**Christopher Enslaved**

Part Fourteen

By Randall Austin

This story is erotic fiction meant for mature readers and should only be read by adults over the age of eighteen years old. Please do not use my stories without my permission and please forward all comments to [randallaustin2011@hotmail.com](mailto:randallaustin2011@hotmail.com)

Randall Austin’s Archive Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>

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…

For more of Randall Austin Stories, Please visit the Randall Austin Archive Group. While it does not yet contain all of Randall’s stories [it will eventually], it gathers the stories in one convenient location.

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>