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

For more of Randall Austin Stories, Please join his Archive group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>