**Christopher Enslaved**

Part Seven

By Randall Austin

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Quick Stepping

Joshua then called out to Kevin Cornell, who was seated in
back of us, and asked him what he thought.  Kevin put down his book
and stood up from his seat, stretching out a bit as he did so, and
leaned into the seat ahead of him.  "He looks real good.  And I'm
glad to see he learns quickly.  If there was any more trouble from
him on the bus I was going to recommend fitting him with a choke
halter and screws, and then having him spend the night in alligator
braces."

"Good suggestion, Kevin.  But look at him going to town!  He
is already doing the service gait like he aims to please!"  A pained
look of shame accompanied by tears ran down Christopher's face as he
listened to their exchange.  Whether or not Christopher knew what
choke halters, screws, and alligator braces were, he at least knew
there were enough bad things with bad names that were done to slaves
and that it would be best to avoid them.  As he continued to do his
slave walk up and down the aisle of the bus, he did so with renewed
vigor, despite the tears.

Kevin kept his eye on the marching Christopher for some
time, and then called out, "Step bright and lively, boy.  Let's see
a smile now.  Atta boy!"  After a bit. "In an ideal service gait the
feet are kept apart 13 inches.  Let's see you try that.  Get em apart
a little wider.  OK.  A little wider still.  Atta boy!  Now you're
learning!  OK, chest out a little more, belly in, and groin thrust
out a bit.  And keep standing tall.  But don't upset the smoothness
of your gait.  Keep the legs pistoning at a constant even pace.
That's better.  Keep it bright.  Keep it lively.  Come on, give me a
bigger smile.  Atta boy!"

The very thought of someone like Kevin, younger and doubtless
half as smart or gifted as Christopher, having such control over my
friend bothered me at the same time as it firmed my dick.

Kevin offered an appraisal. "He's going to be a real 'quick
stepper’, and that kind of product is always a producer for its
owners."  Dexter and Beamer had turned around and had been watching
the proceedings from the front of the bus. Dexter asked Kevin what
a ‘quick stepper’ was.

Kevin answered, as Christopher walked back and forth past
them.  "Well, imagine if your dad instructed you to pick up that
scrap of paper from the aisle.  You might or might not pick it up,
depending on your mood.  But before this evening is over, if I were
to ask Licker to pick that paper up, he would not only pick it up but
he would scramble as fast as he could to pick it up.  That's the
difference between you and a slave.  We're going to be turning Licker
into what we call a 'quick stepping' slave, one that's eager to
please.  He's going to be like a little puppy dog, looking up at his
master or overseer to make sure they're happy."

"Cool" came from both Dexter and Beamer.

Hearing a kid younger than I am talk about Christopher as
though he was merchandise to be used was terribly embarrassing to me,
and humiliating to Christopher.  It was even more so when Kevin gave
his next command. "Licker, you see that scrap of paper in the
aisle at the front of the bus?"  Christopher replied, "Yes
sir."  "Well, pick it up and bring it back here and hand it to Todd."

Christopher made his way to the front of the bus, picked up
the scrap of paper, service gaited back to my seat, and handed it to
me.  I took it, and Kevin continued his assessment.  "Not bad.  But
not quite right either, not for a lifer hard labor product.
Licker, we're going to have you try that again."  With that
Kevin took the paper from my hand, crumpled it up, and threw it to
the front of the bus, like a man tossing something for a dog to fetch.

"All right, dude!" Celebrated Dexter.
"Licker; Joshua, Todd, and I want you to go pick that piece
of paper up again, only this time when I give the command you are to
service gait as quickly as possible, keeping your elbows forward,
your chest proudly out, and your head held high. And we want to see
you do that as though your only goal in the world were to pick up
that piece of paper with as much speed and energy as possible,
because you wanted to please us.  You do want to please us.  You want
to make us happy.  And we will be happy if we can see that you are
happy yourself and truly eager to please us.  When I give the
command, we all want to see you scrambling to pick up the paper and
return it to us.  We want to see a bright, eager to please, quick
stepping, and smiling slave."

"But before you go pick that piece of paper up, let me show
you something."  Kevin took an object from his kit on the floor.  The
object looked like a little hand-held enema, only it had a very long,
thin nozzle on it, and one inch down from the tip was a concave
flange about an inch and a quarter in diameter.  "See this device?
We call it the 'energizer’.  This low-tech little tool gets high-tech
performance out of any slave I have to use it on.  It's sort of an
enema for the penis.  It flushes laziness out of a slave's piss
slit.  Licker, if you bring that paper scrap back here, and Joshua or
Todd or I think that you didn't do it with enough enthusiasm and a
nice enough smile, then I am going to have to place the flange of
this device over your penis knob, and it will guide the nozzle nicely
into your piss slit.  I will then squeeze the bulb, and voila!  Your
slit will be rinsed out with pure alcohol.  And let me tell you,
once I squeeze that plunger you will have no choice but to move.  You
will be tearing up and down these aisles like Superman.  You will
have no choice but to move with the greatest of speed.  And without a
rinsing, you will be in pure agony for at least half an hour."

"Licker, you have a choice.  Either pick up that piece of
paper like a proud slave, or else I'm going to have to 'energize'
you.  OK boy, go pick that scrap of paper up and get it back to Todd
as fast as you can.  Go to it, boy!"

With that Christopher tore into his task.  The sawing motion
of his legs as he tried to speed up the service gait was comical,
especially as it really got his cock swinging, his bell clanging, and
his plumes swaying.  He snatched the paper up in an instant, and as
he turned around to return it to us I noticed that indeed his head
was held high, he had a smile on his face that was only slightly
defiant, and his chest was proudly out.  He stopped in front of us
and handed me the paper.

Joshua and Kevin both complimented Licker with genuine
pleasure. "Good boy!" "Nice work, Licker!"  And Christopher actually
seemed pleased.  I felt that I should help support him, so I
said, "That was great! Really good work."  And Dexter joined in
too. "The family slave is doing dad and me proud!", though his
remarks were ignored by all of us, except Christopher, who bowed his
head as he heard Dexter's voice.

As young Kevin rubbed his chin, acting like some well
seasoned veteran of slave dealing, he looked Christopher up and down
appraisingly.  "Yes, I like it.  I really like it.  I suspect once we
actually get him out and field-test him, he'll need some tweaking.
He'll probably need some endurance motivating, perhaps a few sessions
with the 'ambassador’.  Maybe I'll need to emplace a couple of spurs
on his inner thighs for a few days.  Or maybe just a day or two in
the 'field corset' is all he'll need.  It's hard to say.  But I
definitely like this product.  It's precisely the kind of product
Baldwin expects when paying top dollar."

"What is most amazing is that Licker has only been off the
hook for a couple of hours, and we've only had to apply minimal
corrective."  Then turning to Christopher, Kevin continued, "So as
you can see, Licker, it is quite easy to avoid punishment.  Take the
slaves in back, for instance.  I don't think any one of them has had
a serious punishment in years.  Maybe one or two have had a face
slapping for back talk, and Possum had to get his crotch fitted with
the 'groin tickler' for a few hours a couple of months ago (laughter
from the slaves in back) for wetting his pants, but nothing serious."

"I have, of course, many options out at Baldwin/Fletcher for
motivating product such as Licker.  But my preferred method is
through this department."  As Kevin said that, he grabbed
Christopher's sex unit with his left hand, deftly separating the cock
from the balls, all the while hefting Christopher's equipment like he
was some dumb farm animal as he continued with his explanation.
Christopher could only stand there and let young Kevin treat him and
talk about him like he was a prize steer on display at the county
fair.  "Dealing with a slave through this department I find the most
direct way to 'talk' to him.  It's a language they all understand.
And because I keep most of the young field bucks like Licker slave-
naked, this department is always easily available."

"Most drudges at Baldwin/Fletcher, in fact, think of this
part of their bodies as their master's service and control center.
In fact, you will notice out at the farms that when an overseer is
around a slave, the bucks that have the least to fear, who know they
have been on good behavior, will proudly thrust their hips even more
forward in salute than required as an overseer passes.  It's sort of
the slave saying, 'I know I am pleasing you, master, and have nothing
to fear’."

"The other good thing about my preferred methods of
chastisement is that because of our enforced chastity policy out at
Baldwin/Fletcher; because a chaste slave is a purposeful slave and any
slave in need of corrective measures is easily erectable.  An erect
penis is a lot easier to work with, providing a greater workable
surface.  Getting any of the various punishment devices delivered or
emplaced is relatively simple.  So a young oiled buck like Licker,
when slave-naked and field-ready, can be easily and fully controlled
by me."

"I mainly stay with my preferred methods because I deal with
so much product out at Baldwin/Fletcher that I just don't have the
time to use a lot of the other, more traditional methods.  But simple
devices such as the 'energizer' and the 'excruciator' really save me
a lot of time and make my work out at the farm a lot easier.  And I
think the slaves really appreciate my no nonsense approach."

He then let go of Christopher's unit, but he continued to
fill us in on policy matters. "For less serious offenses there are
other methods, of course, although I hate having to chain a slave to
the 'hamster wheel' in the evening during what should be his time of
rest and relaxation.  But an orderly estate demands such things as
slaves keeping their sleeping areas spotless, keeping their slave
diaries and punishment books up to date, maintaining cheerful
dispositions, thrusting their pelvises out in a proper salute every
time an overseer gets within eight feet of them, keeping their bodies
well polished and oiled,  keeping their nipples properly rouged for
all display events, and making sure that solid erections are
maintained during the 'Changing of the Slave Team Ceremony' out in
the fields, especially since it's a major tourist attraction and such
an important part of the Baldwin/Fletcher image."

Then, addressing everyone, Kevin continued, "It's Joshua's
and my job to help make sure that Licker doesn't earn the
nickname 'Spank Boy' around the compound.  It's our job to ensure,
really, that he avoids punishment through good behavior.  As you can
already see, he's well on his way toward being a 'quick stepper’.
Well, I hope I answered any questions you may have been thinking of,
boys."

"Yes sir.  Thank you, sir," Dexter and Beamer replied.

Kevin commanded Licker to get back to practicing his service
gait, took out his book, and sat back down to read, but Dexter and
Beamer immediately came to ask for a closer look at the ‘energizer’.
Kevin showed it to them, and they examined it wide-eyed.  He told
them that the same thing was called an 'excruciator' when it was
filled with bleach, and was used on slaves who couldn't take
whippings.  Both boys winced and grabbed their crotches; then they
went to their seats at the front of the bus and were a little quieter
from that point on, at least until a few moments later, when Joshua
called out, "Tits, I have to take a piss."

Tits, a slave dressed in brown shorts and sandals only, and
displaying a fine developed chest with dark large nipples, came up to
Joshua's seat and knelt down, gathered his hands behind his back,
tilted his head way back, looking almost straight up, and opened his
mouth very wide.  Joshua got up and unzipped his slacks.  He stood in
front of Tits, took his cock out, and dropped it into Tits' open
mouth.  Tits' lips sealed around Joshua's dick, and after a moment
Joshua let it rip. Tits was skilled; I could hear a steady
swallowing as Joshua peed.

I was stunned and so was Christopher, who stopped his
service gait to watch. Dexter and Beamer stood up at their seats in
front and turned around to watch, open mouthed.  We all stared at
Joshua as he peed into the slave's mouth in front of us.  Joshua
noticed our curiosity, but it didn't seem to embarrass him. He simply
explained in a casual voice as he continued to pee into Tits'
mouth, "When slaves are away from Baldwin/Fletcher, whether on
errands or in transport, they serve as urinals for each other and
their overseers.  Fresh piss is not only sterile, it is healthy.  We
call it 'slave mouthwash’."

Joshua had finished peeing, and Tits did a noisy sucking of
Joshua's prick to get the last piss out of the slit.  Joshua then
nodded 'OK’, Tits opened his mouth, and Joshua took his cock and
stuffed it back into his pants.  He sat back down, and Tits went
happily back to his fellow slaves.

Kevin saw that Christopher was transfixed by this spectacle,
so he called out, "Licker, I need to take a piss too.  Come back here
and kneel down.  I'll show you how we do this."  Dexter and Beamer
couldn't believe how good the show was getting; their eyes widened
even more.

Christopher looked like he would cry at any second as he made
his way to Kevin and knelt in the aisle beside him.  Kevin got up and
instructed him. "OK, hands in back.  Now look straight up at me.
Atta boy!  Open your mouth, nice and wide. Wider. Come on, wider
than that!"  Christopher looked absolutely terrified as Kevin
unzipped his slacks and reached his hands inside.  He pulled out a
large, sweaty looking, uncut cock.  It wasn't completely flaccid, but
neither was it even half erect.  He lowered the tip into
Christopher's mouth and told him to gently seal it with his lips.
Christopher did so, starting to cry a little.  Kevin joked, "Hey,
there's nothing to cry about when you're taking this thing in your
mouth.  Just ask Rooster."  Laughter erupted from the slaves in back,
which did nothing to ease the devastated Christopher.

"OK, I'm just going to let out a few spurts so you can get
the feel of it.  We don't want to soil the bus here, so take it all
and make sure you keep it in your mouth and swallow."  Christopher
backed his head away, and Kevin's cock came out of his mouth.  Kevin
picked up a tawse from his seat, gently put it to Christopher's back,
and with it guided him back to an upright kneeling position.  Keeping
the tawse on Christopher's back, he instructed, "Let's try it again.
Look up at me now.  Good boy.  Now I want you to look right at the
eye of my cock.  Come on, look right into my piss slit.  See, it's
not going to bite you.  Now smile at it.  I want to see a big smile.
I want to see a happy urinal boy sucking my juice.  I want you
looking real pretty and inviting.  Give me a big smile now.  There
you go!  That wasn't so hard, was it?  Now smile as you look at my
dick staring at you."  Kevin had his hands on his pecker and was
making swirling motions with it above Christopher's face. Christopher's

eyes dutifully followed the piss slit.

Kevin continued the lesson. "One of the mantras in your slave
mantra book is, 'It is a joy to drink the urine of my betters’.  And
that's what I am, your better.  Now open your pretty mouth nice and
wide." Christopher opened, and Kevin stuck his dick back into
it.  "Now seal it.  Good boy.  Feels good, too.  Now I'm just going
to let out a few spurts.  Ok, take it!"  I could see that Kevin was
discharging piss in spurts, as he watched Christopher gag slightly.
But Christopher managed to swallow the first dose.  "Good boy.  I'm
going to send you a little more now, so let's see how you do."  Kevin
peed what looked like a good load, and Christopher was wolfing it
down, doing fast gulping swallows, as his eyes stayed wide open,
looking into the face of his pisser.  Kevin let him swallow
completely what he had before sending more down his throat.  Kevin
seemed to be a benign pisser.  As Christopher swallowed the last of
his piss it seemed that he and Kevin had made very intense eye
contact, which was not broken when Dexter shouted, "Yeah, take it
all, bro!"

"OK, Licker, now I want you to suck it dry."  Christopher
made a few quiet sucks on Kevin's dick, but it obviously wasn't the
correct method. "Licker, when you suck I want to hear a real heavy
sucking slurping sound.  Now try it.  Good start. Make it noisy, now,
so everyone can hear you sucking." Christopher made obscene sucking
slurping sounds as Kevin's tawse rested on his back.  "Good.  Now
make it even louder, so Dexter and Beamer can you hear you sucking
out my juice, way at the front of the bus." Christopher's sucking
grew even louder and slurpier. Dexter shouted out, "We can hear it,
dude!"

Kevin complimented Christopher on his suck action. "Good
work!  Real good work, boy! And feels real good, too. Arnold and
Retcher are going to like that!" Then he pulled out his dick, which
had hardened to half mast, gave Christopher a tissue, and ordered
him to wipe it dry. Christopher did so, and when he was finished
Kevin stuffed his rod back into his pants. Kevin seemed completely
unconcerned that using the urinal had made him hard.  He sat back
down and said to Licker, "That little snack you just had should put
a little finesse into your service gait, so get back to it boy, and
let's see if we can notice an improvement."  Kevin sat back down with
his book, and as Christopher got up, our eyes made contact.  We both
knew then that he was truly a slave, and would be doing such slave
things for the rest of his life.  When our eye contact broke, Christopher

resumed his service gait up and down the aisle of the bus.

A New Slave and A New Slaver

For the most part, the other slaves seated in the back of the
bus weren't paying very much attention to the proceedings, but were
absorbed with their own reading or quiet chatting.

As Christopher continued to practice his service gait, one
step at a time, the sound of his bell ringing and his trinkets
tinkling was interspersed only with his sniffles.

The bus rolled on through the countryside, and after about 10
minutes Joshua called out, "Licker, you have the service gait down
very nicely.  I'm proud of you.  I know the boys will enjoy it.  So
why don't you come and sit next to your friend for the rest of the
trip."

So Licker came and sat next to me, and at first he didn't
seem to be any happier doing that than practicing his service gait.
I didn't want to get slave oil on my clothes, but I also didn't want
to pull away like I was afraid him, so I sat still.  It was awkward.
I didn't know what to say, and he apparently didn't either, or else
he had nothing he wanted to say to me.  So we sat in silence for a
long while.  I could look sideways and see his lap, and his shaved
and oiled pubes, and his belled dick that lay on the seat between his
legs.  I could see his slave piss slit, which if the stories were
true, would be used only for emitting piss from now on.  Just a few
weeks ago we had shared jack off stories, and Christopher had emailed
me his top ten jerk off sites on the internet.  There would be no
internet sex sites for Christopher out at Baldwin/Fletcher.

It was hard to believe that this parade-ready beast of burden
sitting next to me just last week was asking how to fend off the
advances of some girl he had met at a bar and had had an affair with
behind the back of his girlfriend, Katherine.
When I heard him sniffle again, I realized that whatever
strange things were happening to me regarding this slave thing, he
was my beloved friend, and finally I spoke.  "Christopher……"
Joshua heard that from across the aisle, and spoke to me. "Pardon me,
Todd, but his name is Licker."

"Licker", I said, "I have not been helpful.  I was awful. I am, maybe, a coward."

"No, you aren't, Todd", he said through the tears.

That brought peace to my heart.  It brought quiet to my
churning insides to hear Licker say that he did not think I was a
monster.  Then I started, "Licker, I am so sorry for what has…"
but in mid sentence I broke down.  In a rush I embraced my friend,
and started to cry as I had never cried before in my life.  I didn't
care that I got oil on my clothes, that I was crying like a baby, or
that I was feeling so warm towards my friend that I almost wanted to
fondle his slave dick.

We remained embraced for a long time, and for most of that
time we both were crying.  After a while, still embracing, I told him
of my concern, speaking quietly in his ear.  "Licker, I don't want to
see them hurting you anymore.  It hurts me very much to see them do
that shit to you.  Dude, will you promise me you're going to do what
they say, and behave?  Please!  I care about you, man." Licker could
only sniffle like a schoolboy and nod his head up and down.  "Just
start behaving and do whatever they tell you, whatever they want.
When I come back to visit you I want to see you as content and
carefree as those slaves in the back of the bus.  OK?  Will you
promise me you're going to be good and do what you're told?"  Licker
shook his head up and down some more, still sniffling.  "Just do
whatever they say.  Just follow Joshua and Kevin's orders.  They seem
like two real nice guys.  They know what's best for you.  Do whatever
they tell you.  If they want your bed area clean, make sure it is.
That doesn't sound too difficult.  Keep a cheerful disposition for
your masters, and learn that pelvis salute.  Keep your nipples rouged
or whatever just the way they want you to.  You've got to start
obeying your masters for your own good, Licker.  Will you do that for
me?"  Licker nodded and sniffled some more.

It felt good holding him.  He felt like a naughty wayward
brother who was now promising to obey.  But as I remained locked in an
embrace with the naked Licker, his plumes bobbing above us, his ear
ring chimes against my cheek, the odor of antiseptic still on him
from the processing center, his tit bells occasionally jingling, his
dick subtly changing size, shape and position, a feeling I had felt
on and off throughout this strange day was coming back to me, only
this time stronger than ever before.  Fearfully strong.  It was a
feeling that I wanted to slap him, to reinforce what I had just
whispered in his ear, to make sure that he had truly learned to obey.

He was, after all, a slave and needed punishment, and I
wanted to do it.  I wanted to slap the face of my friend, whom I
truly loved and cared for, slap it hard and make him cry.  I wanted
to order him around.  I wanted to humiliate him.  I looked down his
back from our embrace and saw the curve of his ass.  I wanted to
spank his slave ass.  I wanted to push him around.  I wanted to make
him do my work while I sat back and drank iced tea.  I wanted to put
him to some demeaning task.  I wanted to punish him for his own
good.  My dick was hard as a rock as I comforted Licker with my
embrace.  My naked, ringed and harnessed, parade ready, slave oiled,
drudge friend had just promised me he was going to obey, but you
can't believe a slave.  They need bossing around full time, and I
wanted to do it!

My thoughts continued, so new to me, and yet so wild.  I
wanted him to know that I could go out at will and pick up chicks,
bring them home, and fuck them, and he could not.  And he never would
be able to do that ever again.  I wanted to rub it in, that I was
free, and he was not.  For the rest of his life, he had to do
whatever he was told to do.  And while he was slaving away Saturday
mornings in the field, I would be checking out his favorite internet
porn sites.  For him there would be no juicing off.  No more rocking
himself off.  Slave boys at Baldwin/Fletcher don't get to do that
kind of shit.  My dick will be giving me lots of pleasure; your dick
is now nothing but an attachment for your bell to alert your
overseers if you are working hard enough.

My friend, whom I loved, was a shaved and oiled, cockatiel
plumed, trinket adorned, harnessed, sniffling slave.  He would find
his pleasure from now on not in academics and the flesh, but in
proudly displaying a glistening body, a thrust-out chest, and a head
held high, for the pleasure of his owners.

And if Kevin was correct, he was going to be a real ‘quick
stepper’ in no time.  Yes, Licker, make sure you keep your masters
happy.  Smile, let them see your cock swinging happily in the fields,
and keep your baby sniffling to yourself at night in your slave
quarters.  You don't want to displease your masters, do you?

Get up early and decorate your harness real nice for your
masters and all the tourists who will come by to watch you toil.
Practice that service gait when you have free time.  You need to make
Joshua and Kevin and the Baldwin boys happy.  And never mind that
Kevin is even younger than you are, and able to boss you around with
total control.  Remember, you have to do what you're told to do from
now on, like a school boy forever.  You are a slave now.

Finally, we broke from our embrace and sat back in our seats,
and he took my hand just as I was reaching for his.  As we sat
quietly, holding hands, watching the fields roll by, I thought of
all the discussions Licker and I had had about slavery.  How we used
to wonder how it ever happened that slavery returned.  As I sat there
holding the hand of my beloved slave friend, whom I wanted to slap, I
finally realized how it had been possible.  I realized this as my
erection, safely hidden from view in my trousers and by my free arm
in my lap, pulsed with a life of its own.  Pulsed like an asp wanting
to jump up and bite Licker by surprise.

And if earlier throughout the day I had been both repelled
and mystified by my own fascination with the world of slavery, my
repulsion was overcome when I noticed Dexter and Beamer at the front
of the bus yapping away like two beer guzzling red necks at a
football game.  It was now clear to me why I had to pursue my budding
interest in slavery.

It was justice itself calling me to pursue it, calling me to
go and do volunteer spankings on young adult night at the slave
processing center.  It was justice calling out that the likes of
Dexter and Beamer, sadists and misfits, who were attracted to slavery
for evil reasons, should be balanced out with the likes of me, sober
and fair, who would pursue slavery out of love.  The unspoken voice
of the slaves was calling for beneficent masters whose first regard
was truly the welfare of the slaves.  I may want to whip a slave like
Licker, but if I were to do so, it would be out of love.  The slaves
needed me.  On that day I vowed that I would be there for them.  I
would become a slaver, so that the ranks of slavers might be
infiltrated with ones such as me, men who saw slaves through the eyes
of holy love, and cared with rare ferocity that justice and fairness
find a voice in the encampments of slaves.

I vowed, also, that day, that when I obtained my first whip I
would carry it proudly, for it would be a whip that lashed out love,
and any slave who felt it would know for certain that he was cared
for, that he was loved, and that all was well with the world.

To be continued…

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