The American Way – Homework

By Randall Austin

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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

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