**Christopher Enslaved**

Part Six

By Randall Austin

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Transport to Baldwin/Fletcher

Finally a call came over the intercom for Rooster, Possum,
Tits, Buckles, Licker, and overseers and guests, to report to
position number 8 on the transport loading bay for delivery to
Baldwin/Fletcher.  Amy handed me her dad's card and said, "I sure
hope you give dad a call."  I thanked her and nodded to all the
girls, and looked at their asses one more time as they departed.

I led Christopher out by his leash.  Because the complex was
large and confusing to me, it took me a little while to find loading
bay position number 8.  Christopher was no help with directions, as
he was looking down the entire time, dazed and sniffling.  As we
arrived the other four slaves were already there, but no one else.
They were obviously not freshly enslaved.  But as I came towards them
with Christopher on the leash, they all looked interested.  I nodded
to them and introduced them to Licker and myself.  They were all very
friendly, and as they each nodded they said "hello" to us and
introduced themselves.

Christopher assessed them with an interest.  One appeared to
be around Christopher's age, two were about 30, and another about 40
years old.  They displayed a variety in their hair and body
adornments.  But immediately I noticed two things about them in which
all four of them were similar. They were all fully erect.  Seeing
that made me recall what I had heard an apprentice say earlier in the
preprocessing room, "You can always tell a Baldwin/Fletcher slave,
by the way their lollipops are always straining in their brownies."

And the other way in which they were all similar, and were
also just like Christopher, was that they all were wearing the same
brown slave uniform; ‘Brownies’.  Upon seeing them I knew that the
thing I called my friend on the end of my leash was one of them also,
a slave like them.  And the moment Christopher saw them I think he
finally began to realize that fact.  If Christopher had any doubts he
was a slave, they were beginning to dissolve.

We all stood around, sharing a quiet warmth.  Five brown
uniformed slaves standing around waiting to be told what to do. And I
felt, for a moment, like some benign master.  I began to wonder if I
could ‘make’ them do stuff, but my musings were shattered when
suddenly I saw Dexter and Beamer arriving from the guest holding area.

They both walked up with wide-eyed country boy grins on their
faces, and Christopher seeing them just kept his head down and stood
still.  Dexter dug right in, "Well look at you.  It's the family
slave!"  He and Beamer laughed out loud, but getting no reaction from
anyone, didn't stop Dexter.  "Look at yourself, Licker!  What a total
dork loser you are, bro!  All dressed up in your new wardrobe and
ready for your new life long job!"

As we all stared at one another, the intercom blared the
usual message on the half hour, "Slaves, whether you are exercising
on the treadmill, engaged in shipping room detail, general cleanup
duty, or waiting for transport and delivery, there is to be NO idling
whatsoever on the premises of SBGF.  Be and look alert at all times.
Slaves, we repeat, NO IDLING PERMITTED, WHATSOEVER."

Dexter then repeated the mantra with a broad grin, "You hear
that bro?  There will be no idling for you, whatsoever!"

"Dude!" Beamer chimed in, "I'm sure fuckin glad they got your
hard labor slave clothes on you, cause I sure in the hell don't want
see any more of your ugly pierced dick and ball sack.  It was
disgusting seeing you swinging on that hook."

Dexter rejoined, "Fuck man, you should have seen the look on
your face when you came rolling into that processing room on the
hook.  Total fucking hardwire panic!"

Beamer continued, "Hell, I liked the look on his face when
they were branding him a lot better!"  As they both started to laugh
it up, I was relieved for the first time that day to see two guards
heading towards us.

The transport guards were two young men employed by the
SBGF.  Their uniform was similar to that of the local police, the
only difference being that they had ID tags rather than badges pinned
to their shirt pockets, and the large service belts they wore about
their waists were heavy with ‘implements’.  And although their
presence silenced Dexter and Beamer, I soon realized that they were
all made of the same stuff.

The officer with the name tag of Philip Ilsley, who seemed
only slightly older than Christopher and me, looked at the five
slaves and shouted, "Ok, look smart, slaves!  Come on, stand tall!"
The four slaves quickly stood tall and firm, while Christopher just
raised his head slightly.  Noticing Christopher, he shouted at
him, "What's your name, boy?"  "I'm Christopher."  Officer Ilsley
shook his head and looked at his partner with a smirk.  He then
walked up to me, took the leash from me, and asked, "Who is the slave
at the end of this leash?"

"Sir, his name was Christopher.  He is now Licker." I
answered in an attempt to defuse the tension.

Officer Ilsley went up to Christopher, removed the leash from
his collar, and gave it to me.  As he removed the leash he looked
Christopher up and down, accompanied by parted lips and a half
leering, half hungry, smile.  He clearly relished the authority he
had over slaves.  He then established rapport with me by asking, "How
are you doing?  You holding up through all of this?”  "Oh yes sir, I
am fine, thank you." I replied, touched at his concern.  And while
he was standing next to me as though he was my buddy, he shouted
out, "Ok slaves, line up and look smart!  Stand nice and tall for
me.  While we're waiting for the transport bus to arrive there will
be no idling.  An idling slave is of no use to anyone."  As he shouted
this out all the slaves stood at attention and looked at us.  And
then I saw Christopher, with the others, looking at me and the guard,
doubtless considering me to be no better than the guard who was
standing next to me.

"I want you to get lined up and face towards that wall,
and start an even in sync service gait march to that wall and back.
Now move it!  And keep it up until I tell you to stop."

We stood around in the sun watching the slaves do a useless
march, as the two guards chatted, and Dexter and Beamer talked and
laughed liked idiots among themselves.

After a bit the bored Officer Ilsley decided to pick up the
pace.  "Alright, it’s time to pick up the gait you bald cunts, or
you're going to get a pre-delivery paddling!"  Why I should have had
nothing but contempt for Officer Ilsley and did not, and why my cock
hardened as I saw those five slaves attempt to shuffle even faster, I
do not know.

After about 10 minutes of service gaiting, Officer Ilsley
shouted to the slaves to halt.  He then ordered them to squat down on
their haunches, join their hands in back of their heads, and to start
duck walking in a row.  So the five slaves started duck walking back
and forth across the dock.

The sight of five waddling guys duck walking was kind of
funny.  It made them look like cartoon characters.  Suddenly even
Dexter somehow seemed more respectable to me than those five slaves.

Christopher was having a hard time duck walking, so Ilsley
ordered the line to stop and went up to him.  Christopher was in a
squat position on his haunches with his hands behind his head, like
the other drudges.  Ilsley then took a thin night stick from his
service belt and stuck it into Christopher's nose ring.  He then
starting pulling up on the ring so that Christopher had to turn his
head straight up.  As Ilsley kept pulling up on the nose ring
Christopher was forced to break his teetering squat and stand up.
Once he was standing up tall Ilsley kept forcing the nose ring up,
causing Christopher to have to stand on the tips of his toes.  Ilsley
then taunted, "You aren't too bright, are you Licker?  No wonder your
daddy had to go and have you enslaved.  You probably wouldn't have
been able to even earn a living for yourself."

Dexter chimed in, "Man, you sure got that right!"

"There's only one way to teach a slave to duck walk, and
that's through his ass.  Since your name is Licker, how about I give
you a licking?"  Loud laughter from Dexter and Beamer.  "Get your
pants down to your ankles, now!"  Ilsley pulled his stick out of
Christopher's nose ring and stuck it back in his service belt, and
Christopher looked like he was going to break down in tears again as
he unbuttoned his trousers and took them down to his ankles.  Ilsley
walked to the side of Christopher and pinned his hands behind his
back with his left hand, and with his right hand he took a paddle
from his service belt and gave him one hard smack on the ass. "Are
you going to start behaving?" He asked. Christopher screamed and
shouted, "Yes sir!"  Ilsley then laid on another fierce smack, and
Christopher howled, "YESSS!"  "You going to start being a good
slave?"  A whack and a howl.  "Are you going to start duck walking
with enthusiasm when I let you down?"  Christopher screamed that he
would, and Ilsley ordered him to pull up his trousers and get back in
line.  Then he shouted, "Ok ducks, start marching!  Get a move on! I
want to see some serious moving!  Waddle!"   As the slaves resumed
their duck walking with new vigor, I noticed Christopher was now duck
walking as firm and secure as the other five waddling slaves.

We stood there almost another ten more minutes, watching the
slaves debase themselves.  We were all hard as rocks.  As we watched
the slaves do their duck march a car pulled up and the door opened.
A young processing guard got out of the car and leaned back down to
kiss the female driver.  From inside the car blared loud California
surfing music.  Dexter and Beamer, who had been leaning back against
the wall watching the slaves get humiliated, looked at the car, and
started to react to the music.  There, in front of the duck walking
slaves, Dexter and Beamer started dancing.  Beamer took off his
baseball cap and waved it in the air as he wiggled his hips and knees
in opposite motion.  Dexter meanwhile started bobbing up and down to
the music, shaking his shoulders to the beat.  Both boys glided
happily about, relishing showing off to the slaves that they were
free.  As they danced crazily with wide happy smiles, Dexter grabbed
Beamer's arms and swung him around in Tango style.

Christopher could see the dancing and the smiles, as Officer
Ilsley called out to the dancers, "Nice moves!"

The boys looked up from their dancing to acknowledge Ilsley's
compliment, just as the processing guard parted from kissing his girl
and slammed the car door shut.  Suddenly the music was silenced.

Boarding the Transport Bus

The boys stopped dancing as the car drove away, and soon
afterwards a medium sized yellow and black bus turned the corner and
pulled into the spot by our loading dock.  It looked like a school
bus.  Two casually dressed gentleman got out and came up on the dock
to where we were.  The young man, probably younger than Christopher
and me, had a name and ID tag of Kevin Cornell, and was wearing
Levi’s and a  flannel shirt.  He was clean and handsome looking, but
conveyed the sense of being a two dimensional person.  Like a
catalogue model.  The other man appeared to be late middle aged, fit,
smart in demeanor, and attractive. He also wore Levi’s, but his shirt
and boots appeared to be finer than Kevin's.  His hair was short,
emphasizing both a sense of youth and military correctness.  He bore
no ID or name tag.  He carried two large folders.  He snapped his
fingers at Ilsley, and Ilsley immediately commanded the slaves to
stop their duck walk, stand up and approach the loading platform.

As the slaves approached, the older gentleman asked the tall,
thin, but handsome faced, slave of about 30 years how things went.

"Oh just great!  All I needed was a change of my ear ring,
and a nipple ring removed, and for that I had to hang on the goddamn
hook for almost three hours!"

"You know how Retcher is.  He likes to do everything through
SBGF", the older gentleman replied.

"Well he can suck out my asshole!"

"I thought he already had", chirped the youngest and hairiest
of the slaves.  This was greeted with smiles from all, including both
Kevin and the older gentleman.  All except for Licker.

Ilsley then came forward and called out, "OK, for transport
to the Baldwin/Fletcher estate we have five slaves, each with a
separate job classification.  When I call your name, step forward.
Rooster, classified as a General Purpose Utility Slave; Buckles,
classified as an Infibulated Proctor Slave; Possum, classified as a
Cinched Garden Rooter Slave; Tits, classified as a Cannery Slave; and
Licker, classified as a Ringed Naked Field Slave."
After the slaves stepped forward, Ilsley ordered them in a
rough voice to move toward the bus.  Tits and Licker fell slightly
behind and Ilsley shouted out at them in a most demeaning fashion.

Ilsley looked at Kevin and said, "Boy, I've never seen a
group of slaves so in need of a billy-scrubbing."  Dexter, intrigued,
asked what a ‘billy-scrubbing’ was.  Kevin explained, "Out at
Baldwin/Fletcher we scrub our slaves the same way we do the billy
goats.  We have em get down on all fours in the barn, and we hose the
whole lot of em down at once."

"Wow, can I watch my brother get billy-scrubbed?"

The older gentleman came over and introduced himself to
Dexter and me. "Hello, I'm Joshua Holder, head of the slave compound
at Baldwin/Fletcher.  Our acquisition officer, Trevor Humphries, told
me you three boys would be coming.  Since he's your brother, Dexter,
then you and your friend may join Todd in observing some aspects and
areas of life out at Baldwin/Fletcher not normally available to
visitors."

"Cool!" Replied Dexter.

The slaves by this time were gathered outside the door of the
bus, and Kevin told them to get in and take seats near the back.
Joshua, Christopher, and I, however, got on the bus together, and
Joshua indicated that Christopher and I should take a seat together
in the middle of the bus, with Christopher at the window and Joshua
sitting in the seat across the aisle from me.  I was frightened
getting on that bus, though I hid it from everyone, and I was even
more afraid of having to sit next to a living slab of processed
meat.  In some ways it was hard for me even to look at Christopher.

Kevin took a seat a few seats in back of us, but in front of
the other slaves.  He then took out a book and started to read.  He
read for most of the trip out to Baldwin/Fletcher.  Dexter and Beamer
took seats about three seats ahead of Christopher and me.

Off and On the Way to Baldwin/Fletcher

Joshua signaled to the bus driver, and we pulled away from
the slave processing center almost as soon as we were seated. I was
feeling kind of awkward sitting alone next to Christopher after the
strapping I had given him, and he just stared out the window in
silence.  After only a couple of minutes into our journey Joshua's
cell phone rang and he answered it.  "Hello Arnold.  Yes, we just
boarded the bus and are starting our way back."  After a pause, he
continued.  "He seems to be holding up…. I see…. You want him
ready when we arrive? .... Ok, that will be no problem.  We'll see you
in a bit."

When Joshua got off the phone, he explained, "Licker, the
boys are concerned about you, and feel that if you are able to spend
some time out in the fields today observing the teams at work it will
have a calming effect on you after your hectic day today.  So Arnold
just told me that he wants you field presentable when we get there.
That means we'll have to get all of your clothes off, get you slave-
naked, so we can get you oiled, harnessed, and field ready."

He then picked up a large duffle bag from the front of the
bus and placed it on the two seats in front of him.  "Here Licker, I
have some things for you."  He unzipped the duffle and took out a
blue satchel.  "Here is your lifeline packet.  It contains all the
info you need to get by in your new life.  I know it sort of looks
like a school boy satchel.  But in one important way you are just
like a school boy; from now on you have to obey and do just what
you're told.  Just like a schoolboy.  We can keep the satchel in your
duffle bag for now.  The duffle bag is for your supplies. When you
are naked you are to keep your uniform in the duffle.  The duffle bag
also contains some supplies you will regularly need.  You will find
in it a toilet kit that includes slave oil, a mixture of mineral oil
and sunblock, which all naked field workers must apply to their
entire body, including the face and head.   The boys insist that all
naked field slaves be heavily oiled and glistening.  There are also
several vials of various slave colognes which are to be applied on
the orders of your overseers, as well as various body coloring and
painting supplies.  You will also find in your duffle bag a kit
containing many and varied harness adornments for attachment to your
body harness.  You are free to decorate your harness however you like
on most days.

"Well, you can take your cone cap, uniform and sandals off
now and put them in the duffle."  Christopher removed the cone hat
and let it drop on the floor, but otherwise he didn't move. He stayed
hunched in his seat looking out the window.  "Come on Licker."
Christopher then said quietly, almost to himself, "No".  Joshua
didn't get processor apprentice-like demanding, but went over to
Christopher and gently stood him up and brought him out into the
aisle.  "Let's get your clothes off right now.  It isn't as bad here
as in the processing center.  Here you are with other
Baldwin/Fletcher slaves, your owners' chief overseers, and family and
friends."  As he talked Joshua reached over and started to unbutton
Christopher's shirt.

When it was unbuttoned, Christopher then resignedly removed
it, folded it, and placed it in the duffle bag.  As he did so the
watching Dexter felt a need to remonstrate, "Christopher, you should
be ashamed of yourself not doing what Joshua asks.  He seems like a
real nice guy."

Christopher had had enough of Dexter, and he shouted
out, "Shut the fuck up, you loser creep!  Why don't you get the hell
off this bus, because I don't want to be anywhere near you!"

Joshua put his arm on Christopher's shoulder.  The slaves
started shaking their heads, in commiseration with Christopher's
predicament.  Joshua spoke calmly. "Licker, you never talk back to or
answer a free man with disrespect.  I am sorry, Licker, but such
behavior calls for mandatory punishment in the state of California."
Joshua then went to the front of the bus behind the driver and opened
up a cupboard hanging on the wall that separated the driver from the
passengers.  He took from it what looked like two red colored
cylinders about the size of large soup cans, connected by leather
straps.  He came back to Christopher and pushed him gently down by
the shoulders into the seat ahead of me.  A frown of apprehension
covered Christopher's face as Joshua sat in the seat next to him and
took one of the cylinders and put it over Christopher's left tit.  On
the back end of the cylinder was a plunger knob, which Joshua pulled
out and locked into place.  The cylinder had sucked in Christopher's
tit and the surrounding folds of tissue and forced them against sharp
ridged raised plastic spikes inside the cylinder.  The cylinder
stayed in place from vacuum pressure.  Christopher yelled out in
pain. Joshua quickly applied the right tit cylinder and pulled its
plunger and locked it.  Two broad straps crisscrossing connected the
two cylinders.  Christopher cried and squirmed, as Joshua gathered
and held both of Christopher's arms behind his back.

As Christopher moaned and cried and pleaded, "They hurt,
please take them off!" Joshua looked intently into Christopher's
suffering face.  "I want you to spend a little time in
the 'punishment bra' to consider what it means to be a good boy."
Christopher struggled and yelped out loud, "Please take em off!"

Holding him firmly in place, Joshua asked, "Licker, I
want you to tell me what being a good boy means."

Christopher, crying, answered, "It means doing what I'm told."

"Are you going to start doing what you are told when I remove
your bra?" asked Joshua.

"YESSS!" Screamed Christopher.

"Will you apologize to Dexter when I remove your bra?"

"I promise.  I promise, sir", said Christopher as he wiggled
to get free of Joshua's hold.

"OK then.  I just want you to sit here and feel the
punishment bra a little bit longer."  As Joshua said that his eyes
went intently to the face of the suffering Christopher.  His lips
parted slightly, his gaze intensified, as he observed the facial
contortions.

Joshua waited, one second, two seconds, perhaps no more than
twenty seconds in all, but it seemed like forever.  Finally he
reached up and pushed a button on each cylinder, which released the
plungers.  The punishment bra fell off into Joshua's hand.  "Now
apologize to Dexter."

"I am very sorry, Dexter, really man", said sniffling Christopher as

he looked at his sore breasts, rubbing them with both hands.

"That's OK bro.  That's why I think this could be a good
thing for you.  If you can get with the program, I think it will put
some structure in your life, dude," advised Dexter.  As Dexter said
that he looked at Beamer and both of them smiled hugely.

Joshua then put his arm around Licker and said, "I'm really
sorry I had to do that, I want you to know that.  But you have to
behave from now on.  Will you promise me that?"  Christopher could
not answer, but rather just nodded his head up and down, and then he
started to cry, sitting on the bus seat, bald and snotty nosed.  His
crying grew in intensity and soon he was bawling like a baby.
Finally he turned toward Joshua and threw his arms around his neck.

After a while, Joshua spoke quietly. "It is really very easy
to avoid punishment.  Just do what you're told to do, as soon as you
are told.  My job is to teach you how to do that.  I want you to know
I care about you, and all of the slaves very much.  You can ask
them.  It pains me, as well as the Baldwin boys, to see any of the
slaves punished."

Getting Slave-Naked and Field Ready

"Now let's get you ready for field display.  We need you to
get slave-naked, so let's get the rest of your clothes and your
sandals off and put them into your duffle bag."  Christopher's
instinctive modesty made him turn his back to us as he stood and
removed his clothing.  When he was bare, Joshua handed him a bottle
of slave body oil and told him to start applying it, first to his
arms and shoulders.  As Christopher, standing in front of us,
awkwardly and self consciously started to apply the slave oil to his
naked body, all eyes were on the sniffling, awkward, self conscious
new slave, who was finally starting to do what he was told.

Dexter was impressed.  "Wow, Joshua, could I get some of that
sunblock body oil?  My dad and I are going to Maui next week.  I'll
be hanging out on the beach for two weeks, and I'm gonna need some
sunblock."  Suddenly remembering something, Dexter turned to Beamer
excitedly. "Wow dude.  I just remembered.  Christopher was supposed
to be going with us to Hawaii, but because he now has other
commitments, dad told me I could bring anyone along I wanted to, to
take his place.  You wanna go to Hawaii, dude?"

"Fuck man, would I ever!"

"Then you're on dude!  It's gonna be two weeks of hangin at
the beach!  I bet gettin our bodies all shiny like that sure will
attract the chicks!"

"Neat! Let's get us some of that slave oil!"

Joshua then instructed Christopher to apply the oil a little
more thickly than he had been, and explained that at the farms the
slaves help each other out in applying the oil.  "Todd", he
asked, "would you like to help oil up your friend's backside?"

I was happy to have the opportunity to actually help out, so
I stood in back of Christopher and applied the oil to his backside
and buttocks.  As I rubbed the oil into my enslaved friend's
backside, he felt like a docile animal.  He felt like a slave.  When
I had coated his backside I stood over him as he stooped down to oil
his feet, legs, and thighs.  His buttocks were sticking out and the
thought came to me that he was a slave now and those buttocks were
for spanking, and I had an almost irresistible urge to smack him.

When Christopher had finished his legs he stood up straight
and Joshua explained, "Arnold and Retcher really like to see super
polished slave domes, so Todd, if you would care to help some more,
please oil up Licker's head.  Do everything; the dome, the face, the
ears, the nose, and the chin.   The boys like to see very shiny slave
heads."  So I took the bottle of slave oil and squeezed a bunch onto
the top of Christopher's head, while he stood still with his arms
extended slightly from his sides, and I rubbed it in all over with
both hands.  Christopher's head felt good as I rubbed the oil in.  I
know he enjoyed the sensation too.  I very gently rubbed it all over
his face.  He closed his eyes, and he felt warm.  I got his ears,
nose, eyes, lips, cheeks, and chin.  Christopher stood still, accepting

his oiling.  I had never helped get a slave ready for field labor before,

but it was feeling good to me.

When I had finished I backed away slightly so I could look
Christopher over.  It was obvious that he was oiled everywhere except
for his genitals.  A single word from Joshua that they had to be
oiled also got the shy Christopher polishing up every part of his
newly shaved slave sex unit, in front of us all.  I could see that my
friend was learning how to obey.

As Joshua went to the front of the bus to get a harness,
Dexter whispered, "Hey Chris, who's the loser creep now?  Huh, bro?"
Christopher said nothing. I gave a disgusted frown to Dexter, and
Christopher, seeing that, smiled slightly at me.

Joshua came back with some harness gear.  He took the biggest
piece and slipped it over Christopher's head.  It consisted of a two
inch wide leather tear drop shaped strap hung about the neck.  From
the base of the tear drop strap, about midway between Christopher's
tits, a single strap ran down to his belly button, and from there two
straps ran off and connected in the back, encircling his waist.  At
both sides of the back of the waist a strap ran down and encircled
Christopher's thighs, and these straps came up around the front of
each leg and fastened to each side of the waist belt.  All along the
length of the harness were little fastening points for the
decorations in Christopher's duffle bag.  Joshua then gave
Christopher eight garters, and these he was instructed to put on
above and below both elbows and knees.

When he got the garters on, Joshua took out a strange looking
head piece and placed it on Christopher.  It was awesome, but also
kind of funny.  It was a half-inch blue band that went about his
head.  Affixed to the back of the band were three large brightly
colored foot high plumes that went up and flared out.  They were
parrot colored and made me think of a cockatiel.  I looked over at
Dexter and Beamer and saw them almost doubling over with laughter.
Joshua looked at them and asked, "Could you two please try to
keep it down?", as he reached down to Christopher's penis and removed
the cock bell.  He took the miniature bell and attached it instead to
Christopher's left nipple ring.  He took out another, similar sized
bell and attached it to his right nipple ring.  He then took out
Christopher's ‘adornment’ kit from his duffle bag and opened it.
There on top of all the other various decorative pieces was a large
bell.  This he took out and attached to Christopher's penis ring.  It
hung from a little chain about two inches in length.  The bell itself
was an almost three-inch cylindrical metal object, so it hung rather
low between his legs.  It must have been quite heavy, for it tugged
down Christopher's penis.  And it could be heard.  It didn't tinkle,
it clanged!

Dexter and Beamer could not control themselves, so they went
up to the front of the bus and sat down, giggling and snickering.

Joshua then asked Christopher to see how creative he could
be.  He told him to select ornaments from his kit and to decorate
himself and his harness.  Christopher, who was almost rigid from
embarrassment and shame, just looked down at the large adornment kit.
Understanding his predicament, Joshua knelt down and took several
ornaments and attached them at various points along the harness.  He
hung some slender silver wind chimes from both of Christopher's ear
rings, and put various metal stars and designs on the harness.   When
he had finished he closed and packed everything away into the duffle
bag, got up, stood back, looked at Christopher, and said, "You look
fantastic!  The boys will be pleased.  Very pleased!  What do you
think, Todd?"

"I think he looks great, Joshua."  I was not kidding.  It was
overwhelming.  A heavily oiled, harnessed, collared, gartered,
plumed, ringed, belled, and tinseled slave ready for labor in the
fields!  He was more like an animal.  Shiny and naked.  A naked
animal in front of us clothed humans.  Standing dumbly in the bus
like a beast of burden, waiting to be told what to do next.

And Joshua told him.  "OK, Licker.  You do look fantastic.
Now let's train you so you walk as fantastic as you look.  I want you
to refine your service gait.  Usually the apprentices at SBGF try to
get in a little gait training with new slaves, but they are so
disorganized there."  From the back of the bus Buckles
shouted, "You're telling us!"  Joshua laughed, and then continued his
instructions.  "All right, Licker, put your arms akimbo, and bring
your elbows slightly forward.  Good.  You keep your arms in that
position at all times.  Now slide one foot forward, and stop it.
When your foot is stopped, you slide your next foot forward.  You
move only one foot at a time!  Best to slide your feet, but never
bring your foot higher than an inch off the ground.  Now I want you
to practice the service gait here in the bus.  Go up and down the
aisle and let's see if you can develop some speed."

Christopher faced forward.  His head was down, looking at his
feet, and he began to walk the service gait.  The halting movement of
the steps caused his penis to wiggle, his bell to clang, his smaller
bells and chimes to tinkle, and his head plumes to sway.  As he
shuffled forward towards Dexter and Beamer they were looking back at
him with broad grins.  Dexter got out of his seat, took out a small
camera, and knelt down in the aisle on one knee.  He looked through
the finder and started clicking away as Christopher approached him
doing the slave service gait.

Joshua called out, "OK, Licker.  Your head has to be raised
proudly, looking forward."   Christopher raised his head and kept
walking.  Dexter rose to get back into his seat just before
Christopher reached the front of the bus.  As he sat down, Dexter
said to his brother, "Cool, you look dog perfect, bro!"  Christopher
ignored the remark, and when he reached the front of the bus he
turned around and started his gait back down the aisle, still holding
his head high.  Joshua said to me, "It's really great to see him
obeying, isn't it?  And look.  He actually looks proud as he does the
service gait."  I had to agree.  "Yes, I'm very happy to see that", I
said.

 It was fascinating to me, almost beyond belief, to see my
friend thus transformed.  Only yesterday I was mildly envious of
Christopher, of his superior good looks, his body being trimmer than
mine, his easy going personality that won him many friends.  And I
had never gotten a really good look at his cock.  We were able to
compare each other's equipment only in brief glances at the gym
shower.  We both were modest.  Now he could not be modest.  All of
his privacy and modesty through the years had been undone.  Nothing
left to hide, nothing left to protect.  Now everything about him was
on display.  Not only on display but oiled and decorated.  And of
what use would his great charm be to him now?  Does a parade animal
need a winning personality?

There was my friend marching naked up and down the aisle of
the bus, obeying orders.  Turned into a docile animal dumbly doing
what he was told.  On display for all the gawkers.  And he had
accepted it now.  There he was obeying.  Marching up and down with
his arms akimbo, sliding his feet instead of walking.  Doing what he
was told.  He obviously was an animal.  Why else would he be doing
what he was doing, oiled up and decorated like a fool?

Joshua broke my thoughts, "Good Licker, just smooth that gait
out and you'll make a very nice presentation for the boys.  Very nice
indeed.  Now keep your elbows pointing slightly more forward, stick
your chest out a little more, and raise your head just a little
higher!  Good boy, that's the way!  Todd and I are both glad to see
you readily obeying.  We're proud of you, and we want you to know
that."  Christopher kept doing the gait, not looking at Joshua as he
spoke.

To be continued…

For more of Randall Austin Stories, Please visit the Randall Austin Archive Group. While it does not yet contain all of Randall’s stories [it will eventually], it gathers the stories in one convenient location.

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>