**Christopher Enslaved**

Part Three

By Randall Austin

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The Trip to the Facility

It was a relief to be away from the place of betrayal, but
the ride from Mr. Worthington's house to the processing center was a
somber one.  Christopher could not speak because of his gag and
muzzle, and there was nothing I could say that would make any sense.
I was as dazed as he was.  We rode together with our shoulders
touching, each aware that there was nothing that could be said.

When we pulled away from the Worthington house, Christopher
turned toward it and followed it with his eyes until we rounded a
corner and it vanished away.  Then he turned his face to me, and I
could see that there were tears in his eyes.  It came over me, how
strange it is to see a human being in a gag and muzzle. The gag
distorts the mouth, and the black straps dominate the face.  Only the
eyes retain their original shape, and they seem to shrink behind the
apparatus of restraints like the eyes of an animal, small and lost.
When Christopher looked at me, I had to look away, because already he
was becoming a beast of burden, a drudge.  He was halfway there.
Already his well-creased slacks and his expensive shirt, that new
blue color that I admired on him and had decided to buy for myself,
next time I was at the mall, looked ridiculously out of place, like
clothes on an animal. Suddenly the thought crossed my mind, ‘I'm glad
it's not me.  I'm glad it's him and not me’. A wave of guilt hit me,
but it was true. I WAS glad it wasn't me. Who wouldn't be?  When we
stopped for a traffic light, I thought I saw people looking at us
with that expression of indifferent curiosity with which people
regard prisoners or slaves, and I knew they were looking at me as if
I were really headed where Christopher was.  I wanted to jump out and
yell, ‘Not me! I'm not a slave! I'm just here to watch!’  And then I
felt that wave of guilt again.

When the processing center loomed ahead and came into our sight,
Christopher and I both tensed up.  Located next to the central police
headquarters in San Diego, the Slave Bureau and General Facility was
a three story building that occupied most of a city block.  A steel
mesh gate lifted in front of us, admitting us to the garage entrance,
and the officers parked the car in a vacant slot.  Mixed in with the
cops' sedans and SUV's were various kinds of official police and law
enforcement cars.  The SBGF handled all aspects of slavery, from the
legal division to the holding cells and auction rooms, as well as
running the slave processing center.

 One of the officers opened the door on my side of the car,
calling me "Sir" and treating me abruptly but politely, the way that
police officers treat respectable citizens.  Meanwhile, the officer
on the other side was pulling the chained and muzzled Christopher out
of the vehicle.  I followed behind while he was led by a chain toward
a door that said, ‘Do Not Enter Without SBGF Credentials’.  One of
the officers rang a bell and another officer appeared behind a
plexiglas window beside the door.  The requisition officer passed a
paper to him, and he spent a moment checking his computer, then
handed the paper back to the officers on the outside and buzzed us in.

The Check in Room

 It was dark in the hallway, a big change from the Southern
California sunlight outside, and as they started towing Christopher
down the hallway he stumbled against one of the walls. The officer in
the lead pulled up on his chain and said something to him that I
couldn't hear, something that got him moving again.  At the same
time, the officer at the window leaned out of his office, asked me my
name, and indicated that Trevor Humphries was on his way over to
speak with me.  We were not to proceed into the Trussing Room until
he arrived but were to finish our business in the Admissions Lobby
and wait there until Mr. Humphries appeared.

 The lobby was the first door on the right.  I caught up with
Christopher just as they were leading him inside, and I saw him pause
and draw back for an instant, before the lead officer yanked on his
chain and he shuffled forward.  Then I saw the room.  Neither
Christopher nor I had ever been in a place like that.

It was a concrete box with steel doors.  That was it.  No
windows, no decorations, just a table at the front where some
officials were seated at and a line of blue footprints painted on
the floor, leading from where we stood to the officials' desk.
Standing on the footprints was a line of slaves.

I had never been in a room with slaves before.  I had
certainly never touched a slave.  When I saw them, it had always been
at a distance.  I would see a state slave truck parked beside the
road and beside it a gang of drudges in chains and brown fatigues,
slopping through the muck to dig a ditch or clear a storm drain. Now
I had entered a sea of cheap brown uniforms, and all I could do was
to try not to touch one.

 The line of drudges was what I saw first.  Then I noticed
that there were freemen standing next to the drudges, the owners,
overseers, or slave cops that had brought them in.  I say these
freemen were standing ‘next’ to the slaves, but actually most of them
were huddling in groups by themselves, smiling and exchanging news,
while the drudges stood at attention in their formal line.  After
that, I looked at the long table at the front, with two gentlemen
seated behind it.  They seemed to be finalizing paper work.  Beside
their table I saw something that looked like an examination table.

 The officer leading Christopher stationed him on the next
available set of footprints, unhooked his lead chain, no longer
needed I guess, and made a gesture to me like, stand here if you
want to, I'm going where it's more comfortable.  Then he went over to
one side and began a conversation with another officer.  I stood next
to Christopher, afraid to look at him but certain that he was shaking
with fear.  The shock was wearing off, and the reality was setting
in.  In front of us, and then behind us, was that seemingly endless
line of drudges, mostly dressed in brown or gray, all locked in slave
collars.  Many of them were also identifiable as slaves by body
adornments that I didn't want to notice.  Christopher, however,
seemed to be the only one wearing a muzzle, and he was also the only
one wearing civilian clothes.  Obviously, he was the only one who was
newly enslaved.  The rest were drudges who were used to it, drudges
that knew they were to be on their best behavior at the processing
center.

All of the slaves were male, except for the one just ahead of
us, a good looking female of about 28 years, accompanied as
Christopher was by what seemed to be a friend.  Females were
processed in a different section of the building from males, but all
slaves entered the facility through this room.

I noticed that slaves at the front of the line were disrobing
at the table after their paper work was examined.  Then they were led
to a door.   The door on the left seemed to be for males, if I read
the small sign next to it correctly, and the door on the right for
females.   The doors were heavy steel, and stenciled on them were
signs in large lettering; ‘TRUSSING/HOOKING’.  Once stripped, the
slaves would go along with their attendants and stand in front of one
of those doors. A buzzer would sound, the door would open, both slave
and attendant would vanish, and the door would automatically shut.
Then the next slave and attendant would stand and wait before the
door.

A voice over the intercom intoned. "The following drudges and
their overseers, report to Room 34 A: Guppy, Wags, Juicer, and
Toasty.  Guppy, Wags, Juicer, and Toasty, report to Room 34 A."

As the line steadily advanced, new drudges and their
attendants were lining up behind us.  Behind us now were four female
slaves accompanied by a very young male overseer.  When we neared
the head of the line I could see the man seated at the desk.  I
stared at him, so I wouldn't have to stare at anything else.  He was
young, trim, wide eyed, clear skinned, handsome, in his late
twenties, and wearing a neatly pressed white dress shirt, with a blue
tie.  His hair was fancy and neatly combed.  A dark blue blazer hung
over the back of his chair.  An ID tag was clipped to the pocket of
his shirt, giving his name as James Ferris.  Next to him was seated a
middle-aged gentleman, similarly dressed, who worked at the computer
on the desk, and who did not interact with either the drudges or
their charges.

From in back of us a voice called out, "Hey Jim!"  James
Ferris looked up and answered, "Trevor!"  Christopher and I looked
around, and there was Trevor Humphries coming up to the desk.  Both
Christopher and I felt somewhat calmed by seeing Trevor arrive, since
he seemed so wholesome and reassuring.  Or, perhaps more accurately,
he seemed ‘normal’ after a day of the profoundly abnormal.  As he
passed Christopher and me on his way up to see James, he stopped,
offered me his hand and a warmly beaming smile, and said, "Todd, I am
glad I didn't have to delay your entering the processing room.  How
was your trip over here?"  "Fine”, I said.  He told me that he wanted
a word with me, but first he wanted a moment to chat with his friend
James.  He went up to the table where James was seated, and it struck
me as strange that the man who would be handling Christopher on a
regular basis didn't even so much as acknowledge his presence beside
me.

James was about to call the slave girl and her overseer, who
were ahead of us and next in line, up to the table, but had them
hold back from approaching the table as Trevor approached to talk to
him.  From where Christopher and I were standing, we could overhear
their conversation.  They were obviously friends.  James asked Trevor
if he wanted to meet at Brewer's Pub for dinner after he got off work
today.  Trevor said he would love to, but that this was the night he
volunteered his services at the homeless shelter.  He said he would
be helping serve dinner to the homeless, and then he would probably
stay and help with the cleanup after dinner, and then after that he
usually stayed a little longer to help any of the homeless who needed
assistance with various things, such as writing letters, reading
mail, or offering advice on how to take advantage of various
community and state services and so on.  But he said he would be
happy to go to dinner with Jim when he was finished at the shelter,
around 7:30 pm.

When Jim suggested they go to a fancier restaurant, Trevor
replied, "I just made my annual donation to the Friends of the
Environment, so I have to hold off going to those fancy places.
Especially since Baldwin pays me peanuts!"

"But you're good friends with the Baldwin’s, aren't you?"
asked Ferris.

"I sure am”, replied Trevor.  "They're great folks.  We
belong to the same church and participate in a lot of the same church
related activities.  But that doesn't change the fact that he pays
peanuts!"  Trevor and Ferris both had a hearty laugh over this, as
Ferris signaled to the two women next in line to approach the desk.

The woman accompanying the drudge gave her requisition folder
to James without being asked, obviously knowing the routine.  Ferris
examined the papers and asked her if Clitta has been out of her sight
since they left her compound.  The woman answered, "She has been. I
waited outside for her while she used the restroom at Marshall's
department store."  James then asked the drudge to disrobe and she
proceeded to do so without so much as a hint that what she was doing
was in any way unusual; undressing in a roomful of strangers, most
of whom were men.   While she undressed Trevor made friendly chat
with James about his gardening activities.

Christopher and I had been through a lot that day, our minds
not having had a chance to rest since the events of the day began.
Not only was the idea of suddenly having your closest and most
important friendship torn apart by an enslavement order a shattering
blow, but also the total strangeness of the slave culture to us.  In
the western states slaves and the slave culture are still not common
knowledge to most free persons.  Slavery still is chiefly the concern
of large corporations and the prison systems, and these usually
employ their slaves in compounds on the far outskirts of populated
areas, hiding them from view of a predominantly liberal populace
which, if it must have slavery, doesn't want to see it.

The idea of a woman disrobing in front of us jarred us both,
hitting us especially strongly because neither Christopher nor I had
a lot of women experience.  As we watched her disrobe, a powerful
diverting pain killer from the frightful reality of the last two
hours and our minds gladly partook of the drug.

There, just a few feet in front of us, was a beautiful
shapely woman removing her clothes.   James patted his hand on the
examining table, and the slave knew exactly what was expected of
her.  She went to the table, turned around and sat down, so she was
facing us.  All we could see were her delicious tits bobbing about,
and then James asking, "Trevor, would you mind helping out here?"
Trevor didn't answer with words, but approached the table, and James
took his hand to the slave's shoulder and gently pushed her down on
her back into a reclining position.  Then he took a right leg, and
Trevor the left, and they lifted the legs into the air, pinned them
back, and kept them spread, thus fully exposing the slave's
completely shaved twat.

To Christopher and me it was a sight we would never have
dreamed of seeing, a completely shaved pussy, legs spread wide,
totally exposed before us.  James put a plastic glove on, dipped one
finger in the lube pot, and worked it into the slave's anus.  As he
probed, both he and Trevor gazed gently down at the slave, their
mouths slightly open in soft smiles.  Both were erect, openly so, and
completely unconcerned about that fact.  Trevor pulled out his
finger, removed the glove, and put a clean glove on.  He dipped two
fingers into the lube pot.  The thumb and middle finger of his left
hand gently encircled the slave’s right breast, as he inserted the two
fingers of his right hand gently into her cunt.  He worked the
fingers in slowly, as the smiles and erections of both men increased
in size.

And so did mine.  I was totally embarrassed, yet not really
knowing what I was feeling or what was going on.  Christopher winced
in pain, and I realized that his very tight penis clamp was probably
making him very sore as his body sought to erect.  I could see the
nub in his pants moving.

Once James completed the cavity search, he had Clitta get up
off the table, he signed the documents, and then he sent her and her
companion off to stand in front of the processing entry door to the
right of the desk.

As James motioned to Christopher, the two officers, and me to
come forward, he asked Trevor, "So this is your boss's latest
purchase, did he get a good price for it?"

Trevor smirked, "Baldwin only purchases items he judges
capable of turning a profit after training and modification, even if
he doesn't intend to resell.  So I'm sure he's happy.  I know his
boys really want this thing, so it probably won't be sold anytime
soon."

One of our officers handed the requisition folder to James.
He checked the papers and told the officers that they could unchain
Christopher and remove his muzzle, as a voice over the intercom
droned, "Drudges Goat, Hoser, Squeege, Bonx, Ajax, and Flubs, your
prescriptions are ready."
As the officers worked on freeing Christopher, Trevor came up
to me and put his arm on my shoulder in a most friendly
manner, "Since I had to come here on business, I thought I would find
you and let you know that there's no need for you to accompany
Christopher out to the Farms if you don't want to.  I had to stay
behind with Mr. Worthington to settle business, and little Dexter was
so insistent on going along that I convinced his father that letting
him come could have a salutary effect on Christopher having his own
brother at his side.  Dexter was so happy that he could be with his
brother at this special time that he asked if he could bring his
friend Beamer along with him to the processing center.  So I okayed
it.  Beamer's father is driving them out here, so they should be
arriving in the processing viewing area shortly.  So Todd, if you
don't want to stay, there's no reason you have to.  I know you've
already had a busy day."

"Oh, I want to very much”, I responded.  "And Mr. Worthington
said I could."

"Worthington, of course, has no say whatsoever anymore
concerning Licker.  I mean, if Baldwin wanted to he could sell Licker
to the Israelis tomorrow for use in their human decoy project."
Trevor seemed to be trying to convince me not to accompany the
transfer guards out to the Baldwin farms, and continued.  "Even if
you did go out to the compound, and you are certainly welcome to, and
I'm not even trying to dissuade you from doing that, but all I am
saying is that you two really don't have much in common anymore. I
mean, what will you have to talk about?  You certainly can't make
plans about what bar or club you're going to tonight."

The officers had removed the chains and muzzle from
Christopher and he was clearly distressed, overhearing Trevor.  But
Trevor continued. "And once out there, you two wouldn't have much
time.  The first day schedule is pretty hectic for a new drudge.  I
mean, you two will be able to have a cup of tea together, but that
will be about it.   The boys are going to want to get to work on
Licker as soon as possible."  Christopher unexpectedly grabbed my
shoulder and said, "I want you to come, Todd."

On hearing Christopher, Trevor walked over and faced him, and
in the same friendly manner as he had done to me, he put his left
hand on Christopher's right shoulder, with a look of benign calm on
his face.  Then he drew back his right hand and slapped Christopher
in the face as hard as he could.  Christopher screamed.  A tinge of a
smile broke on Trevor's face, and he calmly said, "Drudges never
speak to free men unless spoken to or unless following protocol.
Since you do not yet know protocol, you are advised not to speak at
all!"

Christopher was rubbing his face while Trevor spoke, with
tears falling from his eyes.  In an instant Trevor drew back his hand
again and slapped Christopher across the face a second time with even
more fury.  With his left arm still on Christopher's shoulder, Trevor
continued speaking in a calm, controlled voice, "When you are being
addressed by an overseer or master you stand perfectly still.  You do
not try to soften a blow with your hands, you do not pick your butt
or scratch your head.  You stand still and listen attentively to what
is being said."  Trevor stood slightly back, raising his face a
little with even more of a smile, to assess if Christopher was
catching on.  Satisfied, he turned back to me as if nothing had
happened.

I had reached out a hand in readiness to be able to grab
Trevor's arm should he attempt to slap Christopher again.  Seeing
what I was readying myself to do, one of the requisition officers
addressed me.  "Sir, I would like to inform you that interfering with
a free man's disciplining of his slave is a serious charge, similar
to obstructing an officer in the line of duty."

Hearing that the officer was finished, Trevor once again in a
friendly gesture raised his hand to my shoulder, but it startled me
and caused me to flinch.  Trevor was completely sincere and smiling
as he said, "Now, now.  I know this is all new to you.  Don't you
worry about Licker. Everything is going to be ok."

James looked to Trevor to see if he could proceed, and Trevor
indicated for him to go ahead, so Trevor told Licker it was time for
him to get slave-naked, and to remove all his clothes and place them
with the gentlemen seated to his left.  As he said this, Trevor and I
turned to watch Christopher, who, dazed, started to remove his
clothes.  Somewhat awkwardly as he turned he noticed there was a
roomful of people in back of us, all of whom were watching him.  And
right in back of us were four female slaves.  I knew this moment was
painful for Christopher.  He wouldn't even so much as wear speedos at
the beach, he was so modest.  But he faced forward, crouched, and
started to remove his shoes and socks.

As we watched Christopher undress, Trevor, still erect from
the face slapping he gave Christopher, put his arm around me as a
gesture of concern for me, and continued, "You have to trust that
everything will be ok.  Once we arrive at the compound, we're going
to get Licker kitted out, and we'll have him turned into a whip-
smart, spank-happy slave in no time.  He'll be taught to keep his
head polished, his body well oiled, and his cock ring and bell shined
and in good ringing order.  And he is going to be happy, because once
the boys get him in shape, and he's alert, bronzed, toned, labor-
keen, quickstepping, obedient, and respectful, he will begin to be
proud of his status.  And a slave proud of his status and condition
is a happy slave.  I assure you, he's going to be feeling a lot
better even before the evening's over, because once the boys deliver
his bare naked bull whipping tonight, he'll start to adjust and find
his place."

"Oh, and one other thing.  Mr. Baldwin, who is really a most
generous and caring fellow, told me to tell you that you could drop
by Mr. Worthington's sometime today or tomorrow if you would like,
and have first pick at any of Christopher's items as mementos.
Anything you want of Christopher's is yours, clothes, CD's, bicycle,
skis, stereo....  There must be quite a few of his things you could
use, certainly his clothes.  You two are the same size.  And he's got
lots of nice colognes, too, and, as we know, his girl-courting days
are through.  So just go on over, Mr. Worthington knows that you may
drop by."

"Really?" I said, and as soon as I said that I couldn't
believe it.  So I quickly added, "I don't think I could do that."

"Why not?  Baldwin got them for next to nothing in the
package deal, and he's just sending it all out to charity stations.
So go on, dig through it.  In fact that shirt he just took off is
pretty nice, so why not take it?   Of course, you'd have to sew a few
buttons back on after the way he tore it off this morning.  But do go
on over.  I think Mr. Worthington really wants you to have some
mementos of your friendship."

As Christopher was stripping he heard everything Trevor had
said, and he started quietly sobbing.  I went to embrace him but one
of the requisition officers gestured me to stay put, and said, "I'm
sorry, the processing arena is on a tight schedule.  There just isn't
any time for that."

Christopher had just his undies left to remove, and did so
with a defeated air.  He pulled them off, crouched down, gathered and
folded all the clothes, and carried them to the gentleman at the
table.  He then covered his penis with his hands and turned and
walked back to his spot.  A requisition officer bent down and undid
the butt plug straps about Christopher's thighs, and slowly pulled
the butt plug out.  It exited with a ‘plop’.   He dropped the plug
into a plastic bag and placed it in a container marked, ‘Used’.

James ordered Christopher to drop his hands to his sides, as
the intercom intoned, "The following drudges: Nipples, Jimbo, Spot,
and Bubbles; report to Mr. Jeffries at Station 10.  Nipples, Jimbo,
Spot, and Bubbles; report to Mr. Jeffries at Station 10."

As Christopher's hands dropped to his sides, we all noticed
his clamped up penis knob.  Christopher was erect and the gathered
foreskin looked chaffed and sore. James, indicating Christopher's
erection, and said, "One thing you never want to do is look at girlie

pie when your penis is clamped.  The Baldwin’s clamp up dicks

frequently out at the farms as a means of both punishment and

control for guys who are over sexed.  If you ever find yourself

dick-clamped, make sure you don't go looking at the cunts in the cannery."

James then asked the requisition officers if Licker had been
out of their sight since the enslavement order was signed.  They
answered in the negative.  James then took out a broad tipped black
inked felt pen and walked over to Christopher.  In big five inch
letters across Christopher's abdomen he wrote ‘L-34’.  He then spun
Christopher around by the shoulders, and with Christopher facing the
entire room exposed, the four female slaves staring at his clamped
knobbed-up erection, James wrote ‘L-34’ across his backside.  He then
walked around to Christopher, and grabbed his cock by the clamped
foreskin, and across the entire top length of his knobbed shaft he
wrote, ‘L-34’ with the felt marker pen.

My friend Christopher was being treated like a slab of meat,
coded with a marker pen, paraded around totally naked as snot and
tears of shame and defeat ran down his face.

Trevor then came up to Christopher, grabbed him, spun him
around, and said, "Well look at you!  Looks like you're ready for
the meat hook."  He stopped and gazed quietly at Christopher, almost
with a look of benign concern.  He took his right hand and put it to
Christopher's nipple, then he slowly started toggling his tit with
his thumb and index finger, and quietly whispered, "We're going to
get these titties ringed for you, boy."  He moved his hand to his
left tit and started gently toggling the left nipple.  Trevor's mouth
was half opened as he finally backed away from Christopher.

James came back from the desk and handed me the order
folder. "You take this, and when they admit you in to the
trussing/hooking room, hand it to the station guide.  All right, you
two go stand in front of that door."  He indicated the door.
Christopher and I walked to the door followed by the two officers.

As we were standing in front of the door Trevor came up to
me, widely beaming, extending his hand, "I just want you to know
you're welcome out at the farms anytime and as often as you would
like.  In the meantime, you take good care of yourself, and good luck
in your graduate studies."  As he grabbed my hand and shook it I
could only feebly nod, and say "Thank you, sir."

After about a two minute wait, the buzzer sounded, the door
open, a female attendant in a white coat appeared at the door,
signaled for us to enter.  We entered, the officers stayed behind,
the door rolled shut, and I handed the folder to the attendant.

To be continued…

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