**Christopher Enslaved**

Part Eleven

By Randall Austin

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There stood Licker and I face to face, with me grasping his arms and
holding him secure for punishment.  Licker was totally helpless in my
arms.  He was probably aware that by this time Retcher and I were
close enough so that I could simply have said, "Why not let the
beating pass just this one time as a favor to me?", and he probably
would have done it.  But experienced slavers like Retcher know what
has to be done, that naughty slave boys like Licker need common sense
and good behavior beaten into them on a regular basis, and I wasn't
about to interfere with a master slaver.  All that Licker would have
had to do to avoid punishment was to behave.  It's not as if he was
being treated unjustly or anything.  Too bad for you Licker, I
thought, it's payback time for letting Retcher and me down.  Licker's
wide eyes looked into mine.  They seemed to wonder if I would be a
comforter as well as a holder. My loins pulsed with delicious
electricity.

Retcher took out his tawse and took his place in back of Licker.
Jason stood to the side of us, with his arms folded, eager to see
a slave ‘get it’. With no further delay, Retcher pulled back his arm
and started walking swiftly towards Licker's behind, swinging the
tawse and landing it with fury into Licker's ass.  Licker cried, "Oh
God!" and screamed.

Then Jason got into it. "Alright!  Hey slave, it may hurt your ass,
but think how much you hurt my pal Retcher by talking about him
behind his back. After all he does for you!"

Retcher landed the next blow unexpectedly onto Licker's right thigh.
Licker flinched and yipped, but I held him firm.  This is what you
get, I thought, for being a fuck up.  It was satisfying to see him
suffer.  He thought he could be proud, that he was better than
everyone else.  Now he was finally being taught what happens to
misbehaving slaves.

The next stroke hit him on the shoulders.  I held the squirming,
squirreling, quivering, wiggling, screaming, wayward slave very
tightly.  Holding my beloved friend as he was getting corrected was
a rare ecstasy.  It was a sacred moment, the consummation of our years
of friendship.  I felt like a groom holding his trembling bride on
their wedding night (back in the days when brides still trembled on
their wedding nights).

The next swat was back on the slave's ass.  He bucked wildly and his
groin shot into mine.  "Easy there, fella!" I said.  "Are you ready
to start behaving, Licker?" His owner asked.
In a whinnying voice Licker promised that he would.  Retcher answered
by advising me to hold him extra-tight now, so he could deliver some
really forceful blows.  "You got it, Retch", I said. "Lay it on!"

The following blow was another one to Licker's ass, and his groin
shot into mine again.  When I felt our erections touch through my
shorts I almost came in my pants.  As I held him I said;
"I want you to know, Licker, I'm with you.  Just hold up, buddy, like
the proud slave I know you are.  You can do it."  It was an amazing
new experience to be comforting a slave getting whipped.

Retcher then commanded, "Spread those legs, boy.  Spread em nice and
wide for me.  Wider than that, boy. I want to deliver a little inner
thigh action.  Nice and wide now.  Hold him down, Todd, so he can't
close his legs."

Jason seconded Retcher: "You heard the man, boy!  Spread those legs
so we can get in there and take care of business!"

Retcher swung.  Licker yipped as the tawse landed on the right inner
thigh. I held him down really tight.  I thought of how Licker had
always won the spelling bee in grade school.  Lot of good that's
doing you now, eh buddy?

Licker screamed as the next stroke landed on his left inner thigh.
Remember how you were class officer for 3 of our high school years?
That honor isn't saving your hide right now, is it, Mr. Vice
President?

Jason was getting into it. "That's the way Retch, work those thighs.
Keep those legs spread nice and wide boy, so your owner can take care
of you all over.  See what happens when you back-talk with your
friend!"  I doubt if Licker heard Jason, because his own yelling
was pretty intense.

Retcher's next blow landed on his shoulders, masterfully catching the
slave off guard.  Ouch, I bet that hurt.  I'm sure fucking glad I'm
not in your sandals, buddy!

Retcher then went down his back with the tawse, in rapid action.
Jason offered his encouragement to the tawse master. "Yeah, whip that
lazy ass into shape. Make him squeal louder!"

My thoughts continued.  Licker was the first guy in class to get
close to Debbie Watson and make out with her.  If only she could see
you now!  Hey, she might if she ever drives down Baldwin Lane some
lazy Sunday afternoon.

It was interesting to see Jason open mouthed and breathing heavy as
he watched Licker get it.  As he did so, however, he deftly tried to
conceal his major erection.  He obviously was new to slave culture,
and didn't know that folks like Retcher and me, who are experienced
in dealing with slaves, just go with it.  Just let it pop.  And by
this time Licker's own erection couldn't get any harder or bigger
without that huge knob of his bursting.  With each slam of the tawse
his cock ground against my groin.  I hadn't known that my pal was
such a randy little monkey.

Jason even commented on the fact; "That is absolutely disgusting,
that slave has a hard on."  I almost wanted to point out that he
himself did as well, but this wasn't the time for humor.  A slave was getting
punished, and I wanted to savor it to the max.  Retcher's massive
cock was also clearly outlined in his khakis, and he made no attempt
to conceal it as he worked the slave over.  He was one royal stud.  A
true master.

My boner was on fire!  When the next blow made Licker's groin shoot
into mine, I wanted him to feel the fact that I had an erection as
well as he did.  I wanted him to know that his suffering had erected
me.  Cock against cock.  Nice getting to know you like this, Licker.
Feels good, huh?

Retch then surprised all of us with a shot to Licker's lower left
leg.  Jason urged him on; "Come on Retch, ring that slave's weenie
bell!  Make him buck harder!"  With each blow Licker's cock bell rang
loudly, only to be muffled each time as his groin shot into mine with
the force of the blow.  "Stop, stop!", he begged.  Too bad, I thought,
you should have considered the consequences before you tried to lie
your way out of what you said.  Now you're paying the price, Licker.
Nevertheless, despite my feeling that justice was being fairly
delivered, I attempted to comfort my friend.  "Licker", I told
him, "it will be ok.  You have to take your punishment.  We're just
trying to offer you a course of correction that we think is the right
one for you.  The sooner you help us get rid of that self-pride of
yours, the happier you are going to be.  Just help us mold you into
what we want you to be, dude."

"I hope that helps you concentrate on my rock garden!" Jason shouted,
as the next blow landed on Licker's arm.  It felt glorious holding a
slave who was in the process of getting molded into a quickstepping
lifer hard labor product.  With the following blow, which landed on
the inside of his lower right leg, Licker screamed in a higher
pitch.  Ah for crissake, I thought, stop your crying, you big baby!

Retcher returned to the slave's bubble ass. Licker was trying with
all his might to wiggle free, his butt cheeks clenching and
unclenching a mile a minute.  After a repeated blow on the same
spot, Licker squealed, and Retcher set the tawse down and walked
over to him.  Jason, thinking the punishment was over, admonished
the slave, "Maybe now you'll listen to your owner when he tells you
to do something!"

Retcher stood to the side of Licker, put one hand on his shoulder,
and ran the other one over Licker's back, gently massaging some areas
that had received the blows. "Does this help take the sting away?"
Licker answered respectfully that it did.  Retcher then knelt down on
one knee beside Licker and rubbed a hand over the thighs and
buttocks.  "Look at this!" he said, calling us over.  "Not so much as
a sign of the tawse except for some pale red on the buttocks here
where most of the blows landed.  If one kept moving the tawse to
different parts of the body one could tawse a slave all day long.
There would no damage whatsoever, either exteriorly or interiorly."
He started kneading Licker's bubble butt and asked Licker if it felt
good.  Licker said that it did.

Retcher stood up and pulled Licker close to him, continuing to gently
knead the slave's buttocks.  "You heard what I just said, Licker,
didn't you?  That if I had to, if it was necessary, if you seriously
let me down, I could have you tawsed all day long."  Licker nodded
his head.  "The tawsing you just received lasted only a couple of
minutes.  Imagine, if I had to, I could go on and on all day long
with the Flexi-tawse.  I, of course, would not myself administer a
tawsing of such length.  Major tawsings are done out at the compound
by Terry Edwards.  He's young, only 19.  I always use very young lads
to do major punishment whippings because they do it with so much
enthusiasm.  They don't have any of the pangs of doubt that older
lads acquire.  Now Licker, how would it feel to not only to be tawsed
at great length, but especially by someone so young?  You wouldn't
like being tawsed by someone only 19 years old, would you?"  Licker
nodded that he would not.  "I know very well you wouldn't want that,
and I wouldn't ever want to have to do that.  But you need to know
that that is one of the things that could await you if you decide to
remain intransigent, give your overseers any trouble, or let yourself
and us down.  Tell me, Licker, have you learned any lessons from this
tawsing?"

"Yes, sir, I really have, sir", Licker sniffled.

"Are you truly learning to behave from this?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I think we should continue the lesson a little longer."
Retcher picked up the Flexi-tawse. "With Licker's own word that this
is helping him, we're going to start round two.  It would be foolish
to stop now, since Licker is getting so much out of this.  OK,
Licker, let's get you disciplined up some more!"  Retcher commanded
Licker to fold his arms in front of him again and asked me to resume
my position as holder.

"All right!" Jason cheered.

Retcher returned the first blow of the tawse to Licker's tight little
bubble butt.  His buns immediately resumed their clenching
unclenching action, his cock shot back up, his bell tinkled, his
shouts of "Please stop!" resumed, and his tears reflowed.  And our three
freeman cocks re-erected.

There were four of us gathered together under the beautiful
California sun.  A sweet breeze, hardly even a breeze, kissed our
skin.  There we were, all together, one slave and three free men.
One naked male, three clothed.  One suffering male, three
delighting.  Four cocks erected to their manly hilt, for four varied
reasons.  One naked slave being punished, being taught that he had to
do whatever he is told, that he had to be a good worker, that he had
to work hard all day long with no say in the matter. Three free men
punishing another man, a man who was unfree, but otherwise no
different from them. Three happy men and one miserable slave.

As the screams of the errant slave echoed through the valley, I was
dangerously close to erupting in a glorious wedding night ecstasy.  I
looked into my friend's teary eyes and felt as if our friendship had
climaxed at this beautiful moment.  And as I gazed into his eyes, and
he into mine, I felt closer to my best friend then I had ever felt
before.  While we were locked in that gaze, the tawsing suddenly and
unexpectedly stopped, and so did Licker's crying.  The punishment was
over. Retcher felt justice had been delivered, the slave had been
instilled with slave wisdom, and the wrong doings had been paid for.

I didn't know how much longer I could hold off from a jackin
session.  Maybe when crybaby got back to hauling his boulders I could
just go behind the bushes.  Or hell, I could just do it stretched out
on the lawn chair, in front of him.

Retcher, eager to know if Licker had learned anything, asked, "Now
tell me what you have to do from now on."  "I have to do whatever I'm
told to do, sir."  Licker looked up to see if his master was
pleased.  He appeared to be.  "I want you to be a good boy from now
on", he said.  "Will you promise me that?"  "Yes sir", answered
Licker quietly.  "Are you prepared to make a few resolutions now,
Licker?"  Licker nodded his head, while rubbing his butt and
thighs.  "Well, let's hear them. What are your new resolutions?"
Licker answered like a little school kid, sniffling, and with a giant
full-face frown. "Sir, I'm going to start behaving, sir.  I'm not
going to get into any trouble.  I'm going to buckle down and apply a
lot more concentration and effort to my tasks, sir."  "That's
outstanding", Retcher replied, putting his hand on Licker's
shoulder. "Todd is going to stay here with you for the rest of the
day, and he will let us know if you stick to your resolutions. I want
you to know, Licker, because I own you, that I am demanding that you
be a good slave.  You have to do everything you're told from now on.
I care about you.  You know that, don't you?"  Licker nodded ‘yes’.
It was like a father consoling a son after a spanking.  "After that
whipping you're probably thirsty. Right?" Licker nodded again.  So
Retcher casually unzipped his trousers, and Licker knelt down in
front of him.  Retcher pulled out his master's cock out, and Licker
looked up and opened his mouth while Retcher guided the only-
partially-deflated cock into it.  Licker's lips sealed his master's
rod, and Retcher let it rip.  It was beautiful to see my friend
relieving his master.

As he was stuffing his cock back into his trousers, Retcher asked
Jason and me if we had to go.  Jason said he did, and unzipped in
front of Licker. "Fuck man; let me give this a try!  Let's see if you
can suck my piss out with a little more enthusiasm than you've shown
working on my rock garden."  Licker seemed to find it hard to close
his lips around Jason's dick, but he eventually did.  Jason liked the
feel and actually complimented Licker. "Wow, you're good at
slurping out piss!  I see there's something you do right."

I too had to piss and I wasn't about to appear like a little sissy
shy boy by going and peeing behind a tree, so I had no choice but to
get in the piss line also.  Watching Licker suck the piss out of the
dicks of two of his betters was great.  When it was my turn, I stood
in front of the kneeling slave and said, "Since I've seen so much of
your dick lately, I thought you should have a chance to get to know
mine a little better. Licker, I want you to meet Hercules." Jason and
Retcher roared with laughter, which made me less self conscious about
being medium hard.  I remembered how Kevin Cornell used his dick on
Licker and I decided to use the same tactic.  "OK urinal pal, look up
into Hercules' dick eye.  That's the way.  Now smile at your new
friend."  I rubbed the tip across his lips, and as I did so, Retcher
said, "Ooh la la!  You've got style there, Todd."  Finally I jammed
it down Licker's throat.  Being somewhat hard, it poked his palate.
Licker sealed my rod with his slave-red lips and I started peeing
down his throat.  There's nothing like having a freshly tawsed slave
slurp out your piss; it's done with such fervor.  I got even harder
when he was sucking out the last drops from my slit.  At the end, my
dick snapped out of his mouth and brushed his nose.  I wanted to slap
his face with my cock, but I thought it best to hold off on that for
now.

Retcher told me that Jason was taking him to dinner, in return for
his help with the rock garden. In addition, Jason brought a basket of
food and drinks for Licker and me.  He did say, however, that since
it was only about 5:30, he expected Licker to be able to get quite a
bit more done before the evening was over.  I assured him that he
could count on me to see that Licker behaved and got lots done.

As Retcher and Jason left, Licker and I sat down in the grass to eat
our meal.  Once settled, I said, "I love you Licker", and he
answered, "I love you Todd."  As we were eating, I wondered what I
could make him do next.  I felt the same euphoria that a kid feels
with a brand new toy, it's all mine to play with as I please.
Licker was my toy, and I wanted to have fun.  What should I do with
it?  But rather than be harsh, I decided to compliment the
slave.  "Licker, you are Grade A slave material.  Right now you are
basically a good slave, but you need to change your attitude, sharpen
up a few points.  I want you to know you are doing good and I am
proud of you.  I really want you to know that. Retcher asked me to
pass on any insights about you that I may gain after I monitor you
today.  I'll be passing on to Retcher some of my observations and
recommendations.  I will tell him I've observed that you are still
something of a dallier, and you need to work on that.  As of yet,
you don't know how to maximize your time.  When we tell you to do
something, you should just do it, not think about it. You are a
good worker, but you need to be watched in order to perform at your
best. You think too much.  It is somewhat embarrassing for me to see
that you work well only in the presence of someone standing around
with a tawse.  For now you can't be trusted by yourself and need
constant supervision.

"Licker, tell me honestly, please, you do want to be a 'quick-
stepper', don't you?"  When he answered that he did, I
continued.  "Then I would just like to share with you some of the
things I would do, if I were in your place, to help myself become a
slave that Retcher could be proud of.  These are tips, and I hope you
find them helpful, dude."  "Thanks." said Licker, appearing eager to
hear advice.

"If I were hauling boulders I would resolve to always select a
boulder that was just a bit larger than a size I would prefer to
carry.  Then while hauling it up the incline I would always try to
lead myself to walk at a slightly faster clip then I feel as if I
want to.  By constantly pushing myself to up what I want to do, if
only by a bit, I would become a better person, and a better worker.
Always go for the gold, if you know what I mean.  Set higher goals
for yourself than your owner sets for you, and he will always be
pleased with you.

"And you know what?  It works, dude!  When I'm having a really shitty
day in school, I always think about what awaits me at day's end.  I
just think, it may be a pain to be in class right now, but I know
that when I get home in the evening the first thing Sarah and I are
going to do is hop in the sack and fuck each other's lights out.  And
you should be thinking with that same attitude, looking forward to
whatever the fun stuff is that you slaves do when you get unchained
from your labor station and get back to your kennel.  It may not be
fucking broads, but stuff like making headdresses and decorations for
your harnesses, and so on.”

"Or like when Joe and Sam and I swim laps.  I just keep thinking that
the losers have to buy all the beer that night for the winner.  That
forces me to give my all, to put forth my best effort, knowing I'll
be getting free beer.  You may not be getting any free beer at day's
end, but doing well will keep you free of a whipping.”

"Licker, you always used to do so well at school.  Why in the hell
are you doing such a miserable job at this?  I mean, it doesn't take
any brains to haul boulders, man.  Why in the hell are you giving
Retch such a bad time, dude?"  Licker didn't answer.  "Well, anyway,
that's my advice.  I'm just trying to be helpful.  I hope you can use
it."

"Thanks, Todd." he said politely.

"It's my pleasure to help.  Don't hesitate to ask me for work tips
any time.  But now it's time for you to get back to work.  I want you
to know that just because I'm your friend, that doesn't mean I won't
hesitate to tawse your ass or your back if you don't do what I say,
or if you give me any back talk.  I love you, you know that, but I
want Retcher to be proud of you. There's a real attitude thing
going on with you, and I would love to help chip some of that away
for Retcher.  Retcher told me he thinks that just because you're one
of his pretty-boy naked field slaves you think you're special because
so many girls driving by want to take pictures of you.  You may be
the hit of the naked field team, but that doesn't mean you can
slouch.  You're a sloucher and I want to see you get over that
stubborn streak in you.  Now I want you to get back to work and show
me what a good worker you can be.  It's six o'clock, so you've got
another 3 hours to prove yourself, and make me proud of you.  So go
to it, boy!  Now!"

As he started in hauling boulders, I kept talking at him, "I'm
responsible for you now, and I intend to make sure you deliver the
goods.  I want to see you haul some major ass for these last three
hours.  I know you can do it.  Like Retcher said, you just do what I
tell you if you don't want me laying on the tawse some more.  We want
Jason to have a beautiful rock garden." I hated Jason doubtless as
much as Licker did, but saying that to Licker got me super hard.

"I hope to help get you on the road toward being a labor-keen slave;
I too want you nimble, meticulous, and attentive.  You need to focus
on what you can do to be the most labor intensive product you can be
for your owner.  You need to learn to tackle the job at hand with
enthusiasm, to buckle down and focus on what a chore requires in
order to be completed in the shortest amount of time.  Licker, I want
you to be all you can be for Retcher and me.  It's going to be
difficult at first, but you are cut out for it.  Let's turn you into
a prime, grade-A, working machine.”

"We can get you headed in that direction by having you take longer
strides than you are currently taking.  Let's see if you can do it
now.  Atta boy!  Now hold that head up nice and high and show the
world you are proud to be a quick stepping, whip smart, toil-keen,
hard-labor lifer product!  That's the way!  Look at you go!   Now
you're looking smart!  Carry that boulder with enthusiasm!  Come on
Licker.  Make me proud!   You can do it.  I know you can.   That's
the way!  Come on, it's time to haul some ass now!  Get to it.
That's the way! What a good boy you are!"

To be continued…

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