**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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