**Christopher Enslaved**

Part Five

By Randall Austin

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Todd Takes the Leash  
  
The line slowly started moving forward, so Tim halted   
Christopher by jerking cruelly on his collar, causing him to choke   
and stumble.  "Come on, we gotta get back in line.  But keep your   
pants down, I want see if those four girls over there on the   
receiving dock get juiced up seeing a depantsed, fresh off the hook,   
newly ringed, and cringing slave."  
  
All three apprentices laughed and scratched their crotches.    
Then Officer Floyd Gutter approached us, carrying a tawse,  and   
addressed them. "Tim, Phil, Andrew, I need you at Station Eight to   
ease up a log jam."  Then addressing me, Officer Gutter   
asked, "You're Todd Maltsby, correct?"  A little frightened, I told    
him that I was, and he continued, "Will you take free man   
responsibility for this drudge, Licker, until his transport is   
ready?  It could take as long as an hour or two."  
  
I managed to say firmly, "Sure, officer", even though I was   
trembling on the inside.  I figured it would be a great way to get   
Christopher out of the clutches of the sadist apprentices.  "Ok then,   
this drudge is now your responsibility, according to California   
statute.  Just make sure he stays in line here in the shipping/pickup   
area."  He took Christopher's leash from Tim and handed it to me.    
Then he handed me the tawse he brought along.  "Do you know how to   
use this thing?"  I hesitated. "Ahh… well…"  Officer Gutter then   
said to Tim, "Would you stay behind and give Todd a quick course?"    
Tim nodded assent, and as Gutter walked away he said, "Make it real   
quick, Tim.  We need you to hurry to join us at Station Eight."  
“Sure thing!", said Tim, as he took his tawse from his   
service belt and grabbed both ends  and flexed his muscles with it.   
He offered me his hand in greeting, I took it, and as we shook he   
said, "Hi Todd, nice to meet you.  Don't be afraid of using the   
tawse.  Cone heads fresh off the hook are so fucking,  balls-  
quivering, cock-bobbing, scared shitless that it's a real good time   
to drive lessons home.  There's something really special about   
jerking around the newly enslaved.  It's a totally awesome kind of   
control.  You know what I mean, Todd?"  
  
"Yeah, I think so", I responded sheepishly.  
  
"The only way you can learn the tawse is to practice.  The   
key to the tawse is to halt your wrist the moment body contact is   
made.  If you do it properly, it'll sting 3 times as great as any   
other implement, it can be used over a wider body area, and it   
results in the least amount of damage.  If you're good at it there's   
practically no damage, and maximal pain delivery.  Just practice.  It   
makes perfect!"  
  
He paused, looked at me, and continued, "Hey, that's a real   
neat shirt you got on, Todd!  Where did you get it?"  
  
"Thanks, Tim!  I got  it at Frederick's, next to Dupay Hair   
Salon."  
  
"Hey, that's where I get my hair done, man!  Great cut on ya!"  
  
"Thanks dude!  I noticed your spikes.  You look good!"  All   
of a sudden it hit me that I was getting friendly with Christopher's   
tormentor.   
  
"Well, I'll see you around.  Remember, use the time standing   
around in line and waiting here to practice your tawsing action on   
Licker.  Maybe we can get together some time and do volunteer work at   
the Slave Training Service Center together.  You get a chance there   
to get hands-on experience in all forms of discipline and control.    
And it's a really great environment.  Gives you a great feeling   
volunteering your time to help out citizens who can't afford or   
aren't able to discipline their slaves on their own.  It's a real   
nice sense of community involvement.  You think you'd be interested   
in volunteering?"  
Somewhat confused in the presence of Christopher, I let out a   
quiet, "Yeah, maybe."  
  
"We never get enough volunteers to help out with the drudges   
on Tuesdays for 'Young Adult Night’.  We sometimes get up to 200   
young adult slaves, 18 to 21 years old, in need of spankings, and it's   
happened that only nine or ten volunteers show up.  Understandably,   
when people do volunteer work they want a little pay-back in terms   
of having some 'fun’, if you know what I mean.  Everyone just seems   
to prefer wielding the tawse, strap or paddle rather than their own   
hand, and I don't blame them.  But spanking is the best way to begin   
learning techniques, cause you get a real feel and sense of how much   
pressure it takes to get reactions and so on.  And on Tuesday nights   
there is just so much material to practice on.  A young butt is great   
starter material because it's relatively easy to handle.  If you   
would just rather watch your first time there, that's fine.  We   
always need volunteers to do coffee and beverage duty, also.  Anyway,   
here's my number, give me a call sometime, dude!"  
  
Tim handed me his card, I thanked him, and said, "Sounds   
great, Tim.  Nice meeting you."  
  
As I heard Tim say "Same here!" as he left, I felt so   
strange.  A nervous excitement had come over me ever since Gutter put   
Christopher in my charge and I held him by his leash.  I did not know   
what was going on.  To get back to reality I told Christopher to pull   
his pants up.  He did so immediately and thanked me.  "Oh man, what   
are we going to do?", he asked as he buttoned up his ugly slave   
pants.  "You gotta help me, Todd.  We gotta get out of here.    
Remember how we talked about the networks in Oregon for runaways, how   
it was a good thing.   Todd, this may be our only chance, you can   
take me out of here, man!"  
  
I didn't know what to think.  "Chris, I'm afraid.  If I get   
caught I could be enslaved for life."  
  
"Let's just go for a walk.  Then when we're alone I'll go   
off.  If I'm ever caught I'll tell them I shoved you."  
  
"Chris, this is too crazy.  They've got police all over.  It   
would never work!"  
  
"Todd, please!  Help me."  And with that Christopher broke   
down and started sobbing.  He fell to his knees and his hands went to   
his face.  
  
An officer walking by looked at me and said, "Let's keep it   
down over there."  
  
I pleaded with Christopher, "Chris, you've got to get   
yourself together, they're getting upset with us.  Come on dude.    
We're almost out of here.  Just calm down."  
  
He grabbed my legs in desperation.   "What's going on, Todd?    
Help me!"  As he raised his voice more people started looking at   
us.  "You're my friend!"  
  
"I know I am. But man, keep it down!"  
  
"What about all the things we talked about?"  
  
"Now is not the time.  I will be here for you, Christopher,   
but please, don't create a scene."  
  
"Todd, you can walk me to Gary's house.   I can get some   
clothes there."  
  
"Man, that's conspiracy talk.  I could go to prison, Chris!"  
  
"This will probably be our only chance, Todd!  Let's act now!"  
  
I was totally confused, and frightened as well.  "Hey Chris.    
Come on!  Don't give me any of this right now, man, ok?  I’m trying to   
help you.  I have spent the entire day with you."  
  
The line moved forward, and Christopher was unaware that we   
were supposed to move, so I tugged gently on his leash, and   
said, "Come on, we have to move, they're watching us."  As I tugged   
on his leash and pulled him along I felt a strange stirring.  I had   
my friend on a leash, and it felt good.  
"Todd, what about the things we shared, how we hated slavers,   
and the very idea of slavery.  Look what they've done to me!"  
  
Another voice shouted out.  "Sir, you've got to keep your   
drudge quiet over there.  We don't allow any kind of disturbances,   
scenes or outbursts in the shipping/pickup area!"  
  
Christopher continued, "Todd, let's get out of here.  Let's   
go for a walk."  
  
"Fuck man!  Would you just calm down!  Don't give me any of   
this shit right now!"  I was getting frustrated.  I was trying to   
help Christopher, but he was making it hard.  
  
Christopher then started pulling on my arm, raising his voice   
a little,  "Todd, let's just go for a walk.  I just need some fresh   
air."  
  
An officer, who was doing the rounds and had heard the raised   
voice, walked a little closer and said to me, "Sir, you have to   
control him or else you could be cited."  
  
And then in a total bit of confusion, I let out, "Fuck man,   
you're making me angry.  I'm beginning to see why they've got to   
handle slaves like you the way they do."  
  
I immediately felt upset and confused, and an older officer,   
with a late middle age paunch,  who was sipping coffee on the   
shipping deck, seeing the trouble I was having, slowly sauntered   
over, and in a friendly voice asked, "You need some help here, sir?"  
  
Not knowing what he meant, I replied, "Yeah, I'm just   
confused.  He's upset, I don't know what to do."  
  
The officer then took the leash from my hands and led   
Christopher to between a set of two whipping poles off to one side of   
the shipping room, not far from one of the big open doors looking out   
onto the loading dock.  
  
He took Christopher's left wrist, stretched it out, and   
velcroed it to the strap on the pole at about Christopher's shoulder   
level.  He then said to me, "You want to help me with this?",   
indicating the strap on the right.   So feeling like I was railroaded   
into it I took Christopher's right arm and stretched it out, and   
velcroed the wrist to a strap at the same level as his left wrist.  
  
The officer then came around to me and extended his hand, and   
I shook it.  "I'm Officer Bill Koslowski.  I saw you were having some   
trouble.  Fresh off the hook new drudges are total basket cases, but   
that's when punishment does the most good, and makes the biggest   
impression.  You get his pants down, and I'll go and get a strap."  
  
As Officer Bill started to go off I walked up behind   
Christopher and put my arms around him to undo his trouser   
buttons.  "Todd?  What are you doing?"  
  
"He told me to do this."  
  
"Todd, not with those four girls over there!"  
  
Hearing this, Officer Bill stopped and turned around to face   
us and said, "Boy.  Don't you get it?  You're a slave now.  You have   
no right to privacy any more.  You get slave-naked whenever you're   
told.  Your pants come down whenever your overseers tell you they   
come down."  With that he walked off and I proceeded to unbutton   
Christopher's pants.  
  
"Todd, stop it!", squirmed Christopher, Officer Bill's words   
obviously having made no impression.  
  
"Come on Christopher, I gotta get these pants down.  Officer   
Bill will be back soon."  
  
"Todd, no."  
  
"Let's get em down Christopher.  Let's just do what they   
want.  Don't create any more trouble for yourself."  The buttons   
undone, I grasped the waist of his trousers and rolled them down to   
his ankles.  His erection from being on the hook was finally down.  
  
The four girls who had been watching us at the far end of the   
shipping dock, realizing that some punishment was about to take   
place, slowly started to walk down the dock nearer to where we were,   
whispering and giggling to themselves.  
Bill soon came back carrying a three inch wide, doubled over,   
black leather strap.  "I reckon this would be better for you.", he   
said as he handed me the strap.   He then went in front of   
Christopher and started unbuttoning his shirt.  "You're not used to   
the tawse, right?"  I nodded "yes."  "That's what I figured.  If   
you're new to this, then it's better to use the belt.  An untrained   
hand can get a lot more pain delivered with a nice wide belt than he   
can from a tawse."  He went to the back of Christopher and rolled his   
shirt up and hung it up over his shoulders.  "Don't want the shirt   
tails getting in your way!"  
  
Then  I saw it, running in a line of half-inch black letters   
under Christopher's right shoulder; Christopher's tattoo: ‘PROPERTY   
OF BALDWIN/FLETCHER’.  "There's another one just like it directly   
opposite, on his other side, just below the right collarbone”, Bill   
commented.  "'PROPERTY OF BALDWIN/FLETCHER’, coming and going. This   
one won't get lost”, he chuckled.  
  
"Ok, he's ready and he's all yours!  Just avoid that bandage   
over his right buttock. It covers his brand."  He must have noticed   
the questioning look on my face, because the next thing he said   
was, "You may be wondering what his brand is.  Same as all the rest   
of them. USLS: 'United States Lifer Slave.'"  
  
When he heard those words, Christopher shuddered and turned   
his head, as if to look down at his brand.  Inside, I shuddered   
too. "You want me to do this?", I asked.  
  
"Look, if he's your legal responsibility I'd suggest you   
start learning how to control him right now.  Don't worry how you   
do.  I'll give you pointers."  Officer Bill stood off to the side and   
folded his arms, waiting for me to begin.  "Come on, just jump in and   
do it.  Everyone's a little afraid their first time, but you'll get   
the hang of it, and may even like it."  
  
"Yeah, but…"  
  
"No 'Yeah buts’!  You need to realize that the more   
strappings he gets these first few days of his enslavement, the   
better off he'll be in the long run.  If you really want to help your   
friend out now, then just start strapping his slave ass!"  
  
I was aware that several officers and attendants were   
watching from various positions around the shipping/delivery room,   
and I felt I had no say in the matter, so I drew back the belt and   
let it crack onto Christopher's ass.  He screamed and jumped.  
"Good one!", encouraged Officer Bill.  "You've got it in you,   
now try another one."  I pull back the strap and it landed with a   
crack on the same spot.   Christopher jumped and screamed even louder.  
  
"You're gonna be a  pro!  The reason I know you've got a good   
swing is that you've really got him bucking.  That's the sign you're   
really talking to him!  The screams tell you very little, since they   
usually scream even if it doesn't hurt.  Some psychological effect."  
  
I figured if I did just one more, I could stop, so I swung my   
arm back really fierce and let it rip.  The belt landed a bit lower   
and Christopher really screamed and jumped.  His buttocks were   
flexing a mile a minute.  Through the tears he cried out, "Todd,   
please stop it!"  Bill shouted, "That's the ticket!  Give em another   
one while you got the rhythm going.  It's for his own good."  So I   
let out an even fiercer blow, and Christopher howled.  The girls   
moved in a little closer.  They were now seeing Christopher from the   
front.  Smiles erupted on the faces of all the girls, and we made eye   
contact.  They acknowledged me and giggled.  I was feeling really   
secure, so I figured I'd do one more swat.  I drew back the belt and   
laid it on with an inspired energy, and Christopher bucked so much I   
thought the poles would break.  Christopher's bell was really ringing   
wildly from that last blow, what with him bucking his hips, trying to   
break free, and that caused the girls to giggle in an even sillier   
fashion.  
  
Bill then commented, "The great thing about a cock-belled   
slave is not only does it let his overseers know if he's keeping   
busy, it also lets his disciplinarian know if he's doing a proper job   
whipping him.  A properly whipped slave should be jumping and hopping   
like he's dancing on burning coals.  And with a bell you can hear if   
you're delivering enough force to his backside!"  
  
Bill then advised, "Ok, now move over here to the side of   
him, so you can land more force of the blow on the left buttock now.    
All your first hits concentrated on the right buttock, and you want   
to spread it out over both slave cheeks.  You want to deliver a nice   
ass-balanced beating to your slave.  Make sure you cover every part   
of that naked slave ass."  
  
So I stood to the left side of Christopher, and I could see   
that he was starting to erect.  I took a swing and let a good blow   
land on his left buttock, and Christopher screamed, bucked, and   
erected full hilt. His bell rang wildly, and the girls keep doing   
their giggling thing.  
  
"Ok, let em have a couple really at full force now.  Let's   
see what you can do”, prompted Bill.  I really had no say in the   
matter, since I felt like I would be letting Bill down if I didn't   
try to teach my slave some manners.  
  
By now I was half erect, and when I saw some of the girls   
looking at my crotch, I felt strange.  Suddenly I wasn't embarrassed   
at being erect in this situation.  I was feeling proud, I was   
beginning to feel like a man.  The girls were watching, officers and   
shipping boys were all taking notice, and they all seemed to think I   
was doing a good job.  Pride took over, and finally I just jumped   
into the strapping with full force.  The screams of Christopher,   
mingled with the approving howls of the watchers, inspired me.  And   
as my belting grew more intent and purposeful, my erection grew to   
full parade display status.  I saw the eyes of the girls shifting   
back and forth from Christopher's bouncing, ringing, unit to my   
bulging, straining crotch.  My rod felt like it was made of iron, and   
I was feeling like a man.  It was a totally awesome moment for me.    
To be erect the whole time in front of these four major babes, and   
being able to be proud of it, and to know they thought I was a real   
man.  A real man at last!  
  
After a few more blows my older reality came into focus, and   
for a second I wasn't even sure if I had really done what I had just   
done.  But Officer Bill confirmed it.  "Great job, Todd.  You can let   
him down now or you can leave him hanging there if you want.  Might   
be easier on you to just leave him on display until your transport   
arrives."  He then addressed Christopher, "Boy, you should be ashamed   
of yourself having to get a naked strapping right after graduating   
into your collar.  Are you going to start behaving now, or is your   
friend here going to have to swat your slave ass some more?  It's up   
to you."  
  
Christopher moaned quietly, "I'll be quiet."  
  
"That's a good boy", said Officer Bill as he came up to   
Christopher and straightened his cone hat, which had become lopsided   
during the strapping.  "Let's have you looking real nice and slave   
snazzy!"  He stood back and looked Christopher up and down as he hung   
bared on the poles.  "You're a good looking boy.  You should be a fit   
and snappy slave in a few days, once they get you disciplined up.  I   
think after the first couple of times you're hauled over the Baldwin   
boys' knees for a spanking you'll soon catch on that you really do   
want to be a good boy.   I think you've got in you the makings of a   
genuine quickstepping, eager to please, tractable slave.  I don't   
know how smart you are, but that doesn't make any difference.  You're   
probably here because you didn't do too well in school, right?  Well,   
for what you're going to be doing you don't have to be too smart, in   
fact it would be to your advantage.  You don't have to use your   
mind.  All you have to do is obey.  That is all you have to know;   
how to obey.  Once the boys get you fine tuned I'm sure you'll be   
obeying, complying, serving, and bowing with the best of the team."  
  
Officer Bill then wished me well, nodded his leave, and I   
voiced a quiet, "Thanks a lot for helping me out, sir."  
  
"My pleasure Todd.  I'll be around if you need me."  
  
The post-belting silence was broken by the intercom: "Drudges   
Slit, Geebo, Plaster, and Knob, report to room 32 for ear stapling."  
  
I was suddenly left alone with Christopher, and now I felt   
very awkward.  So I told him, "I'm going to get you some water, dude,   
I'll be right back and let you down."  I needed to get away from him,   
feeling embarrassed at what I had just done to him.  
  
When I got back with the water, I released his wrists and   
told him to pull his pants up.  As he did that I told him that I only   
did what I did because I'm sure it prevented him from having to get   
something a lot worse from one of the experienced guards.  He didn't   
say anything.  I handed him the plastic water bottle, and he had to   
hold his nose ring up with one hand in order to drink.  It was   
painful for me to watch him drink, because he was so ashamed, even   
after all he had been through.  He did not want me to see how he   
would now have to hold his nose ring up and out of the way in order   
to eat or drink.  
  
After he drank the water, I suggested that we go for a stroll   
on the loading dock.  He didn't answer, so I took his leash and gave   
him a tug.  We walked out on the deck.  It was a nice sunny day   
outdoors, and eventually the four girls sauntered over.  "So who is   
the naughty boy?" one of them asked.  "His name is Licker",  I said,   
suddenly getting kind of shy.  Another girl, indicating me, coyly   
asked, "And who is the good boy?"  I blushed and said, "I'm Todd   
Maltsby."  She then replied, "I'm Amy.  You certainly know how to   
handle the strap.  You sure had him bucking around.  You really made   
his weenie bell tinkle!"  All the girls then started laughing, and   
she continued,  "My dad needs some overseer help.  Would you be   
interested?"  "Well, yeah.  I'll will be needing to look for a summer job   
soon.  Sounds like fun", I said, forgetting to ask myself what   
Christopher might be thinking.  
  
"So what are you doing now?” Amy asked.  "I'm just   
delivering Licker here to his owner.  This is his first day as a   
naked lifer hard labor slave."  Three of the girls looked at him with   
some pity, but one of the girls let out an impish, "That's not a bad   
idea.  He looked real good naked."  
  
All the girls giggled as they looked over at the cowed and   
humiliated Christopher.  Christopher's head was bowed, so I gently   
tugged his leash and said,  "Licker, say 'hi' to the girls."    
Defeated, Christopher said, "Hi", without looking up.  The shy girl   
in the back finally spoke up, "No more idling for you, Licker!"  The   
girls giggled dumbly at her remark.  
  
I was feeling strange on the inside.  I was some kind of new   
person.  Suddenly not upset.  And Christopher was looking like a   
different person, also.  He seemed foreign to me; all bald, ringed   
and defeated.

To be continued…

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