 The Benefits of Heavy Drinking

By Randall Austin

Short Story  
  
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Travis Williams welcomed his old friend, Randall Buckley, into his home. "Randall, it is so good to see you. We rarely get together anymore!"  
  
Randall handed Travis a bottle of Barolo, "Let's toast to old times!"  
  
Travis was amazed, "Oh my gawd! A   
Conterno Barolo! How much did you pay for this?"  
  
Randall waved his hand, "It's nothing. Great wines were meant for old friends reuniting."  
  
The two old friends sipped the wine and reminisced. Randall laughed, "Remember that time we sucked each other off right here in the living room, while your wife was off at work?"  
  
Travis laughed, "Oh man, do I ever! Those were the days. You were such a fuckin stud, Randall. Still are!"  
  
"Is your wife still unaware that you're a raving cock sucker?"  
  
"There was never any need to tell her. I still fuck her once a week. That satisfies her."  
  
Randall cleared his throat and narrowed his eyes as he looked seriously at Travis, "Trav, ol' pal. I know with the economy the way it is, you gotta be hurting. I thought about all the good times we used to have, and just said to myself, I need to do something for Trav."  
  
A tear came to Travis' eye, "Oh Randall, you are so considerate. Yeah, it's been very tough on Laura and Conrad."  
  
Randall nodded in sympathy, "I just wanna be frank with you, Trav. I know that you can't possibly be making enough money in your job to make your mortgage payments."  
  
"Randall, are you ever right about that! That's why Laura had to take a job as a sales clerk, and Conrad has accepted the fact that we just won't be able to afford college. Poor kid. Just out of high school, and there are simply no jobs."  
  
Randall nodded again, "Yeah, it's tough on everyone."  
  
Randall skillfully steered the conversation to the state of the economy, and how unlikely there was to be a recovery any time soon. Travis commented on his son, "With the world situation as it is, I really worry about Conrad. It doesn't look good for him."  
  
Randall felt the time was right to present his plan, "Travis, your son is a good kid. He shouldn't have to suffer. Have you ever thought about offering him up for indenturement? It would not only make him useful to society, but would provide you with a very nice pile of cash to take care of your debts."  
  
"I have thought about it, but a short term indenturement, in the long run, really doesn't pay off."  
  
Randall shook his head, "Travis, I'm not suggesting `short term' indenturement. Have you ever considered a life-term?"  
  
Travis was somewhat surprised, "What are you saying?"  
  
"I guess, Travis, what I'm saying is that tough times call for tough solutions. You have to look at all the facts. The fact is Conrad isn't likely to do well in college even if he were to attend. He was always something of a slacker, academically speaking."  
  
Travis held up a hand, "Hold on there, Randall. I don't want to hear any more of this. I hate those brokerage firms, and the huge profits they turn on human labor."  
  
Randall remained calm, "Travis, I agree with you. I could never in good conscience agree to have anyone I cared about processed through a brokerage firm."  
  
Randall took a sip of the dense wine in his glass, "But what I am proposing is that you sell Conrad to me."  
  
"To you?"  
  
"To me!"  
  
"But why do you want him?"  
  
Randall smiled reassuringly, "Oh, I don't ‘want' him. I simply want to try and help you out. I need a slave, and it seemed to me that Conrad fits what I need in a slave. So I just thought I should present this possibility as an option for you to pursue."  
  
With an almost sheepish demeanor, Travis asked, "How much would you be willing to pay for him?"  
  
"Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars."  
  
Travis was outraged, "You expect me to give up my son for life for a mere $350,000? Lifer slaves his age and rating bracket are going for, at the very least $850,000 - even in this shit economy. What are you thinking?"  
  
Randall made a `take it or leave it' gesture with his eyebrows. "I simply can't afford more at this time."  
  
After a long silence, Randall spoke, "If you do not take my offer, it seems to me that what will happen is that you lose your home for failure to meet payments, and Conrad is almost certainly headed for servitude, even if the economy were to start to improve in a few months. And the service he is likely to be put into, as a penury slave, is hard, shit, labor. Now, do you want that for your son?"  
  
Randall paused, watched Travis cogitate, then continued, "So it comes down to this. I will write you a check for a $350,000 right now. Take it or leave it."  
  
There was another long silence, and Travis asked, "Why do you want my son?"  
  
Randall knew he sort of had his old friend by the balls, and responded calmly, "I need a slave, like anyone else, for a variety of reasons. Laundry, housekeeping, general labor, and companionship. He'd have a good life with me."   
  
The two old friends finished the Barolo, and Travis cracked opened a bottle from his wine stash, a Gato Negro Cabernet. Randall couldn't help but curl his lips in disgust as he was handed a glass, but after his first sip, he found it to be, at least, drinkable.  
  
The two old friends got very drunk. Randall wondered where Conrad was. Travis had a worried look, "It's Friday night. Party night for him. Probably with friends. He should be getting home soon, but I always worry about him when he's out this late."  
  
Randall assured his friend, "He won't be out partying once he's mine, so you won't have to worry about him anymore. Just another advantage of having me take him as a slave."  
  
Travis, by this time stumbling drunk, laughed, "Oh man dude. Am I really doing this? This is so crazy. Am I gonna regret this in the morning?"  
  
Randall guided Travis's hand, holding his wine glass, to his lips, "Just drink up. Just think, all of your financial woes are over!"  
  
Travis took another drink and wondered, "Well, how am I gonna tell him? How do I break the news to him?"  
  
Randall pulled a pair of handcuffs out of his pocket as he explained, "You don't! Once he gets home tonight and he's asleep, we snap these cuffs on him and secure him to the bed frame. Then you call the slave police for collection. No need to say a word."  
  
At that moment the living room door opened, and Conrad entered. It was obvious that he had been drinking, as he stumbled and laughed when he accidentally closed the door too hard.  
  
Randall whispered to Travis, "Besides, even if you were to tell him what you were about to do, he is too drunk to comprehend. He obviously has a drinking problem, so that's another reason to go ahead with this plan. Once he's my slave and under my control, his drinking problem will be over."  
  
The two old friends listened in silence as Conrad went into the bathroom, and sang to himself as he pissed out his beer.  
  
They listened as he stumbled into his bedroom and kicked off his shoes and threw himself on his bed, still in his clothes.  
  
Randall knew that it was necessary to move things forward, and spoke, "Okay Travis. In his condition he'll be asleep within ten minutes. If you are serious, then I say we go in there and cuff his hands to the bed, and then you call Social Services and tell them you want to emplace your son into a term of lifelong servitude."  
  
Travis was confused, "Man, do I really want to do this?"  
  
Randall patted him on the shoulder, "Of course you do!"  
  
"Am I gonna regret this?"  
  
Randall smiled to himself, "Of course not!"  
  
Randall refilled Travis's wine glass, and encouraged him to keep sipping. Travis wondered, "Are you going to be tough on him? Spank him and stuff?"  
  
"Travis, I probably will have to beat him for the first couple of months. He's going to be needing some adjustments from time to time, I'm certain, even after his training by the state. But I am fair. That means if he learns his lessons, there won't be much need for discipline."  
  
Ten minutes later, Randall instructed Travis to go into the bedroom and cuff his son to the bed. Travis did as instructed. And when, moments later, Randall's old friend stumbled out of his son's bedroom after having completed his assignment, Randall, instructed him to call the Social Services Agency immediately for a collection. Once Travis made contact with the agency, Randall went into Conrad's bedroom to make sure that Travis had cuffed his son as instructed.  
  
Randall gazed on the sleeping 18-year old. Conrad had taken off his shirt before plopping himself on the bed. His hair was disheveled, his body lean, and the bulge in the crotch of his jeans was as large as Randall had always remembered it. And now Conrad and his bulge belonged to him.  
  
Randall returned to living room as Travis was completing his call to the agency.  
  
The slave police arrived within minutes, and Randall accompanied them as they got Conrad ready for transport. The police instructed Randall to uncuff him from the bed. The police noted that Conrad was too drunk to walk so they brought in a gurney. They removed all of his clothing, and when they pulled off his under shorts, a huge drunken teen boner plopped into view.  
  
The police lifted the naked slave onto the gurney and strapped him down.   
  
Travis signed the necessary documents that the police presented; Randall wrote a check for $350,000 and handed it to Travis; Randall signed the papers of ownership; and the police questioned Randall on his training and processing preferences.  
  
"Give him the standard two month fine-tuning, strict obedience, training. And for now let's go light on the body mods. Just a large gauge cock-head tethering ring, and large gauge training rings for his nipples and ears."  
  
Once the police left with the new slave, Travis drunkenly wondered, "Holy fuckin shit! Did I just sell my son into a lifelong term of servitude?"  
  
Randall was horny with power and reached his hand to his handsome friend's crotch and started rubbing, "You just relax, ol' buddy! Let me help you to feel good, just like old times!"  
  
Randall massaged Travis's crotch, and after a bit reached into his undies and pulled out his cock. He played with it and started sucking.   
  
Travis mumbled, "Man, that feels good. Sorry Randall ol' pal, but I'm too smashed to reciprocate."  
  
Randall reassured Travis as he played with his fat, large, cock, "That's okay, pal, don't you worry about it. I just like playing with your dick. It's just interesting to think that this is the dick that ‘made' Conrad."  
  
Travis fell asleep as Randall licked his dick. Once he was asleep Randall went into Conrad's room and collected much of Conrad's personal belongings; things he would use at future dates to reward his new slave.   
  
The following afternoon Randall went to the Social Services viewing room where owners could watch, unseen by the slaves, their slaves in training. They had Conrad naked on a running board. A young trainer with a flip whip in hand made sure Conrad kept up the required pace. Conrad's fat cock was semi-hard and bouncing as he ran. The trainer was totally hard. And Randall was soon as hard as the trainer.   
  
They had Conrad totally hairless, but he was not yet ringed. Conrad's face was red and tear-streaked. Randall was not concerned. The hair would grow back, and once Conrad's training was over, Randall would be willing to offer plenty of comfort to his new boy slave.  
  
Travis spent most of the weekend weeping at his drunken error. But after a few days, having been able to make mortgage payments and get some needed remodeling done, both he and his wife agreed that he had done the right thing.  
  
And Conrad, after a couple of days in training, moaned to himself more out of pleasure than pain as his young trainer worked a comfort stop up his ass after his morning bath.   
  
The trainer led Conrad to a dais, and had Conrad stand on it for a photo session. As the young trainer snapped pictures of Conrad in every pose from every angle, Conrad found relief in realizing that he no longer had to worry about going to college or finding a job.  
  
"The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
Conrad's a buck slave,   
Kept lubed, greased, and oiled,  
God's in his Heaven -  
All's right with the world!

The End