**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…

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>