**A Portrait of Servitude – A Child’s Questions**  
  
By Randall Austin

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Randall Austin’s Archive Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>

Place: Rochester, New York  
  
Background: When a state slave authority steps in to  
take possession of a person whose status has been  
changed from that of a free person to that of a slave,  
it is often a traumatic experience not only for the  
new slave, but also for any free persons who happen to  
be present at the appropriation.  
  
Depending on the circumstances of the enslavement,  
many new slaves find themselves appropriated,  
processed, and emplaced in a position of servitude  
within a matter of an hour or two.  
  
Situation: 17-yearold Michael Jacoby always had a  
suspicion that his dad loved his stepmother and her  
two sons more than him.  One day, just last week,  
Michael found out that he was probably correct in his  
suspicions.   
  
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Michael Jacoby noticed nothing unusual when he  
answered the door bell at 9 AM in the morning, only  
that no one else in the household appeared like they  
were going to answer the bell.  
  
Two uniformed guards stood at the door, which Michael  
mistook as policeman, and when they asked him if he  
was Michael Jacoby, aged 17, he responded that he was.  
The two strong guards seized Michael by the arms, as  
he heard his dad entering the living room and calling  
out to the guards to enter the house.  Michael was  
dazed, and could not figure out what was going on even  
when shortly afterwards two white coated slave  
technicians entered the living room, one pushing a  
strange looking dolly, and the other carrying a large  
implement case.  
  
The taller of the two guards, Eric, took control of  
Michael, while the other guard pulled an envelope from  
his jacket, opened its contents, and held it up for  
Michael to see.  As Michel, wide-eyed, read the  
document he saw that it was an enslavement order  
signed by a judge, three relatives, and his father.   
As he stammered some questions, his step mom, Cynthia,  
married to his dad for three years, and her two sons,  
Jimmy, 11, and Alex, 13, entered the room.  
  
Michael and his two stepbrothers had always gotten  
along well together, and he felt better seeing them.   
The young boys moved close to Michael, while Cynthia  
remained at a distance, silent and with her arms  
crossed, as she watched the proceedings.  
  
When Michael asked, “Dad, what’s going on?” The guard  
holding him spoke, “I warn you, be silent and do as  
you’re told.”  
  
Michael’s father, Henry Jacoby, answered his son,  
“Son, this is something your mother and I thought  
would be best for you, given that you have told us you  
were not interested in going to college, but intended  
instead to go on the road with your band.”  
  
Michael instinctively knew his stepmother was a  
driving force behind the decision.  He indicated  
Cynthia with a toss of his head, “She is not my  
mother!”  The officer twisted Michael’s arms into a  
painful position and held them, “I’ve warned you.   
Keep quiet!”  
  
Henry nodded to the guard to release Michael, “Son,  
the final decision was mine, and mine alone.  It’s  
just for temporary period, while you sort out your  
priorities.”    
  
“How long Dad?”  The guard approached Michael for  
talking but dad signaled that he wanted to answer,  
“It’s a temporary indenturement order, son.”  
  
The shorter guard, David, young, muscled, and slick,  
spoke, “We have to get a move on it.  Michael has to  
be delivered to Echo Ridge before noon.”  Henry nodded  
for the guards to proceed, and David spoke, “Michael  
it is important that you do everything we tell you to  
do so that this goes easily for you and your family.   
Would you please remove all of your clothing and stand  
on this dolly.”   
  
Michael bolted for the door as he shouted, “Fuck you  
all!”  The clever technicians had locked the door, and  
as Michael fumbled with the lock, the guards seized  
him, and started tearing his clothes off.  When he was  
just in his undies they dragged him to the upright  
dolly, and with a four-inch wide waist strap secured  
him to the dolly.  Michael was screaming and swearing  
like a mad man as Eric opened the big implement case  
and took out a strange looking plunger device with an  
attached strap.  He forced Eric to open his mouth by  
pinching his nose, and placed the ‘bit part’ of the  
rod into Michael’s mouth, and strapped it on about his  
head.  
  
With the narrow diameter sheath in Michael’s mouth  
just a quarter of an inch, Michael could still talk  
and be understood.  And he continued swearing until  
David pushed the rod further into his mouth, and  
Michael started to gag.  David spoke, “If you promise  
to stop hollering and to keep quiet, I’ll pull the rod  
back out.”  Michael shook his head frantically, and  
David pulled the rod back out.  As Michael heaved and  
coughed, Eric spoke to everyone, “I tell you, that  
mouth plunger sure has made our jobs a lot easier.   
Even the old gags we used to use didn’t stop slaves  
from moaning, but this thing is proven effective.”  He  
then addressed Michael, “You keep quiet, because if I  
have to shove the rod into your mouth to keep you  
quiet again, it’s going to stay in there for quite a  
while!”    
  
Michael was terrified and tears rolled down from his eyes.   
Michael’s tears frightened Little Jimmy, and he asked  
his father what was the purpose of the thing in  
Michael’s mouth.  
  
“It’s to help Michael, honey.  The men working on  
Michael just have to push gently on it and the pole  
goes into his mouth and causes him to gag, and that  
way if he is talking naughty or dirty they can stop  
him.”  
  
“But Daddy, Mikey never talks naughty or dirty.”  
  
“I know honey, but now Michael is a really important  
person and a lot will be required of him, and the  
pressure on him could cause him to want to say and do  
things he never would have considered before.”  
  
David took a pair of scissors and cut off the last  
piece of clothing, his undies.  Cynthia noticed that  
Michael’s cock and balls had the same general contours  
as his father’s.  She also noticed, more than ever  
before, how handsome he was, just like her new  
husband.   
  
The technicians retracted two legs from in back of the  
dolly, just behind Michael’s shoulder blades, and  
these served as legs for the dolly.  They tilted the  
dolly back, and Michael was now reclining at about a  
45-degree angle.  
  
Each technician grabbed a clipper and started to buzz  
the hair off Michael’s head, pubes, and pits.  The  
moment the clippers hit Michael’s hair, carefully  
styled into a rugged-casual look, Michael screamed in  
shock, and then starting bawling like a baby.  Henry  
spoke quietly to Michael, “Please dear, try to not cry  
like that.  It’s upsetting to Jimmy and Alex.”  When  
he was fully buzzed, the technicians started applying  
shaving cream to all of the clipped parts.   
  
Little Jimmy asked, “Daddy, why are they shaving all  
of Mikey’s hair off?”   
  
“Because honey, Michael is going to be doing hard  
work now, and it will be easier for his owners to keep  
him clean.  He isn’t in a rock band anymore, so he no  
longer needs fancy hair to impress the girls.”  
  
Alex, who had been standing felt flushed, and a need  
to sit down as blood rushed to his loins.  The sight  
of his handsome stepbrother, naked and shaved, got him  
aroused and nervous.  His mother, seeing her son’s  
distress, went and stood behind him sitting on the  
couch, and put a hand on his shoulder to comfort him.   
Through it all, Michael could be heard sobbing.  
  
One of the technicians lifted Michael’s legs way up,  
exposing his butt hole, and the other technician  
inserted a lubed butt plug.  The end of the butt plug  
had clips, which snapped onto the dolly.  
  
Little Jimmy asked another question, “Daddy, why are  
they putting that thing up Mikey’s hole?”  
  
“It’s just for the trip to where they are going to be  
delivering Michael.  It will help prevent him from  
wiggling around too much.”  
  
When the technicians brought the butt-plugged  
Michael’s feet back down, they attached a broad banded  
cuff to each ankle.  Jimmy wondered, “Daddy, why are  
they putting cuffs around his ankles?”  
  
“That’s so they can attach a spreader bar between them  
so he can’t move real fast.”  
  
“Why don’t they want him moving fast?”  
  
“In case he wants to try and escape.”  
  
“But why would he want to try and escape, Daddy?”  
  
“Because he is going to be doing very hard work,  
honey.  I signed him up for hard and durable labor.”  
  
“What does that mean, Daddy?”  
  
“It means a lot will be required of him, and if he  
doesn’t work the way he is supposed to, his owners  
have a right to encourage him.”  
  
“How do they do that, Daddy?”  
  
“Honey, I’ll explain more later.”  
  
Michael was openly sobbing as a technician started  
painting a large brilliant yellow cross on the top of  
his shaved head.  Each cross bar was an inch and a  
half wide, and extended from his forehead to the nape  
of his neck, and from one ear to the other.  
Jimmy asked, “Daddy, why are they painting a big shiny  
yellow cross on top of Mikey’s head?”  
  
“Jimmy, that’s so everyone will know he is a slave.”  
  
“Will it stay on forever, Daddy?”  
  
“Of course not honey.  Michael is not going to be a  
slave forever.  The cross lasts for about a year, and  
each year it has to be repainted on the heads of  
slaves.”  
  
“How many times will it have to be repainted on  
Mikey’s head, Daddy?”  
  
“I’ll tell you later, honey.”  
  
During this exchange Jimmy kept watching the  
technicians, “Daddy, why are they putting that  
metallic looking cuff around Mikey’s right leg, above  
the other cuff?”  
  
“It’s an electrified cinch, honey.”  
  
“Why is it electric, Daddy?”  
  
“It’s electrified, honey, so that if Michael isn’t  
doing the work he is supposed to be doing, his bosses  
can give him a little electric shock to remind him of  
his job.”  
  
Alex scrunched his legs together, worried that the  
precum he was oozing would soon be visible on the  
front of his trousers.  
  
Jimmy’s curiosity continued, “Daddy, why are they  
putting that collar on Mikey that looks like our dog’s  
choke collar?”  
  
“That’s what it is honey, a choke collar, just like  
Blake wears.”  
  
“Will it hurt Mikey, Daddy?”  
  
“No honey, not if he doesn’t make any sudden moves.   
It’s just to help Mikey so he doesn’t make any  
mistakes.”  
  
Jimmy continued watching and questioning, “Daddy, why  
are they attaching two cuffs to Mikey’s upper arms?”  
  
“That’s so they have points of attachment on his body  
so they can secure him.  When he isn’t working he will  
be locked in a chair where he can enjoy his breaks  
from work.”  
  
“Daddy, why are they putting those two big yellow tags  
on Mikey’s ear that make him look like a bunny  
rabbit?”  
  
“It is so they can track him, by satellites in the  
sky, honey.  That way Mikey will always be safe and  
never get lost.”  
  
“Daddy why is that man about to give Mikey an  
injection with a big needle in his nose?”  
  
“It’s so Mikey doesn’t feel anything when they punch a  
hole in his septum.”  
  
As Henry explained this, the technician took the  
piercing pliers and punched a hole in Michael’s  
septum.  Blood started rushing out, and Michael  
started moaning and calling to his dad at the sight of  
the blood.  David threatened to push on Michael’s  
mouth plunger, and Michael immediately quieted down.   
The technicians quickly staunched the bleeding, and  
washed off Michael’s face. As the technicians inserted  
a giant seven-inch oblong ring into the septum hole  
and clamped the ends together, Jimmy asked what it was  
for.   
  
Henry continued in his soothing voice as he answered  
the questions, “It’s so they can attach a leash to it,  
honey.”  
  
“But he already has a collar on, Daddy.”  
  
“The nose ring is actually used to attach a leash  
which will be coming from an overhead trolley line.   
There is a line overhead where Mikey will be working  
and his nose ring will actually be sticking up rather  
than hanging down, the way it is now, and attached to  
the trolley line.  That way Mikey will only be able to  
move about in the areas where the trolley line is.   
It’s to help Mikey so he doesn’t make any mistakes by  
going in the wrong direction, or into any areas where  
he isn’t supposed to go.”  
  
Jimmy wondered why the technicians were applying big  
black decals to Mikey’s cheeks.  
  
“Those are the letters and the logo of the big company  
Mikey will be working for, ‘ERQ’, which stands for  
‘Echo Ridge Quarry’.”  
  
“Daddy, why are they screwing on little vises to  
Mikey’s nipples?”  Michael screamed in anguish as the  
technician tightened the tit vises.    
  
“It’s only for his trip out to Echo Ridge.  They  
secure him in the hold area of the delivery truck by  
those nipple clips.”  
  
The technicians next put a pair of large, heavy duty,  
steel toe and heel reinforced, boots on Michael.  They  
then tied a cord around his legs and secured his legs  
to the dolly.  Jimmy asked why they put great big work  
boots on Michael, but no other clothing.  
  
“Because, honey, that is his new work outfit.  That’s  
how all of the boys work out at Echo Ridge Quarry.   
Nude except for work boots.  It’s hot this time of  
year, and the boys need to move fast, and clothing  
would hinder their ability to be agile on the hot,  
rocky, slopes.  And Michael will be starting his work  
out in the quarry almost as soon as he arrives.  He  
will be on the afternoon shift, and start working his  
first 2 to 11 PM shift of hard and durable labor in  
just a couple of hours.”  
  
“Daddy, how come Mikey gets to start his new job  
today, and doesn’t need to be trained.  They have a  
slave training facility downtown, how come Mikey  
doesn’t need to be trained, Daddy?”  
  
“Honey, for some jobs, like the one Michael is going  
to be doing, training isn’t needed.  Since at the job  
site Michael is going to be leashed, trollied,  
hobbled, and electro-controlled, he won’t have any  
choice but to be where he’s supposed to be and doing  
what he’s supposed to be doing all the time.  When boys  
are so heavily controlled, honey, they don’t need to  
waste time with them on their training.”  
  
“Daddy why are they putting that big elastic band  
around the back of Mikey’s ball bag and wiener?”   
  
“That’s so Michael’s penis and scrotum are brought up  
and forward.”  
  
“Why are those men doing that to Mikey, Daddy?”  
  
When the technicians started to put on the chastity  
cage, Henry answered Jimmy.  “They need Michael’s  
penis to be sticking up and out so it can fit very  
comfortably into that cage they are now placing it  
into.”  
  
“Daddy, why are they putting Mikey’s peepee into a  
cage and locking it on?”  
  
“Honey, dear, that little penis cage will help Michael  
to be happy.”  
  
“How will that make him happy Daddy?”  
  
“Because, Jimmy, boys who have to do a lot of hard  
work find it a lot easier to do that work if they are  
not allowed to touch their penises.  That way, they  
have a lot more energy which they can channel towards  
their work.  You will understand that better, honey,  
when you get older.”  
  
As the technicians locked the chastity cage in place  
Michael could be heard doing a coughing, desperate,  
kind of sobbing.  Jimmy was upset, “Daddy, is that  
cage hurting Mikey?  Why is he crying?”  
  
“No, sweetie, it doesn’t hurt him at all.  Not in the  
least.  Michael is only crying because he doesn’t know  
yet how much it will really help him.  In a few days,  
honey, Michael will be very happy that his penis is  
locked away.”  
  
“How long does Mikey’s peepee have to be locked up,  
Daddy?”  
  
“Just for as long as he’s a slave, honey.”   
  
“How long is that going to be for, Daddy?”  
  
“I’ll tell you later, dearie.”  
  
“Daddy, will we get to visit Mikey?”  
  
“Yes, dear, we can visit him four times a year.”  
  
“Can we visit him next week, Daddy?”  
  
“No, honey, because you, your brother and mommy and I  
are leaving on a big vacation tomorrow and won’t be  
back for a month.”  
  
Michael could not control calling out in anguish,  
“Dad!”  
  
David was on Michael in an instant and pushed the  
plunger into Michael’s mouth.  Michael immediately  
started gagging and coughing.  Eric smiled and asked,  
“What did we tell you, kid?”  David put his arms  
akimbo and looked down at the gagging slave.  He  
always felt a stir in his loins when he caused a new  
kid slave to gag with the mouth plunger.  He would  
have liked to leave him gagging a little longer, but  
figured his father wouldn’t be able to take much more,  
so he released the plunger.  David knew that Eric and  
he would have a chance to play with the new pretty boy  
slave and gag him some more while they sat with him in  
the back of the delivery truck as the technicians  
drove them out to Echo Ridge.  
  
Michael was coughing up phlegm as the technicians  
secured his arms and head to the dolly.  
  
Jimmy asked, “Daddy, does that mean we have to keep  
Mikey’s room clean for him while he’s gone?”  
  
“No dear.  What this means is that you and Alex no  
longer have to share a room any longer.  Alex will be  
moving into Michael’s room.”  
  
Alex, unexpectedly surprised and pleased by the news,  
asked if they needed to pack Michael’s things for him.  
  
“No, Alex.  Michael will not be taking anything  
with him.  Everything in his room is for you and Jimmy  
to share and keep, if you want it.  Michael won’t be  
needing any of those things.”  
  
Alex was confused, “But shouldn’t we keep things of  
his that are special so he has them when he comes  
back?”  
  
Henry tried to address Alex’s concerns, “Alex, don’t  
worry.  Everything will be all right.  You’ll  
understand when I tell you more later.”  
  
The technicians, finished with the processing, stood  
the dolly up and folded up the retractable legs.  The  
entire family looked speechless at their  
unrecognizable brother, now so different from the way  
he looked like a young rocker just a half an hour ago.  
There was Michael, secured to the dolly, bald headed  
and yellow-crossed, genitals locked in a strange  
looking unwieldy cage, legs and arms cuffed and  
banded, giant nose ring hanging below his chin, big  
yellow ear tags, bare naked except for some big funny  
looking work boots, cheeks decaled with corporate  
logos, a dog collar about his neck, tits reddened with  
clamped on vices, and a strap about his head with a  
big pole sticking out in front of his mouth.  Michael’s  
tear streaked eyes were wide open in fear.  
  
Alex, sweating and frightened himself, felt like he  
would be cumming in his pants at any moment.  
  
David took another document from his pocket, handed it  
to Henry, and told him all that was needed to be done  
was for him to sign it on the release line.  
  
Henry sat at a table, perused the document’s three  
pages, and asked, “I can’t seem to find where I sign.”  
  
David, wiping the tears from Michael’s eyes with a  
tissue, stopped and took out his copy of the document  
and looked it over.  He found the spot, “Ah, Mister  
Jacoby, it’s right there on the bottom of page two  
where it says that you agree to give up Michael to  
Echo Ridge Quarry for hard and durable service,  
authorizing the use of any means of force necessary  
for the purposes of extracting compliant behavior from  
Michael, for a period of 16 years indenturement, in  
return for a payment of $850,000.”  
  
As Michael broke into convulsive sobbing, Henry  
cleared his throat to cover his embarrassment, quickly  
signed the document, handed it back to David, and left  
the living room.  Cynthia and her two sons watched in  
silence as the technicians exited, followed by Eric  
who held the front door open for the dolly.  David  
spun the dolly around with its terrified and trembling  
cargo secured to it, and wheeled it out.

The End

For more of Randall Austin Stories, Please visit the Randall Austin Archive Group. While it does not yet contain all of Randall’s stories [it will eventually], it gathers the stories in one convenient location.

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>