A Portrait of Servitude - A Holiday Memento

By Randall Austin

Short Story

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

Background: During this holiday time of giving and
sharing, I thought I would pass on to the readers this

heartwarming and inspirational Christmas letter written

by a Jesse Huckleburry.

It is a letter Jesse wrote to his brother, Stephen.  Stephen

could not attend the family’s annual Christmas reunion

and celebration, and in the letter Jesse simply wished to
convey some of the highlights of the annual family
celebration.

Jesse, at the time this letter was written, 15 years
ago, was a 35-year old architect who lived in Detroit,
Michigan, with his wife and three children.

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Dear Stephen,

Claire and I and the kids sure missed having you
around for the holidays.  I, of course, also wanted to
show off my new home and slave and do a little
bragging to my older brother, but I’ll have a chance
to do that when you come to Detroit for the 4th of
July.

The new house is fabulous.  Looks better than I ever
could have imagined it, and I’m the architect! :-)

The other big bit of news here is my new slave, Cody
Bracerman.  A little over three months ago I had
gotten some insider info from my broker that the
Bracerman family was in serious debt and that the
entire family was headed toward indenturement.
Robert, who missed having his older brother here for
the holidays as much as I did, and I both went to the
county holding pens to check the family out before the
trial, and, just as I was told, the entire family was
quite fit, bright, and handsome.  But Cody, 16 years
old, the second born son of four boys, was the one I
knew I had to have.  Black hair, doe-eyed, fair
skinned, clever, funny, and cute as a teddy bear!

Robert and I also hit the Bracerman estate sale, and
as we expected, there was nothing at all worth taking.
I saw all of Cody’s things; about six baseball caps,
computer games, clothes, sports equipment, books,
scrapbooks, photo albums; but I know from experience
its best to not let lifer slaves have anything from
their pre-slave life.

Well, long story short; I bid pre-auction a good
amount more than I knew what the asking price was
going to be, the county was happy for the extra-cash
and savings on auction fees, and I ended up with Cody.

Michigan requires that lifers be sent through their
state training program, an intense two-month affair.
Cody completed the program two weeks before Christmas,
and he has been with us ever since the completion of
his training.  Of course, when he first got here he
was totally terrified of everything and everyone.  He
was so afraid of doing anything wrong that he was
solicitous of Clair, the kids, and me to a fault.

He soon learned, however, that I am a staunch
supporter of slave’s rights, and gradually he has been
adjusting and is starting to fit into the family very
nicely.  However, Christmas time was very stressful
for him.  Seeing all of our family and friends arrive
for the holidays with their large, happy, and wealthy
families, bearing loads and loads of gifts and holiday
cheer depressed Cody.

And he was especially stressed and disheartened when
he learned of our own family Christmas day traditions.

As you know, every year we do the King’s Pauper
ceremony for the kids, where we spank the slave for
all of the naughty stuff our kids did through the year
for which they were not caught.  Then, afterwards, we
all decorate the slave as the Christmas elf.
The spanking itself was one of the longest King’s
Pauper spankings I ever gave, since all the kids were
so enjoying seeing Cody get his spanking.  After 35
spanks my hand was so sore that I had to switch to a
hairbrush.  He got 30 more swats with the hairbrush.

In the end Cody was crying and screaming so loudly,
and all the kids were laughing so loud and in such
good holiday cheer, that it was quite a memorable
moment.  When after 10 minutes Cody still hadn’t
quieted down, I had to begin decorating him even as he
was still standing there bawling in front of
everybody.

I got out the body paint and painted his scrotum red,
and his long-foreskinned penis, which was still hard,
I painted green.  Everyone enjoyed seeing the slave
with his unit painted in the traditional Christmas
colors.

We hung ornaments from his ears and tits, put a red
elf nose on him, fitted him with peaked elf ear caps,
painted his cheeks rosy red, glued a big silver bow
above his penis, and topped his head with a wild
fluffy brown elf cap.  He was super cute and everyone
adored him.  Then we had him hand out all the presents
under the tree to all of the kids.  It was a
delightful time.  Cody was still crying quite heavily
as he began handing out the first of the presents.

But soon afterwards, after so many of the kids either
joked with him, attempted to cheer him up, or tried to
pull on his elf’s penis as he scurried about, he
gradually lost his inhibitions.  By the time he was
handing out the last of the presents he realized that
he was the real center of attention, and he was
putting on quite a show: dancing around, performing
monkeyshines, mugging for the camera, shaking his
penis at the girls, and teasing the kids almost as
much as they teased him.

Little Aaron captured the whole thing on video, so
you’ll have a chance to see the fun when you get here
in July.

Then, after presents, and after we had gotten all the
family seated for the big holiday meal, I took Cody up
to his room and served him the usual slave Christmas
day menu of bread and water.  I explained to him that
on Christmas day slaves get only bread and water to
eat to help drive home to them how special they are.
I reminded him that he gets to eat all he wants on
every other day of the year, but Christmas day is a
special day just for free people.

He cried, and I gave him a big hug.  As I hugged him I
started playing with his little penis and told him he
could cheer himself up by playing with himself during
his little break.  I broke the news to him that as
long as I owned him he would never be allowed to have
sexual relations with females, but that we were very
liberal and didn’t care how much he played with
himself.  I also told him that my own boys were at the
age where I needed to have a chat with them about the
birds and bees, and that I would let them know that
Cody would be there for them if they ever needed
someone to manipulate or suck their genitals, or would
like to use him for fucking practice.

When Cody finally had a nice sized stiffy, I told him
to have a good time on his break, and to be back down
to clean up and do the dishes in 20 minutes.

(I should tell you that since that chat I had an
opportunity to give Cody a test run, and I can confirm
that he is a really good fuck.  Of course you’ll get a
chance to try him out when you’re here on Independence
Day.)

Since New Year’s he has been getting even further
broken in, and right now he is at the point where he
only needs about two spankings a week to keep him in
line.  So he is, as you can see, pretty much where
he’s supposed to be in terms of his adjustment.
Things are on target.  From my own experience I know
it takes a couple of years for a slave to fully accept
the rules of a given house, and no longer be in the
need of continual weekly correction.

So it has been a very blessed holiday season for us.
Having a new slave is very much like having a new
puppy; it takes lots of work and discipline, but in
the end you’re rewarded with a faithful companion who
will obey your every command, and hop to every snap of
your fingers.

Happy New Year,
Love,

Jesse

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Update: With the passage of the National Slave Service
Amendment in 1994, which states, among other things,
that children cannot be held accountable for the debts
of their parents, Cody Bracerman was freed at the age
of 21, and awarded a compensatory package valued at a
quarter of a million dollars.  Today Cody Bracerman,
age 31, runs Michigan’s premiere minority slave
brokerage firm, which deals exclusively in the youth
slave market (ages 7 through 17).

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>