**Christopher Enslaved**

Part Nineteen - Conclusion

By Randall Austin

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Author's Note

Although ‘Christopher Enslaved’ is, of course, a work of fiction, it
has been my hope in the writing of this tale that it would accurately
reflect something of the current climate in California as it pertains
to the issue of slavery.  Therefore I am deeply grateful to Dr.
Clifton Reynaldo, the current real life Director of the California
Bureau of Slaves, for his generous assistance and advice throughout
the ‘Christopher Enslaved’ project.  Dr. Reynaldo has been an
invaluable resource, from arranging for me to tour the Sacramento
Slave Processing and Training Center (on which I modeled the
processing center in ‘Christopher Enslaved’) to his ongoing assistance
in providing me with accurate data on almost every aspect of slavery
and slave maintenance.  The speed with which he responded to my almost
daily emails to such questions as, ‘Which is currently used most
frequently in real life situations, the tawse or service whip?’,
‘What is the average age of slave trainers in California, and how does
it compare with other states?’, and ‘Where are the best bargains in
domestic slaves currently to be found ?’, is what made the writing of
‘Christopher Enslaved’ such a delight for me.

With the posting of this final episode of ‘Christopher Enslaved’ I
want to thank all who have written me with notes of gratitude,
suggestions, and encouragement. My hope is that such dialogue on the
issue of slavery, as this story engenders, will continue free and
unabated.  It is only through such dialogue that an informed citizenry
can press for just legislation for freemen and slaves alike.

Thank you,
Randall Austin

Christopher Enslaved - Conclusion

When I returned from the ShaggyBag at 2:30 am in the early morning
after the evening of the party, six weeks ago, Licker was gone.  I was
frantic.  I immediately called the police and told them my suspicions.

Licker's emergency cell phone was monitored, and Licker knew he was
not to use it except for emergency calls.  He made one call at 11:20
that evening, about 15 minutes after I had left for the ShaggyBag.

The phone number checked out to a public phone booth five blocks

away.  I suspect that Licker and his helpers made sure that the bedroom

window was unlocked, when all was clear Licker called them, and they

came and got him, entering through the bedroom window, and quickly

delivered him to some members of the freedom network who got him

into Oregon.

Missing from my place were Licker's punishment book, and a painting he
made when he was 17 years old, which was one of the many things of
Licker’s I got from his dad after he was enslaved. The slave high chair
was damaged in the freeing of Licker, and the Flexitawse was bent out
of shape to the point that the high tech molded plastic could not be
returned to its normal shape.  It was no surprise to me that anti
slavers would stoop to vandalism.

The following morning I called Retcher Baldwin and told him what had
happened.  I was worried he would think I had helped Licker escape,
but he immediately told me that he was certain I had no hand in it.
He told me that he would never have lent me Licker if he had the
slightest doubt about my slaver sympathies.  But he did tell me he
expected restitution.

The Baldwin/Fletcher lawyers have sued me.  My dad, who has been
seriously unhappy with me for getting involved with Baldwin/Fletcher
and the pro slavery movement, has told me he cannot afford the
replacement cost of Licker.  My lawyer has told me that almost no
blame or restitution is demanded of slaves because under the law
slaves do not have equal rights as free men, and are therefore not
held accountable in the same way free men are in terms of decisions
they may make, including running away.  Owners and overseers have a
pretty free hand in the way they can restrain and discipline slaves,
so therefore the onus is upon them.

When I called Baldwin/Fletcher at a later date the secretary told me
Retcher was not interested in taking my calls.  When I told her I was
proposing that I work for free she told me the Baldwin’s are only
interested in prime specimen drudges with a CSSR rating above 120, 15
and 8.  When I told her I didn't mean working as a slave but as an
overseer, she told me that she didn't think the Baldwin’s would want
someone working as one of their overseers who was responsible for
losing a valuable slave.  When I told her to fuck herself, she told me
to hold and she put Retcher on the phone.  Retcher told me not to get
upset, and that his not taking my calls was nothing personal.  "You
know how busy I am.  I am confident that we can work out a solution
that is not an undue hardship on you." He told me to try and relax,
and he thanked me for my service at Baldwin/Fletcher.

He also told me that SDSU had received a request for transcripts of
Licker's grades from the University of Oregon.  It appears he will be
continuing his education under the auspices of the Oregon Amnesty
Fellowship.  Once he reaches the age of 26 he will be out of the reach
of the "lex talionis" restrictions, and could even return to
California as a free man, if he wanted to.

For myself, I did not have too many options.  Under California law
slave property disputes fall under unique guidelines.  Declaring
bankruptcy in such cases is not an option.  My lawyer and Baldwin/
Fletcher's lawyers suggested I put my life in order and opt for a five
year term of ‘self limiting rights forfeiture’ (euphemism for
voluntary enslavement) with the Tennessee Sanitation Department (TSD).

After much thought I have decided to accept their suggestion.  The TSD
program has been suggested for me as the best and fastest way for me
to get out of extreme debt.  Self limiting terms also mean that if
someone decides to put money into my account, about half of it would
go to the state of Tennessee, and the other half would be applied to
my debt, and my service contract would be prorated accordingly, thus
cutting my servitude time down.

To be eligible for the contract I had to get a physical from the
California State Bureau of Slaves in San Diego.  Going back into that
same office to get a physical exam where Christopher was enslaved was
a creepy feeling.

The small slave brokerage firm that is handling my transfer to
Tennessee for Baldwin/Fletcher sent me a registered letter instructing
me on the procedure.  It was a short, terse, letter.  I am to appear
at their facility promptly at 8 am this coming Friday.

I have been instructed to not wear clothing of any value to my
appointment, since they will be discarded once I get there if there is
no friend or family member that I can pass them on to.

Enclosed in the package was a sandwich board sign.  When I leave my
house that day to go to the Porter Brokerage Firm I am to wear the
sign around my neck so the message is plainly visible front and back.
It states; ‘Pre processed slave - State of Tennessee.  Please allow free
passage for 8 am appointment with Porter Brokerage.  Certification
27989’.

I am to arrive at the Porter Brokerage Firm with the hair on my head,
pits and nads buzzed off.  Their processors, who will also be crating
and shipping me, and will make sure that I am shaved according to
Tennessee State Sanitation Department regulations.

Enclosed also were handouts from the Tennessee Slave Authority,
containing overall guidelines for slaves in Tennessee.  ‘Slavery and
obedience are synonymous in Tennessee.  Limited Term Slaves are
subject to the Gore-Hartley act, which means that infractions are
punished with extensions of servitude after the service term of the
initial contract is met. Demerit service after contract service
shall be performed in the State of Tennessee for the State Treasury of
Tennessee.  If you make a serious commitment to your term services,
and have incurred no demerits, you will be freed according to
schedule’.

Demerits are issued in increments of 5.  One demerit equals one
month additional servitude.

The following are samples of demerit rankings of
typical infractions:

* Use of swearing and foul language = 5 demerits
* Idling = 5 demerits
* Failure to do as told after 1 warning = 5 demerits
* Poor performance = 5 demerits
* Disruptive behavior = 1 demerits
* Masturbation = 6 demerits (i.e. - half year)
* Talking back to an overseer = 6 demerits
* Threatening an overseer = 12 demerits (i.e. - one year)
* Insubordination = 48 demerits (i.e. - 4 years)
* Escape or attempt to escape = 120 demerits (i.e. - 10 years)

Tennessee has one of the most efficient and advanced slave training
programs in the nation.  All training, monitoring, controlling,
disciplining, and correction of slaves in service to the State of
Tennessee is rigorous and efficacious.

That kind of language frightens me, but I know from my own experience
that if a slave goes by the rules, things go without problems.  I have
two days of freedom left.  I am in a daze.  My dad is still too upset
to talk with me, and has not returned my calls.  But I was surprised
and comforted by the fact that Bill Abbey called me and said he would
be happy to drive me to the Porter Brokerage Firm on Friday.

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This morning when Bill Abbey arrived at my house, I was very
embarrassed to go out to his car and have him see my buzzed head.  He
said, "Hey, you're a bulb head now just like Christopher."  And I was
too embarrassed to meet him wearing the sandwich sign, but in route I
realized I had better put it on.  When he saw me take it out and put
it on, he kind of smiled as he read the sign. Then, with an evil grin,
he said, "I bet you were supposed to be wearing that from the moment
you left the house.  You better behave or I'm going to report you."
Although it was a joke, I suddenly felt totally shamed.  He was
taunting me in the same way I had heard Christopher taunted so often.

The girl seated at the front desk of Porter Brokerage Firm saw us and
nodded.  Reading from my sandwich board she typed into her computer,
and said, "Todd Maltsby?"  I said I was.  She then told me to remove
my clothing and give them to my friend or else dump them into a waste
basket which she indicated.  I balked.  She simply said, "Okay, have
it your own way", and kept typing.  Bill said, "Todd, I think you
better do what she says.  I'd hate to see anything bad happen to you."

When I started to slowly remove my clothing Bill said, "I hope you don't

end being one of those bitter, scheming, slaves with an attitude, like your

pal Christopher."

It was awkward removing my clothes in an ordinary looking office suite
that had windows facing the street.  When I was completely naked, with
my back towards the secretary, I took this, my journal, and covered
myself and turned to sit down.  The office girl said that I had to
throw my journal away also, or else give it to Bill.  The girl kept
glancing at me as she typed.  Bill had started up a conversation with
her, and she asked him if I was his friend.  Bill said, "Not really.
He's just an old classmate who couldn't get anyone else to drive him
here, so I figured I would help him out.  It's kind of pathetic,
actually."

A kid with long hair and dressed in Levi's and a tee shirt with some
indie band logo came in from the back and went to the secretary and
handed her a folder.  They looked something over.  The kid asked her
if I was Maltsby.  She said I was.  He looked at me and told me to
stand up.  I did and he told me to take my journal away from my
private parts so he could see them.  I had a hint of an erection from
the way the girl had been glancing at me.  I was totally embarrassed.
The long haired kid said, "Well, at least he buzzed himself, but look
at that", indicating my erection.  "We ain't gonna have any of that
shit in here."  As he came over towards me he pulled a small aerosol
spray can from his back pocket.  He came up to me, aimed it at my
unit, and sprayed my cock and balls.  I immediately screamed.  My cock
and balls felt like they were on fire.  He had sprayed them with an
instant freeze spray and my cock and balls shriveled up immediately to
the smallest I had ever seen them.  "That'll teach ya!", the kid said
as all three of them started laughing.  As he was about to exit he
spoke to the secretary, "I'll be back in 25 minutes to get Maltsby so
I can get him all prettied up and crated for his trip to Tennessee."

Bill was curious, "Can I ask what you're going to do to him?"  "Sure.
I'm going to shave him, collar him, and staple slave ID/info tags to
both ears.  Then I'm going to put him in a super diaper, and over that
his brown slave jump suit.  Then I'll hang a huge baby type bottle
with a nippled spout around his neck filled with water and minerals.
I'll then have him lay down in the UPS slave crate,  I'll strap him
in, and the UPS boys will come and pick him up and ship him out to
Tennessee in about two hours.  And by supper time tonight the
Tennessee yokels will be unpacking him and sending him to their
processing/training center.  For the next 5 years of his life Todd is
going to be controlled by folks who are basically nothing more than
hillbillies, fundamentalist yahoos, and rednecks.  You are welcome to
come and watch him get shipped off if you want to.  Just me and Nick
are in back, and a few other slaves in cages awaiting shipping."

Bill answered, "I'd like that. It'd be a chance for me to say a special
‘good bye' to Todd."  Then Bill added, "Sir, also, I just want to let
you know, that certification sign he was supposed to wear on the way
over here, well he didn't wear it.  He first put it on when we were a
couple of blocks away from here."  The kid grinned and said, "Thanks
for letting me know.  Just for that, I'll make him extra pretty."
When he left I asked Bill why he told on me.  "I'm sorry dude, I
didn't mean for anything bad to happen.  But I think for your own good
we should get you going with the program."

I asked Bill if he would do me the favor of delivering this, my
journal, to my dad.  He said he would.  I thanked him and told him I
wanted to write a note to my dad in my remaining moments. So I sat
back down and wrote these last three pages to complete the story of my
involvement with slavery, and how I lost my friend Christopher, my
dad, and now my honor and my freedom.

That is why, dad, I want you to read this journal.  I'm afraid, dad.
I feel the same horrible, sad, sick, and depressed way I felt that day
I watched Christopher get enslaved.  I wanted to be a hot shot, but
I'm far from it.  I've let all of us down.  I don't know if slavery is
good or bad, but I do know I treated Christopher terribly.  I betrayed
him.  If Christopher really is free, then I am very glad of that.  The
fact that I am glad in that news is a sign to me that my old self is
coming back.

It is ironic, dad, that I used the last page of this journal to jot
down the list of people I would invite to my party.  I was going to
tear that page out, but I realize now that it was that party that
brought Christopher and me to where we are now.

Please forgive me dad for all the awful stuff I have done this past
year.  I'm sorry dad.  I'm sorry for letting you down, letting
Christopher down, and letting myself down.

Todd

GUESTS TO INVITE TO MY PARTY:

Cindy O'Conner
Matthew Koerner
Marty Samms
Corky
Matt
Phil Storch
Bill Abbey
Toby
Steve
Nathan
Peter Burrell
Quentin Santos
Ivan Ologochev
Beth Middleton
Miles Reynolds
Kenneth
Timothy
Jimmy Youdorian
Josh Dawson
Mike Draker
Oswald Stoddard
Jim Stilers
Terry
Joseph Beyer
Clarie Boldstrom
Cooper Davis
George Sillmore
Nick
Justin
David Sorenson
Sam Sneer

THE END

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