**The Electro-Cinch**

By Randall Austin

Short Story  
  
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The following article by Gilbert Culahane appeared in  
the August issue of the popular magazine, ‘California  
Drudge and Garden’.    
  
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The Electro-Cinch Controversy   
(Let’s Get Real, Folks!)  
  
"Everyone knows that slaves lead carefree lives."   
That is the line the slave lobbyists are currently  
using in their Fall ad campaign, which attempts to put  
a benign face on slavery.  Although slavery opponents  
are currently fiercely condemning that line, the fact  
of the matter is that statement is true for most  
slaves most of the time.  
  
Let’s look at that statement realistically.  Slaves  
work 8 hours a day.  You also probably work 8 hours a  
day.  No difference there.  But you get a paycheck,  
your slaves do not. But slaves never have to buy a  
thing, because they have everything they need; food,  
clothing, and shelter is all provided for them for their  
entire lives.  And you are the one who has to provide  
all of those things for your slaves out of your  
paycheck.  Slaves have no responsibility whatsoever in  
life.  You as a free person have tons of pressing  
responsibilities, schedules and deadlines to meet.  
  
Some try to point out that the discipline which slaves  
are subjected to will completely unbalance the equation.   
But let us examine that statement, also, in the light  
of reality.  There are 1440 minutes in a day, for a  
total of 86,400 seconds.  Let’s say you give your  
slave a face slapping for back talk.  If that slave is  
typical, you slap his face probably once every two  
weeks.  That is probably 2 seconds of pain out of a  
two-week total of 1,209,600 seconds.  Let’s get real  
folks.  If you back talk your boss, you are going to  
be suffering the consequences of your action for a lot  
more than 2 seconds out of a two-week period!  
  
But, some may say, slaves are spanked and whipped.  
Let’s look at that as well. If you have a young male  
slave, under the age of 30, chances are you have had  
to give him a spanking or whipping once or twice in  
the last six months.  Let’s even say it was a severe  
beating, lasting 10 minutes nonstop.  Okay fine.  The slave  
learns from that spanking or whipping the one thing he  
has to know how to do, which is to obey.  It took 10  
minutes time out of an entire 6 months.  Again, just  
by stating the facts in that way the misleading nature  
of the anti-slaver’s claims becomes instantly  
apparent.  What if you, your life consisted of 10  
minutes of difficulty once every 6 months? You should  
have it so good.  
  
Which brings us to the Electro-Cinch, which the  
anti-slavers are bringing up in their latest ad  
campaign.  The Electro-Cinch is that state of the art  
slave control device that is all the rage in farming  
communities.  With the Electro-Cinch one overseer can  
control up to 500 slaves at a time.  I wanted to get a  
first hand view of the Electro-Cinch in action, so I  
contacted a friend of mine, Kevin Cornell, who is a  
handler at Baldwin/Fletcher Farms.  Baldwin/Fletcher  
Farms are well known throughout the state, both for  
offering terrific produce and premium canned fruits  
and vegetables (with the happy slave logo), and also for  
their catchy television commercials.  One featured  
the waltzing field slaves singing, ‘We are dancing  
because we love you’, and another featured the two  
handsome Baldwin brothers, Arnold and Retcher, doing a  
humorous slapstick routine with several of their  
slaves, which won the 2012 California Ad Campaign’s Best  
Short Commercial Award.  
  
Kevin invited me out to Baldwin/Fletcher last  
September to have me observe the Electro-Cinch in  
action, first hand.  Kevin is a typical California  
slave handler.  At 27 years old he is roughly the same  
age as most of the slaves he overseers.  He shares a  
common background with most of them; middleclass  
upbringing, attended Point Loma High School in San  
Diego, former skateboarder (probably busted a few sags  
in his time), played in his own band.  Half of the  
slaves could probably give Kevin tips on spiking his  
hair (not that this stylish and sleek haired overseer  
needs advice from anyone).  Kevin understands his  
charges thoroughly, and can empathize with them.   
  
Baldwin/Fletcher employs the Electro-Cinch system only  
a couple of weeks out of each year, mainly for a  
two-week period during peak harvesting time in the  
fall.  
  
The Electro-Cinch System is a great convenience and  
important money saver whether you have one slave or  
several hundred.  Safe, easy to use and maintain,  
humane, and effective.  And the cinch itself, the band  
which goes about the root of the male slave’s penis  
and scrotum, is an attractive bit of jewelry in its  
own right.  The Electro-Cinch system is designed to  
deliver encouragement to slaves in the form of  
electric shocks to the root of the slave’s penis that  
range from very mild to very severe.  Generally, the  
lowest setting is all that is ever required, a setting  
that simply delivers a low voltage shock which  
produces an unsettling, queasy feeling that quickly  
has one slave or an entire herd scrambling to satisfy  
an overseer’s demands.    
  
Banding the slaves with the Electro-Cinch was an easy  
matter.  You gather the root of the cock and balls  
with both hands, making sure both balls are out in  
front of the root and not in hiding, then with the  
right hand you encircle the root with the high tech  
metal-plastic cinch, snap it into place, and it locks  
automatically.  Kevin had the 240 naked slaves form  
into two lines, and we each banded them.  We had all  
240 puppy dog tails cinched and locked in less than an  
hour.  The cinch is convenient.  It can stay on for as  
long as you need it, the slaves can bathe with it on,  
and it gives a nice lift to the slaves’ jewelry bag.    
A slave with a good package lift is an attractive  
addition to any California garden.  
  
There was good-natured banter among the slaves as they  
lined up to get cinched.  Those slaves who had been  
around for at least one year at Baldwin/Fletcher  
already knew that harvest time was a time when a  
little more was asked of them.  The experienced slaves  
told the newbie’s that it was basically no big deal.   
There was joking among the slaves as we banded them,  
and even good-natured interplay between Kevin, the  
slaves, and me as we cinched them.  Once we had them  
banded, they would go off to their fellow slaves and  
compare bands, and ask if it looked good on them, and  
so on.  Laughter and good spirits prevailed.    
  
Each Electro-Cinch (EC) band is numbered, and around  
the neck of each slave is hung a lightweight sandwich  
board sign with the number of the slave’s EC band  
showing both front and back.  An overseer can thus  
treat selected individuals, the entire herd at once,  
or the entire herd minus select individuals.  The  
control unit itself is a sleek handheld device, a  
great improvement from the large console control board  
that only a few years ago had to be hauled out into  
the field.    
  
Seeing that much man flesh get fitted with the EC  
system made me, as a person who is constantly thinking  
‘bottom line’, feel really good because I knew that  
all of that man/boy flesh was going to get used to the  
max.  It’s going to be a good day for profits when the  
herd marches out into the fields fitted with the EC.   
You know the herd is going to get used for all its  
worth.    
  
Although slaves lead in general a pretty easy and care  
free life, and they know it, there are times when  
they, like all of us, have to give a little more.  I  
suppose it is true that even the happiest slave, when  
he’s getting fitted with the EC may be longing just a  
little bit for the old days when he was free to lounge  
around listening to rock music and drinking beer.  He  
knows that when he’s banded with the EC he’s going to  
be putting out some sweat.  But all responsible  
slaveholders know that the EC is a tool that in the  
long run will benefit not only their bottom line, but  
the morale of the slaves as well.  When things are  
hectic and at high pressure in an active work  
environment, overseers have been known to lash out  
unfairly at everyone in sight.  The beauty of the    
EC system is that such missteps are minimized.  And  
when corrective or encouragement treatment is needed,  
the slave does not identify the corrective measure  
with a particular overseer or face.  Thus slave  
hostility towards particular overseers becomes less of  
a problem.  
  
Even more beautiful, one overseer can control an  
entire herd of field slaves.  The day I was with Kevin  
he alone was able to make a herd of 230 prime field  
slaves produce at maximum output level.  It was  
impressive.  
  
Throughout the day Kevin had to deliver EC  
‘treatments’, or ‘gentle reminders’, as he prefers to  
call electro-shocking the herd, only about once or  
twice an hour.  Those few gentle reminders helped the  
herd to concentrate more on what they were doing, and  
keep productivity up.  Only once did Kevin have to  
give a slave special treatment.  Little Jambo, a cute  
28-year-old slave was seen to be positioning himself  
among larger individuals so he could slack.  Kevin  
gave him one treatment on the number 3 setting, and  
soon Little Jambo was scrambling and hopping and  
bobbing and laboring merrily along with the rest of  
the herd.  
  
Kevin told me Little Jambo was one of their most  
rambunctious pieces of livestock on the Estate, and  
sure enough, at day’s end he was overheard to be  
making a joke at a fellow team member’s expense.   
Kevin could have saved himself a lot of time and given  
him a punishment treatment with the Electro-Cinch.   
But being a typical humane young generation California  
overseer, Kevin opted instead to pull Little Jambo out  
of line, take down his trousers, put him over his  
knee, and use the punishment strap on his behind for a  
vigorous 5 minute strapping session.  At the end of  
the strapping Little Jambo was crying, apologizing,  
and hopping around just like a little boy who had been  
disciplined by an older brother.  Although Kevin is,  
of course, younger than Little Jambo, all male slaves  
are really nothing more than little boys at heart; in  
need of plenty of watching, encouragement, punishment  
diaperings, face slappings, spankings, nipple  
clampings, scrotum weightings, buttock strappings,  
back tawsings, and total body whippings.  
  
Kevin’s girl friend, Susan Golthchie, dropped by for a  
lunchtime visit, and he entertained her at one point  
by juicing the entire herd with a microburst.  Susan  
got to see 230 slaves instantly and simultaneously  
erect to the hilt and then start scrambling like  
nobody’s business. The entire herd was boned and  
hopping to please with just a single flick of an  
overseer’s finger.  Kevin gave me a nod to watch Susan  
ogle the team with her pretty mouth wide open, and her  
eyes transfixed. He gave me a devilish wink, as if to  
say, "Ah, California living!"  
  
Susan told me she was, like all young girls,  
fascinated with horses and slaves for as long as she  
could remember.  She subscribes to Slave Today, and  
was getting regular catalogue mailings from the major  
auction houses in her area well before she entered her  
teens.  She even would manage to cajole her father  
into taking her to auctions on several occasions when  
a slave she fancied in one of the catalogues was up  
for auction.  
  
That is one reason psychologists recommend giving  
your young daughters some responsibility in the upkeep  
and management of your slaves.  See last month’s  
article in ‘California Drudge and Garden’ on  
‘Purchasing the Right Male Slave for Your Preteen  
Daughter’.  
  
What I saw at day’s end was a happy herd leaving the  
fields, laughing, smiling, and joking.  The relatively  
stringent harvest quota for the day was met, and not a  
single slave suffered a tawsing or whipping, or  
incurred a single welt, mark, or scar, that is with the  
exception of the naughty, misbehaving, Little Jambo.   
But I am certain that the staunchest anti-slaver would  
have enjoyed seeing the daisies get spanked out of  
that little scamp.  
  
To me, the Electro-Cinch controversy is not so much a  
controversy as it is another nail in the coffin of the  
antislavery forces.  The Electro-Cinch, rather than  
being cruel and unusual punishment, is slave control  
at its most benign and humane.

The End

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