**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…

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