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