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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