**Christopher Enslaved**

Part Nine

By Randall Austin

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Todd Visits Licker - Continued

The dinner bell called us to lunch, and we  
ate outside, like a giant picnic.  Everybody stood in  
line to get food, slaves in one line and overseers and  
guests in another line.  The meal was served by  
slaves, with almost all of the slaves wearing their  
brown uniforms, except for the decorated and naked  
field slaves, a relatively small percentage of the  
total.  The slaves were served rice, mixed beans and  
legumes, and vegetables, and I noticed that most slaves  
could have as much as they wanted.  A few were  
restricted, Licker told me, for diet, health, or  
punishment reasons.  
  
When we had each gotten our food and joined up again,

Licker led me to a bench that was populated with other

naked, ringed and harnessed field slaves.  I noticed that

they were all very handsome slaves, like Licker, and they

all had on a variety of headdresses and ornaments and

makeup. It was a very colorful sight.  One of them immediately  
asked what kind of job they had for Licker this  
afternoon, since he was in uniform.  Licker said he  
did not know what Retcher wanted to use him for.   
  
I soon relaxed and found the slave banter very  
interesting.  They all seemed content, and even happy.  
They talked about things like harness fits,  
getting new adornments, making headdresses, who had helped  
them get oiled this morning, their pecs and abs, things  
like that.  One talked about how he'd lost an  
erection during the changing of  
the display slave’s ceremony and how he was glad that  
no overseer noticed it.  Another one said he wanted a  
new copy of the slave mantra book because his original  
copy was so worn out.  
  
When the 'back to work' bell sounded at ten to one,  
all the slaves took their plates over to a wash  
station and washed them off.  Licker took mine for me,  
and I sat and watched the activity.  I noticed  
that as part of the after-dinner ritual, slaves  
everywhere were kneeling and serving as urinals for  
each other and their overseers.   I saw Licker  
peeing into the mouth of a uniformed slave.  When he  
finished peeing he returned and asked me to accompany  
him to the guest plaza.  We walked over to a little  
green rest area by the parking lot and he told me that  
he was instructed to wait there for Retcher.  I let him  
know I was glad to see that he had nice friends  
among the field slaves, and he agreed that he did.  He  
said he liked all of them very much.  I did not  
believe him.  Then I saw Joshua coming towards us,  
and walking with him was Retcher Baldwin.  
  
They were talking to each other as they approached.  
I was afraid, perhaps thinking in the back of my  
mind, "Is Retcher going to get me enslaved, too?"  
After all, Licker hadn't been much different from  
me when his life was changed.  Then I wondered,  
if I was enslaved like Licker, how would I be  
adapting?  How would I react to the prospect  
of spending the rest of my life in that brown  
uniform or naked and on display?  It was  
something I couldn't dwell on.  Not then.  With  
Retcher coming closer, I didn't want to reveal  
any weakness.  
  
I had never seen him up close before.  He was tall,  
almost 6' 2".  He is 29 years old, almost as fit as a hard  
labor slave, with dirty-blond, luxuriously combed hair  
and expensive casual clothes. He was sleek, comfortable,  
and confident.  He seemed friendly as he extended  
his hand in greeting. "Hi Todd. I'm glad to finally  
meet you.  I've seen you around town before, usually  
with Licker here.  You two were best buddies, right?"   
I replied, "Yes, sir", and the ‘sir’ immediately made  
me think I was acting scared, scared like a slave.  He  
continued, "That's why I'm glad you are keeping in  
touch with Licker.  I think it will be good for the  
both of you."  Letting me wonder what I thought of  
that.  
  
He then walked over and stood on the left side of  
Licker.  "You have probably heard how happy we are  
with our purchase here", he said, putting his right hand  
on top of Licker's bald head and starting to rub it  
gently the way one would a dog.  "Licker has turned out to  
be one of the most 'eager to please' purchases we've  
ever made."  Licker did a happy smile that seemed  
absolutely genuine, like he was pleased that his  
master was happy.   I could not be certain if it  
was a trained smile, one simply designed to please,  
although the Licker that I knew had not been an  
actor. Retcher took no notice.  He continued to  
rub Licker's head. "And look at the cute smile on him.  
Isn't he adorable?  And he is so well behaved,  
aintcha boy? He is doing a truly outstanding job out in  
the field.  And he's also so nicely knobbed, one of  
the thickest cock heads I've ever seen, and that's  
always an asset in a display slave.  It was an  
outstanding purchase overall, and I haven't thanked  
you yet, Todd, for helping to make it happen."  
  
I murmured that it was no big deal, I was happy  
to help.  I realized that what I said could have  
been taken by Licker as indicating that I was  
in on some conspiracy, but I was  
just too nervous around Retcher to try to clarify  
that fact to Licker at the moment.  
  
Retcher continued, "I want you to know that Licker is  
to be one of our featured performers at our 4th of  
July carnival.  All friends and family members of  
slaves are invited.  Licker is going to be performing  
tricks.  He'll be jumping through hoops and dancing, and  
he's going to be the jack in the box for our big  
final celebration.  Make sure you come, and be  
sure that you invite all of Licker's friends."  It  
sounded colorful and fun to me, but Licker looked  
downcast, so I asked him, "Would you like me to do  
that?"  Licker hesitated a bit as he tried to find words,   
and Retcher, seeing my own uncertainty, answered for  
him. "Ah, he's just too modest!  Of course he wants  
you to see him perform!  He's been working on his act  
for almost a week now."  Joshua, with no  
encouragement, then seconded Retcher. "You have to  
come!  It really is a lot of fun.  Bring all his  
friends.  They'll have a great party time, and it will  
be good for Licker to see his old friends."  
  
I instinctively trusted Joshua, so I agreed.  "OK,  
I'll do that.  It does sound like fun.  Licker, it  
will be a great chance for you to see the gang again!   
Peter, Tom, Ian, Sarah, Mark, Julius, and Barbara."    
  
Just as it looked like Licker was about to say  
something, Retcher started in, "I hate to interrupt,  
but I have to get Licker over to my friend Jason's  
place.  Jason is having this huge rock garden built on  
a part of his yard, and the trucks delivering the  
boulders couldn't dump them anywhere near the site.   
So there are two truckloads of boulders that need  
to be carried from where the trucks dumped them,  
over to the perimeter of the rock garden site.  I  
promised Jason that I'd bring him a slave and give him  
free labor until about 8 or 9 o'clock tonight.   
I think I'm being pretty generous to my friend in  
letting him have a hard labor product for that much  
time."  Then addressing Licker, and giving him a  
little friendly rub on the head again, he added, "So,  
Licker, you're going to be our little boulder boy for  
the rest of the day."  Licker smiled as Retcher looked  
him in the eye, with his hand on his head.  
  
Finally, Retcher removed his hand from Licker's head and  
addressed me.  "Hey Todd, if you'd care to, you are  
welcome to follow me out to Jason's.  It would give  
you a chance to spend more time with Licker, see what  
kind of laborer he is, and see him in action, so to speak.  
Or if you want, you could hang with Jason and me.   
While Licker is hauling boulders, Jason and I are just  
going to laze around chatting, maybe catch a few  
rounds of tennis, and later a few drinks.  Or, if you'd  
like, you could serve as Licker's overseer for  
a while.  Get to see how that shoe fits.  You might  
like it."  
  
The very thought of Licker engaged in hard labor and   
boulder-carrying for the next seven hours, while  
I sat around watching him with his owner, all  
the while sipping wine underneath the California sun,  
it was a huge temptation!  My dick was on fire.  
  
Unfortunately, I felt I had to tell Retcher  
that I was supposed to meet friends at Red  
Ray Beach. "Hey", he said, "you've got the whole  
summer to hang at the beach with your friends, doing  
nothing.  Of course, I'm not trying to twist your arm,  
since we really don't need an overseer.  But it's  
better to have one. And I KNOW you'd  
enjoy it."  
  
But I was curious, why didn't Licker need to be  
watched?  
  
"He'll be working alone", Retcher replied,  
"and we can tell how hard he's been working  
by just looking at how many boulders have  
been transported to the garden site. And of  
course once we get out there I'm going to  
attach an extra large dong bell, so we can hear  
it even when we're somewhat far removed as  
we play on Jason's tennis court. The extra large  
wiener bell will let us hear from a good distance  
if Licker's slacking. Isn't that right, Licker?  
There's no slacking with that slave wiener bell  
clanging away between your legs. Ding-dong,  
ding-dong. Anyway, if I go and check on him  
and feel he's been slacking, well, then the  
appropriate action will be taken." Seeing the  
curious look still on my face, Retcher  
commanded, "Licker, tell Todd here what  
happens if I catch you slacking." Licker turned  
red with embarrassment as he answered, "Sir,  
I get a spanking, sir." "What kind of spanking?"  
"Sir, I have to take off my clothes and go over  
your knee, sir." "And why don't you like to do  
that, Licker?" "Sir, because it hurts, sir,   
especially if you use the paddle, sir."   
  
"Having an overseer", Retcher explained, "is  
really a kindness to the slave.  An overseer insures  
that a slave works up to speed, thus avoiding any need  
for discipline."  As he said that he took out a leash  
and attached it to Licker's slave collar. "Todd, I  
assume you're parked here in the lot."  I answered  
that I was, and then asked him if he knew the way to  
Red Ray Beach from here.  
  
"Yes, just follow me and Licker in the pickup truck  
until we get to Highway 16.  Then turn right and  
go straight for eight miles, and you'll find yourself  
at Red Ray.  If that's where you really want to be."  
I thanked him and we walked to the parking lot, with  
him pulling Licker by the leash.  The master was  
leading his slave.  Yes, Licker made a good slave.  
And Retcher was a born master.  Man, would I love to  
see Licker get disciplined by such a master, to see  
his pride removed, the way a slave's pride should be  
removed!  When we got to the lot I pointed out my  
new Jeep to Retcher.  It turned out that it was parked  
near his pickup truck.  "Great wheels!" he said.  
I told him it was my dad's graduation present to me,   
and he responded, "A Wrangler is a great vehicle for

graduate school.  It can hold a lot of babes!"   We both

laughed as if we were fast friends already.  
  
Retcher's pickup had the tailgate  
removed, and he instructed Licker to hop up on the  
back of the truck and sit on the steel bench in the  
middle, with his face toward the back. Then  
Retcher hopped in and started chaining him down.

I put my arms on the back of the truck and watched

slave Licker get chained by his owner.  First Retcher

got hold of the seated Licker's legs and spread them;

then he slapped the chains on and secured them  
to bolts in the floor.  He did something similar  
with the hands, chaining them to the  
bench so that the closest they could get to the thighs  
was ten inches away.  Licker could grasp the bench for  
traction, but he couldn't move his limbs far in any  
direction.   
  
There was a 7 foot pole with a stiff flag attached, lying in  
the back of the truck, and Retcher took it out and  
stuck it into a flagpole holder in the floor.  It was tall and the  
flag was large and it drew attention. The sign said,   
‘SLAVES IN TRANSPORT TO WORK DETAIL’.     
  
Then, without pausing, Retcher  
stooped down in front of Licker,  
opened the zipper in the crotch of his fatigues,  
pulled out Licker's half erect cock and balls,  
made sure they were hanging fully out of his pants,  
and started lightly jacking Licker.  The slave’s dick  
erected immediately.  It was long and hard.  
It must have been waiting for a long time  
for something like this to happen.  
"Licker, let's get your own little  
flag pole sticking out and up, and flying proudly.   
You've got a nice big purple dick knob, and I think  
you shouldn't be selfish about it.  Remember one of your  
slave mantras, 'always share’."   
  
Retcher knew his slave well.  Exposing Licker's dick for  
the passing cars could be the act of humiliation  
that would finally push Licker into acceptance of  
his lifetime status as a hard-labor slave.  
  
Leaving Licker erect and sweating and chained in  
the back of the truck, with the flag flying above as  
advertising, Retcher hopped off the back and said to  
me, "So, we'll see you again at the 4th of July  
Celebration.  Have a great time at the beach, dude!"  
"OK man!" I answered.  "Thanks a lot for the  
invitation."  
  
As Retcher was getting into the cab of his pickup  
and starting his engine, I leaned in and looked at  
Licker.  He was red with shame, and sweat was  
pouring off his body and dripping onto the  
steel bench and floor.  His prick was sticking up  
like a lever, like a huge hard lever crying  
out to be grabbed and pulled and made to do its  
business.  But that business was now permanently  
off-limits. It was pathetic to see any guy go through  
what Licker was going through.  But maybe  
it would help, I thought.  Maybe it would put  
him on the road to acceptance of what he was  
and would always have to be. I had to believe  
that the slavers knew what was  
best for him. "Take care, Licker", I said. "It was  
nice seeing you.  You look good, man!"  
Licker's head nodded up and down.  Then  
he sort of gasped out, "Thanks for coming, Todd."  
  
I waved to him cheerfully and went for my Jeep.  Retcher  
was waiting for me to pull out behind him.  When I  
did, and we finally started rolling down the driveway  
out of the estate I could see a large sign on the back  
of the truck.  It was hanging just below deck level:   
‘HONK AND SAY HELLO TO THE HAPPY  
BALDWIN/FLETCHER SLAVE(S) ON BOARD!  
If Our Slave Fails to Acknowledge With a Wave  
And Smile, PLEASE SIGNAL THE DRIVER!’  
  
Retcher drove along slowly, because of the  
chained slave on board, and another car caught  
up with us and passed.  As it did, the   
occupants, mainly teenagers, male and female,  
stuck their heads out and shouted obscenities  
at Licker, while the driver honked  
his horn.  Licker did a big smile and waved at them.  
His prick, still as hard as ever, waved at them too.  
  
When they had passed, Licker looked at me to see how  
I was reacting.  I doubt if he could see anything on  
my face, but my straining erection was telling me what  
a good time I was having.  My friend's total  
humiliation flushed me with euphoria.   Suddenly, I  
wanted to see Licker hauling boulders while I drank  
and partied with his owner.  Suddenly Licker's dick,  
so obscenely exposed, was catching my eye.  His large  
bobbing penis head was like a beacon, drawing me on.   
I wouldn't mind seeing that knob swinging and its  
bell ringing as he trudged along carrying the boulders.  
Maybe as his overseer for the day, I would even be  
allowed some say in how he was dressed.  
  
Hell, Retcher was right, I had the whole summer ahead  
of me to hang out with my friends.  So  
when we arrived at Highway 16 and stopped at the  
light, Retcher signaled me and pointed out the  
way I should turn.  But I signaled him by pointing  
straight ahead.  Retcher smiled.  The light turned  
green, he started driving straight ahead, and I  
followed him.  Seeing me following, he shot  
his left arm out the window and pumped his fist up and  
down.  I tooted my horn in agreement, and Licker  
smiled at me and waved.  I waved back at Licker.  This  
was fun.  I tooted again.  Licker re-smiled and waved  
again.  I waved back.  I could see Retcher smiling  
broadly in the rear view mirror, as he gave me the  
thumbs up signal.  
  
Yes, it was already a beautiful day, and suddenly  
it got a lot more beautiful.  My old friend was looking  
real good to me, chained up on a bench in the back of a  
slave delivery truck, with his legs spread out, the  
way a slave's legs should be spread, and his  
erected fat knobbed cock exposed, the way a slave's  
cock should be exposed, a slave being transported  
in real style to a real hard labor detail.    
  
So, I thought, I'm on my college break, free to  
do nothing but swim, play ball, and party  
for the next three months.  The least  
I can do is spend a little time with Licker on this  
beautiful summer day to help keep him in line, offer  
constructive criticism, give him pointers on behavior,  
keep him looking smart and quick stepping, point out  
which boulders I would like to see him move,  
test his urinal skills, and, if need be,  
deliver any needed corrective.  And get to know my new  
pal, Retcher, just a little bit better.

To be continued…

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