**Christopher Enslaved**

Part Twelve

By Randall Austin

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The three hours went by without much incident.  Every half hour or so   
I would have him stand and I would hose him off.  He enjoyed that,   
and I enjoyed doing it.  There was only one problem that evening.  At   
one point I pointed out a particular boulder I wanted him to haul,   
and by mistake he took the one next to it.  When I told him it was   
the wrong one he said he would get it next time and kept walking up   
the incline.  I then ordered him to come back with the boulder he was   
carrying and get the one I wanted him to carry.  It was a real test   
of wills.  After a few more steps he finally brought it back and set   
it down.  But I couldn't let that act of defiance go unpunished, so   
before I let him continue I ordered him to get down on the grass and   
lie on his belly.  I gathered his arms behind his back, set my left   
knee into it, and tawsed his ass with about six of my fiercest   
swats.  He was howling and yipping and crying, and every stroke was   
giving me this wild tingling feeling in my groin.  I felt that if I   
had kept tawsing his butt I would eventually have cum.  I wanted to   
go on but didn't, because I'm not like those sadist overseers who   
treat slaves any way they want just for their own pleasure.  My first   
concern was for the welfare and well being of the slave.  The tawsing   
may have been painful to him, but it was a good thing, it was   
directing him toward a higher goal.  And I definitely knew it was a   
good thing when I let him get up, because he just fell back to his   
knees, hugged me around the thighs, and said, "I'm sorry I let you   
down, Todd.  It will never happen again.  Man, I'm such a fuck up.    
I'm so sorry."  I was so touched that I had earned his respect that I   
hugged him in return and told him his apology was a sign to me that   
he was a good slave and should be proud.   
  
When he resumed work after the tawsing he seemed to have a much   
improved attitude, as well as an erection even stiffer than the one   
he had when he got branded at SBGF.  I knew the tawsing I gave to my   
slave friend's ass was the right thing to do because he did his work   
after the tawsing without a lot of attitude.  He seemed more   
content.  I mean, all he was asked to do was haul boulders.  It's not   
like he was responsible for making sure laws were fairly   
administered, a space ship remained on course, vital scientific   
research was conducted, books were balanced, or a brain tumor was   
properly removed.  There are good responsible people who do the   
important work of society.  All he had to do was haul boulders.  He   
doesn't have to worry about making ends meet.  All his meals are   
provided free of charge, and will be for the rest of his life.  As   
will be his housing and medical and dental care, and every other one   
of life's necessities.  Seems, in fact, like slaves don't have a   
right to complain about anything, really, given all that society does   
for them.  Let the good, capable members of society run the world,   
and all you have to do is what you are told to do, without asking   
questions or thinking about it.  
  
At the conclusion of the work day Licker was totally exhausted;  
sweaty, smelly, dirty, and grimy.  He plopped on the grass on his   
back and sprawled out.  When Retcher and Jason arrived, he was still   
too exhausted to move.  Retcher made a dismissive gesture, as if to   
say, "Let him lie.  What can you expect, anyway, from a slave?"  But   
on surveying the work, the two of them were amazed.  "Fantastic.    
Look at that!  I can't believe this much managed to get done."  On   
hearing that, Licker stirred and sat up.  A smile broke across his   
face, and he came up behind us and stood at slave salute, with his   
pelvis very proudly thrust out.  He was the dog, waiting for a pat on   
the head from its master.  Then the compliments began.  Retcher went   
first; "Todd, you did an absolutely amazing job.  Man, I am proud of   
you.  That you insured this kind and amount of work got done means   
you have a true gift in this field."  Jason added his own   
praise; "Man, I can't thank you enough for what you've done for me.    
I'm grateful not only for Retcher's kind offer but for your   
volunteering your time when you could have been out at the pool with   
us.  You did one fantastic job!  Take my hand, buddy, I thank you."  
  
As Jason shook my hand I noticed Licker's defeated look.  He was like   
a little kid who looked like he was about to cry because he'd been   
snubbed.  Retcher then walked towards Licker, took out a leash, and   
snapped it on his collar.  As he did so, he continued to address   
me.  "Most people would go easy on a former friend, but you managed   
to keep him primed and motivated throughout the day.  You know Todd,   
if you are seriously interested, I could find work for you out at the   
compound.  You have proven yourself."  He instructed Licker to bring   
his uniform along, but not put it on because he didn't want it   
getting soiled.  He then yanked on the chain and indicated for us to   
make our way towards the vehicles.  
  
When we arrived at the parking lot, he told Licker to hop back on   
board the pickup and sit down on the bench, face backwards again.    
Then he hopped on board and started chaining him up.  Jason and I   
leaned over the sides of the pickup to watch.  "Fucking high   
maintenance on that thing," exclaimed Jason.  "It's like any machine,   
Retcher answered. It requires some basic care and upkeep." Jason,   
indicating the slave, inquired, "How much does one of these things go   
for?"  Retcher smiled; "You don't want to know!  But you can pick up   
some models pretty cheap.  Something like ole' Licker here is really   
going to cost you, though."  
  
As Retcher finished securing the slave I decided to assert my new   
found authority.  "On the way over here, Licker, you were somewhat   
slumping in your seat.  I want you sitting up nice and tall for the   
ride home."  "That's the way, Todd!" encouraged Retcher. "Very   
helpful pointers."  Once Retcher had Licker chained down with his   
legs and arms spread out, he hopped off the truck.  It was 9:05, and   
it was still light out, so Licker would have to endure a naked, ‘on   
full-display’, ride home.  The only consolation for him was that the   
country roads were not heavy with traffic, especially at this hour.  
  
Retcher came back over to me, where I was standing beside the chained   
slave.  "So, Todd, do you want to come out to the house and talk some   
business?"  
  
"Retch, it’s such a major offer and change, I just need to think   
about it some more."  
  
"What better way than hanging out a bit once we get back.  You could   
even spend some time with Licker."  
  
I then asked what was going to happen to Licker when we got back.    
Retcher looked at him and said, "He really stinks, doesn't he?"  I   
nodded in agreement, and we smiled and laughed.  A slight smile came   
from Licker too.  "When he returns to the kennels he must first   
report to his slave captain, who will doubtless order a couple of his   
kennel mates to bathe him.  He will then be taken to the commissary   
and fed.  After he eats he will report to an assembly of slave   
captains who will question him on his work day, assess how he has   
profited from today's work detail, and grade and evaluate his   
performance and attitude.  If he receives a favorable grade he will   
be allowed to recreate for an hour before bed time, all under   
constant supervision, of course.  If he is found wanting in his   
review, he will be ordered to report to an overseer, and instead of   
an hour's recreation he will receive an hour's training focusing on   
the parts of his review which received an inadequate grade.  If   
you'd like to come out and watch the whole process you are certainly   
welcome. Normally he would have part of tomorrow morning off, having   
worked this late, but a friend of mine is an amateur photographer and   
he wanted a slave to practice shooting nudes, so I'm making Licker   
available for that.  He'll basically still have a work-free morning,   
he'll just have to get naked and look pretty.  My friend said he   
wanted a sultry looking male.  Licker doesn't look too sultry right   
now, but I'm going to let Buddy fix him up any way he wants him."  
  
"Nice", I said. "Licker should make a good model."  
  
"You'll be able to check out what he does with Licker for yourself.    
He maintains a cool web site called, 'Naked Slave’.  He's used some   
of my slaves before, and all I ask is that he attaches a discrete   
credit to each photo saying, 'This slave the property of   
Baldwin/Fletcher’.   I basically see it as a little free   
advertising.  But anyway, if you do join me tonight, we could go to   
the female compound and pick out some entertainment."  
  
"Fuck man!" interjected Jason. "You slavers have got it made!"    
  
"Yeah, we'll go down to the girlie barn and check out the fillies,   
see what's looking good.  We'll find you a nice bald-cunted drudge   
bitch to fuck.  You deserve it, Todd.  Once you soak that rod of   
yours in puss juice for an hour or two you are going to be feeling   
mighty fine.   And if you're interested, after Licker gets bathed,   
and before we hit the bitch barn, we could have him prime our pumps."  
  
My mouth opened and smiled, and I looked at Licker.  The look on the   
poor slave's face couldn't have been more wretched with shame.  I was   
flushed myself.  "Sounds to-tal-ly cooool", I said with a lascivious   
drawl.  I kept my eyes on Licker.  So, was the former high school   
prom king ‘on call’ in the evenings? Naughty homo boy. I was so hard   
that I ached.  
  
Retcher upped the ante.  "If you want, you could spend the night,   
because I'm going to need some help with a task tomorrow that you   
might find interesting.  My vet's got a special on slave castrations   
this week, and I'm planning on taking some of the problem boys out to   
have Doc Waller take the spit out of them.  You're more than welcome   
to come along."  
  
It was getting hard to resist Retcher's offer. Jason was   
interested.  "Fuck man, you actually de-ball guys like Licker here?"  
  
"Oh yes.  It's only a very small percentage though.  What often   
happens to guys like Licker who are enslaved in their teens or early   
twenties is that after about 10 years or so of enslavement, usually   
around the age of 30 to 35, they enter a defiant mode.  They begin to   
wonder, “What in the hell am I putting up with this for?  Why can't I   
go and do what I want, just like my owner does?  Why can't I lay   
around all day and jack off whenever I want to, just like everyone   
else? It's all textbook behavior for slaves, a common phase they go   
through.  I see it all the time in my bucks.”  
  
"Well, the smarter ones, after a period of readjustment usually   
lasting several months, and brought about by some very healthy doses   
of discipline, finally realize that they put up with it simply   
because they have absolutely no fucking say in the matter   
whatsoever!"  With that Jason and I both just started laughing out   
loud at the ridiculousness of the idea of a slave thinking he had a   
right to the same privileges as free men.  When our laughter died   
down, Retcher continued. "But, incredibly, some of them just don't   
get it.  Once we get the defiant ones 'fixed', however, they soon   
calm down and realize that being a slave isn't all bad."  
  
Then, as if to drive the lesson home, Retcher engaged the naked    
slave chained down in the back of the pickup.  "Licker, tell my   
friends here why you can't go off right now and have fun at the beach   
anytime you want to, just like your pal Todd can.  Why can't you go   
off with him in his brand new Jeep and go party at the beach, and   
spend all day looking at the girls?"  Licker answered with immediate   
assurance, "Because sir, it is not for me to decide what I am to do.    
It is for you, sir, my owner, to decide."    
  
Retcher continued the exam.  "And why is it, Licker, that I call the   
shots in your life?"  
  
Licker, so earnest and trying to please, answered, "Because you own   
me, sir."  
  
"Then tell your owner, when are you going to be free to go off on   
your own free will and go to the beach and have fun.  Will it be next   
year?"  
  
"No, sir."  
  
"Will it be in five years?"  
  
"No, sir."  
  
"Will it be in ten years?"   
  
"No, sir."  
  
"Will it be in 15 years?"  
  
I gazed intently on my friend as his totally abject status in life   
was forcefully inculcated on his mind.  Never another day in his life   
to have the kind of fun he pleases! It was super-satisfying to see   
Licker put in his place, and in such dramatic terms by his owner.  
  
"When will you be able, say, at 2 in the afternoon, to wander off   
beside the stream and relax and read a book, even for half an hour?"  
  
"Never sir, never."  Rather than looking defeated, Licker looked up   
like a child who was eager to please.  His eagerness manifested   
itself in a face that offered more of a smile than a frown, and in a   
groin that offered a literally tingling erection.  
  
"When you are hungry, can you go off when you want and eat whatever   
you want, just like Todd here can?"  
  
"No, sir."  
  
"Can you watch TV in the evening like Todd here can?"  
  
"No, sir."  
  
"Can you listen to what you want on the radio whenever you want, like   
Todd here can?"  
  
"No, sir."  
  
"Can you chat and converse with your slave friends whenever you want?"  
  
"No, sir."  
  
"Can you use the telephone to connect with old friends, the way Todd   
here does?"  
  
"No, sir."  
  
"Can you lay back and think about things, whenever you want, the way   
Todd and I can?"  
  
"No, sir."  
  
"Can you look at pictures of naked women, the way we can?"  
  
"No, sir."  
  
"If you do have thoughts about naked women, can you do anything about   
it, the way Todd, Jason and I can, anytime we want?"  
  
"No, sir."  
  
"Will you ever be able to feel a woman's breast again?"  
  
"No, sir."  
  
"Will you ever be able to put your dick into a nice juicy cunt, the   
way we do all the time?"  
  
"No, sir."  
  
"What will you be doing for the rest of your life?"  
  
"Laboring, sir."  
  
"What kind of labor?"  
  
"Hard labor, sir."  
  
"Do you get a weekly paycheck for your hard labor?"  
  
"No, sir."  
  
"Who are you earning money for, Licker?"  
  
"For you, sir."  
  
"Do you want to earn lots of money for me, Licker?"  
  
"Yes sir."  
  
"How can you be sure you will be earning lots of money for me?"  
  
"By working as hard as I can, sir."  
  
"And no matter how hard the work, or how tired you may be, you will   
still keep on working to earn me lots of money?"  
  
"Yes sir.  I want to earn lots of money for you no matter how hard   
the work or how tired I may be."  
  
"Do you sweat when you labor?"  
  
"Yes sir."  
  
"When you are finished laboring after your 8 to 12 hour day, can you   
soak off for a long time in a nice soothing bath?"  
  
"Usually not, sir."  
  
"How are you bathed after work, Licker?"  
  
"We kneel on the ground like billygoats and get hosed down."  
  
"Do you like being herded like a goat and hosed down like an animal?"  
  
"Yes sir, very much so, sir."  
  
"Why are you happy being a slave?"  
  
"Because I get to serve you, sir, for the rest of my life."  
  
"Is there anything else you like about being a slave?"  
  
"I get to work in the fields and show off my body to the tourists,   
sir."  
  
"How does that make you feel, Licker?"  
  
"It makes me very proud to be a Baldwin/Fletcher naked, ringed, hard-  
labor field slave, sir."  
  
After Licker's exam, I felt I would be remiss if I didn't show some   
serious interest in Retcher's kind offer of a job.  So I agreed to   
follow him back out to the Baldwin estate.  The thought of being able   
to spend my summer lording it over hundreds of slaves was too good to   
be true.  The very idea of me as a Baldwin/Fletcher overseer, walking   
around in crisp fancy clothes and overseer boots, with my hair   
slicked up like the Baldwin boys, a tawse in my service belt, slaves   
looking up at me and saluting with their thrust-out hips every time I   
got near them, correcting the wayward slave; it was all too   
heady.   
  
Jason came up to me and thanked me again for my ‘hard work’, and told   
me he hoped Retcher would reward me in a satisfactory way.  Then as   
Jason and Retcher bade their farewells, I said to Licker, "As you   
heard, I'm going back to the compound with you, so we'll be able to   
spend some more time together.  Retcher said I could help bathe you.    
That sounds like a lot of fun.  In fact, if I take Retcher up on his   
job offer we'll be able to spend lots of time together.  Won't that   
be cool?"  Licker agreed with me.  
  
I was feeling frisky so I leaned over and reached in between Licker's   
legs and grabbed his belled cock.  I shook it to make his bell ring.    
Retcher and Jason looked back at us, and I waved hello to them with   
Licker's cock.  Their faces erupted into smiles, followed by   
laughter.  I kept ringing the cock in a silly fashion, and as   
Licker's dick got harder and harder he started smiling too. Soon he   
joined us in crazy laughter.  What an evening!  What a day!!  What a   
life!!!   And the fun was only just beginning.

To be continued…

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