Easy Changes

By Randall Austin

Short Story

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When Dad called my brothers and me into his den at 10
AM on a Saturday morning last September, I was
nervous.  I knew what it was all about, of course,
because dad filled Lionel and me in the day before.
When I got to the den, there was Lionel, my oldest
brother, 22, lounging on the couch next to dad in his
easy chair, and Nick, 20, wearing his ever backwards
baseball cap, standing with his hands in his pockets
chatting with Lionel.  Nick, seeing me, said, "There's
our little Simon.  Baby brother is always the last!"
How horrible it suddenly seemed what dad was about to
announce to Nick.  I suddenly felt like I was some
evil conspirator, and really wanted to be away from
here.

Dad motioned for me to come in, so I went and sat on
the couch next to Lionel.  As Nick asked me what my
plans were for the day, dad got up and went and closed
the blinds on the two windows in the room, causing
Nick to give Lionel and me a questioning look.  As dad
closed the blinds I noticed a large box on the table
from Hoffmeyer's Uniform Emporium.  Dad sat back down,
picked up a folder of papers from the arm of his
chair, placed them in his lap, cleared his throat, and
began, "Nick, I think your brothers and I have decided
on a workable course of action for you."  I didn't
like that ‘brothers and I’ stuff.  Dad simply told
Lionel and me what he was going to do, and we just
listened.  We didn't make any decisions on this matter.

"Nick, as you are about to turn twenty-one, your
brothers and I have had to decide what to do with you.
As you know your probation officer suggested that I
contact a psychiatrist for help in dealing with you,
and in making a decision regarding your future.
You know, Nick, I love you dearly.  And because of
that love your steady string of arrests since you
turned 18 not only caused me and your brothers,
intense grief, but it has started to affect my health.
I was worrying night and day about you, couldn't eat
and couldn't sleep.  So that spurred me to take your
probation officer's suggestion and seek counseling for
myself, as well as obtain the advice of one of the
most highly regarded criminal psychiatrists in the
state, Dr. Emmanuel Raggers, as to what would be the
best course of action for me to follow regarding you."

Nick shifted on his feet, as he so often did while
enduring one of dad's lectures.

"Having reviewed all the information that I was given
and having consulted with the county corrections'
officials, the time came for me to decide where we go
from here."  Dad then nodded to Lionel and me to go
stand next to Nick.

"Nick, dear, we have considered three options.  The
first, to simply leave you on your own, is from my
standpoint, immoral.  Dr. Raggers asserted that your
likelihood of reoffending is 96%.  In short, you are
well on the road to a life in prison.  I could not, as
your father, tolerate that."  Dad paused, looked Nick
in the eye, and impressed his sincerity.

Nick shook his head, "Dad, my so called crimes are
joyriding, speeding, getting kicked out of a bar!  I
can't believe this, Dad!"

"Son, son, calm down.  Are you forgetting vandalizing
Mrs. Ferber's garden, and sexual assault???"

"Dad that was Grace pissed at me because I went out
with Helen, so she filed a complaint!"

"Nick, you know the list goes on and on.  But what is
important is what Dr. Raggers said about it all.  The
pattern, the consistency of your anti-social behavior,
is set.  Things will only get worse and worse.  This
is science, son.  Dr. Raggers assured me it was ‘hard
science’.  You are not going to change!"

By this time Lionel was standing on Nick's left and I
was standing next to him on the right.

Dad continued, "The second option was simply to have
you registered as a slave and get you handled through
one of the local auction houses."  Nick let out a
loud, "Dad!" and a wild frown.  Lionel grabbed Nick by
his upper arm as if offering support.

"Don't worry; we're not going to do that.  We simply
couldn't do that!  You’re my son and Lionel and
Simon's beloved brother."

"The final option and it is the one we have decided
on, is to keep you in the family, but in a new role.
Son, the papers I hold here in this folder are your
enslavement orders, officially in effect as of 10 AM
this morning.  Nick, you have been a slave for almost
15 minutes already.  You are not going to auction
because you will remain with us.  You are now our
family slave!"

I grabbed Nick's upper arm at this moment, as dad
instructed I should do when he announced Nick's new
status.  Lionel was already holding on to Nick's upper
arm with one arm, and with his other arm he was
rubbing his back.  I offered similar encouragement to
Nick by putting one of my arms on his shoulder, and
lightly patted him.  Nick looked like he was gulping
for breath and Lionel whispered, "Take it easy, Nick.
We're with you man!"

I felt very awkward, so I tried to offer some support,
"Nick, relax.  You're going to be staying with us.
That's all that counts.  Nothing really is changing
man."

Dad followed up on my comment, "Simon is right, Nick.
Once you get accustomed to the new arrangement here,
you will forget that you're a slave.  Of course, there
are a few state guidelines, items of protocol, that
you, as a slave; your brothers, as your chief
overseers; and I, as your owner, must comply with.
First, of course, you have to get collared, so Lionel
and Simon will be taking you to the registration
center in a few minutes to get you fitted.  And then,
also, you will have to be uniformed and monitored at
all times.  And the only other major change, which I
can think of at this moment, is that you have to
submit to weekly performance reviews by your regular
chief overseers.  I have designated your brothers,
Lionel and Simon, as your chief overseers for the
reason that one of them will almost always be around
the house, whereas I am so frequently away from the
house on matters of business."

Nick couldn't believe any of it, "Dad, this is fucking
crazy!  Why do you want to do this?"

"Because, and only because, I love you too much to see
you end up in prison.  And I was assured that this is
the only course of action to insure that."

Nick stammered, "Why….how can you say such a crazy
thing is going to help me, Dad?"

"Son, do you remember the last time I spanked you,
when you were 17?"

"Of course I remember it Dad, it was totally
humiliating.  You stopped spanking Lionel and Simon
when they were six years old, but me you never stopped
spanking until I turned 18."

"And son, what happened then?  That was when your
trouble with the law and string of arrests began.  As
long as I was spanking you, you at least kept your
wild behavior toned down somewhat.  When you finally
turned 18 I decided that you were an adult, and to
just let you act like one on your own.  But of course,
your behavior became ever more self-destructive.  One
of the reasons I decided on enslaving you is that it
gives your brothers and me full legal right to resume
the use of physical discipline on you.  As a slave we
can do that to you now for the rest of your life to
help keep you under control."

Lionel tried to ease the blow of dad's words, "He's
right Nick, and you know it.  Dad really wants you out
of trouble.  He's doing this to you to protect you."

Dad stood up and came over to Nick and patted him on
the shoulder.  "You'll be okay, Nick!  All that is
being proposed here, really, are few changes in your
life style.  Just a few easy changes."  He rubbed Nick
on the head, tousling his hair, "When you boys take
Nick to get collared he's also going to need a code
haircut and shave."  Dad stood back, took a look at
Nick, "Okay, let's move you over there to the table so
we can get you into some proper clothes."  Dad walked
to the table and opened the box from Hoffmeyer's
Uniform Emporium, as Lionel, leading Nick to the
table, said, "Let's get your clothes off, Nick."

Nick was kind of dazed, and didn't react so Lionel
started unbuttoning his shirt.  Dad nodded to me, and
I then started loosening Nick's belt and opening the
fly of his jeans.  Lionel pulled Nick's shirt off and
set it on the table.  He then took off his baseball
cap.  "I guess you have to say goodbye to your
baseball cap."  Nick shuddered a bit, and then started
crying.  Lionel pulled his tee shirt up, raised Nick's
arms, and pulled it off.

Dad comforted him as I pulled his jeans down, "Now
son, everything is going to be okay.  You'll see.
You're with us, and that's the important thing."  We
took off Nick's clothes without hurrying, trying to be
gentle with him because he was sobbing like a baby.  I
knelt down and untied his running shoes, pulled them
off, then stood up and told him to step out his jeans.
He did so unthinking, preoccupied in his thoughts.

Lionel took the waistband of his white briefs and slid
them down; bending over to remove them while telling
Nick to lift his legs so he could pull them off.
We all looked Nick over, now standing totally bare in
front of us.  Dad said, "It's been a while since I've
seen you son, and I'm glad to see you've been keeping
yourself in shape.  It'll make your job at the quarry
seem like a piece of cake."

Nick suddenly recovered from his reverie, "What job,
Dad?"

"This Monday you start a full time job at the
Kettleman Quarry.  You'll be working 8 to 4:30 each
weekday.  It will be a nice environment for you
because you'll be working with other slaves there.
It's a government run operation so you will be given
the most up to date guidance and treatment."

"But Dad, we had agreed that if I buckle down I could
start college next semester."

"Nick, that plan is no longer going to work.  I
suggested that as an option back when I still had some
hope for you making it as a free man.  Your school
days are over, son."

Nick started crying again.  He just looked down,
sobbing.  He raised the back of his hands to wipe away
his tears.  I tried to get Nick to look at the bright
side of things, "You always moaned about having to go
to school. So no more worries.  You never have to go
back to school again."

Dad took over, "That's right Simon.  On Monday Nick
starts work bright and early at the quarry."  I
touched Nick on his chest to comfort him.  He felt
warm and strangely soft and subservient.  Dad
continued, "Nick, you can be proud of yourself now,
because all of your earnings from your quarry job are
going towards Lionel's and Simon's education.  Next
week Lionel begins graduate school, and Simon enters
college as a freshman, and the state counselor told me
that one of the biggest sources of pride and
contentment for the enslaved is to know that their
labor is going towards positive causes."

Still sobbing, Nick questioned, "But what about me
Dad?  What will I do for money?"

"Son, that's one of the beauties of this solution, you
no longer need money.  Everything will be provided for
you for the rest of your life."

"But I don't want to have to ask you every time I need
some cash, Dad!"

"Nick, you're never going to be buying anything for
yourself, so you have no reason to ask.  I will buy
everything you need."

"But what about CD's and videos and magazines?"

"Son, please listen.  You can't own things anymore.
When Lionel and Simon get you back from your shopping
trip today, the first thing they are going to do is go
to your room and divide all of your things among
themselves.  They will be happy; I am sure, to let you
use their things from time to time.  But you as slave
cannot own things, Nick.  That will seem strange at
first, but once we get settled in here you will see
that the system works very well."

"Daddy, no.  No!"  Nick sank down to the floor on his
rump, sobbing.  He covered his face in his hands.  Dad
knelt down, and put his arms around Nick.  "Son, you
will see you won't be needing the same things you used
to need.  When you’re not working at the quarry, you
will be in charge of the full upkeep and care of the
house.  Lionel and Simon will be directly in charge of
you most of the time, and they will be sure you have
everything you need to do your job, as well as
anything you may need for recreation.  Son, from now
on you're going to be too busy to watch TV, listen to
CD's, or play video games with anywhere near the
frequency you used to."

"What do you mean Lionel and Simon are going to be in
charge of me, Dad?"

"Well, things like making sure you do your duties, are
polite, mind your manners, and aren't lazing around.
Remember, as your chief overseers now they are legally
obliged to make sure you perform all of your duties.
On the weekends one of the boys will wake you at 4:30
AM, and then they will go back to bed while you clean the
house, and prepare an 8 o'clock breakfast for us.
There will be so much for you to do that you won't
even have time to think about the way things used to
be."  Nick let out a loud sob.  "Son, you will see
that keeping busy will provide you with just the kind
of structure you need in your life, and that means
that you, at last, are going to be truly happy with
yourself; something you have never been before."

After Nick's sobbing subsided, Dad stood up, and
gently pulled Nick up along with him into a standing
position.  "We bought you some very nice new clothes.
They'll make you feel better.  So let's get you kitted
out in your new outfit, so you can stand proud and
tall when your brothers take you in to get collared."
When dad opened the clothes box from Hoffmeyer's
Uniform Emporium Nick panicked, "Dad, if I'm going to
be living here, why do I have to wear those?"

As dad took out the slave pants and unfolded them, he
explained, "This is on the recommendation of the state
Slave Authority guidelines for domestics.  For someone
like you, with identity problems, which have caused
antisocial behavior, a uniform helps provide a
stabilizing environment.

The uniform truly was the most embarrassing version of
the most common slave outfits.  They are brown shorts
that go to three inches above the knee, but the crotch
and butt of the basic shorts are totally open, and the
coverings for these two openings are two heavier
fabric pieces, darker in colors, which are fastened on
with buttons.  They call attention to the groin and
butt in a mildly comic way.

The matching shirt was of similar material, and like
the shorts, the nipples are exposed with four-inch
circular holes.  The coverings for the nipples are of
a similar heavier and darker colored fabric as the
butt and crotch covers, and are also affixed with
buttons.

The slave sandals were actually rather handsome, with
straps that went up to above the ankles.

Nick cried the whole time he was getting dressed.
As a finishing touch, Lionel tied a yellow slave scarf
around Nick's neck, gave it pat, then put the matching
yellow slave cap on Nick's head.  "There brother, you
look good!  I think we're all ready to go and get you
collared, barbered, shaved and then we'll be off to
do a little shopping for essentials!"

Nick was frantic, "Dad, please don't make me go out in
public like this!"

The cell phone rang and dad answered it; "Seth, hi…
I'm afraid Nick can't come to the phone right now…
Listen Seth; a lot has been going on here.  Rather
than try and explain what's going on, why don't you
arrange to have as many of your and Nick's friends as
you can round up, and come over here for a barbeque
tonight.  Nick has to run some errands right now with
his brothers, but I think it would be a real morale
booster if you and his friends could come for dinner
tonight.  Nick will fix you and your friends up
something special, and serve you around 7 PM.  How
does that sound? Great… We'll see you all then."

Nick turned red.  Dad stood in front of Nick and
patted the sides of his shoulders, "You look good.  I
am proud to have you not only as my son, but also as
my slave.  Nick, this really makes me happy.  I feel
so certain that we finally did the right thing for
you."  Dad glanced at the wall clock, "We'd better
hurry!  It's time for your brothers to get you
registered with the Slave Control Authorities. After
that you boys are going on a little shopping trip.
You and your brothers have always enjoyed your shared
shopping trips in the past.  This will be just like
old times.  You will have a good time, just as
always."

Dad spoke to Lionel and me, "Make sure you get
everything that's on my list, and remember to buy some
manacles and paddles for your own use.  If you don't
get those things today, you're just going to have to
go back and get them in the near future.  You'll see."
As we turned to leave dad realized he had to impress
the importance of good behavior on Nick.  "Nick, I
want you to obey your brothers, do as they tell you,
and no back talk.  Will you promise me that?"

Nick, still dazed, nodded 'yes'.  Dad took Lionel off
to the side, gave him some papers and a list of
supplies, and whispered something in his ear.

When we walked out to the car Nick rushed ahead and
got in the back seat as fast as he could so none of
the neighbors could see him.  He slouched way down in
the seat.  Once on the road Nick realized that his
yellow cap was causing passerby’s to look at him in
the back seat, so he took it off.  Lionel, in the
driver's seat, saw Nick in the rear view mirror, "Put
the cap back on, Nick!"  Nick said, "Come on, Lionel",
but Lionel shouted back, "You heard what dad said
about obeying us.  Put the cap back on, now!"

Nick put the cap back on, frowning, seething,
embarrassed, and reclined on the back seat to keep out
of view.  I tried to comfort Nick, "Come on Nick,
don't be a slouch.  If we're not ashamed of you, you
shouldn't be ashamed of yourself."

Nick stayed slouching, hiding below the window line in
the car.  Lionel was firm, "You heard your younger
brother, sit up straight!  Dad wants you looking
proud!  That's one of the reasons dad had to do this;
you don't have enough self pride."

By the time we got to the Community Special Services
Center there were clear feelings of animosity hanging
in the air between Nick and us.  Nick seemed intent on
taking a negative view of things or at least, of
refusing to see dad's side of various issues.

‘Special Service’ was our state's euphemism for
‘slave’.  The Community Special Services Center was a
place where all matters and business pertaining to
slaves took place; containing everything from the
State Slave Control Headquarters to a shopping mall
for all slave related items.  It was a government run
operation, but with private market franchises.  It was
always a bustling place, but, with my family never
having owned a slave before, my visits to it were
infrequent, but memorable.  It looked almost like a
typical suburban shopping mall, with the exception of
the Center's chief tenant, the State Slave Control
Headquarters.  The Headquarters was large, taking
almost a third of the Center's space, and its building
was not dressed like the other shops, designed to
entice shoppers.  It was a brick utilitarian typical
looking very large two story government office
building.  It housed both the County Slave Processing
Center, and some offices of the US Army and Marines
Slave Divisions.

The Slave Registration Center was on the first floor
of the Headquarters building, and as we walked towards
it we passed many shoppers, single folks and large
families, most with slaves in tote loaded down with
shopping bags.

As we got nearer to the entrance we heard some grunts
getting gradually louder and louder, and suddenly,
turning a corner and coming into view were a group of
about 50 Army soldiers dressed in nothing but shoulder
pads and army boots, accompanied by a female drill
sergeant shouting march commands and wielding a
training whip.  The sight of the 50 naked, tough and
ferocious looking slaves marching, swinging and
raising their arms and legs in synchronization was
frightening and sent chills down my spine.  I am sure
Nick and Lionel were thinking the same thing as I was
at that moment; if fortunes changed, if something
happened to dad, Nick could end up as just such an
army slave.

Many of the families shopping stopped to watch the
army slaves do their training drill, just as we did,
as if it were a holiday parade.  The children squealed
with laughter whenever the drill sergeant would snap
her whip across some misstepping slave's back.  As
they got closer we could see that all of the slaves
had large rings through their foreskins.  Lionel
pointed it out to us, "I had heard that Army slaves
were infibulated to keep them energized."  I said,
"Tough shit.  Too bad!"  Lionel didn't see it my way,
"Why?  They're just army slaves, and it helps to keep
them focused on doing their job to protect this
county."

When they passed us the sight of them was even more
frightening, for almost all of them had red whip marks
clearly visible across their backs, rumps, and thighs,
which obviously had been laid on recently.  And
several had permanent scarring on their backsides from
punishment strokes.  Lionel pointed out the scars with
a smile, "Nick, let that be a reminder to you of how
lucky you are to be staying at home with us!"

Lionel threw his arm around me, "Come on, let's hurry
and get Nick collared before he gets any ideas."  We
continued on our way to the registration office.  Nick
was depressed and I didn't like the sort of comments
Lionel was making.  I felt sorry for Nick and walked
along side of him and took his hand in mine.

The collaring went quickly.  Lionel handed the
attendant the court papers, and noted the collar
requirement (it had to contain both GPS and
electro-shock features).  The agents signaled for us
to move to a display case of the various models with
our requirements.  So we asked our slave if he had any
preference.  Nick actually perked up at the chance to
select his own collar.  When he selected a collar of
silver and blue braided metal strands, Lionel and I
both Okayed it, and the collaring specialist led Nick
to a collaring stand.  He removed Nick's scarf, Nick
stood in position, a portable work bench swung around
his neck, the collar was fitted, the specialist placed
both ends of the collar in a large, automated, device,
squeezed the handles, pushed some buttons, rotors
sounded, metal crunched and squinched, and once the
device was removed, it was done.  "Collared for life!"
Smiled Lionel.

Lionel took the scarf and looped it through the
collar, and it hung off the back of the collar like
yellow braids.  Lionel led us on, "It's haircut time!"

The rest of the Special Services Center was a lot
cheerier than the Slave Control Headquarters.  It was
loud and full of bustling shoppers, much like a
regular shopping mall.  Slave Cuts featured photos in
the front window of the current most popular slave
hairstyles.  Nick and I stopped to look at the
pictures, but Lionel had already decided, and told
Nick to get in the haircut line.  Lionel and I stayed
off to the side chatting while Nick got in the slave
line.  For the first time during the day it hit me
hard; god was I ever glad that I'm not a slave.

Six barbers were cutting hair, and the wait was not
long.  When Nick was called up Lionel went to the
barber and told him he wanted Nick to have the ‘war
orphan cross’ in standard blue.  The barber removed
Nick's slave cap and shirt, and started buzzing Nick's
head.  Nick and I soon found out that the war orphan
cross cut consisted of a strip of hair an inch thick
running across the crown of the head from the middle
brow to the back of the head, and a strip crossing
that one running from ear to ear.  After the cross was
buzzed on his head, the barber shaved it all clean and
trim.  Then he painted the hair in a thick, glue-like,
blue dye.  Ten minutes later he was rinsing Nick’s,
head in a sink.  As he was drying Nick off he asked
Lionel and me if we wanted our ‘boy’ to have a pubic
shave.  Lionel told him he was just about to ask for
one.

Apparently there was only so much indignity that Nick
could take.  He said angrily to Lionel, "Fuck man!  You
ain't gonna do this to me, you bastard!"  The barber
informed Nick, "Sorry dude.  That outburst is going to
cost you.  This is government property, so it's going
to be a mandatory paddling."  Lionel and I looked at
each other, and we both stifled an urge to smile.  The
barber punched a button, and a barber wearing a
water-protection covering entered from a side door.
Our barber indicated Nick, "This one needs a full pud
scrubbing.  I'm calling the squad on this one, so they
should be arriving just about the time you're
finishing his shave."

The barber in the scrub coat took Nick by the arm and
said to him, "So you, you're off to a scrubbing, a
shave, and a paddling.  It's a proven winning
combination."  He led Nick out and we followed him
into the next room.  It was simply a small barber room
with four workstations.  Two other slaves were naked
and mounted on backward leaning work frames, which
positioned their bodies over large basins equipped
with hoses.  One was getting a crotch shave, and
another was getting a full body shave.  The barber in
the white coat told Nick to strip and he did, without
resistance.  He looked funny in his new haircut having
to do what he was told.  The barber pulled him onto
the frame and cranked it into position.  He positioned
his feet in some hanging stirrups, spread his legs,
hosed down his groin, sprayed him all over with shave
foam, and quickly denuded Nick's private parts.

As he hosed him off two young officers of the National
Slave Patrol Academy entered.  They were impressive in
their black and blue uniforms and academy hats.  One
of the officers carried a large case.  As Nick was
getting his crotch hosed off he glanced at them and a
fearful yet pitiful look came over his face.  One of
the officers, indicating Nick, asked if he was the
newly registered slave Nick, number 0708096.  The
barber indicated that he was and both officers went
right up to Nick, reclining and wet-crotched on the
frame.

The younger of the two, Officer Collins, looked down
at Nick and said, "Well, well, what have we here?  It
looks like a new slave in his first fancy new slave
haircut.  Your first day on your new job as a lifer
slave and already you're causing trouble for us free
folk.  The good thing is you're already naked and
scrubbed for your paddling."  Officer Collins sneered
at Nick, it was clear he didn't like slaves.
Addressing his partner, Officer Paterno, he continued,
"Look at this loser, he looks like a little bald mole
rat.  I say we take advantage of his fresh shave."
He asked the barber if he had any pure rubbing
alcohol.  The barber said, "Not quite, but how's 99%?"
Both officers smiled, pleased, as the barber handed
the alcohol to Officer Collins.

Officer Collins instructed Officer Paterno to hold
Nick's arms down, as Collins stood in front of Nick's
shaved groin.  "Hey slave kid, how about a nice after
shave lotion to impress your date?"  Collins poured a
huge amount into his hands and started rubbing Nick's
freshly shaved groin, pubes, cock, nuts, and ass.
From the heat and burn of the alcohol Nick shot an
instant boner into Collins face, as Collins poured
some more alcohol into his hands and rubbed it in.
Nick was yelling and twisting as the officers smiled,
his baldhead with the blue cross bobbing up and down.
Collins took hold of Nick's erection, pulled it up,
squeezed the bulb head of his dick to open his piss
slit, and poured alcohol into his piss slit.  Most of
it ran down Nicks shaft, over his bare pubes and down
into his asshole.  Nick was screaming like hell as the
officers and the barbers all laughed.  "Feel nice and
invigorating, does it?  Your date is going to be
impressed with your sporty grooming habits; new
haircut, clean-shaven cunt, all lotioned up!  You
should score big tonight!"

For the 10 minutes or so that it took the alcohol
about Nick's groin and in his piss slit to dry up,
Officers Collins and Patrona continued in their joking
about and taunting of Nick as he writhed in pain on
the shaving table.  Lionel and I felt helpless seeing
our brother treated this way, and neither one of us
was knowledgeable about what was the proper treatment
of errant slaves.  We didn't interfere because we knew
that government agents must know what was proper
treatment to best get a slave to obey. Collins told
Nick to get off the table, "Let’s march this kid out to
the paddling ramp."  Patrona snapped a leash on Nick's
collar and give him a sharp tug to lead him outdoors.
I asked if Nick could put his clothes on.  Patrona
seemed surprised at my ignorance, "Your first slave,
huh?"  I nodded 'yes' and he told me to bring Nick's
uniform along with me, because slave punishments were
always administered in the nude on government grounds.

As Patrona led Nick, totally naked and bald crotched,
by the leash outdoors, Nick was scurrying along like a
little monkey, as he tried to cover his groin from the
view of passerby’s.  He bent slightly too fully cup his
private parts, making him look quite silly as he
hobbled along naked with his blue-crossed head bobbing
up and down.  It turned out the ‘paddling ramp’ was
located just two shops down from the slave barbershop.
It was nothing but a raised dais in the mall's
pedestrian traffic walkway.  It was shocking to watch
my older brother being led to and then strapped down
naked in public to a punishment horse.  Just like the
military drill parade, everyone stopped to watch as if
it was some scheduled entertainment break.  Officer
Collins opened his case and pulled out a paddle and
held it up for the crowd.  The crowd hooted and
applauded.  But Officer Collins, surveying the
pedestrians, held off the start of the punishment a
bit until many more folks had gathered around to
watch.

Nick was bent over the horse with his rump up high,
his legs strapped to the back legs of the horse, and
his arms to the front legs.  While the officers waited
for the crowd to build, Patrona ran his hand over
Nick's buttocks and joked with Collins.

When a good-sized crowd had finally gathered and
Officer Collins laid on the first blow of the paddle
to Nick's rump, I was shocked at the ferocity of the
blow and jumped.  Nick screamed, the crowd cheered.
After three more blows Nick was howling and bucking
fiercely and I was frightened and had an urge to cry.
I asked Officer Patrona how many blows Nick was going
to get, and he told me fifteen.  After another blow
Patrona saw my concern and a tear in my eye and came
up to me and put his arm around me.  "I take it he's
your brother, since you two resemble each other."  I
told him he was, and he comforted me, "This is
nothing, believe me.  Humiliation and a little pain
are the best things for new slaves.  By laying it on
now in the early days of his enslavement it will help
insure that not many more such punishment sessions
will have to take place in the future.  Trust me.
Guys like Nick, at that age, are pretty damn
resilient.  Believe me; this is doing him a world of
good.  And if you think this is anything, wait until
you see him get his first bullwhipping!"

I felt better after that, and was actually able to
relax and enjoy the spectacle somewhat by the time the
last blows were delivered.  The officers unstrapped
Nick from the frame.  He was bawling like a baby, and
his genitals, which had been hidden from view during
the strapping, came into view.  Nick was hard as a
rock, and it looked especially huge since he was
totally bald down there.  In fact, I felt a momentary
flash of envy at the size of his pecker.  A lot of the
audience members were straining to get a view of
Nick's penis, but he turned to me to conceal himself
and I gave him his shorts and tunic to put back on.

When Nick was dressed the officers came up to us, and
Collins started unbuttoning Nick's rump covering,
"While on government property, freshly chastened butts
have to be on display for six hours.  I'd recommend
you follow the same procedure at home for your
brother."  When Nick's totally red and sore butt was
finally exposed, Collins waved his finger in Nick's
face, "Now you obey your brothers!  They care about
you!"  Nick was crying the whole time, not looking
anyone in the face.

Lionel and I thanked the officers as they left, and
Lionel said to Nick, "Well bro, it looks like you're
going to be serving your friends tonight with your
butt on display."

I was in hurry to get down from the paddling ramp,
because people were still standing around watching and
talking about Nick.  When we got off the ramp it was
amazing to me how some people wanted to get a close up
view of a freshly paddled slave.  Nick kept his red,
tear-stained face, looking to the ground as we walked
on, and just a few stores down was the bookstore dad
wanted us to hit.  I quickly gathered up the items dad
wanted me get. The four pamphlets for Nick were:
‘Slaves and Masturbation’, ‘Punishment and Dignity’,
‘The Benefits of Infibulation’, and from the Enslaved
Family Members Series, ‘On Receiving Encouragement,
Correction, and Chastisement from Siblings’.

And a book for dad, ‘Options for Owners - Chastity
Belts, Infibulation, Castration, Penectomy - A
Comprehensive Manual on the Pros and Cons of the Most
Common Sexual Modifications and Procedures for
Slaves’.  When Nick saw the title at the checkout
counter I thought for a moment there was going to be
another scene, but Lionel calmed Nick down, "Don't you
worry, dad's not planning on having anything done to
you yet.  He said he just wants to read up on the
topic.  I know Uncle Phil has suggested to dad that he
get you castrated, but dad doesn't agree with him."

Our next stop was ‘Implements’, advertising in the
display window ‘Slave control implements to fit every
need’.  When we got in, I must say Lionel and I got
kind of excited.  We felt like kids in a candy store
because it finally hit us that now Lionel and I had a
slave to control, a slave who could do stuff for us.
We were now just like those showoff rich kids who
parade their slaves along side of them wherever they
go.

Lionel went immediately to a display shelf of short
hand held instruments of correction, such as flip
whips, tawses, short canes, and straps.  A sales clerk
immediately came to answer any of his questions.  I
was fascinated with leashes, manacles, and cuffs, and
quickly found the display shelf for such items.
Lionel selected a handmade tawse, and a barber's
whip, and I had my hands full of some hand and ankle
cuffs.  We laughed as we passed each other, since I
was making my way to the short whip display cabinet
just as he was making his way to the leash and manacle
case.

We soon realized we needed a shopping basket to carry
all of our purchases, and Lionel handed it to Nick to
carry, "Here bro, carry this!  Remember, you're on
duty now!"

Lionel and I joined up again at one of the most
fascinating display cases; one which displayed various
state of the art devices for delivering pain to almost
every part of a slave’s body.  We both played with one
that was designed to cause severe pain to a slave's
palm.  We laughed and asked Nick if he wanted to try
it.  Lionel got a device that was a flesh grabber,
which could be applied to areas of the slave where
there were folds of skin, such as the thighs, lower
belly, and tits.  It hurt like hell.  Lionel threw one
in our basket.

A poster above a display showed a slave being led by a
"Penis Puller", a leash which attaches to the cock
shaft itself, rather than to the base, and Lionel
pointed it out and laughed, "Hey Nick, how would you
like us to take you shopping with your front flap open
and us leading you around like that?"  Lionel intended
the remark to lighten the mood, but Nick didn't smile.

As we made our way to the checkout counter I noticed a
display of various blinkers, some with muzzle
attachments.  I examined a rather fancy model made of
dark molded plastic, told Nick to remove his cap and
bow his head, and I fitted it on him.  Lionel look
pleased, so I said, "Let's get it."  Lionel agreed
that it looked good, but he was worried what dad would
say, "It's kind of expensive, and I think we would not
really be using it very much."  I had to agree, so we
passed on the blinkers.

There was a mirror nearby, and when I removed the
blinkers from Nick, he saw himself in the mirror, and
started to cry.  I must admit, he looked like a slave,
and nothing but a slave, but I felt that was no reason
to cry.  I put his yellow cap back on and patted him
on the shoulder.

At the checkout stand we saw a book on special
display, ‘Slave Mantras’.  The ad said, ‘Slaves who
learn mantras are both more pliant and docile.  Start
your slave on the (mantra a day) program now!’  Lionel
put it in our checkout basket.  Our bill ended up
being quite high, but we figured dad wouldn't mind,
since all of our purchases were sensible ones.  As we
walked to the parking lot, Lionel reached into the
shopping bag Nick was carrying and took out the mantra
book, "Here bro, I want you to study the first mantra,
read the chapter on its meaning in the car on the way
home, and make sure you have it memorized by the time
we get home, or else I'm going to have me an
opportunity to practice using my new tawse on you!"

Lionel and I laughed as we got in the front seat of
the car.  In the car Lionel told Nick he could take
his cap off, but Nick said he wanted to leave it on,
probably because his haircut was more humiliating than
the cap was.  Lionel would have none of it, "I said
get the goddamn cap off, and get it off now!"
Nick started crying out loud as he took his cap off,
bawling like a little bald headed, blue-crossed, baby.
Lionel and I exchanged glances and had to stifle our
smiles.

As we drove home Lionel cranked up the tunes really
loud.  We wanted to be like those rich kids who like
to call attention to themselves, their fancy cars, and
their slave in the back seat.  It was wild.  As we
drove home, bobbing to the music, getting stares of
admiration from both guys and the chicks, and as Nick
tried to hide his face in his mantra book, I saw
Lionel give his cock a few brisk tugs and a shaking
through his trousers.  We smiled at each other when he
caught me looking, and I reached down and gave my own
pecker a little jingling.

We were in heaven.  Rather than go directly home
Lionel drove down to the city center where everyone
hangs out.  We turned the music up even louder, the
bass booming, and drove around the center about six
times.  Lionel and I were intoxicated with our
freedom, and we both were doing some serious moves to
the beat of the tunes.  A lot of kids shouted and
waved at us as we passed.  It seemed to be true; just
owning a slave ups your popularity.

Lionel and I looked back at Nick, his face still in
the book.  Whether or not he was memorizing his mantra
or trying to hide his face, we couldn't tell, but it
did remind Lionel that we didn't have much more time
for cruising around, "We better get Nick back home,
he's on barbeque duty tonight!"

It felt so good having a slave who had to do whatever
we told him to do sitting in the back seat, knowing
that we were now rich kids; with no college tuition
worries; with no need for either a college or summer
job; with a slave to do all of our housework, run our
errands, and give us massages whenever and for as long
as we wanted; and, best of all, the envy of all the
poor kids without slaves, who only dream of what it's
like to own a slave.

The End