**Christopher Enslaved**

Part Four

By Randall Austin

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The Trussing Room  
  
On entering the trussing room I noticed about 6 attendants, 2   
females, and 4 males.  And I remember very little about being in the   
room except that it seemed all the attendants moved like lightening,   
and that I was in the room probably no longer than 3 minutes total.    
As soon as the door slammed shut, the woman attendant who took the   
folder from me was gone, and in her place was a male of about 28   
years, with a name tag that simply said, ‘Chip’.  He came up to   
Christopher with a strange cutting instrument, unceremoniously   
grabbed Christopher's penis, attached it to the penis clamp,   
squeezed the handles, and the tight band fell away from Christopher's   
cock.  Christopher immediately started rubbing his shaft with his   
hand.  
  
As Christopher was rubbing his foreskin, Chip dragged him by   
his shoulders onto a raised platform in front of a white curtain and   
another one of the male attendants immediately appeared and started   
photographing Christopher from all angles.  As he snapped he   
asked, "Licker, can you get a nice big erection for us?"  Licker gave   
no answer and Chip asked one of the other attendants for   
the ‘ejaculator’.  Another attendant handed him a strange prod-like   
device.  Chip applied lubricant to the tip, grabbed Christopher by   
the shoulder, turned him around, put the prod to his butt hole, and   
shoved it in.  He then pulled a trigger, and Christopher erected to   
the hilt in an instant.  
  
"Nice one!", the photographer called out.  "Give us your best   
smile now, Licker, because these pics are going on the city web site."  
  
Chip then pulled him off the stand and led him to a portion   
of the room filled with hoses and scrubbing instruments.  He had him   
get on a portion of the floor that had steel grating for flooring and   
told him to pee.  Christopher didn't know where to go, and Chip   
indicated that he was to piss in the grating.  Christopher obviously   
had to go, since he turned his back to us and let out a long stream.    
When he was done he told him to grab onto a bar that ran lengthwise   
along the wall and bend over.  When he did so Chip took a hose, put   
the slender nozzle up his asshole, and filled him with warm water.    
He took it out, told him to squat and dump, and Christopher did so,   
red in the face.  Chip then had him stand up and with another hose he   
hosed him off, then did a very quick toweling of him.  
  
Chip then quickly guided him to a 5 foot square platform that   
was raised two feet off the ground, and told him to get up on it and   
kneel down.  Immediately all of the processors surrounded Christopher   
and from that point on I couldn't see what was happening, until about   
one minute later when two of the attendants hopped up on the   
platform, picked up Christopher trussed in a kneeling position with   
his knees wide apart and his hands and feet bound behind his back.    
They hoisted him up and attached him by the ring on his back harness   
to a meat hook-like thing on a trolley overhead.  He was balanced in   
such a way that his penis was his lowest hanging body part.    
Amazingly in that short amount of time they had pierced his frenum,   
applied a ring, and to that ring had attached a 6 inch laminated   
card that contained coded instructions for the processors explaining   
which procedures Christopher was to receive.  
  
When they placed him on the hook the bound Christopher was   
swinging, turning, and swaying wildly.  Christopher looked terrified   
as he spun around, but the processors didn't seem to care.  As soon   
as one of them punched a button, and the automated trolley started   
moving Christopher down the railing, the spinning immediately   
stopped.  The trolley headed towards some plastic slatted mats, but   
before I could see what happened one of the processors pointed to a   
door for me to exit from the room, and told me to follow the signs   
leading up to the visitor viewing room.  
  
The Processing Room   
  
As I entered the processing room viewing area I was surprised   
to see that it was empty except for Dexter and Beamer, who were   
leaning against the large Plexiglas window which extended the entire   
length of the room and looked out and down onto the processing room.    
When they saw me they shouted out to me as though we were the best of   
friends, and walked over to greet me.  I nodded to them, hoping they   
would stay put, but they made their way towards me as I took in the   
overwhelming sights which greeted me in the viewing room.  
  
It was a long narrow room, and one wall was entirely   
Plexiglas through which the slave processing operation could be   
viewed.  The opposite wall was covered in posters and advertising   
copy relating to the San Diego Slave Bureau and General Facility and   
the slave trade in general.  
  
I noticed immediately that the only other significant element   
of the room were two vending machines which offered snacks and soft   
drinks.  I thought how disgusting it was to sell snacks in this   
environment, and wondered for a moment what type of person would be   
able to relax enough to eat snacks in the processing viewing area,   
until I noticed that both Dexter and Beamer were eating potato chips   
as they peered through the Plexiglas.  
  
My eyes caught one of the posters, "Does your slave or team   
need reprocessing?  A smartly turned slave means added value and   
productivity.  Meet with our slave accessories consultant to   
customize one slave or a hundred.  Let us help you meet your or your   
company's optimal needs.  Make an appointment with a customizing   
specialist on your way out."  
  
I approached the Plexiglas and peered out, and I had to stop   
and catch my breath at what I saw; a sea of hundreds of trussed naked   
male slaves hanging from meat hooks.  Such a sight as earlier I would   
not have believed took place within the boundaries of the city I grew   
up in.  Over two hundred bound, naked, and trussed males hanging from   
meat hooks in one large room.   Moving along a conveyer track to some   
80 stations along the track route, each station manned by anywhere   
from one to four processors, capable of performing requisite body   
modifications, often in a matter of seconds.  From the casual ‘ear   
piercings’ to the profound ‘castrations’.  
  
The rail track zigzagged in an ‘S’ pattern.  Walking amongst   
the various stations were processor apprentices carrying long poles   
with leather padded loops 7 inches in diameter on the ends.  With   
these poles they could speedily loop a hanging slave at the base of   
his cock and balls from either the front or the backside of the   
slave.  With this leverage at the base of the slave's crotch they   
could halt a lead slave on the trolley while some delay was   
rectified, or else pull the slave off to a switch track to lead him   
to some other station.  
  
A sign in the viewer room addressed the grapplers. "Did you   
know that the processors who man the grappler rods are highly trained   
through an apprenticeship program that takes 2 years to complete?  It   
may look rushed or haphazard, but their skill in handling the rods   
insures that drudges are processed efficiently and safely."  
  
I momentarily stood transfixed reading the signs, which were   
as strange to me as the sights in the processing room.  
  
Another sign right next to the first one I read said, "All   
procedures are safe and humane, and are performed solely for the long   
term benefit of the drudges."  
  
Another sign, with a drawing of a processor pushing a trussed   
slave with a grappling hook, read. "Did you know that slave   
processors are highly paid professionals?  Processors in all   
departments are needed.  Please check out the employment   
opportunities with San Diego SBGF personnel department on your way   
out,  Thank you.  The California Bureau of Slaves."  
  
Finally I heard Beamer say, "Hey Dex, there's your loser   
brother making his grand entrance!"  
  
"Wow, look at the expression on his face.  The family slave   
doesn't look too happy!", shouted Dexter, as both boys laughed and   
high fived.  "This is sooo fuckin cool!  You should have your dad   
enslave Justin, then you could have a family slave too, and make some   
extra money."  
  
"Fuck man, look at that, they're lowering him into a vat of   
water or something!", shouted Beamer.  
  
Dexter and Beamer had wide happy smiles as they viewed the   
proceedings, as excited as if they were at a major sporting event, as   
they scarfed down their potato chips.  
  
I looked out across the sea of suspended slaves.  Two hundred   
naked bucks suspended, slowly twirling on their chains.  Two hundred   
men dangling like slaughtered animals.  Two hundred men being   
grappled at the base of their cocks by young apprentices moving them   
this way and that.  Two hundred trussed slaves with every part of   
their body accessible, being trollied through the processing   
stations, being stopped and modified at some stations, being passed   
over at others.  
  
 Screams of slaves being punished by having anesthetic   
withheld during the processing could be heard continually, though   
faintly, through the plexiglass.  
  
The only other sound in the viewing area was the nonstop   
chatter of Dexter and Beamer.  "Serves those slave assholes right,   
they're just getting what they deserve!", opined Beamer.  
  
"Holy fuck, look at that goof getting his eyebrows removed!",   
laughed Dexter.  
  
Having to listen to Beamer and Dexter's continual obscenities   
made my time spent in the viewing all the more difficult.  As it was,   
the sights in the processing room alone were almost unbearable to   
me.  Human beings getting processed.  Getting lowered on their chain,   
getting raised.  Getting dipped, clipped, shaved, pierced, ringed,   
branded, cinched, collared, tattooed, stapled, punched, belled, dyed,   
circumcised, infibulated, castrated, tagged, looped, hooked,   
soldered, cauterized, stained, scarred.  Some anesthetized, some   
not.  Some used to the processing room.  Some terrified to death of   
it.  
  
A voice over the intercom broke my concentration. "The   
following drudges report to Room 34-A for performance evaluation:   
Hoser, Squeege, Bingo, Strapper, and Elf."  
  
Dexter, excited, alerted Beamer, "Yo bro, check it out!    
Chris just got a boner from his cock shaving!"  They both laughed out   
loud, as Dexter exulted, "No more strokin that thing, dude!  Fuck,   
look at him!  What a fuckin loser he is."  
  
Slaves are ‘losers’ in the eyes of the unenlightened, and   
before me were row upon row of naked losers, with their knees spread   
wide, their arms chained to their bent legs behind their backs.    
Hanging, dangling, spinning, swaying, losers.  Two hundred loser   
cocks hanging lower to the floor than any other part of their bodies,   
erecting and deflating.  Two hundred dangling sweaty loser scrotums   
filled with four hundred loser balls.  Four hundred arm pits   
sweating at maximum capacity, emitting the stench of the lost.  
  
Two hundred helpless slabs of meat-hooked loser flesh at the   
processing plant.  Getting pulled around by their groins by young   
apprentices, who were not losers, manning grappling hooks.  From two   
hundred penises dangled laminated cards coded with processing   
instructions.  Instructions for processing two hundred totally   
exposed and vulnerable animals who once thought they were men.  Who   
once thought they were worthy of respect.  
  
"Hey”, Beamer shouted, "they're stopping Chris at the nose   
ring station!  He's getting his septum punched."  
  
"Cool, he needs one of those!", replied Dexter.  "Fuck, look   
at the size of that nose ring they're putting on him!"  
  
The room became a blur after a while, one naked slave looking   
like another.  Most of the time I couldn't spot Christopher in the   
sea of flesh.  After almost an hour in the viewing room I started to   
get queasy, and I needed something to eat.  So finally I had no   
choice but to use the vending machines.  I got some pretzels.  As I   
went back to watch, Dexter pointed out that Christopher was just   
about to pass the track nearest to and almost directly below the   
viewing area.  When Christopher was stopped directly below us and the   
processors were checking his laminated penis card, Dexter and Beamer   
started pounding on the plexiglass to get Christopher's attention.    
After a few seconds Christopher heard the noise and looked up and saw   
the three of us, holding snack bags and eating our chips and   
pretzels.  I felt awful, but before I could gesture to explain the   
situation to Christopher his attention was suddenly diverted, as an   
apprentice grappled his groin and rapidly pulled him forward to the   
next station.  
  
The sight of my friend Christopher left me dazed and sad.    
His processing was only half completed, and already he looked like a   
slave.  I stood there pondering the friend I had lost, and gradually   
I grew numb to the unbelievable scenes before me.  My mind wandered,   
and for a long time I recalled happy times Christopher and I had   
shared together, and how we never would have imagined that it all   
would come to this.  
  
It was a relief when what seemed like a very long time later   
I was finally stirred from my numb reverie by Dexter and Beamer   
telling me that Christopher was just about finished being processed,   
and that they would meet up again with me and Christopher when the   
transport bus arrived.  
  
As soon as Christopher was off the hook and untrussed, they   
pushed him against a section of the wall painted white and brightly   
lit, and started taking pictures from all angles of the naked freshly   
processed, hairless, collared, ringed, cinched, tattooed, branded and   
belled Licker.  He was given brown slave fatigues, sandals, and a 10   
inch tall cone shaped gray cardboard hat that was held in place by a   
little elastic cord that went under his chin.  It seemed like he was   
being told to dress in a hurry.  When he put his cone hat on I saw   
that it said in bold lettering, "CAUTION: Freshly Drudged - For   
Delivery to Baldwin/Fletcher."  
  
The Post-Processing Room  
  
Once Christopher was dressed he was shoved through a door   
into another room, and it was then that I heard my name called over   
the intercom to report to post-processing.  I left the viewing area,   
went down the steps, and followed the signs that led me to post-  
processing.  
  
In the stairway leading to post-processing, an advertisement   
read. ‘Slave training special:  Is your slave or team getting lax?    
Perhaps it's time you took advantage of one of our slave   
training/retraining and motivational courses.  5 days, $500.  You   
will see the results in your bankbook with a renewed and dedicated   
slave force’.  
  
When I entered the post-processing area, there was   
Christopher, and on seeing him up close I was doubtless in as much   
shock as he was.  For a moment all I could do was stare at his   
totally shaved bald head, his big nose ring, his shiny ear rings, his   
ugly brown uniform, his sturdy sandals, his goofy cone hat, his dazed   
and frightened look.  He frightened me.  I wanted to back away, and   
run off.   
  
As I stared at him, dazed, the intercom sounded, "Balboa,   
Jumper, Scamp, Doodles, Wiener, Spitz, and Chowder, report to room 21   
for your penis dyeing."  
  
The post processing area was a very large room full of   
slaves, some of whom were with their owners and overseers, who were   
leaving the SBGF.  No matter what business they had at the facility,   
all slaves must exit from this room.  A long line was slowly making   
its way out towards the wide open bay of loading dock doors at the   
far end.  Along the way were various stations which inquired of   
various slaves and their overseers various things as they passed.    
Police, station guards, and processor apprentices were everywhere.    
Most of the processor apprentices appeared to be kids a few years out   
of high school, who probably weren't planning on going to college.  
  
A kid about 20 years old, wearing the processor's apprentice   
uniform of black slacks, black boots, pressed cream shirt, black tie,   
black vest, a heavily tooled service belt, and an ID tag with the   
name Tim Sardis, came up to Christopher and attached a leash to his   
collar.  He then looked at me, and said, "You're Todd, right?"  "Yes,   
I am”, I responded.  
  
"The newly enslaved, fresh off the hook, are often a danger   
to themselves.  Because they don't know slave protocol, they often   
react with some very unslavelike behavior, such as talking, or not   
walking in a service gait, all behavior that would get any slave   
tawsed or paddled on the spot here at SBGF.  That's why we 'cone   
head' all fresh product.  The guards go easier on them.  Hell, some   
newly enslaved guys fresh off the hook are super uppity.  It's funny,   
really.  They still think they are free men.  They're all incensed,   
and think they have some kind of right to talk, or to piss when they   
want to, or even get on the phone and call their girlfriends."  
  
When Sardis mentioned the word ‘girlfriend’, I suddenly   
thought of Katherine, Christopher's long time girlfriend. They were   
all set to room together at graduate school this coming fall.  And   
without thinking, I blurted out, "Gosh, Christopher.  What about   
Katherine?  What should I do?"  Christopher's face flashed a deeply   
pained look, and he seemed to be too overwhelmed to respond.  He   
seemed like he was about to break down and cry.  
  
Sardis answered for us.  "Dude, slaves do NOT have   
girlfriends!  And at Baldwin/Fletcher they do not get to use the   
telephone, ever.  If you want to be a real friend, Todd, you'd best   
get on the phone when you get home and call this Katherine with the   
story.  Tell her that Licker here is out of the picture.  He isn't   
going to be hitting the clubs anymore."  He lowered his voice and   
leaned toward me. "Todd, if you ever had any interest in this   
Katherine person, now would be the time to make the moves on her.    
She's alone and vulnerable.  You may find yourself having to do   
caretaking duty for a brand new pussy."  He winked, but I ignored the   
vulgar remark.  
  
Sardis continued, "Another neat service provided to friends   
and family members of slaves by SBGF is the Online Slave Database.  A   
password is given to friends and family members of slaves so they can   
have access to the latest information available. All they have to   
do is call SBGF to get registered.  On a regular basis, SBGF updates   
the slave's status reports, info on where he's serving, evaluation   
reports, discipline reports, and so on.  Also full body shots are   
updated almost monthly so friends and family can gauge the health and   
development of the products.  In the case of hard labor slaves, a lot   
of gals find the regularly updated pics of the naked slave's   
burgeoning muscles to be real hot frigging material.  
  
"I know, also, that the Baldwin’s have a web site with a lot    
of their team in colorful costumes.  Licker will probably be showing   
up on that real soon.”  
  
"His pics will also be on the city web site, which is a real   
handy service for shoppers and family members alike.  Slaves pictures   
are posted and updated on a regular basis to help prevent runaways;   
to let the slave's family know pretty well what condition he's in,   
since there's a rule that the slave must have a complete set of   
photos taken every time there's a significant body modification so   
that they're spared the trouble of visiting or inquiring; to let the   
slave know that he's significant, that people are interested in him;   
and finally and most importantly, to facilitate pre-auction shopping.   
  
"But if the former girlfriend wants to check out the drudge   
in person, tell her she can always drive by the Baldwin/Fletcher   
farms, since he'll be on display working out in the fields pretty   
much seven days a week from sunrise to sunset."  
  
"But anyway Licker, you need to get girls and girlfriends out   
of your head, or you are not going to be producing the way top line   
material is expected to produce."  
  
Sardis then yanked Christopher sideways to pull him into an   
open area and said, "Ok, we need to hurry and give you some   
preliminaries so we can ship you off.  We want to get you out of here   
as quickly as possible.  Product sitting around here in the warehouse   
isn't generating income for its owners, is it?"  
  
"Licker, you're a brand new, squeaky clean, slave.  You're   
pretty raw though.  With the right care and training you should be   
bringing in a lot of cash for Baldwin/Fletcher, at least for the next   
twenty years or so.  By the time they bring you back here for   
reprocessing, in about 4 months, you should be looking a good bit   
more like the other heavily muscled draft members of their field   
teams."  
  
"But my job here is to do anything I can do in the way of   
offering tips or suggestions, while paper work is being finalized and   
we're waiting for your transport to arrive, to help turn you into   
that top producer for Baldwin/Fletcher that I know you will want to   
be.  The Baldwin’s have their own way of training slaves, of course,   
as you'll soon find out.  But one thing all slaves need to know is   
the 'service gait.'  'Service gait' is the way a slave walks formally   
when not at labor.  It just means you walk one step at a time, you   
don't move your next foot until the previous foot has fully landed on   
the ground, you never raise a foot more than a half inch off the   
ground while taking a step, and as you walk you keep your arms   
akimbo.  Let's try it!"  
  
With the leash in his left hand, he took the tawse from his   
belt and slapped Christopher on the buttocks to make him move.  He   
commanded Christopher to do the service gait, in a circle around him   
as he occasionally prodded him on the butt to move him along.  After   
one particularly hard swat Christopher jumped and lifted a foot off   
the ground.  Sardis was waiting for that, and said, "You seem to need   
a little reminder that you will take small steps quickly, but you   
cannot move your next foot until the previous foot has stopped.  Take   
down your pants and get em around your ankles.  That'll lock your   
feet into place."  Christopher did so, too frightened and shamed to   
protest.  The apprentice then swatted Christopher's ass a fierce one   
to get him moving.  The motion of the legs rapidly sliding on the   
floor caused his cock to swing and his bell to start   
ringing.  "That's the way boy, let's tinkle your bell."  
  
The sight of my friend so utterly debased by a kid in a   
uniform sent chills through me, yet at the same time I felt there was   
no more I could do.  A sense of defeat came over me, and along with   
it, resignation.  I needed to stop being upset and just accept that   
things were different now.  
  
Hearing the bell, a couple of the processor apprentices who   
didn't have too much to do looked at us and came over and joined in   
where the action was.  "Who's the cone head you got on the leash,   
Tim?", asked a dark haired kid with the ID name of Andrew Morelli.  
  
"His name is Licker.  The name makes me think that the   
Baldwin’s have some real interesting chores planned for him."  All   
three apprentices let out loud laughs.  Then Tim gave a hard swat of   
the tawse across Christopher's shoulders. Christopher yelped in   
pain and pistoned his legs to move even faster. The three laughed and   
erected at Christopher shuffling along, trying to avoid another swat   
of the tawse.  Tim's boner was very intently poking straight forward   
in his trousers.  
  
And strangest of all to me, I found myself starting to stir   
at the sight of my totally humiliated, defeated, enslaved for life   
friend.  What had come over me?  
  
"So, a brand new slave, huh?", asked Andrew, as he and Phil   
looked Licker over with a look of ‘you sorry loser’.  "Are they using   
him in the fields?", asked Andrew.  
  
"That's what he's on order for." Then addressing   
Christopher, Tim continued, "So Licker, dude, it looks like you're   
going to have a chance to work on your tan!"  The apprentices all   
laughed at Tim's witty remark as he continued guiding Christopher in   
circles by the leash.  As he did so, he took his tawse to the   
underside of Christopher's scrotum and lifted it, gently teasing his   
balls up and down.  "These things feel pretty heavy, boy!  They're   
just going to get in your way dangling between your legs out in the   
fields. Just an extra piece of useless work load. Just more to   
carry around.  You'd be better off if they'd sliced these sweetmeats   
off while you were on the hook, since the Baldwin boys aren't going   
to let you use them anyway.  I bet you used to tug on this bag while   
you were jerking, didn't you boy, huh?”  All three laughed, as   
Andrew and Phil both readjusted their crotches.  
  
Phil then said, "Well, at least they didn't have his teeth   
removed.  It looks like the Baldwin’s aren't planning on turning him   
into one of their 'turkey boys', their full time sucking dick-  
gobblers."  "At least not yet!", responded Tim as all three let out   
loud hoots.

To be continued…

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