**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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