**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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