**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.)

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>

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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