**Christopher Enslaved**

Part Ten

By Randall Austin

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As soon as we arrived at Jason's place Retcher hopped up on the
pickup and started unchaining Licker.  As he did so Jason arrived and
greeted us.  Jason, not familiar with slaves and slavery, couldn't
take his eyes off Licker.  He looked at him like he was some exotic
creature. "Man, he said, "what a fucking ugly bulb head!  Where in
the hell did you pick that thing up?  I knew that a lot of really
dumb dudes end up getting enslaved, but I didn't know that ugly ones
were fair game, too."  Retcher and I laughed at Jason's layman's
comment.

Retcher finally got Licker free, and the slaveboy hopped off the
truck.  He appeared as if he was about to stuff his unit back into
his trousers.  Retcher spoke up. "Leave your hose and sack outside
your uniform. I'm gonna bell you."  He found a large bell in the
truck and attached it to the slave's penis ring.  "There won't be any
slacking on your part, now that you've got this bell dangling between
your legs, will there boy?"

"No sir", answered Licker, like a polite schoolboy.

"Fuck", Jason asked, "is it safe to have that thing unleashed?"
Despite his air of casualness, he was obviously frightened about
being in the presence of a slave.

"Nothing to worry about", Retcher replied.  He reached into the cab
of the truck and took out three formidable looking tawses.  One for
each of the three of us.  Then he explained. "What you hold,
gentlemen, is the Flexi-tawse, the state of the art tawse designed by
the California State prison system.  It's a light weight composite,
designed to deliver maximal pain with minimal damage.  It can be used
on any part of the body except the genitals and head with almost no
risk of damage to either the skin or the underlying organs.  They are
expensive at $300 apiece."  Then, putting his arm on Licker's
shoulder, he added, "But nothing is too good for my slaves."  All of
us started laughing it up, except for Licker, who looked
apprehensive, at best.

Jason asked what kind of work Licker usually did at the compound and
Retcher told him he was one of his field display slaves.  Now Jason
was curious. "Oh yeah", he said, "those naked guys I hear so much
about.  I'd come and check the show out if you had a few girls on
display too.  How come you don't have any naked women field slaves?"
Retcher agreed it would be great for business, and yet. "There's this
societal thing that it's OK for male slaves to be nude in public, but
not female slaves.  It shows our society's warped values.  I do use
some naked female slaves as couriers and such throughout the
cannery.  One of the best ideas my dad ever had."

"How so?" Jason asked.  Retcher smiled. "Because naked female
couriers run through the cannery anywhere from twice to eight times a
day, that allows me to pay the free men cannery workers, who are about
a fourth of the cannery force, minimum wage."  He chuckled to
himself. "Our personnel department has so many applications for
cannery jobs, you would not believe it.  The hicks who work there are
the envy of their friends, and no doubt they regale them with stories
about all the naked dames running around in there.  They also
probably tell their friends how they get to boss the slaves around.
My chief foreman at the cannery has been there for over four years,
and I pay him $7.50 an hour!"

"Holy fuckin hillbilly!"  Jason roared with laughter. "Hey, can I get
a job there?"  Even Licker smiled at that.

When the laughter died, Retcher turned to Licker, "Well, look at YOU,
Licker.  A fine proud slave.  Are you ready for a little boulder
action, Licker?"

"Yes sir", Licker replied.  Then Jason gave us a very quick tour of
the work site.  A huge pile of boulders sat at the base of a gradual
150 foot inclined slope. The top of the slope was to be the site of
the rock garden.  To haul all the boulders to the perimeter of the
site looked like a job that would take 10 men about four days.  Jason
showed us that there was a hose and water supply for Licker's use.
The area where Licker would be working and hauling rocks was without
shade from any source, though I quickly noticed that there were nice
trees just off the path, where an overseer could sit and relax.

Jason was very eager to show Retcher his new swimming pool and
remodeled tennis courts, and Retcher insisted that I go along with
them.  He said that he felt Licker could start hauling boulders on
his own, and that we could check on him later.  Retcher then looked
at me and asked, "Don't you think your friend will be OK by
himself?"  Naturally, I agreed, so he turned to the slave and
said, "All right, boy, start haulin rocks!"  Licker was bending to
pick up the first one when Jason led us off.  We could hear the
jingle jangle of his dong bell as we walked away.  It was very
funny!  Of course, we were still within earshot when we laughed, and
I knew that Licker could hear us.  I felt bad, but it was still
really funny to think of this beast of burden being monitored by a
bell on his dick.  Jason joked that he should get bells like that for
the employees in his investment firm.  We laughed even harder then,
and we knew Licker could still hear us laughing at his expense.  It
felt good.

Jason showed us his place, his remodeling projects, and all his fancy
stuff: new pool, tennis court, and music room.  After he was through,

we all slouched down in some lounge chairs by the pool, and he served

us white wine and fruit.  We sipped away and talked, and the time flew
by.  After about two and a half hours, however, Retcher said we had
better check on the slave, so we all picked up our wine glasses and
trooped out to the rock garden site.

Licker saw us approaching, and I'll bet, at that moment, he was
wishing he could hang out with us big shots, with our important
discussions, fancy clothes, and expensive wines.  But Licker won't be
hanging out with big shots ever again.  His role was lower now than
even the lowest entry level shit job imaginable. He'd be lucky now if
the big shots that controlled his life so much as bothered to spit on
him.

When we got there the slave was all sweaty and grimy.  He
looked like he'd been working hard, all right, but the work didn't
show in the amount of boulders moved, and Jason looked really
angry. "Fuck dude, what have you been doing?" He demanded. "Weren't
you supposed to be working on my rock garden?"  Licker looked like he
was about to break down in tears, but Retcher ordered him to
answer. "Sir", he responded, with a catch in his voice, "the boulders
are very heavy. I have to rest after carrying each one. And it's very
hot in the sun."

"Well, you are permitted to take rests, within moderation", Retcher
replied, "but apparently these rests have been going on just a little
bit longer than they should have."

Licker looked down at the ground, ashamed, and even I felt
embarrassed.  Licker, this guy who'd once been my friend, was
obviously letting Retcher down.  So I said, "Licker, what have you
been doing here?  Dude, I told Retch I thought you'd be all right all
by yourself, and now you've let Retcher down, and me too, man!
These boulders aren't going to get moved with you hanging out at the
water pump all day long!"

"That's all right", Retcher said kindly.  "I can handle this."  He
then ordered Licker to take off his clothes and approach him, but as
soon as the slave started unbuttoning his shirt he started to cry. We
stood with our wine glasses, watching him undress for punishment,
and the crying just kept getting worse. By the time the trousers
were off he was bawling and looking pleadingly at Retcher. "Please
don't tawse me, sir.  Please!"  I didn't know Licker was such a
sniveling, cowed, little slave.

Jason was also annoyed, and disappointed. "Fuck man", he
exclaimed, "when you told me you were bringing me a hard labor
product I was expecting one helluva mean working machine.  Instead
you send me this little bald crybaby faggot!  I can see why you had
to pass out tawses to all of us.  Can we finally use 'em now?  Can't
we whip him or something so he starts doing some work?  I thought
slaves were supposed to be good at working the shit jobs!  At least
make him stop his fucking bawling, or else put him in diapers like he
belongs. And by the way... what the fuck's with the shaved puss and
tits and nads and ass?  What is he, some kind of dancer, prancer,
show boy?  I hope he whores better for you than he works.  Anyway
Retch; is there some way to make him work?  Can't I get some use out
of him?"

"Well, Licker" Retcher said, "You see that you've let my friend
Jason down.  I thought I could trust you to work alone.  But I see
now you aren't ready for that.  You clearly need an overseer to
monitor your every move.  Fortunately, Todd already graciously agreed
to supply supervision in the event it was needed, and you should be
ashamed of yourself for taking him away from the fun he was having.
I won't tawse you now, but I am warning you; I want to see you moving
at top speed for the next half hour to make up for all this wasted
time.  And mind you, you are to do everything Todd tells you to do,
is that clear?"

"Yes sir, thank you sir!" replied an almost smiling Licker.  Retcher
then commanded Licker to get back to work nude except for his
sandals.  We all stood around for half hour or so watching the
chastened slave getting back into his labor.  The way he was moving
as fast as he could was refreshing, but also comical.  It was a good
combination, a chilled Riesling and a goofy, frightened, slave as
entertainment.  Jason called out, "Look at knob dick; he's finally
goin to town!"  But Retcher had some serious advice to give
me. "Don't be afraid to be firm.  I know he was once your friend, but
new slaves often learn best and most quickly from people like you,
especially if those people show a very firm hand.  Besides, you need
to practice your tawsing action.  And it's fun, too!"  We all laughed
heartily at that last comment, so I rejoined, "The cost of having fun
these days is exorbitant.  It's good to know that some pleasures in
life are still free."  My comment was a hit with those guys, who were
rich, after all, and we all laughed it up as Licker kept doing what
he was supposed to be doing.  (But how long will that last? I
wondered.)  Licker knew we were making fun of him.  Every time we
free guys laughed he looked humiliated, jealous, and tearful.

Retcher pointed out a lounge chair and table underneath a nearby
tree, and told me it would give me an excellent vantage point of the
work area.  As he and Jason took their leave, and as I stretched out
in the comfortable shaded lounge chair, Licker was still keeping up
his ‘grateful to have gotten out of punishment’ speed.

Could life get any more delicious, I wondered, as I sipped my wine
and watched Licker working, his cock and balls flopping around, sweat
pouring off of him, his rings glinting in the sun.  There was my
friend hauling boulders in the blazing sun, and he wasn't even
getting paid for it.  He was doing it for free!  And he would be
working that way for the rest of his life, so that Arthur Baldwin can
drive his silver Mercedes, Arnold Baldwin can drive his Carrera, and
Retcher, your chief owner and controller, can drive his Jaguar
Silverstone, wear fancy clothes, hop on any plane and vacation
anywhere in the world at the drop of a hat, tip his hairdresser and
every other service worker really big, eat the finest foods, and
drink the finest wines.  In short, Licker Boy, you will be hauling
ass all day for the rest of your life so your owners can live in
luxury.  Real nice of you.

Welcome to your world, slave, and to a typical slave day; first work
4 hours in the fields, then, after lunch, get delivered in a slave
transport truck, chained and on display, to a job hauling boulders
for 7 more hours for some jerk who hates your guts.  And maybe get
tawsed along the way by anybody who happens to want to tawse a slave,
see a slave suffer, hear a slave scream.  Poor fellow.  And now,
incredibly, I was the one calling the shots in my slave friend's
life.  Should I be a kindly overseer?  Or should I apply the same
rigor as the guards at the SBGF, to help mould my pal into the
obedient slave I know he wants to be?

I took out a book I had brought along. ‘Essays on Love, Humanity,
Enlightenment, and Divinity’, by Ricardo D'Antonio.  The time flew by
as I shared in D'Antonio's noble vision of a world free of evil.  The
next time I looked up, however, I noticed that Licker looked like he
was about to start crying again.  I decided that this was the time to
shout at him.  "Slave", I told him, "you need to get over that self
pity of yours.  While you are hauling the next boulder, and I want
you to take THAT one", from my reclining position on the lawn I used
my Flexi-tawse to point out a very large boulder near the base of the
pile, "and as you haul it up I want you to ponder the fact that self-
pity does you no good, it does Retcher no good, and it does Jason no
good.  Your job is to help Jason achieve a beautiful garden, and that
is all you should be concentrating on. Your mantra is, I WILL NOT
PITY MYSELF."  Good wisdom for a slave, and I noticed that the
drudge's muscles strained harder as he concentrated on those words.

When he got back for another boulder, though, I really thought he was
going to start bawling.  So I told him to get a drink and come and
lie down next to me in the grass for a rest.  Of course, he did that
happily.  When he had finally sprawled out next to me I sat up on the
side of my lounge chair and looked over his sweaty naked body.  I
told him how truly happy I was.  I never thought that we'd be able to
have happy times together again under the summer sun, but now we
were.  I then jumped down on him unexpectedly and tickled him in the
arm pits.  He giggled!  I did it some more and I noticed that he
erected too, and we both laughed.

We both sat up on the grass, Indian style, and ate a couple of apples
and some plums. I thought about how this was the way we always sat
together in the past, on the beach, in my yard, on his bedroom floor,
having fun together.  The only difference now was that he was naked
and I was clothed.  And he was decorated up just the way his owner
wanted him to be.   He was an owned product who had to conform to his
owner's wishes.  He had to look and act the way his owner wanted him
to.  He had a big ring in his nose, and smaller rings in his ears,
nipples, scrotum, and cock.  He had a big funny bell attached to his
cock ring.  He was tattooed with the name of his owner,
Baldwin/Fletcher, front and back.  He was branded as a US slave for
life.   He was completely hairless.   He had no choice about
revealing his constantly erecting and deflating cock.  He was now a
hard labor lifer slave, and I certainly was not.  And for the rest of
his life he would have to do as he was told.  But there we were
laughing and sitting Indian style together just like so many times in
the past.

I asked him how he and the other slaves spent their evenings, and he
said they often sat in the large common bath area and shaved
themselves and each other, compared muscle development, made
headdresses for field display, listened to ‘Slave Radio’, a station
he told me was very inspiring, and talked about their overseers and
masters.

I told Licker I thought he must really like Retcher, especially
having him as his owner, since he seemed so happy whenever Retcher
complimented him.  I told him it appeared that Retcher liked him,
too.  He was taken aback at my comment, and didn't know how to answer
it, or perhaps was being cautious.  But his pride came into play as
he said, "Retcher doesn't know me.  He doesn't know anything about
me."

I didn't understand that, and was, frankly, a little too high from
the wine by that time to grasp his meaning, so I surprised him by
suddenly jumping back on him and tickling him all over again.  We
laughed and frolicked in a silly way for several minutes.  Licker was
in some strange way transformed into a child again, taking childlike
pleasure in simple things.  And that can only be a good thing, I
thought.

Once we stopped our rough-housing and were reclining together on the
grass, I recalled to him all the things we did last summer; hanging
out with the gang at the cotillion, dancing, drinking California
wines, surfing, skinny dipping, and pissing in the wind.  "Man, those
were great times.  I'm going to miss you this year and all that stuff
we used to do, and so will the rest of the gang."
Perhaps it was the wine, but I was getting sentimental.  "Then
remember how at college in the fall, how we always dressed up in our
sweaters and hung out in the pub, and how the chicks loved us in our
sweaters?  Remember how we never could decide if it was the sweaters
or our great hair that brought the babes around?  And the holidays,
the caroling, and all the parties.  Fuck man, it's not going to be the
same without you."

All the old memories were suddenly flooding by me.  "Remember how
when we were young all of us guys used to laugh at Tommy Martin
because he still got spankings from his parents at the age of 12, and
how we would make fun of him, and called him 'spank boy’.  Wow, did
you ever think you'd ever be getting another spanking?  Now you have
to get em all the time."  Seeing Licker look down with embarrassment,
I explained, "I'm sorry Licker.  I wasn't trying to rub it in or
anything.  I'm just trying to deal with reality.  It's not like a bad
thing that you still have to get spanked all the time like a little
kid.  It's just a tool your owner uses to direct you into acceptance
of your new position.  He does it because he really cares about you.
I got to know Retcher really well the last couple of hours, and he's
a great guy.  Spankings are just one of the ways he 'talks’ with you.
I think it's totally cool."

"Wow.  Those school days were so great.  Remember the senior class
yearbook prediction for you, 'First San Carlito High School graduate
of '06 to become a millionaire his first year out of college’.  Boy,
they sure got that one wrong!  Who would ever have guessed that the
yearbook should have said of the senior prom king; 'First classmate
to be enslaved for life'."
We, or rather I, spent another ten minutes just reminiscing.  But
it's not wise to have too much of a good thing, so after I felt he
had rested enough, I said, "OK dude, I think you'd better get back on
it."  He got up and seemed in much better spirits, and had a livelier
step as he began.  Of course, for starters he picked up one of the
smallest boulders in the pile.  I could see it was going to be a real
chore for me to make sure he did a mix of boulder sizes.  I really
wanted to go and jack off just about that time, just lay back and
slowly stroke my rod while I tugged on my ball sack.  But it also was
a lot of fun to watch Licker labor and shout out orders to him, so I
thought I could hold off on my jackin session till I got home that
night.

Strange thoughts passed through my mind as I watched him working.  I
looked at his cock and wondered if his girlfriend, Katherine, liked
it.  Licker has a very thick and sensual cock knob, and since I had
been kind of planning on making the move on Katherine now that he was
out of the picture, I was wondering how she would assess me in
comparison to him.

It was strange too, the way Licker was hairless now.  He used to
spend so much time and money on his hair, visiting salons, and buying
products.  And he was so much into fancy clothes.  Looking good, and
smelling good too.  I got most of his colognes, clothes, and other
shit from his dad the day after he was enslaved. I'd never mentioned
it to him. I wonder if he had noticed I was wearing his scent.  Oh
well, at least he had 22 years to be vain, to look and smell the way
he wanted to.

But I liked the new Licker even better than the old hot shot
Christopher.  I liked the slaving, sweating, frustrated, crying,
confused, bald, and ringed Licker.  He somehow seemed so slave-right to
me.

I returned to my book of essays and time passed quickly.  Just as I
started to think that I had better make Licker start working a little
faster now so that he wouldn't make me look bad in front of Retcher,
I heard Retcher and Jason coming towards us.

Retcher called out, "Hey, things are looking good here.  I like it.
You're doing a great job, Todd."  Jason agreed and said things were
looking MUCH better than before.  He thanked me for all I'd been
doing.  It was nothing, I told them.

Retcher, smiling and friendly, put his arm around my shoulders and
said, "I knew Licker would come around eventually.  I know him very
well."  "That's interesting", I responded, "That isn't what Licker
says.  He says you don't know anything about him."  Retcher seemed
concerned.  "Now wait a minute, there seems to be a problem here."
Then looking at Licker; "You talked unfavorably about me behind my
back?"

Licker suddenly seemed very afraid.  "No sir, not unfavorably.  I
just said you don't know me real well, that was all, sir."

I felt I had to clarify; "That isn't quite what you said, Licker.
You said, 'He doesn't know anything about me’. And you know you did."

Retcher took his arm off my shoulders, walked up to Licker and put
his arm around his shoulders.  "I'm just surprised you would say
that.  What do your tattoos say?  They say I own you.  Property of
Baldwin/Fletcher.  Let me tell you something that will surprise you.
When I had heard that your father was nearing bankruptcy, it was I
who made first contact with him with an offer to purchase you.  He
hung up on my secretary, but he later contacted me himself when the
reality of his situation hit him.  I saw you around town.  I knew
what you were.  I am a slaver.  I know a slave.  I've got a good
eye.  And now what are you?  You're a slave, right?  Was I not right
in my assessment of you?  Of course I was right, and now you're
saying I don't know you?”

"I own you.  I am now more to you than your father ever was.  I not
only own you, I control your every move and whim.  Your father never
had anywhere near that kind of control over you.  You think I don't
know you?  On top of all I do know about you, Kevin Cornell tells me
everything about you.  He tells me what slaves you like to be around,
how you're eating and sleeping, how you behave in the fields.  And we
are going to be together for a long, long time.  For the next twenty
years you will be earning me money.  You are very important to me,
and I want to know everything about you.  For all the years ahead
your only job is to please me.  Because you are mine, everything
about you is mine to use in any way I please."  As Retcher said that,
Licker's cock shot up hard against his belly.

"I know that you've blushed and cried when you've had to go over my
knee, but I know that those weren't tears of shame, they were really
tears of shock as you realized that not only were you now a slave for
life, but you were born to be a slave.  And I also know that when I
made you dress up like a girl the other night to have you serve
drinks to my friends and me, you enjoyed it."  Licker blushed as he
saw me looking at him.

"My favorite moments out at Baldwin/Fletcher are when the transport
bus brings me a newly enslaved drudge fresh from the processing
center.  To see the terrified lads, freshly ripped from their worlds,
stepping off the bus to enter my magical kingdom, those are moments I
savor.  In fact, I love them so much that for the last three years I
have videotaped each arriving bus.  And you, Licker, gave one of the
most splendid performances I've preserved on tape.  Your arrival was
all I had hoped it would be.  I had Joshua Holder get you oiled,
harnessed and headdressed on the bus so you could make a really grand
entrance.  And you did, as you hobbled down the steps, shaky and
sniffling, your headdress announcing you as the new peacock in our
field.  Arnold was standing next to me, and when he saw you he
said, 'This is too good to be true’. Seeing your cock for the first
time, we both briefly wondered if we should rename you 'Knobs’, but
we decided to stay with 'Licker’.   And when Joshua and Kevin started
leading you towards us you did the service gait, awkward, but you did
it.   Most new drudges just off the bus forget to service gait;
they're looking all around, maybe hoping to find some chance of
escape, but not you.  When we were introduced, you were polite.  No
spitting and swearing.  And when Arnold reached down and started
jacking your dick so he could see what your knob looked like when
erected, there was no protest from you, not the slightest.  And when
he told you he was certain that you would overcome every difficulty
you encountered in your new life, we all could see not only the
relief in your eyes but also the first moment when you thought it
might be possible for you to accept your new status.  Now tell us how
you've you been able to do that."  Licker smiled and answered, "By
accepting the fact that I belong to you, sir."

Retcher responded, "And belong to me you most certainly do!  I keep
all of you young bucks naked much of the time, working and running
around the farm, fields, and cannery, because I want everyone to see
the brands on your asses and the tattoos on your chests and backs.
Those tattoos tell the world that I own all of you, that you are my
property to use in any way I see fit.  Licker, you are mine to know
and use.  So why would you want to malign me?"

"Damn you, Todd", Licker blurted out, "You snitch! I didn't say it
the way you say I did!"

"Licker!" shouted Retcher, silencing the slave. "Get over here and
stand in front of Todd."  Licker hesitated, pleading with his eyes,
but Retcher snapped his fingers at him and pointed to me; "Get over
here, I said!"  Finally Licker came over and stood in front of me.

Jason was excited. "Does this mean I'm finally going to get to see a
slave get a whumping?"

Retcher responded, "What you are going to see is a slave getting some
of his wall of resistance chipped away.  What you see before you is a
naked errant slave.  A slave that looks fearful because it knows it's
done wrong."  And boy, did Licker ever look fearful with his mouth
half open in a giant frown!

"Licker", Retcher continued, "you are being punished for three
reasons.  You talked in an unfavorable way about me.  You talked back
to your friend and freeman Todd and called him a snitch, when he was
no snitch; he was simply reporting objective fact.  And just now you
hesitated when I asked you to go and stand in front of Todd.  Your
misbehavior has hurt me. Why are you trying to hurt me, Licker?  Why
do you want to hurt your owner, who feeds and kennels you?  I want
you to be respectful, honest, nimble, meticulous, and attentive, all
good things for you to be.  And you want to hurt me because I want
the best things for you?"

Licker was feeling so bad at having hurt and displeased his master
that he broke down and started bawling.  "Sir, I didn't mean too.
I'm learning.  I'm sorry.  Sir, please don't beat me."

Retcher put his arm on Licker's shoulder.  "I am not going to beat
you.  I am going to chasten you.  Beating is bad, chastening is
good.  I know you want those bad parts of you chipped away, don't you
Licker?"

"Yes sir", he mumbled.

"Licker", Retcher said, "I want you respectful, honest, nimble,
meticulous, and attentive.  What do you want for yourself?"  Licker
responded, "Sir, I want to be respectful, honest, nimble, meticulous,
and attentive."

"Then I will help you to achieve your wishes. Todd, I want you to
serve as Licker's 'holder' for his chastening.  Licker, bring your
arms together in front of you and clasp your fists together in front
of you just below your neck.  Now Todd, you hold Licker by his
gathered arms, both holding him tightly in place and applying a
downward pressure to the arms so that his feet are pushed into the
ground.  This will prevent him from bucking around too much during
his tawsing."

To be continued…

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