**A Brand New Draft Slave** 

By Randall Austin

Short Story  
  
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I was 17 years old when my dad had my older brother,  
David, 19, turned over to the Cass County Slave  
Husbandry Resource Center.

David was in his first year at Casselton Community  
College.  David was arrested for having intercourse  
with underage girls, one 14 years old and another 16.   
While he was put on probation and was receiving weekly  
counseling, my dad was nevertheless very nervous over  
the situation.  He lost much sleep wondering if David  
would re-offend.  
  
In North Dakota anyone on statutory probation  
automatically loses many rights of citizenship.  Under  
the statutes parents have guardianship status of any  
child on statutory probation.  Thus my dad had the  
power to enslave David, just as if he were underage,  
if he so desired.  
  
I didn't know it was coming.  I got home from school  
one Tuesday afternoon and was doing my homework on the  
family computer in the living room.  David got home  
about an hour later, around 4:00, threw off his  
jacket, kept his hat on, plopped on the couch, and  
asked me if I wanted to go with him and Andy and Carl  
to hang out at Mindy's Café, where a lot of his gang  
met.  
  
Just then his friends Andy and Carl knocked and walked  
in, and they threw themselves on the couch next to  
David.  I told them I could not leave at that moment,  
but in about half an hour when my homework was  
finished I would be able to join them.  David, Carl,  
and Andy, conferred, and decided they couldn't wait,  
and told me I could meet up with them at Mindy's  
later, if I wanted to.    
  
They started towards the door, and just then my dad,  
who had obviously been listening in the other room,  
came out in a hurry.

"Just a minute, David.  Could you wait a bit?"  David  
asked what was up, and dad said it was not a good time  
for him to leave.  Dad seemed a little nervous, and  
David asked again what was up.  Dad said, "There's  
someone coming here I want you to meet."  David said,  
"Well who is it Dad?  Don't keep me in the dark."  
  
Just then there was a knock on the door.  Dad answered  
it and let in four gentlemen, all dressed in suits and  
ties.  Two were in their early forties, and two in  
their late twenties.  Dad indicated David to the  
gentlemen, and David rose to meet them and shook hands  
with each one of them.  
  
"David, dearest, these gentlemen are with the Cass  
County Slave Husbandry Resource Center (CCSHRC).   
They've come to take you some place where you can't  
hurt little girls anymore."  
  
"Dad, I didn't hurt any little girls.  Melanie and  
Karen wanted it, Dad.  I never forced myself on them."  
  
"David, David!  Be calm.  This is for the best.  I've  
consulted with experts in psychology, and they all  
have said you would be better off, and society safer,  
with you in a more controlled environment."  
  
David by now had stood again, and two of the gentleman from  
the Resource Center moved closer to him, although they  
did not make any bodily contact with David.  
  
"But I am in a controlled environment, Dad.  I'm on  
probation."  
  
The youngest of the suited men from CCSHRC, Jimmy  
Watson, said, "Now son, take it easy.  Let's not have  
an argument."  
  
David was getting mad, "Look dude, I ain't your son!"   
  
Herb Correl, the senior member from CCSHRC said,  
"David, we want you to take all of your clothes off."  
  
"Fuck, I ain't taking my clothes off in front of all  
you guys and my family and friends."  
  
Herb informed David, "Your days of doing things your  
own way are over."  
  
"Dad, why did you do this?  Dad!!!"  
  
"All right, son, you and your dad can talk it over  
some other time."  Michael Althea, blond, with a crew-cut,  
and muscled, moved closer.  "We don't have a lot of  
time.  You have been classified as a draft slave.  We  
have to get you over to Slave Husbandry so they can  
begin bulking, fattening, and muscling you out, so you  
bring the county a good price when you go to market."  
  
David was getting loud of voice, and desperate, "Dad,  
why did you do this?  Dad, don't do this to me.  Why  
didn't you tell me?"  
  
"It's too late son, the papers are already signed.   
You officially became a draft slave at 10 am this  
morning."  Dad walked up to me, and put his hand on my  
shoulder as if to protect me from what was about to  
take place.  
  
Michael and Jimmy, the two younger guys from CCSHRC,  
moved closer to David.  Jimmy held out his hand to  
David, "Give me the baseball cap, boy.  Your days of  
wearing a backwards baseball cap are over!"  
  
David didn't know what to do, nor did his friends.   
Both Andy and Carl stood up and moved out of the way  
of the CCSHRC guys, while still watching what was  
happening, and checking to see if their baseball caps  
were still on their heads.  The two senior gentlemen  
from CCSHRC, Herb Correl and Larry Conrack, each  
removed a bunch of implements from a very wide service  
belt they wore, which had been hidden from view by  
their suit jackets.  
  
David didn't move, so Michael reached over and pulled  
off his baseball cap.  "Dude!" was all David could  
blurt out.  Michael placed the cap on the couch, and  
said, "Now get that shirt off!"  David didn't move.   
Jimmy and Michael moved in and four hands were soon  
unbuttoning David's shirt, unbuckling his belt, and  
unzipping his trousers.  David fell backwards into the  
couch, and the two agents quickly pulled his shoes,  
socks, and trousers off.  Herb and Larry were watching  
the scuffle closely, ready to join the action if they  
were needed.  
  
When David was down to his underwear, he finally did  
his first real struggle of resistance, as he realized  
the gravity of his situation.  Michael responded by  
giving him a severe slap to the face, which stunned  
everyone into a gasp.  During the shock of the blow  
Jimmy pulled David's tee-shirt off, and shouted,  
"Stand up now, and drop your shorts!"  David stood up,  
dazed.  Michael shocked us even more when he gave  
David another severe slap to the face, even louder  
than the first.  David rolled his undies down and  
cupped his hands over his groin.  Jimmy quickly pulled  
his arms behind his back, and cuffed them together.  
  
We were all surprised to see that David had shaved his  
cock and balls, and had his pubic bush trimmed to a  
little rectangular patch above his cock.  David  
blushed.  Herb offered his evaluation, "Sex offenders  
commonly shave their pubes.  They like their victims  
to see every detail of their sex organs."  
  
David started crying, and Andy and Carl started to  
offer some words of comfort.  "David, I'm going to  
help you man.  I'm going to do all I can for you.  You  
can count on me, dude!"  "Yeah, same here man.   
They're not going to do anything to you man!"  
  
Before David could answer the agents were fitting him  
with gag that was a ball that went into his mouth, and  
was attached to a wide leather strap that went around  
his head, and held the gag in place.  David couldn't  
answer his friends.  Herb informed everyone, "David  
will never be able to thank you for your words of  
comfort.  We do not encourage any of you to stay in  
contact with him.  Maintaining any kind of contact  
with a slave is something that is really discouraged.   
It's usually too upsetting not only to the slave, but  
also to family and friends.  Not only is his new  
status disturbing to behold, but over at Slave  
Husbandry, David will be going through quite a few  
changes, and getting bulked out, so you wouldn't  
recognize him even if you did see him."  
Larry stood back and looked the new naked slave over.   
"He looks good.  We should be able to get this one up  
to maturation in about five months.  He'll fill out  
very quickly because he's getting cut."  
  
Carl asked, "Cut?"  
  
Michael answered, "Yeah, cut.  De-balled.  All  
enslaved sex offenders in North Dakota get castrated.   
That'll be happening as soon as we get him over to the  
Resource Center.  We do it as soon as possible because  
it speeds up the whole bulking out process, and as we  
say, ‘bulk brings in the bucks’."  
  
David was doing a heaving kind of crying through his  
gag, and Andy asked what life would be like for David  
now.  "Actually, slaves have it good over at Cass  
County Slave Husbandry Resource Center.  They spend  
their entire day in a gym like setting, exercising,  
lifting weights, swimming, and running.  And they are fed  
damn well.  A diet designed to turn them into powerful  
draft slaves.  We really bulk them up over there.   
Draft slaves are real popular right now in the  
Dakotas, and they bring in the most money, so most  
healthy young boys we put into the draft program over  
at Slave Husbandry."  
  
Carl was curious too, and asked if David would be  
receiving any kind of special slave training.  Michael  
fielded the question, "Not really.  Our state doesn't  
spend much money on that kind of stuff.  It's up to  
the owners.  Our job over at Slave Husbandry is to  
just get the boys nice and fat!  Lots of muscle power.  
That's what people pay money for.  As far as  
training, most of the farmers who purchase draft  
slaves are very good at using the bullwhip on their  
draft teams.  A taste or two of the bull whip will  
have David happily laboring away, doing whatever the  
farmers tell him to do."  
  
Herb cautioned his men, "We better get a move on it.   
We have to get David bathed, clipped, shaved, and  
shackled, before we take him to Med for his procedure.  
Doctor Farin is only there until 6:30, and that  
snipping procedure has to happen today."  Michael took  
a strange tool that looked like a big fat pair of  
pliers with a funny ring on the end of it.  As he  
approached David with it, Jimmy and Larry moved to  
either side of David and held him in place.  Michael  
grabbed David's balls and tugged down on them.  He  
opened the pliers-like tool and placed a large wide  
elastic ring around the top of David's ball sack, just  
below the cock.  He made sure David's balls were  
hanging low, and squeezed the handles of his tool.  A  
one-inch wide band encircled David's upper sack very  
tightly, leaving the balls clearly outlined in his  
sack.  His scrotum turned a dark purple color.   
David's stuttered screaming could be heard through the  
gag.  
  
David has a large cock and it seriously erected.  His  
dick head was so engorged that it was the same purple  
color as his balls.  Michael shook his head in  
disgust, "To think he used that bat on little girls!"  
  
David's moaning was intense.  Herb offered comfort to  
David.  "David, it'll only hurt for a little while.   
Your balls will be numb by the time we get you to your  
holding pen.  It'll make the snipping go a lot easier.  
Look at the bright side.  Once you're de-balled,  
you'll never have to feel this kind of pain again.   
You never have to worry about anyone kicking you in  
the balls, the way we guys do!"  
  
I went to David and put my hand on his shoulder to  
comfort him.  Herb offered me comfort as well, "Don't  
you worry about what we're going to do to David.   
Castration is classified as a minor procedure.  David  
won't feel a thing.  Then after his surgery, we'll get  
David kitted out, fed, and penned, and he'll start  
feeling a lot better as soon as he meets the other  
newly enslaved boys.  He'll meet lots of guys who are  
going through the same thing he is right now.  David  
will find, like all the boys eventually do, that it  
isn't too bad.  He'll be fed well, get plenty of  
exercise."  
  
Larry Conrack took out a butt plug, lubed it up and  
went in back of David and started working it up  
David's hole.  Whether David's moaning was from the  
ball band or the butt plug we couldn't tell, but when  
he jumped forward from the procedure, Michael was  
there to give him another mighty whack across his face  
with his large hand.  Tears were falling from his eyes  
as Jimmy Watson came and placed two very large and  
thick alligator clips on both of David's tits, and one  
on the skin of his frenum.  The weight of the frenum  
clip pulled David's erection down so it was now  
sticking straight out from his body rather than  
straight up.  The Resource Center workers were not  
bothered in the least by David's screaming, that  
sounded at times like he was choking.  When he rasped  
out something like, "Don't do this to me Dad,"  
Michael said, "Dude, your dad isn't doing this to you.  
You did this to yourself, playing around with little  
girls.  Sicko behavior like that in any other state  
would have gotten you 2 life sentences, rather than  
just the one your dad has signed you up for.  So count  
your blessings."  
  
David's desperate screaming brought out the neighbors.  
The door was still ajar from the entrance of the  
agents, so in no time the walk leading up to our house  
was full of neighbors, many of whom were peering into  
the living room.  Everyone was shocked to see a  
trussed and naked David being prepared to be taken  
away to the Slave Husbandry Resource Center.  
  
Mrs. Benson, looking into the door, shouted back at  
all those lining the walk, "They're taking David to  
the Slave Husbandry Center."  We could hear the  
surprised chatter of the gawkers.  "They've got all of  
his clothes off and something in his mouth, holding  
his mouth open. He wasn't being cooperative so they

had to slap him."  
  
Dad started to cry.  Andy, to my total surprise, tried  
to comfort my distraught dad, "Man, don't feel bad.   
You did the right thing.  There was no getting around  
the fact that he was a pervert, man.  I mean, I liked  
him and all, but like, I knew he was seriously not  
right, if you like know what I mean, dude."  
  
And Carl, too, even more to my surprise, tried to  
comfort dad. "Yeah, you did the right thing, Mr.  
Temple.  Like, when I asked him what he did to those  
girls, he was like all laughing about how they hardly  
had any hair down there, and how it felt so good  
teaching virgins how to feel good, and all.  Like, I  
was totally grossed!"  
    
Herb gave the order, "Okay.  Let's move this one out!"  
  
David was led out, kicking and screaming, by the four  
agents.  Naked as the day he was born.  Clamped,  
clipped, plugged, gagged, and cuffed.  
  
His erection waggled as the agents hustled him to  
their car.  The neighbors all saw it. "That's the  
thing he used on those little girls."  "Serves him  
right!"

The End

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