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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