**Christopher Enslaved**

Part Thirteen

By Randall Austin

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For my summer training job at Baldwin/Fletcher I worked under the
chief overseer of the female barns (what Baldwin/Fletcher calls their
female slave quarters).  While that job was super rewarding; what guy
on college break wouldn't love to have a job where he's in charge of a
barn full of ladies, making sure they bathe, are shaved smooth all
over, and kept up to the stringent Baldwin/Fletcher behavior codes?
I found, interestingly, the days I had to replace some co-overseer of
the male slaves to be equally, if not more, satisfying.  I mean,
looking at naked shaved pussy all day is one super treat, but
something about having control over hundreds of men who have to do
what you say, and stand at attention and display when you pass within
10 feet of them, presents a super charged atmosphere like no other.

As a reward for what he called ‘outstanding’ service, Retcher gave me
a gift.  I had told him I was moving into a house on campus, but it
was a mess, it needed painting, junk removed, and cleaning.  Retcher

told me he wanted me to come back to Baldwin/Fletcher next summer.

And even expressed hopes I would work for him after I had completed
graduate school.  He told me how it was inevitable in the near future
that chief overseers of slaves would need degrees in either slave
maintenance or slave psychology.  Needless to say, I was flattered
that he wanted me working for him.  I was even more flattered when he
offered me as a bonus a slave for a couple of weeks to help clean and
paint my place; a slave by the name of Licker!

I was so excited by the offer that I hugged Retcher on the spot.  He
told me he hoped that Licker and I would have fun, but that I should
not be lax with Christopher.  He said that I should be careful about
maintaining the slave/master relationship.  He said he didn't care how
liberal I was with Licker; he considered anything that happened would
be a good education for me in slave handling, but for Licker's
benefit he urged me not go too easy on him.  I assured him that I had
no intention of going easy on Licker, especially since I had a lot of
work that needed to get done.

Retcher also told me to make use of the police if any problems arose
with Licker that I felt were awkward or unsure about how to handle.
He reminded me that when it comes to putting a slave in its place even
a liberal police force like our California police are pretty
effective.  Taming a defiant slave is something the police have no
trouble doing, for two reasons.  First, because it is a legal
requirement to admonish and punish unruly slaves, and second,
handling slaves does not require the same kind of care and the kid
gloves needed when handling freemen suspects, where lawsuits lurk
around every corner.  Therefore our usually sensitive California
police are typical cops, fortunately, when it comes to handling
slaves.  And slaves know this, as well.  A threat to call the police
given to a lazy house slave toying with your better nature is usually
all it takes to make an uppity slave do what he's told.

Certainly I intended to have good times with Licker, watch some
movies, play cards, swim, reminisce, but I also intended to maintain
clear boundaries.  It must always be remembered that a slave is a
slave, and laxity is always a disaster.  It is useless to try and have
it any other way.  In my slave handling training we were given
guidelines on handling enslaved friends and family members, and the
advice I was given seemed good to me and I intended to follow it.  For
handling slave ‘friends’ effectively it is recommended that you let
the slave be familiar and follow routines from the past, but insist
that all slave duties be performed on schedule.  If the slave is lax
or in other ways incurs demerits, then punishments should be carried
out summarily.   If the slave ‘friend’ incurs a demerit, the best
course of action is to handle it objectively; "Oops brother, it looks
like you didn't do that quite the way I had asked you to.  No hard
feelings, but that is one demerit point.  Just remember if you get
three more demerit points you are going to have to disrobe and get
strapped down to the punishment cot, and I will deliver 20 strokes of
the service whip across your back, buttocks, thighs and upper legs."

It is also recommended to set two times a week aside for discipline
discussion sessions, where the overseer can freely express his
frustrations with the friend/family-member slave and any changes he
would like to see implemented in its behavior.

Being firm is paramount in controlling slaves and being firm without
going overboard is what makes an effective overseer.  Most experienced
slave handlers have a story or two to tell about things they did to a
slave they are not proud of; maybe going too far with a punishment
session, using the slave inappropriately, taking public humiliation
one step too far. However, one thing most counselors do advise; if you
have overstepped yourself with a slave, possibly abused it, the
important thing is to not waste too much time feeling bad about it.
Mistakes happen.  Being an effective master/overseer/caretaker means
getting back in control and not being hindered in that goal by
misgivings.

I did ask Retcher if it would be ok to let Licker grow his hair out in
the next few weeks before he went into my service.  At first he balked
and asked me why I wanted him to have hair.  When I told him it was
because I wanted to give Licker a funny haircut, he okayed the idea.

The first thing I did when I got Licker to my house on campus was to
show him around the place.  It was the house we were supposed to be
sharing this term.  One of the first things he noticed was that I had
almost all of his things.  I told him I was so crushed at losing him
as a friend that when his dad offered me a chance to come and pick
through his belongings, I took him up on it because I wanted as many
mementos of him as I could get my hands on.  I think he was touched.

I also showed him some other things.  Things Retcher had kindly loaned
me.  In the center of the living room I had placed the slave ‘high
chair’, a large steel chair similar in design to a baby's high chair,
only much larger and heavier, with coiled straps to restrain legs,
arms, chest and waist, and with a large removable table tray.  The
‘slave chair’ was all the rage with domestic slave owners.  A slave
could be diapered, parked and secured into the chair, a bowl of
kibbles and water and an emergency cell phone placed on the table
tray, and one wouldn't have to worry about the slave for hours, even a
day or two.  It could save a fortune on kenneling, and could also be
used as a punishment chair as well. Threaten to diaper and park a
slave for a day or two in the ‘chair’, and you'll probably have a very
obedient slave on your hands.  But mainly it was just a great
convenience for those times when you didn't want to deal with a slave,
or wanted it safely out of the way.

And right next to his high chair was the classic American coffee
table, on which I had left all items of control and discipline openly
on display.  I told Licker that they were just deterrence items and
that I certainly didn't expect to have to use any of them.  In
addition to the standard paddle, tawse, service whip, plastic chains,
and cuffs, I had a couple of howlers, penis weights, a state of the
art ‘slave taser’, an ‘energizer’, a twelve pack of slave punishment
mouth wash lollipops, and a set of knee knockers, used for ‘brass
balling’ a slave.

I showed him his room.  He was excited, I could tell, to have a room
of his own.  The first chore I gave him was to remove the door to his
room.

After he removed the door from its frame I could tell Licker wanted to
kick back, but just then wasn't the time for it.  I had things to do,
I had a lot of chores for Licker, and I had to get him oriented.
First on the agenda, it was time for Licker to get a shave and a
haircut.  With his hair having grown out a bit Licker was beginning to
look like Christopher again.  I pulled a bar stool out and ordered him
to take off his shirt and hop on the stool so I could get to work on
him.  He balked.  I asked him, "Does that mean you want a spanking
after your haircut and shave?"  He made a sneer like he was stifling a
reaction, so I clarified my determination; "Just because you're my
friend, that doesn't mean I'm going to let you take advantage of me. I
can have the police here within two minutes, and I will call them if
you don't get that shirt off and sit on the stool right now."

He took off his shirt and sat on the stool.  I buzzed the old war
orphan cross into his head, a strip of hair an inch thick running
across the crown of the head from the middle brow to the back of the
head, and a strip crossing that one running from ear to ear.  I then
shaved it clean and trim.  He looked nice and slavely.  He sat very
still for his shave and haircut, thereby proving to me he wasn't a bad
slave at all, just one, like all slaves, that had to be monitored and
prodded 24 hours a day to bring out his best.  And I told him so.

The really amazing thing about having my old friend spend time with me
was the intense realization that he now no longer owned or controlled
his body.  I once said to him, "You no longer belong to yourself.  You
are owned.  The Baldwin’s call all the shots in your life.  It's not
like it's a bad thing, just a very different thing from the way things
were before.  I bet it must feel very freeing to know that you don't
have to worry about making decisions, to know that you are owned and
totally controlled by someone else; that your arms and legs no longer
belong to you, that your very body no longer is yours, but belongs to
and is owned by someone else, that you are now the property of the
Baldwin’s and that your food and water are there each day only out

of the good graces of your owner.  It's a totally new and totally awesome

dimension."  I suspect he didn't grasp the cosmic dimensions of what I was

trying to say because he didn't respond to my comments.

After three full days of work, Licker pretty much had my campus house
looking good.  And I soon found out that having my own slave made me a
hot man on campus.  Whenever I would take Licker out I always had him
wear a slave smock and belt, like the Canadian slaves wear.  Sometimes
I would lift the back of his smock and tuck it into his belt, to show
off Licker's cute butt.  The girls on campus seemed to love it.  It
surprised me just how helpful it is having a slave on such outings.
Having Licker in tow meant I could outfit him with a large back pack
and really do a lot of shopping.  It was great being able to stock up
on items.  By the end of our shopping trips I always had Licker packed
down like a little mule. Once when we were getting our groceries
checked out at the super market the boy packing the groceries called
to Licker and told him to get over there and help him.  Licker just
stood there, so I took my hand, lifted up his slave smock, and in
front of all the people in line in back of us I gave a hard swat to
his butt, and told him to get over there and obey the bag boy.  He was
super red in the face as he did what the spike haired bag boy told him
what to do.  I thought it was cute.  Licker was not amused.

Our time together was mostly pleasant and passed quickly.  There was
only one unpleasant incident.  I have a cell phone, but Licker is not
allowed to use it except for emergency purposes.  He knows it shows
every call that is made, so he doesn't try to use it.  My neighbors
are six students crammed into a small house.  We got to talking one
time, and they asked me about my slave.  They thought it was neat that
I had a slave.  In a gesture of generosity I told them Licker would be
happy to clean out their basement.  When I told Licker he had a job to
do, surprisingly, he didn't reveal any body language that suggested he
was annoyed that I had made him available.

So the kids put Licker to work down in the basement.  I went over
there a couple of times during the course of the half day that it took
him to do what they wanted.  The last time I went down I didn't see
Licker immediately.  I looked, and found him in a store room, with the
door closed, using one of the student's cell phone.  When he saw me he
showed no great panic, and I heard him say, "Oops, Todd is here."  He
laughed as the person on the other end said something, and then said.
"It’s ok.  You know I can remember that."  I was pissed.  I took the
phone from him and started checking the phones record of calls. It
appeared he had made about six calls, and was on the phone for almost
an hour total.  A couple of the students came down when they heard the
commotion, and took the cell phone from me when I asked them for a
piece of paper because I wanted to write the numbers down.  So I
simply took Licker home, and told them they would have to finish
cleaning their basement themselves.

When I got home I asked Licker what the phone calls were about and he
wouldn't answer me.  I actually would have left it at that, but at one
point he said, "Todd, just for once bug off!"

Such language is against protocol and all my training had taught me
that you cannot let a slave get away with it.  So I ordered Licker
into the slave high chair and strapped him in securely, at the chest,
waist, legs, elbows and arms.  I took out a slave punishment lollipop,
pinched Licker's nose, stuck it in his mouth, and took the elastic
band attached to the stick and secured it around the back of his head.
I let him sit there and I watched him writhe until almost the entire
lollipop had dissolved.  As I watched Licker writhe and gag and cough
and choke I pondered how much comfort and safety modern science has
added to slave's lives.  The punishment lollipop is a non toxic
mixture of astringent and bitter herbs and roots, described as having
a mouth taste and feel of rotting garbage covered in nettles, but once
removed, the slave needs only a drink of water to rinse the taste
away.   No rinsing out of the mouth for hours was required as in the
days when floor soap was used to wash out the mouths of foul mouthed
slaves.  When I removed it and gave him water to drink, I asked him if
he was going to behave from now on, or if he wanted another lollipop.
He said he would behave.

To be continued…

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