The American Way – Whitey-Boy Tar Slave

By Randall Austin

Short Story

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Jack Jeffers stood anxiously in the living room of his
house, along with his two youngest sons, Vernon,
15, and Cory, 17.  Lending support to Jack for what
was about to take place was Jack’s brother,
Andrew.

The professional servant handling team that was
present consisted of Brian Hennessy, an official of
the Hickman County Social Services Agency in
Centerville, Tennessee; Gabe Coulter, a new
employee for Hickman County, and recently
employed by Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle Imports
of San Francisco, California; and Bimbo Rushman, a
servant groomer for Hickman County.

Jack spoke to his sons, "I want you boys to know
that what I’m doing to Brent isn’t because he is not
your real brother.  When your mother and I adopted
Brent when he was a child we loved him just as
much as we do you two, our own, boys.  And
through the years we lavished just as much love on
Brent as we did you.  It pains me to have to do this
to my stepson, but children, you have to
understand that what I’m doing is for his own
good."

Andrew nodded his head in support of his brother’s
statement.  Jack continued, "The state servant
program is a good place for boys like Brent, who are
homosexuals.  It provides a secure setting for them
while offering them counseling, bible study, and
treatment for their problems."

"I can’t tell you boys how much it pained me to
discover last month that Brent was a homo.  When
I discovered all those filthy magazines that he had
locked away in his suitcase, I felt as if our home
had been invaded by an evil spirit.  The state
servitor program makes all servants take bible
classes.  This will be good for Brent.  I should have
known long ago that something was wrong with
Brent from the way he never wanted to go to church
with us."

Footsteps could be heard coming up the front porch,
and Gabe immediately stooped down to his
implements case, which he had set on the floor,
and unlocked it.  At the same time Bimbo checked
the portable gurney he had brought with him to
make sure that the wheels were locked and that
the binding straps could easily be uncoiled.

As 19 year-old Brent entered the living room he
flashed a surprised smile at all of the unknown
people in his house.  Expecting his dad to introduce
him, Brent walked up to Brian Hennessy and
extended a friendly hand of greeting.  At that
instant Gabe Coulter grabbed him from behind with
both arms and started tearing off his shirt.  As
buttons flew all over the living room, Bimbo
grabbed Brent’s neck with a flesh clutch as Gabe
spoke in a strong voice, "Brent Jeffers, we are
agents from Hickman County Social Service here to
induct you into a lifelong term of indentured
servitude with the State of Tennessee.

If you offer resistance of any kind we are authorized to

submit to the state controlling agency a writ for your
summary castration and 40 strokes of the bullwhip.
You are hereby remanded to the custody of Brian
Hennessy, Hickman County Social Services Agency
Senior Appraiser, and are hence subject to all laws
pertaining to servitors in Hickman County."

The two senior agents made easy work of stripping
Brent naked and splaying him out on the gurney.
Bimbo deftly unfurled the restraining coils of the
gurney and secured Brent’s body to the gurney.

As Brent called out in confusion, his father responded,
"I’m only doing this because I love you son.  They
help boys like you in the county servant program.
They teach you the bible."

As Bimbo took electric clippers to Brent’s pubic hair,
he commented, "They sure do, Mr. Jeffers!  They
make all slaves memorize scripture, and they get a
good whipping if they don’t have their verses
memorized."

Jack tried to calm his son’s struggling on the gurney,
"Jesus will make your slave work real easy, son.  He
has a special love for slaves."

As Bimbo applied shaving cream to Brent’s man sex
area, Brian started to put large, thick, work boots
on Brent’s feet.  Gabe commented, "It’s amazing
the way you do things here in Tennessee.  I like it!
In California a boy like Brent would now be placed
in a training program that could run anywhere from
two months to almost a year.  But here, you take
them right from the home and put them into
immediate service."

Brian responded, "That’s right!  On the job training
is good enough for us.  That’s what god made
whips and paddles for!"

Everyone except Brent and his father laughed.
Brian continued, "We have training for the slaves
for some jobs, technical jobs and so on.  But when
a boy’s just going to be doing things like road work,
trench digging, and load hauling, like Brent here,
there’s nothing to train except show him how fast
he needs to move."

"As soon as Bimbo gets him cock shaved and
cinched, we’ll take him right out to the road tarring
team over on Milford Street.  Brent’s been assigned
to be a ‘tar boy’.”

Mr. Jeffers wondered, "Just boots?  That’s all he
gets to wear?"

Brian nodded, "We work the new boys, jack-buck
naked the first couple of days out on the road
team.  It’s good for breaking the new boys in.  It
will help Brent face the fact that he’s a slave now.
And the road team overseers need to use the tawse
and training whip quite a bit on the new boys.  So if
one area of Brent’s body should get too bruised up,
the overseers can easily find another area to whap
him.  If they run out of clean area to whip, they can
always make him spread his legs and whap him on
the inner thighs and legs."

Gabe wondered, "I would guess they get pretty
dirty tarring the roads naked."

Brian smiled, "They sure do!  By the end of today
Brent is going to be as black as sin; as black as a

little dirty chimney sweeper, urinal scrubber, or

a manure shoveler. But it’s fitting work for a homo

boy. They get as black as their sin."

Brent’s Uncle Andrew commented, "It’s funny the
way the world changes.  200 years ago all the
slaves were black here in Tennessee.  Now it’s
almost the exact opposite: the vast majority of
slaves in Tennessee are whitey boys, like Brent."

When Brent’s crying rose in pitch, Brian offered his
comfort, "You don’t need to be ashamed of
anything boy, in being a whitey-boy tar slave.  God
intended for homo boys like you to be slaves to us
good folk.  You work for us, and we teach you the
lord’s ways!"

Young Vernon laughed and called out, "You hear
that Brent, you’re going to be one of those ‘tar
boys’!"

Once Bimbo had Brent shaved bald-cunt smooth, he
applied a broad banded cinch about the base of
Brent’s cock and balls.  Andrew wondered what it
was for, so he asked.

Brian answered, "The cinch serves several purposes.
We’ve got about 30 homo boys tarring the roads
over on the Milford Street project.  Only the new
boys are totally naked, but those that are wearing
their road slave jumpsuit work with their cocks and
balls hanging out.  We can’t afford to let them stop
working for piss breaks, so the cinch, by keeping
their cock and balls sticking way up, allows the
slaves to piss while they work without sloshing
themselves too much."

"You’ll notice, also, that affixed to the cinch are a
bunch of little D-rings.  At night we attach a cock
cage to the cinch so the boys can’t get at
themselves.  We kennel the homo boys at night in
one big room.  You can imagine what they’d be
doing with each other if we didn’t lock their sex
away!"

Gabe elaborated, "One of the proven strategies for
optimizing servitor output is chastity caging.  It’s a
fact of marketing that cock-caged boys have more
energy to expend on productive ends."

Brian affirmed, "’Caging’ the boys gives them more
strength to do the work God wants these boys to be
doing for the good folks of Hickman County."

Mr. Jeffers wondered, "How long will Brent be
assigned to tarring roads?"

Brian looked the newly cinched, crying, Brent over
as he lay strapped to the gurney, "If he works out,
and he responds well to whip commands, he’ll
probably be tarring roads for the rest of his life.
Here in Hickman County we like to keep slaves on
one kind of job for their entire life, if it’s
possible.  It’s much more efficient for the county."

"This morning when I got to work, I looked over the
list of the boys I’d be subducting today and I saw
that the road crew needed a new tar boy.  I always
try to match the boy to the job, and when I saw
that you were placing Brent into servitude because
of his sickness, I knew he was the obvious choice
for the tar boy position."

Brian looked at Mr. Jeffers with sympathy, "I can
assure you, Mr. Jeffers you did the right thing in
having your son committed.  We can help Brent.
With good hard work, guided by lots of beatings,
served alongside of plenty of bible study and bible
counseling, we’ll get most of that homo stuff out of
his system.  We cure most of the homo boys who
come through our servitor system!  If the bible
doesn’t get the sin out of him, the whip will!"

Bimbo looked at the senior agents to see if they
were ready to leave.  The agents signaled that they
were ready, Bimbo spun the gurney around, Brent
let out a pitiful howl, and his father called out, "I
love you son.  You hang in there!"

Once the collection team had left, little Vernon ran
up to his room, found his muscle boy magazines,
and with lightening speed put them under what
used to be Brent’s mattress.

The End

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