**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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