to call her anymore, and was surprisingly, to  
Michael, extremely rude. “Why are you always calling  
me?  Stop it, or else I report you to the principal.   
It’s harassment!”  She hung up the phone without  
listening for a word from Michael.  
  
Dejected and sexually frustrated, Michael locked the  
door to his bedroom, unzipped his trousers, and took  
out his penis.  As he gently tugged on his penis to  
relieve his anxiety he recalled the jokes he had often  
heard about servants; ‘they do nothing but jack off  
every chance they get’.  He realized that he was now,   
indeed, just another lonely servant boy, like  
thousands of others in the city: alone, friendless,   
and sad.  His penis, like the rest of him, was owned  
by others.  But it was now his only friend.

The End

For more of Randall Austin Stories, Please join his Archive group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>