Christopher Enslaved

Part Two

By Randall Austin

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"Ok, now turn around and face me, Christopher, I have  
some things I need to say to you."  Mr. Baldwin paused  
as Christopher made a slow defeated turn around.   
Christopher kept his eyes to the ground.   
"Christopher, you are a twenty two year old male, and  
I'm quite sure your dad hasn't spanked those butt  
cheeks of yours in quite some time.  It's probably  
been ten years at least.  Am I correct?"  
  
Christopher managed to slur out a quiet "yes" without  
looking up.    
  
"One of the big differences between free men and  
slaves, as you may know, is that slaves of all ages  
are spanked and disciplined in a variety of ways on a  
regular basis throughout their lives.  A typical male  
slave from his teen years through his 40's is either  
spanked or face slapped several times a week.  But you  
need to know that because you are to be employed by  
both the cannery and the Baldwin household, you  
are subject both to normal domestic and to  
commercial disciplinary codes.  It means more will be  
expected of you, and you will be held to a higher  
standard of conduct than slaves employed only by the  
cannery.  All of this will be outlined, of course, in  
your indoctrination period over the next few days.   
You will be given a thorough training in all aspects of  
your position as a lifer hard labor product.  You will  
learn exactly what is required of you.  All rules,   
regulations and disciplinary procedures will be made  
very clear.  The boys will be starting your  
orientation as soon as you arrive, and new slaves are  
introduced to the rest of the slave population at  
Baldwin/Fletcher farms their first evening with our  
traditional welcoming ceremony."  
  
Mr. Worthington, finally hearing something that  
sounded half way civil, jumped at it to ease the  
tension.  "Well that sounds very nice indeed!  Exactly  
what is it?"   
  
"Oh, it's very good for morale.  We call it ‘The Black  
Balls Ball’.  After my sons deliver Christopher's  
pro-forma bare naked bull whipping tonight in front of  
all the slaves in the compound, and don't you worry  
about that.  It's the standard whipping issued to all  
new slaves.  It's a humane gesture, really, which  
helps insure that most slaves never have to  
receive another one.  But afterwards, my boys will  
paint Christopher's cock, balls, and tits black.  And  
for the week or so that it takes the paint to wear  
off, the new slave is subject to mild and friendly  
hazing from the other slaves.  It's a wonderful  
bonding tool, kind of like a fraternity hazing.  It  
really helps build morale among the slaves.  And it  
will make you feel a part of the team.  It's  
just a very nice welcoming gesture for the new  
drudges.  Something we do at Baldwin/Fletcher for the  
good of our slave teams."  
  
"Fuckin cool!", exclaimed Dexter.  
  
During the slight pause in Mr. Baldwin's chatter Humphries  
went up to Christopher and pinched his nose.   
Christopher's mouth opened almost immediately and  
Humphries grabbed his tongue, pulled it out of his  
mouth, and examined it, all the while still pinching  
his nose.  When finished he stepped back and asked  
Christopher to stick his tongue out as far as it would  
go.  Christopher at first didn't respond, but when  
both officers reached for something from their service  
belts, he immediately stuck his tongue way out.   
Humphries then snapped a long shot and a close up of  
Christopher with his mouth wide open and his tongue  
sticking out.  Dexter was all smiles, and asked  
Humphries why he wanted such a photo.  Humphries  
quietly said it was something needed for the record.   
  
All of us were hoping that both Dexter and Baldwin  
would just shut up, but Mr. Baldwin continued.  "But  
don't think your welcoming ceremony is the only time  
you're going to be treated special.  Oh no!  The  
Baldwin/Fletcher slaves are always a colorful sight  
when my boys take them out on errands.  My boys like  
to dress the younger slaves, like Christopher, up  
in colorful costumes or gear when they take them out  
about the city.  Our slaves, as you may know, have a  
colorful reputation around the community, and that is  
a real morale builder for the slave team, as well as  
good PR for Baldwin/Fletcher.  And the slaves really  
enjoy the opportunity to get out and about.  Sometimes  
the boys will have the male slaves on leashes and get  
them dressed up as sailor boys, or cowboys, or French  
girlie maids, or diapered and sucking their thumbs and  
carrying a baby bottle, or outfitted like a pony and  
pulling my boys in a cart, or even walking on all  
fours like puppy dogs, with cute signs around their  
necks saying, ‘Pet me’.  My boys are just so creative.  
It's all in good spirited fun, of course.  It lets  
the community know that our slaves are valued and  
pampered.  And judging from the letters of support we  
get, the community seems to really enjoy the slave boy  
spectacles my sons put on."  
  
Perhaps finally realizing that most of us present in  
the room were numb, Baldwin gave the order for  
Christopher to get dressed.  "We gotta get you  
delivered to the processing center on time."  As  
Christopher got dressed, Baldwin took out the  
document and signed it.  In silence Mr. Worthington  
and Mr. Baldwin shook hands on the deal.  
  
While this was going on Dexter asked Mr. Humphries if  
he could get a job at the cannery.  Mr. Humphries  
responded that family members of any slaves held at  
Baldwin/Fletcher were not eligible for employment at  
the cannery or farms.    
  
Baldwin then took the slave processing  
requisition order out of his folder and examined it.   
"Let me see what the boys have ordered to be done on  
you."  His eyes perused the document.  "Oh yes, pretty  
standard fare here.  The usual body modifications.   
Christopher, you're going to get trussed, trollied,  
collared, clipped, shorn, shaved, tagged, belled,  
cinched, tattooed, and branded, as well as ringed in  
the nipples, nose, ears, penis, and at the base of the  
scrotum."  Mr. Baldwin had a quizzical look.  "Huh?  I  
wonder why the boys ordered a three inch nose ring?  Oh  
well, they know what they're doing!"  
  
Humphries interjected.  "Sounds good.  Heavily ringed  
naked worker slaves always make a very nice display  
out in the fields.  Our farms are a common destination  
of families out on a Sunday drive, and even of  
tourists, who enjoy viewing the sight of hundreds of  
slaves toiling away.  They frequently stop along the  
roadside to watch for a while; perhaps shoot some  
photos or videos.  Some even take advantage of the  
picnic benches we have set up at various vantage  
points along the roadway."  
  
Dexter couldn't contain himself, "Dad, can I go along  
to the processing center and watch?  Please?"  He was  
quickly silenced by a curt gesture from Mr.   
Worthington.  
  
Baldwin then took out and looked over another sheet  
from the requisition order folder.  "Well, well.  Good  
news!  I see that the boys have already given you a  
name.  Christopher, you are no longer Christopher.   
Your new name is 'Licker'.  Licker.  That's nice.   
That's a nice name.  Damn nice!"  
  
Dexter beamed, "Fuck that fits him!"  
One of the plainclothes officers then spoke up, "In  
order to be received at the processing arena, Licker  
has to be fitted with a muzzle, a butt plug, and a  
penis clamp.  Standard procedure.  It prevents  
some of the wilder types from soiling the reception  
area with body excrement and filthy words, before they  
get hooked on the trolley and sent down the processing  
rail."  
  
"You know”, Baldwin spoke up, again believing he  
exuded information of a calming nature, "traveling  
along that processing rail hanging from those meat  
hooks always looked to me like a real  
fun ride.  Sort of like some ride at the carnival.   
Well, anyway, we gotta move.  Men, get him muzzled  
and butt plugged, and clamp his dick!"    
  
One of the plainclothes officers turned towards  
Christopher and gathered his hands behind his back and  
cuffed them.  He then took out a muzzle that went over  
Christopher's head and under his chin.  Attached  
at the mouth strap was a small rod that stuck out with  
a rounded ball at the end.  This went into  
Christopher's mouth.  When the straps were secured  
around his head and under his chin Christopher had to  
keep his mouth wide open in order to prevent the ball  
at the back of his throat from gagging him.  
  
The officers then undid Christopher's trousers, and  
took them down along with his undies.  They each got  
down on one knee, one at the front of Christopher and  
one at the back.  The one in back took a black butt  
plug, put some lube on it, and worked it slowly up  
into Christopher's ass hole.  At the end sticking out  
of the butt there was a small cross handle.  To this  
the officer attached straps that went around both of  
Christopher's thighs and secured the butt plug.  
  
What Christopher was thinking or feeling or crying, I  
could not discern, because the muzzle kept his mouth  
wide open, giving his face a total panic-stricken  
look.  Humphries stepped in to take a few close up  
shots of Christopher's muzzled face.  What was amazing  
to me was that Humphries was openly erect and was not  
in the least bit concerned about it.  Christopher and  
I had once wondered if the stories we had heard about  
those who handled and disciplined slaves were true;  
that they were frequently and openly erect as they  
controlled and whipped slaves because public erections  
were a part of the accepted culture of slave handlers.  
  
Dexter then moved in closer to Christopher, to watch  
the clamping up close.  His mouth was gathered in an  
expression that was a half excited smile, and a half sneer.  
  
The officer in front gathered Christopher's foreskin  
very tightly and around it he placed a banding tool.   
He gently squeezed the handle and a very thick,  
strong, tight band snapped onto the  
gathered foreskin.  It looked painful.  Christopher  
started doing choked whinnying sounds.   The officers  
pulled up his undies and trousers and zipped and  
belted his slacks.  The officer who clamped  
Christopher's penis reassured him.  "Don't worry.  The  
pain will subside in a few minutes.  And they'll remove  
that thing as soon as they get you on the hook."  
  
And then one final encouraging speech from Baldwin.   
"Ok boy, you're on your way to a new life.  At the  
processing center they're going to get you naked, and  
truss you up.  They'll first have you get into a  
kneeling position and shackle your feet together at  
the ankles.  Then your hands will be cuffed together  
behind your back, and these will be attached to your  
ankle cuffs.  With your feet and hands secured  
together behind your back, they will then have you  
spread your knees as wide apart as possible.  This  
spread out position of the knees will be secured by a  
set of harnesses that go about your chest and thighs.   
The straps which encircle both thighs pull up and are  
very tightly attached to the mid back harness, thus  
keeping the knees widely spread.  The harness about your chest  
has a large ring attached in the back between your  
shoulder blades. They will then hoist you up and  
attach the ring at your back to a meat hook affixed to  
a trolley on a rail.  And you'll be hanging from that  
hook in that kneeling position, with your knees spread  
wide so the processors can have clear access to every  
part of your body.  They will then remove your penis  
clamp and pierce your frenum and put a ring in it.  To  
this ring they will attach a laminated card with coded  
instructions on what stations you'll be stopped at for  
body modifications.   
  
"They will then send you down the rail into the  
processing room.  There will be as many as 200 naked  
slaves hanging from the meat hooks in the  
room at one time, riding down the rail getting  
processed.  In all there are about 80 stations along  
the rail and you will be stopped at each station and  
the processors will check your laminated penis card to  
see if you require their services.  The meat hook ride  
through all the processing stations takes about three  
hours, sometimes longer, depending on whether the line gets  
backed up with too many slaves at one time requiring  
some of the more time consuming body modifications.   
Such things as castrations and more complex tattoos  
can really delay the processing.  They pretty much  
perform the most common slave body modification  
requirements on the slaves as they hang from the  
hooks; also less common requests such as eyebrow  
removal and teeth extractions.  Licker, you're not up  
for any of those yet."  
  
"And I need to warn both of you that the processing  
arena is a very noisy place.  But don't let that be  
off-putting to you.  A lot of the slaves being  
processed or reprocessed are under punishment orders  
of the courts or their owners, and their service  
orders state that they are to receive no anesthetics  
for procedures, so naturally there is an awful lot of  
hollering and screaming.  But just know, it's for  
their own good."  
  
"Oh Dad, please let me go", moaned Dexter.  Mr.   
Worthington ignored Dexter and the massive bulge in  
his trousers.  
  
Baldwin continued.  "Licker, my boys have set you for  
local anesthetics for all procedures.  Branding, of  
course, cannot be accomplished painlessly with a local  
pain killer.  You would have to be put under, and what  
with the extra fees and longer processing time it  
really adds up on the processing bill, and your father  
wasn't willing to foot that charge.  But the majority  
of slaves, as you will find out today, are not put  
under for branding; they are branded right on the hook,  
as you will be.  When you reach the branding  
station, they simply lower your chain and ease you  
into a branding vise, and with you still chained to  
the hook they strap you into the vise so you're  
immobile, apply the brand to your upper right buttock,  
and in just a second's time, even before the full pain  
hits you,  they're unstrapping you from the slave vise  
and your hook is raising you back up, and you're off  
on your way down the railing to the next station,  
screaming your head off.   But before you know it your  
screams will be wiped out by the screams of the guy in  
back of you."  
  
"At the end of your ride down the processing rail  
you'll emerge a new being with a new life.  And you're  
going to be looking very different from the way you do  
now.  You'll have no need ever again for your fancy  
clothes or your hair gel.  You'll no longer have to  
worry ever again about keeping up with the latest  
fashion styles.  You'll be totally shaved all over,  
denuded, have rings and piercings all over the place,  
there will be a slave collar emplaced for life around  
your neck, your cock and balls will be tightly  
cinched, and attached to your cock ring now, in place  
of the laminated card, will be a low hanging slave  
bell; the sign of a hard labor lifer slave."  
  
"A very important accouterment of the lifer hard labor  
product!", interjected Mr. Humphries.  
  
"Indeed!", continued Baldwin.  "We have a brand new  
use for your penis.  Rather than you playing with it,  
or some girl friend playing with it, it's going to be  
used to let my boys know if you're doing your job and  
keeping busy.  No more playing with yourself ever  
again, because your penis is now nothing but an  
attachment for your slave bell.  Your overseers will  
expect to be hearing that cock bell ringing nonstop.   
It will mean that you're doing your chores with vigor.  
If the bell is silenced, it will cause your overseer  
to look up.  There won't be any slacking with that  
bell hanging between your legs.  Ding dong, ding dong,  
the sweet sound of a hard laboring slave.   Everyone's  
going to be listening to your bell.  They'll know  
where you are, and if you're doing your chores, by the  
sound of your cock bell.  You might find it  
embarrassing at first, but it's intended to encourage   
you to perform at your peak service level.  That bell  
lets everyone know what you are, where you are, and  
whether or not you're performing up to standard.   
There'll be no danger of anyone thinking you're  
Christopher Worthington.  Yes sir, that bell hanging  
from your cock will keep you and everyone within  
hearing distance focused on the fact that you are a  
hard labor lifer slave.  Just make sure your cock bell  
is jiggling and waggling 14 hours a day and all will  
be well."  
  
"It's going to be a whole new lifestyle for you, quite  
different from the way things look around here in your  
dad's house.  No more rock music, hip hop, girls,  
college, baseball caps, TV, radio, dancing, drinking, or  
sports.  It's a new life, with a new name, and  
all new adventures."   
  
"And remember, 'Licker' is your name now."  Then  
turning to me, Baldwin warned.  "His name is Licker  
and that is what you are to call him from now on.   
When Licker's processing is  
completed, and he's removed from the hook, he will be  
sent to the receiving area, and you are then to come  
down from the processing viewer platform and join him.  
Once off that hook, he is a slave for life.  And  
there will be plenty of guards standing around  
wielding tawses, service whips, and tasers to enforce  
that fact.  If Licker so much as dares to speak  
without first being spoken to, the guards will be on  
him in an instant, and it won't be pretty.   When he  
first arrives in the receiving area he will still be  
naked and freshly modified, so he will be quite sore.   
All of his slave body modifications will be on full  
display right before your eyes, looking mean, raw, and  
harsh. He isn't going to be looking anything like the  
pretty boy he is now.  But try not to be shocked at  
what you see.  He will look very different to you, and  
what you see may even frighten you; what with him  
being all shaved up, and all of his fresh wounds,  
blood stains, sweat, tear streaks, and body  
adornments.  And most slaves fresh off the hook are  
fearfully erect, with their cock bells dinging and  
dangling wildly.  Slaves fresh off the hook are  
totally shamed, humiliated, degraded and debased, and  
that is what Licker will be feeling.  But it's a good  
thing, for it is all a part of the successful  
transforming of the one you knew once as Christopher  
into a profitable lifer hard labor product."  
  
Dexter couldn't contain himself.  "Oh Dad, please may I  
go and watch him get it?"  Dexter's obscene erection  
disgusted even Mr. Worthington.  "Dexter, would you  
please be silent!"  Dexter put his hands in his  
pockets, slumped, and let out a low but angry, "Man!"  
  
After the interruption, Baldwin continued, "Then Todd,  
if you still feel up to it, you may accompany Licker  
out to the farms along with the requisition officers.   
But don't feel bad if you are no longer up to it.   
Because at that point you and Licker really will have  
nothing in common anymore. He will then be a  
new being with a life time of hard labor service ahead  
of him, and you will be your same old self.  But if  
you think you can stomach it, well then, certainly,  
stay on board and enjoy the ride out to the farms."    
  
"Licker, once you're off the hook you will be chained  
and cuffed, and issued a set of brown slave fatigues for  
transport to the Baldwin/Fletcher farms." Christopher  
had been looking stunned before, but now an involuntary  
shudder ran through his body.  Mr. Baldwin picked up on his  
reaction. "You've noticed those fatigues before, I see,  
when other young men were wearing them."  He smiled.  
"Well, they may not be the nicest things to look at,  
and they may not be as soft and comfy as the clothes  
you're used to wearing. But you'll never have to worry  
again about what you want to wear, and you'll never  
have to worry about whether your clothes will help you fit  
into the group you're in.  When you're wearing a set of those  
fatigues, Licker, anybody will be able to tell you're a slave  
from a mile away. They're practical, and they're distinctive.  
  
"My boys will be waiting at the farms to receive you.  
You will be given a little blue schoolboy-like satchel, which  
contains material for you to read and study.  In the  
satchel you will find manuals and pamphlets on slave  
behavior, slave grooming, Baldwin/Fletcher protocol,  
punishment lists, a punishment book, spiritual guides  
for the slave, a pamphlet on the evils of day  
dreaming, various self help guides on being a good  
slave, on receiving discipline with dignity, on  
avoiding masturbation, and so on.  You will also find  
an important series on the special and very rigid  
demands made on the 'Lifer Hard Labor Slave Product’.   
The satchel is a real life support kit for those  
enslaved for life, like yourself.  And be aware that  
my boys do regular impromptu quizzes on all of the  
materials in that packet, so make sure you know all of  
the material well."  
  
Dexter beamed, "He should do well on those, since  
Christopher… oops, I mean Licker… always did well on  
quizzes in school."   
  
Baldwin, unperturbed, continued, "There is also a  
pamphlet of slave mantras.  In it you will find  
various mantras and sayings that will help make your  
life pleasant as you repeat them over and over all day  
long.   Repeat 'I was born to serve, and I am thankful  
for that' a thousand times a day and your life out in  
the field pulling a plow to the sting of the whip will  
surpass anything you have ever so far experienced, I  
assure you."    
  
"We employ all standard control and discipline tools,  
as well as state of the art punishment devices and  
techniques out at the farms, so you will want to stay  
in line.  Make sure you obey my boys.  Everything they  
tell you to do, you do.  Wiggle, or show a dissatisfied  
look, and you'll get slapped or spanked.  Stumble,  
complain, or make an error, and you'll get tawsed or  
paddled.  Any and every act of insubordination gets  
you flogged.  And defiance in any form gets you  
castrated.  The materials in your satchel will help  
you avoid punishment.  Perhaps when you boys are in  
transport to my estate, Todd, you could read some of  
the materials out loud to Licker."  
  
During the preceding, Trevor Humphries had knelt down  
in front of Christopher, whose head had been bowed for  
most of the time, pointed his camera up at  
Christopher's muzzled face, and had taken a few shots. When  
he was finished he got up, and as he was putting his  
camera away, he addressed Christopher.  "Christopher,  
cheer up!  I know most of this talk sounded glum,  
coming at it from the business angle.  But you need to  
realize our slaves not only lead happy lives but  
are proud of their service.  Why do you think the  
tourists come out to see them?  It's an attraction as  
big around here as the changing of the guard at  
Buckingham Palace.  Our slave teams are an institution  
that inspires a sense of well being.  When folks see the naked  
field slaves, all working hard with their nipple, ear,  
nose, and genital rings brightly gleaming in the sun,  
and the sound and the sparkle of a hundred cock bells  
swaying from a hundred cocks and ringing in the  
fields, not only is it a beautiful sight and sound,  
but the slaves are proud to be a part of that handsome  
team.  They stand tall and proud when photos are  
taken, and they know that they are contributing in an  
important way.  In fact, the boys could have you on a  
field team as early as tomorrow afternoon, learning  
the ropes.  I assure you, that once you see all the  
cars driving by, some slowing up, some stopping, and  
all the cameras shooting and clicking away at you in  
the nude all shaved up with your slave collar, brand,  
rings, and bell on full display, you're going to start  
feeling mighty proud to be a part of it all."       
  
After Humphries' inspiring hymn to life as a  
Baldwin/Fletcher drudge,  Baldwin felt inspired to  
offer his own concluding remarks. "Remember  
Licker, you're in my service.  If you behave  
yourself, you'll find it's a carefree life working on  
a Baldwin/Fletcher slave team.  And remember too,  
even if you do mess up and end up having to get  
stripped naked and taken up for punishment and  
that's going to be happening a lot to you in your  
first few months, it always does; just remember that  
punishment is good for you and will make you a happy  
slave in the long run.  It will help form you into  
a properly chastised servant.  You are a servant now  
for the rest of your life, and when you are chastised  
always thank those who correct you.  Always obey, and  
all will be well!  Discipline, swift and severe, will  
be there if you forget that.  Always accept your  
discipline in gratitude.  Doing so will please me, my  
boys, and the entire slave team, because it will make you  
into a strong and profitable hard labor product.  For  
the rest of your life you will be serving me and my  
boys.  You were born to serve, so serve us well!"  
  
As Mr. Baldwin gave a slight bow to indicate he was  
finished, Mr. Humphries addressed Christopher's  
father.  "Mr. Worthington, I understood you were  
offering all of Christopher's clothing and possessions  
for a lump sum which has been included in the final  
bid."  
  
Mr. Worthington made a quick hand gesture to put the  
subject off, and quietly added, "Yes, Mr. Humphries, I  
was hoping we could attend to that in just a few  
moments, once we are alone."  Humphries complied.  
As Mr. Baldwin started to collect his papers and bid  
his farewells, the officers were chaining and cuffing  
Christopher.  The muzzle kept his mouth open, the  
chains hobbled his steps.  I watched him for a bit as  
the officers trundled him down to the car.  He was my  
friend and I was barely able to look at him because of  
the pain and distress he was in.  
  
Dexter stirred in the fringes, watching the company  
depart.  He was like a hovering vulture disappointed to  
find no remaining carnage.  
  
My dad walked with me as we followed behind the escort  
officers leading Christopher.  Mr. Worthington stayed  
behind with Mr. Humphries.  Out on the street, Mr.   
Baldwin got into a silver Mercedes, as the officers  
guided Christopher into the back seat of the blue  
patrol car.  When he was in, one of the officers  
opened the door for me and I got in and sat next to  
Christopher.  The officers locked the back doors and got  
in the front seat, and we drove off to hell.

To be continued…

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