The American Way – Whitey-Boy Tar Slave

By Randall Austin

Short Story  
  
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Randall Austin’s Archive Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>

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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