**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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