**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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