A Portrait of Servitude - A Holiday Memento   
   
By Randall Austin

Short Story

This story is erotic fiction meant for mature readers and should only be read by adults over the age of eighteen years old. Please do not use my stories without my permission and please forward all comments to [randallaustin2011@hotmail.com](mailto:randallaustin2011@hotmail.com)

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.

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