**The American Way – Processing Day Hassles**

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.)

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Everyone was very busy at Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle
Imports.  The company’s managing director, John
Powers, opened the door to his marketing director’s
office, “Bill, Can I see you for a minute?”

“Sure, come in and have a seat, John.”

Bill Levertson was appointed the job of organizing the

major change in processing and handling of social servants,

which the company had undertaken at his suggestion.  Today
was the first day in an expected weeklong processing
and reorienting of the company’s nearly 4000 servants
in training.

“How are things are going?”

Bill shook his head, “Well, as you have probably
heard, things aren’t going exactly according to plan.
I had 130 processing tables set up in the gymnasium
for the ringing procedures to be performed on the
servants.  But yesterday Blanchard Medical Services
let me know that they couldn’t supply the number of
technicians they had promised, so we’re down almost 35
processor/technicians.  They won’t have their full
team ready until Wednesday.”

“Then, on top of that, the topical anesthetic which
Wordman’s Pharmacy provided us with is some low grade
stuff, and is effective for the ear, nipple, and navel
ringings, but isn’t any good at all for the septum and
penis head piercings.  So, as you can imagine, there’s
a lot of screaming going on down in the processing
room.”

Mr. Powers wondered, “Couldn’t we get some of the
proper anesthetic at Clark and Bowman’s?”

“Not in the quantities we need.”

Mr. Powers frowned, “Gosh, that’s too bad.”

Bill tried to put a positive spin on the situation,
“It probably isn’t all that unfortunate an outcome.
Our new “Able, Ringed, and Proud” program calls for
ringing the servants in seven places and for permanent
nudity to emphasize their status as, basically, work
animals.  Along with that, as we discussed, goes a
somewhat more austere lifestyle, stricter standards, a
higher degree of homosexualization, and somewhat
harsher conditions in general.  It’s probably a good
thing that they get introduced to a little pain during
their training.  It should help them learn to take
hardship without griping.”

Mr. Powers nodded, “You’re probably right about that.”
Mr. Powers wondered, “Can you show me around a bit,
so I can see what things are actually like down on the
floor.”

Bill nodded, “Sure, I was just going down there
myself.”

On the elevator down to the gymnasium level, Bill
asked Mr. Powers if he had seen the projections on the
initial reaction to their marketing scheme.  Mr.
Powers smiled, “I sure have.  It’s looking good and
generating a lot of interest.  I guess it’s safe to
say that your idea was correct: people want to see
servants looking like, and being treated like,
servants.”

When they exited the elevator they could see a line of
about 50 naked servants leading into the gymnasium.
Bill explained, “We’re stripping them out here, and
then having them wait in line out here until the next
group of processing tables is ready for them to be
strapped down.  We’ve got the doors to the gym closed,
but they were not designed to be sound proof, so
unfortunately the poor guys in line get to hear the
screams of the servants on the tables when their
septums are hole-punched, and their penis heads
pierced.”
“The docents are being really helpful out here.  It’s
a training time for them too, as, after all, we’re all
getting used to this full time servant nudity.”

Mr. Powers commented, “Yes, it is unusual to see them
exposed like this.  We see them in the showers and
training rooms nude, but it does look odd seeing them
in the hallway and everywhere else in the buff.”

Bill continued, “Because of the screaming caused by
the lack of a high grade anesthetic, I’m having the
docents do a lot of hands on comforting of the
servants as they wait in line.  If you’ll notice, you
can see one docent walking down the line patting the
guys on the shoulders and back, and another one over
there is gently rubbing a servant’s butt as he tells
him such things as, ‘the actual pain will be short
lived’.  And notice that docent at the front of the
line talking to that blond haired servant.  Notice how
his hand is actually gently rubbing his navel area.
This soothing of the servants in the nude is a good
opportunity for our docents to assist in the
homosexualization process.  It’s all necessary to help
the servant population get used to being handled by
members of the same sex.”

Mr. Powers liked what he saw, “Very good, Bill.  It
really does seem to be keeping the trainees calm.”

As the gym room doors we’re opened, several
technicians’ aides exited the processing room and
invited about 30 servants to come into the room and to
hop up on the vacant processing tables.  When the gym
doors were eventually closed again, a new group of
about 40 servants was led down the hallway by several
docents.  One of the docents ordered the wary servants
to strip out of their training uniforms. “You can just
fold them and leave them in a pile with the other
uniforms.  You won’t be needing them anymore, ever.
Everything off!  Shorts, shirt, undies, and sandals
all have to come off!”

The docents as well as some members of the
administrative staff stood around with folded arms
watching the latest group of servants strip.  Everyone
enjoyed seeing all the flesh, and the wide range of
cock and ball sizes on the servants.  But no one was
enjoying it more than marketing director, Bill
Levertson.  Being around so much naked male flesh
through the years was having its own homosexualization
effect on Bill.

The End

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