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.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
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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