Christopher Enslaved

Part One

By Randall Austin

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The most horrible day I ever lived through was the day
my lifelong friend Christopher Worthington was
enslaved for life at the age of 22, just 4 months
before he and I were to graduate together from SDSU
with our bachelors in chemistry.

On the evening of April 3, 2010, my dad told me to
cancel my plans for the next day because he and I had
something very important to do.  When I asked him what
was up he said he could not tell me, and that I would
simply have to wait until tomorrow in order to find
out.

The next morning over breakfast dad told me what was
up.  I reacted with stunned disbelief to what he told
me.  And because of what I was to eventually witness
on that day, a strange trance like numbness stayed
with me for several months, and even now on thinking
of the events I revert into a haze, unable to believe
that it really happened.

Christopher Worthington and I were friends since the
age of 6, when we became neighbors.  Our parents
supported our friendship, though they themselves never
became especially close with each other.  Mr.
Worthington was a successful businessman who stayed
pretty much to himself, but he cared very much about
appearances.  Not only about how he and his family
appeared in men's eyes, but how he appeared
financially in the eyes of others as well.
Indeed, Christopher was always neatly dressed, even at
casual sporting events.  His hair was always neatly
combed, and his manners were impeccable.  He and I
grew up together and shared everything.  We even
decided, after much uncertainty, to drop our first
choices for colleges, so we could attend San
Diego State University together.  And we had a great
time in college.  They were our happiest times
together yet, even after the many years of
good times we had shared.  We were best friends for
life.  Or so we thought.

Dad told me that Mr. Worthington had contacted him
only three days ago with news of his plan, and he was
to keep it under wraps.  He told my dad that he was
letting him in on his plans because he knew that
Christopher and I were lifelong friends, and he
wanted me to be present when he announced his decision
to Christopher so that I could offer him some support
throughout the day, and help him get through the
ordeal.

Mr. Worthington had fallen on hard times.  He was in
danger of losing the family business.  Under
California law children over the age of 18 who have
not served in the armed forces or State National Guard
before the age of 26 are subject to what are known as
"lex talionis" restrictions, which means that they
still do not have full rights as adults, though they
are no longer considered minors.

Thus, parents still have the legal authority to
enslave for profit a free born child if they can prove
both that they no longer have the means to care for
the child, and that the child fails to meet at least
three of the "lex talionis" requirements.  In
Christopher's case he had a bum misdemeanor rap on his
civil record for shoplifting, he had no record of
civic volunteer duty, and he had more than three
traffic violations.  Therefore Christopher, on his
father's order, was sold into slavery.

I was stunned.  Dad tried to reassure me, saying that
there was nothing we could do to prevent it, but that
I could help in some small way by being at
Christopher's side throughout the day he was to be
enslaved and processed.  If I would be at his house,
when his dad announced that his life, as he knew it,
was over; if I would accompany him to the slave
processing center and wait for him; and afterwards if
I would accompany him when he was delivered to Arthur
Baldwin, who bought him and at whose estate he was to
serve; if I would do these things for Christopher,
then I would be doing all that I possibly could do.

When I heard the name of Arthur Baldwin, the bleakness
that had possessed me suddenly turned to hopelessness.
Arthur Baldwin owned Baldwin/Fletcher Enterprises
and its chief concern was the Fletcher Farm and
Canneries.  Baldwin ran the cannery and farms
almost entirely on slave labor, and the overseers of the
slave teams were Baldwin's two sons, Arnold and
Retcher.  If Arthur Baldwin had a reputation as a
cold-hearted businessman, his sons had the reputation
throughout the valley as vicious sadists who delighted
in punishing and humiliating their slaves.  They were
young, probably only about six or seven years older
than Christopher and I, but they had reputations that
far surpassed their years.

I remember how Christopher and I used to share stories
we had heard about the Baldwin sons.  And just two
months ago we had seen them in town, each with a slave
on a leash dressed in clown outfits, wearing large
dunce caps and sandwich boards proclaiming; ‘I was
caught idling’ on the front side, and ‘Please spit on
me’ on the back.  Christopher called out to them, on
that occasion, saying that they were filthy slavers
who deserved to rot in hell.  I still remember Retcher
looking back and seeing us, and saying, "Oh, its
cute-ass Worthington.  Man, how I'd love to have that
pony pulling my cart!"

I cried, and told my dad it was injustice.  He tried
to comfort me.  And as he embraced me I thought of all
the times I had seen Mr. Worthington embrace
Christopher.

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That morning dad and I ate breakfast in silence.
He told me that he and I had to be at the
Worthington’s by 11 am, since Christopher's
appointment with the slave processing center was at
12:30.  Mr. Worthington wanted things to go fast.
After he announced his intentions to his son, and he
got the final signature from Mr. Baldwin, Mr.
Worthington pretty much wanted Christopher whisked out
of his house for good.  The plan was that I then would
accompany Christopher, with police escort, to the
processing arena, and then afterwards accompany the
drudge (what slaves are called in California), along
with two requisition officers, to the Baldwin slave
compound.

Dad and I arrived at Mr. Worthington's house at
quarter to 11.  Mr. Baldwin was already there, holding
a folder stuffed thick with papers.  Also in attendance
were Trevor Humphries, Arnold and Retcher's chief overseer
assistant at the ranch, and two plainclothes
men from the police department.

California is one of the few states that do not have special

police units for the maintenance of slaves.  It is still a liberal
state, and the slave rights people maintain that
slaves are not a different sort of human being
requiring any special policing.  Because of the
liberal trend in general along the West Coast, private
family ownership of slaves is still relatively rare.
Slaves in the west are owned and maintained chiefly
by corporations and the prison system.

 I was introduced to Mr. Baldwin, and any fears that had
built up in me that he was a monster were immediately
dispelled by his seemingly genuine greeting,
accompanied by a broad smile and a firm hand shake.
It was Mr. Worthington, surprisingly, who looked like
an evil person to me.  He was very rigid in demeanor,
with a distant gaze in his eyes, perhaps intensified
by his nervousness over the situation.  He thanked me
for being willing to be at Christopher's side
throughout the rest of the day.

Trevor Humphries seemed to be the kind of man one
would expect to bring calm and sobriety to any
situation.  In his mid thirties, dressed in a blue
blazer and tie, well groomed, he exuded a
wholesomeness that was rare in those who handled
slaves on a daily basis.

Also present was Christopher's brother, Dexter.
Dexter was three years older than Christopher, and the
two of them never got along.  Dexter was always
blaming Christopher when things went wrong, and got
him into a lot of trouble through the years.
Christopher got the rap when Dexter was apprehended
for shoplifting some CD's once.  Christopher always
felt Dexter disliked him because he was jealous. I
nodded to Dexter, and he smiled back.  He was the only
person present who did not seem somewhat apprehensive.
Indeed, he seemed to be in good spirits.

When I started to say to Mr. Worthington, "Isn't there
some -", my dad pulled me to his side and bent down
and whispered, "Todd, there is nothing we can do any
more to change the course of things.  What you can do
is just be with Christopher throughout this day."

This little interruption seemed to make everyone even
more nervous.  And Mr. Worthington, who had been
glancing at his watch throughout the introductions,
started glancing even more frequently.  Finally when
it was eleven o'clock, he looked at all of us and
said, "Well, it's time.  Are we ready?"  Nods from the
plainclothesmen and Mr. Baldwin. "Fine, I'll go and
get Christopher."

My dad and I were nervous, I felt like I could cry at
any moment.  Within minutes Mr. Worthington and
Christopher entered the room.  On seeing me,
Christopher smiled and said, "Hey Todd! Are you going
along with dad and me to Spence's for lunch?"  His dad
answered, "Christopher, we're not going to lunch at
Spence's.  Would you come over here please?"

Christopher was still unaware that anything was up and
smilingly went to stand beside his dad.  The two
plainclothesman got up and took places one on each
side of Christopher.  "Christopher, I have decided to
make some changes around here, in our lives.  As you
know, my business has failed and needs capital to
continue operations.  Mr. Baldwin here has very
graciously offered to help me out. I have therefore
accepted his payment for your lifetime services."

"Dad?"

"Hear me out, son.  I, of course, could never allow
you to be enslaved and sold at auction. It was only
because of Mr. Baldwin's kind offer to keep you on his
property that I could see myself engaging in this
course of action. We both owe Mr. Baldwin a sincere
show of gratitude for what he has done to help us both
out."

"DAD!"  Christopher seemed to be having trouble
understanding the full scope of things. His mouth was
open and he was shaking his head.

During the preceding Trevor Humphries quietly took out
a digital camera and started to take a few shots of
the distressed Christopher.

Mr. Baldwin then spoke up.  "Well, gentlemen, I have
to be at a meeting in a little while.  I just need to
sign one final paper to complete the sale.  I know the
medical records are all in order.  And seeing
Christopher up close, I can see that my sons were
correct.   When I told them that Christopher might be
up for sale, and asked them for their opinions, they
both said it seemed like it would be a super
investment, and urged me to secure the goods in haste.
But because you have been keeping this under wraps,
Mr. Worthington; understandably so in these
conditions, of course, I did not have access to the
usual pre-purchase full body photographs.  Therefore,
as is usual, I would like a quick view of the
rest of Christopher, if you don't mind.  I just want
to see what I'm paying for, to make sure the goods are
in order and there are no surprises."

"Of course, Mr. Baldwin.  I insist on this myself."
Said Mr. Worthington.  "Christopher, remove your
clothing!"

Christopher didn't seem to hear, and Mr. Worthington
raised his voice.  "Christopher, I'm not telling you
again, remove your clothes."

Mr. Baldwin sounded reassuring, "Now, now, Mr.
Worthington, no need for any harshness.  It's
understandable that the newly drudged aren't aware of what
codes of conduct are required of them.  That's why the
thoroughly professional sort of training my boys will
be offering to Christopher is such a balm to our
slaves.  When drudges are given clear guidelines, they
know where we stand and where they stand.  But
anyway," continued Baldwin, giving a slight nod to
the plainclothesmen, "I am in something of a hurry
here, so if we could just move on."

With that nod one of the plainclothesmen grabbed
Christopher's right arm, pulled from his service belt
what looked like a piece of cylindrical metal tubing,
and placed it over his thumb.  He then started to
gradually turn the top portion of the cylinder.  He
watched Christopher's face as he turned the screw.
Suddenly Christopher screamed as if scalded with
boiling hot oil, "Take it off, please, take it off!"

The plainclothesman responded, "We'll take it off as
soon as you get every stitch of your clothing off."
With that Christopher tore into removing his clothing
with fury as he cried out in pain, practically kicking
his shoes off, tearing buttons off his shirt, a
Christmas present to him from my dad, in order to
remove it in haste, wildly flailing to get his t-shirt
off, pulling down his undies.  Then, when totally bare
before all of us, and crouching in a kneeling
position trying to cover his crotch with one hand he
stuck his thumb screwed hand into the air and screamed,
"Take it off!  Take it off!"  The officer was quick to
remove the thumbscrew, leaving a sobbing, crouching,
Christopher trembling in confusion, as he rubbed his
injured thumb with moans.  Through all of this
Humphries had been calmly clicking away with his
digital camera.

The officers then pulled Christopher up by his
shoulders.  Dexter was wide eyed with excitement, his
mouth open, and a bulge showing in his crotch.
Christopher tried to cover his genitals but his arms
were swiftly and firmly pulled behind him by the
officers, leaving him totally bared for all of us to
see.

"Now boy, don't you worry!"  Assured Mr. Baldwin.
"It's always amusing to me how the newly drudged are
so full of modesty.  You'll get over that in no time.
We work the majority of slaves on field duty and in
many parts of the cannery totally nude except for
work boots.  You'll get over being around the clothed
non-slave employees in no time.  About one quarter of
our cannery work force are regular freemen
employees.  It's a very good arrangement.  They help us
keep tabs on the slave force."

Christopher's head was bowed. Tears rolled down his
face, as Humphries advanced slightly, shooting the
exposed, distraught lad.

"And judging from the looks of you, you will make one
fine hard labor product.  Ah yes.  Very nice,
indeed!” approved Mr. Baldwin, as he walked up to
Christopher, to more closely examine his purchase.  He
ran his hand over Christopher's chest and tweaked his
nipples.  "A good solid piece of merchandise.  Good
shape.  And a nice waggler on you, too, boy.” He said
as he took Christopher's penis in hand and weighed it,
indicating it to Humphries. "Get a good shot of
this," he said.

"But Christopher," he continued, "this thing I'm
holding isn't going to be of very much use to you anymore,

because one thing we do not allow at
Baldwin/Fletcher is any form of sexual release
whatsoever, and that includes masturbation."

Dexter let out with, "Wow, cool man!"  Everyone
ignored him.

As Humphries took a few close-ups of Christopher's
unit Mr. Worthington expressed his discomfort at the
delays.  "Gentleman, isn't there going to be plenty of
time afterwards to photograph your new purchase?"

"Actually, Mr. Worthington", responded Trevor, "there
isn't.  We need photos of Christopher before his
processing.  He is up for quite a few body
modifications today, and Arnold insists on a complete
preprocessing photo record of all the raw material on
his slave teams."

"I see," murmured Mr. Worthington.

Mr. Baldwin continued.  "As I was saying, Christopher,
my boys deal very severely with those afflicted with
the habit of masturbation."  Mr. Baldwin finally let
go of Christopher's penis and walked back to where he
was standing, saying, "I just offer that to you as
fair warning.  My boys are very stern on that issue
because they say that drudges who do not engage in
such habits and pursuits are much more productive in a
labor intensive work environment.  They turn a higher
profit.  My boys are concerned about the labor
efficiency of the entire team, and an efficient, labor
intensive team, producing at top yield, creates an
environment that is pleasing to all involved."
Mr. Baldwin was a real slaver who saw slavery only
from the business angle, and over that angle he tended
to enthuse.  But on this particular day his enthusiasm
for business talk was to the distress of almost
everyone in the room, especially to poor Christopher.

Only Dexter was bobbing and shifting in wide-eyed,
openmouthed excitement.  Mr. Humphries looked
sideways at Dexter, and took a discreet snapshot of the
wide-eyed older brother.

"Now Christopher," Baldwin continued, "you should be
flattered to learn that you did not come cheap,
especially since, as you probably know, your father
sold you as a 'hard labor product.'  That means I paid
almost three times for you what I would have paid if
you had been offered as a 'standard labor' product."

Mr. Worthington turned red as sweat ran down his
forehead.

"Now that's good for you and bad for me.  It's good
for you because it means that you, as a ‘hard labor’
product, can be worked up to 14 hours a day, seven
days a week, whereas a 'standard labor' product can
only be worked up to 10 hours a day, six days a week.
It has been proven that hard labor drudges are far
more content than standard labor drudges.  Their minds
are much more occupied, and the suicide rate for hard
labor slaves is only about half that of standard term
slaves."

My dad interjected a feeble, "Now wait, one second,
Mr. Baldwin."

Mr. Baldwin thought only that dad was arguing with his
business sense and continued. "Let me continue.  Sound
business practice dictates that one only pays hard
labor product prices if the slaves are in their mid
teens, since hard labor can only be extracted until
the age of 42.  So that means I get exactly 20 years
hard labor return on my investment, compared to 28
years of hard labor if I had invested in Christopher
when he was 14 years old.  So I just want you to know,
Christopher, that I am purchasing you at something of
a loss as a favor to your father."

"Christopher, thank Mr. Baldwin.", urged Mr.
Worthington. Christopher was unable to answer,
only looking down at the floor as the officers held him
in place.

Dexter interjected, "Come on bro, just once in your
life try to show a little gratitude."

The lack of response from Christopher didn't seem to bother Mr.
Baldwin, as he continued, "Now as a hard labor product
that means you will be on duty and in service 14 hours
a day.  But don't think that just because you're a
drudge now your life is going to be drudgery.  Oh no.
The boys see to it that 'HL's' what we call you hard
labor products, have an active and varied schedule.
They may have you cleaning cesspools one moment,
tooth brushing the walkways and driveways the next,
using you for target practice at another time, and
then the next moment they'll want you looking your
best, all freshly bathed, oiled, and heavily cologned
for some activity at the house.  So you will not be
bored, young fella, ever, in your service at
Baldwin/Fletcher farms!"

"Daddy, no!" Moaned Christopher.

Not registering in the slightest Christopher's distress,
Baldwin continued.  "Ok, now turn around, so I can see
your backside."  Christopher turned around, still
choking on tears of humiliation, devastation, and the
thumbscrew.  "Nice backside.  A backside always shows
clearly the work potential of the product.  And this
one has good basic structure, which means it can be
worked into becoming solid and successful draft
material.  We're kind of short of good sturdy draft
animals on the farm right now.  My boys will probably
issue up an order to have you placed into chiefly
draft service, which is labor at its most intensive.
If they do that, don't worry.  Draft teams get to
spend plenty of time outdoors in the sun.  It's an
absolutely invigorating environment for a young man!"

Dexter taunted, "You're going to get some muscle on
you, bro!", as Humphries snapped pictures of the backside.

To be continued…

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