**Christopher Enslaved**

Part Fourteen

By Randall Austin

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Licker was on good behavior for most of the time after that cell phone
incident, and as a reward I told Licker I had a surprise for him.  On
the last weekend of his stay with me I was throwing a big party in his
honor for all of our old friends.  He came up to me and in the most
honest and direct way he ever spoke to me since he had been enslaved
(actually talking to me the way Christopher used to talk to me, not
like some sneaky slave who really could no longer stand my guts), and
begged me not to have the party.  I reassured him.  I told him that I
was not planning on using him to serve the guests or humiliating him
in any way.  This was to be a party, a happy time, and he was to be a
guest like everyone else.  I explained that while he was no longer one
of the gang anymore in the old sense, he was still our friend and pal.
True, he had a different status now, but we all did.  Some of the guys
were no longer in school, some were now working full time, and some
were unemployed.  "I'm now in graduate school, and you're with
Baldwin/Fletcher.  None of us has to be ashamed of where we are in
life."  He seemed to buy it.

For the party I wanted to dress Licker up so everyone could see that
he was a very stylish slave.  I gave him instructions in preparing
himself.  I wanted him to bathe, shave his pubes, shave his head very
neatly around his dome cross, and to oil and powder himself.  When he
presented himself to me after he had done all of this I led him to my
room and asked him to select one of his colognes.  He told me he
didn't want to wear any cologne, so I selected the one I knew was his
favorite and had him lift his arms.  I sprayed the cologne into both
of his arm pits, squirted some on the area just below his belly
button, shot some on his inner thighs, and turned him around and
sprayed a healthy dose into his ass crack.  I wanted him perfumed
slightly more than would be in good taste both to give him a slightly
whorey top note, and also to humiliate him.  For clothes I had him
wear one of those slave skirts and belt that one sees a lot in the
slave catalogues, but doesn't see too often in actual use.  I figured
it would make him stand out somewhat in the crowd, keep his torso
nicely exposed, and any guest who wanted to see what a slave's shaved
up sex organs look like would have easy access.

I gelled and pomaded the hair on his head, stylishly highlighting his
slave cross hair cut.  I was going to put a bow tie on him, but when I
looked through his assortment of ties which I got from his dad, along
with all of his other stuff, I found a very nice long green and yellow
silk full length wide tie with a subtle floral pattern.  It hung very
nicely between his ringed nipples, and went very well with his green
slave skirt.

I had him put on his fancy slave sandals, with straps going seven
inches up the leg.  I put slave garters above his knees and on his
wrists.   From his slave duffle I had him get his slave paint and
paint his lips and cheeks red.  Slave paint is very soft, not high
gloss, so it looks like he was eating berries.  But it made him look
so good that I also had him paint his dick tip, the glans, just the
way he has to do every day out at Baldwin/Fletcher as a field display
slave.

As I worked on him in front of the full length mirror I told him he
was a beautiful slave.  I know he was proud, because he kept looking
at himself in the mirror.  When it came to jewelry I asked him if he
wanted to put any on from his duffle, and to my pleasant surprise he
wanted to.  He hung a silver porpoise from his right tit ring, and
selected three rings, one for the ring finger of his right hand, and
one for the index and little finger of his left hand.  As he was about
to close his jewelry box I noticed an elegant silver mouse.  I took
it, lifted his skirt, and attached it to his penis ring.  I looked up
at him, and we both smiled at each other.

But Licker's quiet, pliant, and submissive way did not fool me for a
minute.  He was preparing to play the slave for our former classmates,
even going to extremes of presenting himself as a spectacle to make a
statement, and doubtless hoping to win sympathy.  What poor Licker
didn't understand was that his act probably wouldn't work.  Sympathy
for slaves was dwindling fast, and slavery was gradually becoming more
and more acceptable, even in liberal California. Things had already
changed dramatically since he had been enslaved over half a year ago.

The party started out as I expected.  Everyone was happy to see old
school chums.  What everyone really wanted to see was Christopher, but
they all put on a good act.   No one expressed so much as the mildest
astonishment when they met their old classmate Christopher, now
drudged to the hilt.  And when everyone shook Licker's hand, they all
acted as if, ‘Great to see you, you're looking great, no big deal
that you are now a lifer slave’.  I knew that whole show couldn't last
for long, and once things got under way and the alcohol started
flowing, questions finally started to get asked and concerns voiced.
And that was soon followed, with the help of plenty of party beer,
with stronger, less sober reactions.  I soon knew I had a party with
‘balls’ going.

Licker behaved himself, only talking to answer questions.  A few times
throughout the party I caught him talking eagerly with Quentin Santos
and his buddies, but always out of earshot. Quentin was an anti slave
activist, and I invited him not only because he and Christopher were
rather close friends, but also to sort of shove Licker and the
advancements slavery had made in California in his face.

Peter Burrell and Ivan Ologochev were two of mine and Christopher's

best friends during our high school days.  We were four idealistic
antislavery young men.  But by now they had positioned themselves with
Quentin and his pals.  That judgmental group did not look to be in a
very partying mood, hanging around the fringes, doubtless disgusted
with the happy laughing party goers. One of my goals in this little
gathering was to educate, to proselytize a bit for slavery, to let
everyone see that Christopher, rather than being some abject slave,
was still my happy friend.  There were always going to be Quentin
types in the world, no use in letting them get the best of you.

Beth Middleton, a sweet compassionate former classmate, whose father
owned a couple of slaves, arrived in high and bubbly spirits.  She
went right up to Licker and gave him a big warm hug and told him she
was happy to see him and how great he looked.  And she brought a
present.  "This is for you Christopher."  Christopher looked at me,
and I indicated for him to open the present.  It was a set of three of
those popular ‘Slave Signs’ for hanging around a slave's neck, that
have some slogan or question designed to make slaves endearing.  The
three Beth gave us were, ‘I feel like dancing!’, ‘No chore too big or
too small!’ and ‘Have you given me enough spankings today?’  We all
laughed and tried to decide which one we should hang on Licker.  We
all agreed it should be ‘Have you given me enough spankings today?’
Beth took the sign from Licker's hands and hung it around his neck.

Seeing the sign, Claire Boldstrom remarked, "Now make sure you behave
Christopher, or else you're going to have to go over Todd's knee."

During the laughter that followed Cooper Davis asked if Christopher
had ever been bad and if I ever had to actually punish our old
classmate.  I explained, "It's not that Christopher is a bad person,
but it is the case that sometimes he is not the best slave.  A slave
is always going to try to get away with stuff.  I mean, if you
had to do what you were told to do all day long, wouldn't you start
thinking, ‘What in the fuck am I doing this shit for?’, and look for
those times when you could get out of doing it.  It's not that
Christopher is bad.  No way. He's my best pal and I love him.  But
he's a slave and I know how slaves think, how they're always trying to
get out of things.  I simply want him to be the best slave he can be,
and to that end I have had to discipline him a few times."

"It's amazing, really.  Licker has been through some of the most
rigorous professional obedience training out there, and he still
messes up occasionally.  He's already rounded up three demerits since
he's been here, and out at Baldwin/Fletcher that means he would be due
for what they call a ‘reformatory strapping’."

Quentin interrupted, feeling the need to show his moral superiority,
"Todd, I hope you're just talking that way because of all the booze.
Because if that's the way you talk in real life, you have some pretty
messed up values."  There was now tension in the air, and I wasn't
going to let it win out, "Quentin, how would you like it if I were to
send Licker over to your place for a day so he can do all those odd
shit jobs you have been putting off?  Get all that crap work out of
the way once and for all, what do you say?"  Quentin gave a really
nasty sneer and shake of the head, but the laughter that followed my
remark won back the party mood.

Cooper Davis handed Licker a beer, and I had to stop him. "No beer
for the slave, please.  He's drinking tomato juice."  "Oh come on, let
him have a beer!", insisted Cooper.

Mike Draker put some sense into Cooper's head, "Oh yea, great, that's
all we need is a fucking drunken slave on our hands!"

George Sillmore was a neighbor and friend of Licker's dad. We both
used to caddy for him when we were young, so I invited him for old
time’s sake.  He looked Licker over approvingly.  "Well, well,
Christopher, good to see you!  Are you behaving yourself?"  Licker
nodded ‘Yes’.  "Good. You make a real cute little slave pup.  When
you're dad was wondering about getting you enslaved I assured him it
wasn't such a bad thing, that slaves lead a carefree life and all.
Now I can assure him that I was right and he did the right thing.
Slavery is a real good fit for you."  Not surprisingly George left the
party soon after getting a look at Christopher.

Oswald Stoddard was our old friend and classmate, and a long time
vocal proponent of slavery.  I knew he would relish, more than anyone
else, seeing an old classmate enslaved.  He and his friend Bill Abbey
came up to me and shook my hand.  Oswald greeted Licker, but did not
extend a hand.  "Well, Well, Mr. Christopher Worthington, look at
you!  How have you been holding up buddy?"  Without waiting to hear an
answer he asked me what Christopher's CSSR (California State Slave
Rating) rating was?  He was intent on showing the group how much he
knew of slave lore and culture.  When I answered "140, 30, 10", Oswald
pursed his lips and squinted, "Whew, he must of had some damn good
training.  I bet he comes with a pretty hefty price tag."  Then
looking at Licker, "That means you must do an awful lot of hard work,
kiddo.  Someone's gotta make a lot of money back on that kind of investment."

Oswald took hold of Licker's smock by the hem and turned it up,
exposing his private parts.  For the majority of my guests this was a
dramatic move, one they just were not used to seeing.  Oswald grabbed
Licker's flesh by the lower abdomen and squeezed samples.  "They keep
him nice and firm.  I see he's on KLC rations."  Oswald dropped the
hem and said to Bill, "There's something satisfying about seeing a
slave with this kind of CSSR rating.  You can bet this one hops to
orders on a dime."

Quentin spoke up.  "It's obscene."  Oswald was up to the unexpected
remark.  "Talk is cheap.  Everything is obscene today.  Are all of the
slave protection laws obscene?  The fact is that…."  He was
interrupted by Quentin's friend, Miles, "The fact is that this man is
a human being."

"Did I say he wasn't human?"  Oswald had been in one too many of these
circular arguments, and he seemed almost weary of going on in defense
of slavery.  "We free boys need to stick together right now, what with
the legislature considering more strictures on the Slave Handling Act.
Hey, I know what would change all of your minds.  Let's fit
Christopher with a sucker's muzzle and have him get to work on all of
us."  The loud raucous laughter that followed that brazen remark put
everyone back into the party mood, and the booze started flowing again
at a good pace.

Cindy, beer in hand, not the brightest bulb in the chandelier, asked
what was so bad about slavery.  "He looks more fit than any of us.
And he doesn't have any whip marks or scars on his back."

Quentin responded, "They've got state of the art punishment, Cindy,
designed not to mark."

"You mean Christopher really gets punished?", giggled Cindy as Matthew
Koerner put his arm around her and pulled her close to protect her
from the harsh reality doubtless about to hit our ears.

David Sorenson answered for me, "Is the pope Catholic?  Duhhhhh?
Whaddya think?"  Everyone laughed, but now everyone was curious.  But
surprisingly, no one offered any layman stories they had overheard on
the matter of slave punishment, so I decided to be the decisive voice
of authority on the matter.  "One thing you will never hear Licker's
owners, the Baldwin’s, saying is, "There are going to be some changes
made around here.  Things are going to tighten up around here."
Resolves like that don't need to be voiced because they go by the
rules out there.  We keep the slaves on their feet and towing the line
24 hours a day."

I then got a brilliant party idea. I decided to read from Licker's
punishment book.  I excused myself saying it was show and tell time.
When I came back into the living room with the book, I saw Licker put
his head down.  His face turned red.  "What I have here is the slave's
punishment book.  Here Licker records his shortcomings and his
feelings about them.  Let me read you a few entries from just this
past summer."

To be continued…

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