**A Portrait of Servitude – A Child’s Questions**

By Randall Austin

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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.

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