**Christopher Enslaved**

Part Eight

By Randall Austin

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Todd Visits Licker  
  
My first visit out to the Baldwin/Fletcher Farms since  
Christopher had been enslaved could only be arranged  
two months later, in June.   I was busy with  
final exams in college, and the days when I  
happened to be available turned out to be, according to  
Joshua Holder, head of the slave compound at  
Baldwin/Fletcher, days when Licker (the former  
Christopher) was not free for visits.    
  
Finally a date was set for the second week of my  
summer vacation.  I drove out to Baldwin/Fletcher in  
my dad's graduation present to me, a new Jeep  
Wrangler.  I was allowed to visit at 11 AM on a  
Tuesday.  For the visit they were letting Licker off  
from field duty an hour early, and they were  
going to let us have lunch together before Christopher  
had to return to the fields at 1 PM.  I arrived at  
quarter to 11 and Trevor Humphries, the Baldwin boys'  
chief overseer and advisor, met me.  He was very  
friendly to me and inquired about my studies and my plans  
for the summer.  I told him that after my visit  
I was going to be spending the rest of the day at the  
beach with my buddies.  
  
Right at 11 I saw Licker arriving, escorted by Joshua  
Holder.  Joshua came up and shook my hand, and he,  
Trevor, and I chatted briefly, while Licker stood  
silently at attention, in back of Joshua.    
  
Licker was naked, and wearing a fancy harness,   
different from the one they had put him in on his  
first day as a slave.  He later told me that he  
had eight different harnesses.  He looked as though  
he had been freshly shaved that morning, and his body  
was shiny and glistening with oil and sweat, though  
his legs were grimy with dirt.  He wore sandals with  
straps that came up about six inches on the leg.  He  
had a white velvet ribbon cinching his cock and balls,  
which made them stick up and out, a ribbon tied in a  
bow that dangled beneath his balls.  From his cock  
hung a large silver bell that tinkled with his every  
move.   He wore a headdress of feathers and beads.   
His lips were colored red, and his cheeks and nipples  
were rouged.  I could tell he was very embarrassed at  
having me see him decked out like a parade boy in his  
field display get-up.  He looked almost like something  
from a tawdry Las Vegas male review, especially since  
his costume contrasted so much with my casual summer  
clothes of shorts, gold and black t-shirt, and  
sneakers.   
  
Trevor took his leave and Joshua escorted Licker and  
me to a bench by a tree where we could sit and visit.   
Joshua then reached down to Licker's penis and removed  
his bell, saying, "I'll take this off so you two can  
chat in peace."  When Joshua left, I embraced Licker,  
and he responded with a long hug.  We parted from our  
embrace and sat down.  It was then I noticed he had an  
erection.  He was very embarrassed and put his arms in  
his lap to cover it, but I said, "Hey, that's no big  
deal.  I saw a bunch of you field slaves working as I  
drove up here.  A lot of people probably get to see  
your goods."  
  
It was well intended, but it was the wrong  
thing to say.  It made Licker look down in shame,  
and I apologized.  He said it was nothing,  
and asked how I was; but no sooner had we  
started a conversation than I saw Trevor  
returning.  He came up to us and Licker immediately  
hopped to attention, sticking his chest and his  
pelvis out as far as he could in slave salute.  His cock  
was bobbing, still erect.   On seeing Licker's  
dick, Trevor asked, "Slave, where is your bell?"  And  
Licker, shouting, replied, "Sir, Mr. Ryan removed it  
so Todd and I could converse, Sir!"  Trevor explained  
the reason for his interruption.  "Licker,  
Retcher has a chore he wants to use you for after  
dinner, so go right now to the nearest scrub station,  
get hosed down, and change into your uniform.  I want  
to make sure you don't keep Retcher waiting after  
dinner.  Go change, then come back here to Todd."   
"Sir, yes sir!" With that, Licker went off.  As he  
hurried off, doubtless to please Trevor, I could see  
some bruises on his buttocks.   
  
Alone with Trevor, I asked how Licker  
was doing.  "Licker", he said, "has been doing  
pretty much everything he is told to do.  He has been  
on very good behavior, because he is very fearful of  
punishment.  He has not accepted his enslavement.  
He pretends to, for us; but he hasn't.  On the  
outside, he obeys.  On the inside, he is seething  
with resentment.  He is humiliated by almost  
everything he has to do.  If he could get over that  
useless pride of his, accept the fact that he's a slave,  
that he will be a slave for the rest of his life,  he would  
be content.  If you have any influence with him, if you  
really care about him, you might want to have a 'talk'  
with him about this."  
  
"But if you are asking how he is doing on a more  
personal level, you would have to ask Joshua or  
Retcher that question.  I really don't pay too much  
attention to slaves from that standpoint of how they are  
adjusting and so on.  My job is simply to provide the  
Baldwin’s with the best business advice available to  
keep things running.  If a slave is slacking, I'll  
suggest that it's time to replace it.  Joshua and the  
Baldwin boys can then weigh in with any personal  
matters regarding the slave.  When you see as many  
slaves as I do, one slave begins to look exactly like  
another."  
  
Trevor's answer made me nervous.  I knew him to be  
someone who treated free people, all free people, even  
the homeless, with great respect.  Slaves were another  
matter.  To him, they were nothing but business  
products, like office machines.  
  
After a little more chatting Licker returned in his  
brown slave fatigues and plain sandals.  When he  
arrived,  he had to acknowledge Trevor  
with the slave salute of standing tall with  
his pelvis and chest thrust out and his arms at his  
side.  Trevor completely ignored Licker, but as he  
left he said to me,  "Take care, Todd.  And have  
a super time at the beach.  It's a fantastic day to be  
hanging out.  And I hope you have a great  
summer vacation."  "I certainly plan on it", I said.  
"The very start of the summer vacation", he replied,  
"was the part I always liked.  Knowing  
you had three months ahead of you to just hang out and  
kick back at the beach, and do nothing, it was great!"  
As he walked off we nodded good-bye.  Then  
Licker and I sat back down on the bench under the  
shade tree.  
  
He seemed a lot more comfortable, now that he was   
clothed, but in a way it made me more uncomfortable.   
It made him look like a standard issue slave.  And that's  
what he was, and what he would always be.  A  
common slave.  
  
I had a lot of questions I wanted to ask him, but I  
was hesitant to ask because I was sure that any  
answer he gave would embarrass him.  
I knew Trevor was right.  Licker hated being a  
slave, and more than anything he found the  
humiliation of it the most unbearable part.  Since he  
was, after all, just a product now, at the bottom of  
the totem pole, he was doubtless treated like crap on  
a regular basis.  In fact, in society's eyes, one  
couldn't get much lower.  But I wanted to know  
about the things that humiliated him.  How  
often was he punished and chastised, and by what  
methods? Was he spanked like a little boy,  
and how often was he spanked?  Were any of the  
overseers’ kind?  Did he have slave friends?  
What did they do for fun, if anything?  
Was there really no opportunity to masturbate,  
and what would happen if you got caught doing it?  
I had no idea about any of it, actually.  
  
As I pondered how to form the questions  
so as to spare him further humiliation, I noticed  
there were a lot of free men walking along  
a path not far from us, a path leading  
to the parking lot.  They looked like laborers  
dressed in Levis and work shirts.  They obviously  
were not slaves.  So I asked Licker who they were.  
  
"They are cannery workers.  They are getting off  
their shift at the cannery.  About a fourth of the  
workers in the cannery are free men.  They use them to  
help oversee and keep the slaves in line."  
  
"They all look like thugs and low life’s." I said.  
"I sure wouldn't want them bossing me around."  
And I knew that once again I had said the wrong  
thing.  It was getting awfully hard to say the  
right thing around Licker.  
  
Two of the cannery workers passed by, each carrying  
lunch pails.  One of them looked at us, and I heard him  
say to his partner, "There's a slave."  Then they both  
turned and approached us.  The taller of the two, a  
curly haired Italian jock, said, "Slave, I need to  
piss."  Licker immediately hopped up, got in front  
of the jock, knelt down, gathered his arms behind  
his back, turned his head straight up,  
and opened his mouth as wide as he could.   
The jock unzipped, pulled his large cut dick out, and  
carefully placed the tip into Licker's mouth. Licker's  
lips immediately enclosed it, and the guy started  
peeing full force, with Licker performing a continual  
on/off swallowing.  Licker had obviously done well in  
slave urinal class, because he was able to swallow  
every drop of it.  The jock's friend, who was  
waiting nearby, looked at me and said,  
"Nice day, huh?"  "It's a great day", I replied,   
aimlessly.  The jock finished peeing,  
and I could hear Licker sucking out  
the piss slit.  Then the workman  
pulled his dick out of Licker's mouth, put it  
away, zipped up, and walked off with his friend  
without acknowledging Licker's existence any more  
than you acknowledge the existence of a restroom  
toilet, once you've relieved yourself.  
  
Licker got up and came back and sat next to me on the  
bench.  There was a faint smell of piss.  I wanted to  
ask him about that.  But how?  Finally I just let it  
out.  "Man, that was unbelievable!  Would you ever  
believe you'd be out in public every day, drinking the  
piss of any blue collar worker who happens to  
come along?"  
  
"It isn't bad.  It is good to provide a service,"  
Licker said quietly, looking at the ground.  
  
"Fuck man!" I said. "I can smell that guy's piss on  
your breath, and you're telling me it isn't bad?"  
  
"We all do it.  It's normal here.  People have always  
done that as a sign of service", Licker offered  
somewhat feebly.  
  
"So you don't mind doing it?"  
  
"No."  
  
I was getting angry.  "Licker, you are not being  
honest with me.  You are only drinking piss because  
you have to do it.  Yet you are trying to tell  
yourself and me that you are doing it because you want  
to do it and enjoy doing it.  Isn't dishonesty to a  
free man a punishable offense for slaves?  And  
you are a slave!  So tell the truth!  You were totally  
humiliated by having that guy piss in your mouth.   
Just admit it to me!"  
  
Licker kept looking down, and tears started falling  
down his face.  He said nothing.  
  
"Just admit that things have changed, that you're  
a slave now and you'll always be a slave, that  
you hate it, you hate your slavery!  Admit that  
this is your life, and it shames you and humiliates  
you, and you hate every minute of it!"  Licker  
was crying.  "You can't admit it?   
Does that mean you like being a slave?"    
Still no reaction except the tears, so  
I continued." Do you want me to call one of those  
tawse-bearing overseers over here and report you for  
failing to answer my question? For lying to me?  
For lying to a free man?  That's two  
infractions… Will two infractions get your  
punishment doubled?  Answer my questions!  
Or does your silence mean you  
want me to call that overseer over here?"  
  
He kept crying, and I was more mystified than  
ever.  I also felt sorry for him.  Maybe he really was  
unclear, undecided about certain things, certain  
aspects of his new life and status.  Maybe it was all a  
nightmare to him, a nightmare from which he  
hoped to awake.  Maybe he expected to wake up in  
the slave barracks one morning and discover that it  
was not the slave barracks, that it was his old room  
back home, and that the clothes he had to put on  
that day were not his coarse, ugly, brown slave fatigues but  
the soft, casual sports clothes that once made him look  
so attractive.  Of course, that morning would never  
come.  Poor, miserable, slave Licker! I put my arm  
around him and said, "I love you, Licker."  
Then he smiled, his crying stopped, and  
I saw his erection stir in his uniform.   
I wanted to ask him about that, but I decided there  
would be no more questions for today.  I looked into  
his beautiful teary slave eyes, and thought, "I  
wouldn't mind pissing in his mouth."  
  
After some quiet time, I said, "I like being  
around you now even more than I did before."  We  
relaxed then, and just sat together under the shade tree.

To be continued…

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