My First Day on the Job

By Randall Austin

Short Story

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Hi, my name is Jimmy Cotton and I have been asked to
write this informal recollection of my first day on
the job as a Slave Trainer at the Georgia State Bureau
of Slaves for use in the Bureau’s orientation hand out
packet for job applicants.

I got my first job out of college this past January.
After researching the Georgia State Bureau of Slaves
(GSBS), I realized that it offered a lifetime career
potential, a promotion system based on merit, and a
wonderful benefits package.

And given the way the reintroduction of slavery has
been such an economic boon to our country, slavery has
quickly become a commodity our society cannot do
without and for that reason alone the GSBS is a safe
career choice.  It’s as basic a need now as, say
electricity.

After three months of classroom training, I began my
apprenticeship.  I was to begin my actual field
service under the partnership of Bradley Peachstone,
which I met on my first day as an apprentice this
past April 22nd.  Bradley, 28, has been a slave
trainer for five years.  Bradley made my first day on
the job a real pleasure.  He was, and continues to be,
a storehouse of knowledge for me.

We were assigned duty at Chatham County Court.  Since
there were three cases on the docket that morning that
could end with enslavement orders, there were three
teams of Slave Trainer/Handlers ready in the wings.
We trainer/handlers are not involved with the cases in
any way until a judgment of enslavement is issued,
then we enter the courtroom and observe as the police
prepare the slave for handing over to the slave
training center.  Under Georgia’s enslavement laws the
courts have their own little procedure on finalizing
an enslavement order before releasing the slave either
to an owner or some state holding or training agency.

We were waiting in the wings only about an hour when
Bradley and I were called into the courtroom.  A young
man, Jesse Julep, 30, was convicted of embezzling over
a million dollars from his business partners.  The
partners and their families were in the courtroom, as
were many of Jesse’s family and friends.  Also in the
packed courtroom were the usual observers: slave
activists, pro and con, students from various local
colleges, and the curious public.  The court police
were awaiting our entry into the room before they
began preparing the slave for handing over to us.

We entered the courtroom dressed in our Georgia State
Slave Handler uniform: black ten inch boots, black slacks,

white shirt, a black blue and yellow tie, a black long waist

jacket, a GSBS badge, a service belt heavy with implements,

and a black military style felt hat with a gold braid.  As a
GSBS slave handler, each man knows that his uniform
must be clean and neatly pressed, and he must be
immaculately groomed at all times.

Jesse was dressed in an expensive suit, a fine silk tie,
and beautiful shoes, and his luxurious head of hair
was neatly styled.  Once we entered and took our
positions, the three police officers pulled him to the

side of the judge’s bench and asked him for his wallet

and all jewelry and valuables on his person.  Jesse handed
over the wallet, a Rolex, and a gold ring.

An officer then asked him to remove all clothing
and hand it to the bailiff, who came forward holding
a wire basket.  We could hear weeping in the
courtroom, as well as the hushed whispering of the
victors.  Jesse first removed his expensive suit
jacket and handed it to the bailiff, who folded it as
he placed it into the basket.  As Jesse started to
untie his tie, we could see he was having a hard time
of it, and suddenly he stopped.  He could no longer
continue to undress in front of everyone.  He dropped
his hands, started to cry, and tried to hide his
face from the crowd.
One of the police officers came forward, finished
untying his tie, and removed it.  He then started
unbuttoning Jesse’s white shirt.  When it was
unbuttoned, Jesse had composed himself enough to
remove it himself and hand it to the bailiff.
Jesse then bent down and removed his very fine looking
shoes and socks, and put them in the basket.  When he
removed his t-shirt, it was obvious to the courtroom
that he was a gym rat, thus providing nice eye candy
for the ladies in the room.

He blushed as he unbelted and unzipped his trousers.
He stooped to remove them, and when we did the entire
court saw a very nice pair of light blue silk boxer
shorts.  He thought he was finished then, but an
officer told him that the boxers had to come off as
well.  As he started rolling his undies down he tried
to turn his back to the courtroom but one of the
officers redirected him so he was again facing the
room.  Once his undies were off everyone in the
courtroom could see that he had his pubic hair shaved
in a fancy thin rectangular strip above his cock.
A lot of people smiled, and some let out titters of
laughter which could be heard throughout the
courtroom.  Jesse turned a shameful shade of red all
over his face and shoulders.  A lot of people in the
courtroom were seeing a slave cock for the first time,
and all eyes were glued on the man about to be turned
into a slave.

An officer then handed Jesse a wide handleless basket
and told him to hold it to his chest and look down
into it.  Another officer went up to Jesse with a
large set of electric shears, plugged it into a
socket, and started to buzzcut his hair.  Huge
smiles erupted on the faces of his business partners
as they looked around the room smiling at each other
and giving out the ‘thumbs up’ signal all over the
courtroom.  As Jesse’s beautiful hair tumbled into
the basket, tears could be seen falling into the
basket as well.

When he was all buzzed and bald domed, and too ashamed
to lift his head up or look at the crowd, an officer
pulled his hands in back of him and cuffed him.

Then a collar was emplaced.  It gagged him, and he
started to protest, but one of the officers took a
small tawse, cracked it across his shoulders, and
shouted at him, “Shut up, slave!”  It was an awesome
moment.  The courtroom was stunned into silence.

The officer grabbed Jesse very tightly by the
ear and started pulling him to the other side of the
courtroom.  As he pulled him forward across the
room, he also tugged downward on the ear and for the
first time in his life, Jesse had to stoop.

Poor naked Jesse was pulled in a crouched position
across the entire courtroom by his ear, with his
hands cuffed behind his back.  The smiles of his
partners got even bigger now, and everyone in the
courtroom was straining to see what was going to
happen next.  When he and the officer tugging
him got to the other side of the courtroom, Jesse
was pulled up onto a raised dais.  The officer had
him turn his backside to the audience and
bend way over at the waist.  He was on view to
everyone--his cuffed hands trussed against his back,
his rump sticking fully up, and his ball sack dangling
between his legs.

The other two officers came up on the dais and stood
on either side of Jesse.  The chief officer then took
out a bottle of baby oil, squirted some on Jesse’s
rump, and rubbed it in, all over the buttocks,
even getting it into the crack.  As he rubbed in the
baby oil he announced, sort of to himself, and sort of
to his fellow officers, but all could hear it, “Let’s
get the target area oiled up!”  More titters erupted.
The officer put the baby oil down and selected a very
large paddle from the implements cupboard.  With his
left hand he grabbed Jesse’s shoulder, while the
officers standing  to Jesse’s sides each grabbed an
ear and did a very tight ear twist to hold Jesse down
in a stooping position.  Once they had him secured
by the ears, the officer holding his arm swung the
paddle and let the first stroke land.

Seeing for the first time a grown man having to endure
a bare-naked paddling in front of his family and the
public, bawling like a three year old, was awesome. I
think the State of Georgia’s whole standard courtroom
procedure for the newly enslaved is totally cool, but
the paddling is one of the most amazing features.  The
way I see it, everyone knows that slaves have to get
bare-naked paddlings all the time.  The pro forma
paddling in the courtroom is just a beautiful way of
assuring the respectable, law-abiding world that the

sentenced is now a slave, and that for him
paddlings will be routine, as well as his public nudity.
The enslaved has no rights to privacy, and will
henceforth have no secrets.  This is now your world,
slave, so welcome to it.

When the paddling was over the officers stood Jesse up
and turned him around to face his public.  He was hard
as a rock!  A lot of them get that way, as I already
knew, but that didn't stop it from being funny.  Some
of the courtroom observers, especially the college students,

laughed out loud, and the judge made no attempt to silence

them.  Jesse’s erection was waggling about, on display to his
friends and enemies alike. The head officer then
tightly grasped Jesse by the ear again and led him
back across the courtroom to Bradley and me, making
him hunch over as they pulled him by his ear, forcing him
do a goofy scrambling walk distinctive of slaves.

Bradley and I then took control of the slave.  We
stood on each side of him; I took him by the
arm, while Bradley took him by the ear and applied the
same sort of very tight ear twist while making the
slave bend down.  In that position we hobbled him over to
the courtroom exit.  It occurred to me as we exited
that the naked, oiled and paddled ass was the last
that anyone would ever see of Jesse Julep.

The next time his friends saw him he would have a new name, or
maybe just a number for a name, and the personality
they knew as Jesse would no longer be required.  I
hoped that Bradley and I would succeed in drumming the
old personality of Jesse out of existence.  It was
Bradley’s and my job to turn this organism that had
been called ‘Mr. Jesse Julep’ into a slave that
would never dare to speak until spoken to, if it was
ever spoken to, and would never try to act the part
that Jesse used to play.  No more clever repartee was
needed from it or wanted, no one would any longer care
to hear its ‘ideas’ on anything or listen to any of
its ‘jokes’.

I hoped, in fact, to turn him into a typical
slave, a thing you don't have to think about
unless you’re handing out work orders.
We led Jesse out to our GSBS transport van, got
into the back of the van with him, and started
chaining the naked slave down to one of the slave
potties that the State of Georgia uses as a method for
transporting the newly enslaved.  Because the newly
enslaved are often very defiant, they will use any
method they can to make a statement, and soiling the
escort vehicle is often one of them.  Chaining slaves
down to potty chairs helps keep the GSBS vehicles clean,
and forcefully reminds slaves of their new status.

Actually most of the newly enslaved are happy to have
the potty chairs, because it relieves them of
having a lot of pressure applied to their buttocks
just after their induction paddling.

Bradley addressed this issue. “You once were a pretty
important fellow there, Jesse, but look where your
sticky fingers has landed you.  Chained down to a GSBS
potty chair on your way to being a slave for life!
It's enough to make you wanna shit your pants, ain't
it?”

Bradley signaled the driver, and the van
took off for GSBS.  Bradley and I then took a seat on
the officers’ bench just across from Jesse.  We both were

looking at his crotch and Bradley commented, “Some pretty

fancy shave work on your puss, dude!”  “The chicks love it”,
answered Jesse, almost for a moment forgetting his
predicament.

Bradley brought him back to the real world. “You won’t

be looking too attractive to the babes once we get you

shaved, ringed, and kitted in your slave suit.  You’ve got

a good sized unit on you, too bad it’s not gonna get any

more use.”

To lighten the mood, I rejoined, “At least not the kind
nature intended.”  Bradley and I laughed in an attempt
to cheer the slave up, but to no avail.  So Bradley
began to instruct me in my job.  Why waste time?  And
I wanted to learn.

“You’ll soon find”, he said, "that a freshly enslaved
dude like Jesse here is, as you can see, a total
basket case.  He doesn’t know what he’s supposed to do
anymore, but we do know.  We call the shots in his
life now.  So we simply have to offer firm guidance.

He does what we tell him to do from now on
out for the next two weeks, like it or not.

“Like, when I first started here I was always sort of
apologizing to the enslaved, saying stuff like, 'I
just want you to know dude, I’m going to be whipping
your ass, giving you quite a few spankings and
paddlings over the next two weeks, but it’s nothing
personal’.  But I soon got over that.  At any given
time at the processing center you will be responsible
for getting between 3 to 8 slaves ready for auction.
And if one of your slaves gets up on the auction block
and creates a scene, it goes on your record.
Basically, it’s your ass up on that block.  How well
your slaves behave is what goes on your record when
you're considered for promotion at GSBS.  That’s why
you have got to learn right off that it’s either a
firm hand with the slaves, or you might as well get a
job at Home Depot.”

“Basically, our job is just to get these guys to the
point where they’re sailable.  In short, to get them
so scared of masters and overseers that they’ll do
whatever they’re told to do as soon as they’re told.
Just to make them really whip smart.  And that is why
we do the things we do out at the processing/training
center.  That’s why we pull them by their ears, talk
down to them, use constant threats.

“You see all those tools on your belt.  I’m going to
be showing you how to use all of them.  Jesse here is
going to be your first training subject, and he’s nice
and fit as you can see, so you should be able to get a
chance to test all of your implements on him.  But
don’t worry about that.  There is always plenty of
practice material out at the processing/training
center.”

“The only things we’re going to be doing to him in
terms of modifications is re-collar him, shave him,
and ring his nose and dick. And… hey, did you see that
look? It's so funny, the way they look when they first
hear that.  Yeah, bro, we're gonna ring you, man! See,
he still can't get used to it!  Anyway, I’ll show you
how we do it all. I’ll ring his nose and you can
watch, and then you can do your first dick ringing, under

my guidance, on Jesse here.  Once we take him to the

auction house, it’s up to the buyers to have him processed

the way they want.  Some buyers don’t want anything done,

and some go for the full works.  Jesse here is a real good
looking stud, but some people just like to get guys
like Jesse all ringed, tattooed, branded, cinch up the
balls and cock, remove teeth so they can’t bite,
remove finger nails so they don’t scratch up the
furniture, and so on.  Some call for the emplacement
of permanent chastity devices, and some call for
castration and then, of course, some buyers buy only
for sexual purposes.  Slaves at auction never know
who’s going to buy them or what their life will be.
Some slaves have been sold and resold so many times,
I'll bet even they can't remember who's owned them,
and some have been sold only once.”

Then, turning to Jesse, Bradley asked, “Listen Bobo,
you’re a slave now, dude.  Are you going to behave for
us?”  It was more than Jesse could take, and he yelled
and called us a couple of twerps who were probably
still sucking tit.  That was gross! But Bradley calmly
reached back on his service belt and unhooked the
two black metal clamps that we call ‘squealers’.  They
are about six inches long, and spring loaded.  They
attach to the entire back length of the ears.  They
close really tight and the pinching of the entire ear

makes the wayward slave being fitted with them squeal

loud, and for as long as they remain on; hence their popular

name.  Bradley attached one to each ear, and Jesse immediately
started squealing.

Bradley calmly came and sat down next to me, and we
watched Jesse squeal.  As he squealed he shook his
head wildly, trying to get the implements off.  He
begged us to remove them, so Bradley said, "How bout
an apology?" Jesse hollered, shaking his head, “Man, I
didn’t mean what I said.  Please take them off.
Please!”

Bradley asked Jesse to consider the consequences
of bad behavior for a while longer.  I had learned
very soon that first day that ears are a very
important tool in slave control, and I commented that
those big ear clamps made Jesse look like some robot
bunny. We both howled with laughter, as Jesse howled
with pain. We watched him squirm for another minute or
so and then Bradley got up and removed the
squealers.  As he took them off, he told Jesse, “You
called us a couple of young twerps.  You need to
realize that your age gives you no added status
whatsoever.  You’re just a slave now, and one slave is
exactly like another slave.  You’re all equal.  You
just sit on your potty chair and think about that.”

That was my first hour’s experience as an apprentice
slave handler/trainer.  My employment at GSBS since
starting has been full of just such life affirming,
positive experiences.  One of the most wondrous
moments of my life came when I gave my first bull
whipping to an errant slave.  As I delivered this lesson
in good behavior to the wayward slave, I felt proud to
be doing my part in helping our great nation
continue on its miraculous economic recovery.

It is estimated that in 10 years 50% of all households
in the US will own a slave.  I feel proud to be
working toward the day when ALL American
households have at least one slave.

The fringe benefits for employees of GSBS are
considerable.  Apart from the industry standard
benefits package, they include special help in
financing a slave loan for the first time slave owner.
In addition, all GSBS employees get free slave
processing.

Bradley is an excellent example.  Just six months ago,
at the age of 28, he acquired his first slave with the help

of GSBS financial services.  That is 8 years ahead of the

national average age for the first time slave owner.

Someone like Bradley is typical of a young slave owner.

He doesn’t have any pressing personal need for a slave.

But everyone needs an ‘income generator’.  Bradley sends

his brand-new slave to work at the foundry for 54 hours a

week, and his personal income generator brings home a

tidy check for $1700 every two weeks, with every penny of

it going to Bradley, to do with as he pleases.  The cost of upkeep
of a slave is almost negligible.  Food, of course, is
the biggest expense.  But there is now such a wide
assortment of slave rations on the market that one can
feed a slave for as little as 75 cents a day if one
gets the 100 lb bag of slave kibble from the Slave
Feed and Supply House.

A non-tangible benefit to you as a professional slave
handler is that in social situations you will be the
much sought after expert among family and friends for
ideas and tips on slave control.

But working for GSBS is not just about owners and
their concerns.  As a professional slave handler you
will also be called upon to tend to the concerns of
slaves.

One of the most rewarding experiences I have had so far

was in helping a young female slave who had grown

despondent.  She was going through a difficult period in

adjusting to her new life as a slave.  The young female slave had let
personal concerns overwhelm her and had neglected her
personal upkeep.  When my captain asked if I would
help her out of her slump, I was happy to oblige.  I
took her to the bathing area, stripped her and gave
her a bath that washed away the weeks of neglect.  I
gave her a slow and healing total body shave.
Afterwards I tended to her neglected body with a
careful full body oiling.  As I oiled her freshly
shaved body I could see the stress leave her face and
in no time at all she had recovered her cheerful
nature.  It was but one instance in which I have
found my job at GSBS to be personally rewarding.

Still having doubts that GSBS is for you?  How does a
50% commission sound, or any money brought in by one
of your slave trainees over the asking price?

If you are considering a career in the slave industry,
the Georgia State Bureau of Slaves Information Center
will be happy to answer any questions you may have.
Please give them a call now.

The End

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