The American Way

By Randall Austin

Short Story

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John Powers, managing director of ‘Sherman, Lawson,  
and Stingle Imports’ called Sherman, Lawson, and  
Stingle’s marketing director into his office.

“Okay Bill, I need to know what’s going on down there

on the sales room floor.  Why in the hell isn’t that fresh  
acquisition of Russian and Czech stock moving?   
They’re all beauties and we haven’t had even a single  
bid on one of them.  What’s going on?”  
  
Bill Levertson knew he would be questioned sooner or  
later on the lack of bids placed on his 12 latest  
Eastern European servants.

“Well, they are not really competitively priced, for

starters.  Let’s face it. Anyone who knows the business

is well aware that they could go and pick up similar

quality material at ‘Servant Services’ or at any state run

auction house for almost a third less than we are charging.”  
  
John knew the business and would have none of his  
marketing director’s reasoning, “Oh get off it, Bill!   
You know as well as I do that price has nothing to do  
with it.  People come to Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle  
for its name brand recognition and guarantee.  They  
don’t care about the cost for the most part.  We’ve  
never encountered this kind of resistance before.  I  
need to know what in the hell is going on.”  
  
Bill responded cautiously, because he was somewhat  
apprehensive about making a suggestion that didn’t go  
along with long standing Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle  
policy.

“Well, you know Mr. Powers.  Times are  
changing, somewhat.  ‘Servant Services’ decks out their  
stock on the showroom floor rather garishly.”  
  
“Of course, I know that.  That’s one of the reasons  
anyone with any taste never shops there!”  
  
“Well sir, there is something of a trend these days  
towards treating servants more like servants, and  
making them look like servants, if you know what I  
mean.  We have always prided ourselves on treating our  
stock respectfully, not demeaning them in any way.   
But that’s not what’s selling anymore, sir.  People  
want to see slaves looking slaves.”  
  
Bill paused to make direct eye contact, and then  
continued. “Mr. Powers, sir, with all due respect, the  
political landscape is changing.  What with the war  
and all, people think that servants should be doing  
their part.  It’s not too much to ask a servant to go  
the extra mile if our free boys are risking their  
lives in wars around the world fighting for our  
freedom.”  
  
Mr. Powers pinched his chin, “What exactly are you  
suggesting, Bill?  That because of the war we should  
start displaying our stock in loin cloths, and  
decorate their bodies with body paint.”  
  
“Well, sir, that would be just mimicking what the  
lower quality houses are doing.  No, what I suggest is  
that we display our servants not merely costumed, but  
truly and appropriately rigged.  Not mere decoration,   
but truly modified.”  
  
“For example?”  
  
“What I think we need to do is to ring our boys.   
Severely so!  In line with the new thinking that  
servants are servants, you want to fit the boys with  
giant nose rings, so they look like they were meant to  
work.  You see a giant nose ring through a fit boy’s  
septum, and that kid is going to look like a work  
animal to a customer strolling through the viewing  
room.  Nose rings make servants look like they were  
meant to work.  It makes them look like some kind of  
animal, like they’re bulls or oxen.  Like oxen meant  
to work, and work hard.  That’s what servants are for  
after all.”  
  
Mr. Powers nodded approvingly, and Bill continued,   
“And we also need to cock ring every one of them.  A  
giant weighted cock ring through the dick head helps a  
boy to really feel like a servant.  When you’ve got a  
tethering ring tugging down on your penis, you’re going  
to know that you’re owned and that you are a servant;   
a servant meant to work and obey.  Cock rings help  
boys to feel like servants.  And sure helps to make  
them look like servants.”  
  
Mr. Powers now spoke enthusiastically, “You know, you  
may just be right about all of this.  Maybe it’s time  
for a change.”  
  
Bill continued, “I think ringing is the key, and we  
shouldn’t stop with nose and dick rings.  Large rings  
through the tits not only add to the look and feel of  
a servant, but also are practical for workplace and  
punishment tethering.  Along with them, but more for  
decorative purposes, weighted ear and belly button  
rings add more metal to the body and contribute to the  
look of animal servitude which is what we are  
attempting to enhance.”  
  
Mr. Powers was happy with this idea that sounded like it  
could be a solution, “You know, Bill, I think we  
should go with this!  I think people are ready to see  
servants finally looking like servants, just like in  
olden times!”  
  
Bill was pleased at his boss’s acceptance of his  
marketing idea, “Sir, the general public is ready and  
wants to see servants looking like servants.  Heavy  
ringing, along with nude display is what they want to  
see.”  
  
Mr. Powers wondered, “Heavily ringed I agree with, but  
nude?”  
  
Bill was eager to respond, “Mr. Powers, people want to  
see servants heavily ringed because that means to them  
that they are heavily controlled.  People want to feel  
secure in these times.  They want to see rings all  
over the bodies of the servant population because they  
know that a heavily ringed servant can be easily  
secured and tethered.”  
“And what goes along with this ringing of servants  
concept is more body display.  The rings can only be  
seen if the servant is nude.  It adds to the public’s  
comfort level with the servant population.  It’s in  
line with people wanting to see servants finally  
treated like servants.  And nothing reinforces the  
idea of servitude to both the general population and  
the servant population than servant nudity.”  
  
“Now, Mr. Powers, I realize that in the past we here  
at Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle Imports prided  
ourselves on our discretion; how we didn’t sink to the  
vulgar and garish marketing techniques of our  
competitors.  Sir, I would argue that what our  
competitors are currently doing in dressing up their  
servants in loincloths, or toga type garb for their  
catalogues, or painting their torsos colorfully, is  
indeed trash.  It serves no purpose but to lure the  
gullible.  What we would be doing in heavily ringing  
our product would not be just window dressing, but  
reestablishing a servant’s rightful presentation for  
society.”  
  
Mr. Powers was truly happy for the first time in a  
long time, “Bill, I have to tell you; I am ecstatic.   
I think this is our ticket for the 21st century.  I  
think when the general public sees these giant dangling

nose and cock rings on our product, they are going to eat  
it up!  It will speak to them of utter and total  
domination.  Rings demonstrate total control.”  
  
“Mr. Powers, do you want me to go ahead and have the  
Eastern European boys re-processed, and set new  
display protocols.”  
  
Mr. Powers was quick to respond, “No, not just those  
twelve boys.  I think we need to signal a new  
direction.  I want the entire inventory ringed!”  
  
Bill opened his mouth, “Sir?  Every piece?”  
  
Mr. Powers nodded assumingly, “Every piece!  I want  
full body rings on all of them.  We have almost 4000  
pieces.  I want them all ringed.”  
  
Bill spoke, “Well then we will definitely want  
customized rings with our logo.”  
  
Mr. Powers nodded again, “Absolutely.  You probably  
should place an initial order to Goldstein Jewelers  
for at least 10,000 cock rings, 10,000 large diameter  
and thick caliper nose rings, 20,000 tit and  
earrings and 10,000 navel rings.  Most of our customers  
will probably want them in gold or platinum.  But  
maybe make a small percentage of the order for  
stainless steel as well.”  
  
As Bill quickly took notes, Mr. Powers was eager to  
get some ringed boys on the showroom floor.

“Let’s go ahead and get those twelve Eastern European

boys body-ringed and displayed nude.  It’ll be like a  
little test market.”  
  
Bill smiled a salute, “Will do sir.  They’ll be ringed  
today, and should be healed and ready for display by  
the end of the week!”

The End

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