**Christopher Enslaved**

Part Fifteen

By Randall Austin

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My guests gathered around closer to me as I made a show of opening   
Licker's punishment book and looking for an interesting entry to read.

Licker leaned against a wall in back of most of the guests, and it was clear

to me he would have preferred that I not go ahead with the reading.

But by now everyone was curious, so I decided to continue. "Here, let

me give you a few samples.  This one from June 7. Today at 11 in the

morning overseer Hans Hilbig called out to me as I was mulching orchard

114 and asked what I was smiling about.  I told him I had remembered

something funny.  He told me that day dreaming and living in the past are

shortcomings for a slave, and that they lessen productivity for the Baldwin’s.

He told me to put such thoughts out of my head and concentrate on what I

was doing.  Overseer Hilbig was correct.  Such a lapse can impact both my

team and my determination to be a good slave."  
  
Jim Stilers interrupted.  "He can't be serious.  He must write that   
stuff to please whoever it is reviews his punishment book."  
  
I explained, "No.  That would have been the case early on in his   
enslavement.  But I assure you Licker is a slave now.  He thinks and   
acts like a slave.  That's what slave training is all about.  Here,   
let me give you another example.  This is from June 27.  Overseer   
Kevin Cornell pulled me roughly out of the field service line and gave   
me a face slapping at 2:30 this afternoon.  He told me the way I was   
holding the stem knife was not the way I had been taught, as holding   
it sideways one can risk damaging parts of the plant.  I was grateful   
for Overseer Cornell's discipline as he was correct.  I feel   
especially bad about my transgression because there were many tourists   
in the far distance and for the public to see a field display slave   
in need of correction reflects poorly on my entire team.  I feel very   
bad about and humiliated by my experience, and I will review my   
pruning manual before returning to field service in the morning."  
  
Quentin was furious.  He had nothing but contempt for me.  I could   
tell by just looking at his flared nostrils, even though he spoke   
rather calmly.  "Todd, this truly IS obscene.  Not only that   
Christopher has to keep such a book, but that you would read it in   
public and make sport of it."  
  
"Quentin, I am not making sport of Licker, I assure you.  I am just   
trying to inform all of you of what things are like for Licker.  What   
you don't understand is that Licker really IS trying to be a good   
slave."    
  
Quentin's nostrils did not unflare, and he continued,  "Well obviously   
what some of you do not grasp or can't seem to figure out is that if   
Christopher doesn't write this kind of self deprecating crap he   
probably gets his ass whipped until he does."  
  
I had to straighten such a fallacy out.  "Whips are almost never used   
for punishment delivered exclusively to the buttocks.  The paddle or   
strap are preferred for buttocks only treatment.  And as for the   
suggestion that Licker writes because he is made to, I don't know how   
anyone could doubt the sincerity of these words, from July 18.  Today   
at breakfast an employee of the Baldwin/Fletcher cannery saw me   
dispose of a supplement drink I am supposed to drink every morning.    
He reported my act to overseer Joshua Holder.  Joshua took me into his   
field office.  He told me that the drink I had dumped costs 94 cents   
when purchased in bulk.  He said that he was surprised and hurt that I   
would waste food that was good for me.  Because I was on field display   
service I was already naked except for my harness, headdress, and   
rings.  Joshua ordered me to remove my headdress and to get over his   
lap.  This was especially humiliating to me because Joshua is a very   
dear and kind man, and I think of him almost as my father.  I was very   
ashamed that I had let him down.  He took a belt and gave me a severe   
beating on my buttocks and thighs.  When it was over I was crying more   
from the shame of my situation than from the awful pain.  I told   
Joshua that I was sorry, and that it would never happen again.  I   
could not stop crying.  Joshua hugged me and told me that he forgave   
me and that I should go back to the field and behave myself.  When I   
got back to the field I felt depressed for a long time that I had let   
Joshua down. But eventually I recalled my hard labor inspiration   
guide, which said that all slaves, through no fault of their own, have   
a potential for malfeasance, and that correction, chastisement, and   
discipline are tools by which any malfeasance in our nature can be   
driven out.  So finally I was able to be happy again knowing that the   
strapping I had received was Joshua's sincere and loving way of   
helping me."  
  
Oswald interrupted, "You see, Christopher, we free boys aren't so bad   
after all.  We're only trying to help you."  The laughter that   
followed his remark broke the somewhat somber mood and got everyone   
slurping up their beer again.  
  
Matthew Koerner was still standing, listening, and holding Cindy in   
his arms.  He snaked his right hand into her blouse and cupped her   
left tit.  I noticed Licker had been watching them as I continued,   
"Fletcher/Baldwin has a visitors center, and one of the attractions is   
the punishment center, where visitors can watch a slave get punished.    
Licker was put on punishment display on August 9.  Go ahead, Licker,   
tell everyone what you did, and what the experience was like."  Licker   
remained silent.  "Never mind, you've put it in words very nicely in   
your punishment book.  I'll read your own words.  This entry is from   
August 4.  At 9 this evening overseer Hans Hilbig caught me and slave   
Juniper sitting close to each other and fondling one another.  He   
secured us into alligator clamps for the evening and announced that he   
would schedule both of us for public punishment at the Visitor's   
Center.  Our punishment is scheduled for this coming Friday the 9th of   
August at noon, which is a popular time for tourists and the   
amphitheater is usually full at that time.  I am very embarrassed at   
what I have done.  Such a lapse deserves punishment.  It is very   
painful to have to receive public punishment, because so many people   
will see you for what you are, a guilty slave.  I am glad I will be   
getting the punishment I deserve."    
  
The room was dead silent.  I continued.  "Now let me skip ahead and   
read you Licker's entry from the evening of August 9. Today at noon   
I received public punishment for my transgressions of August 4.  This   
past week I was trained in protocol for my public punishment, and I   
had to memorize a brief apology and speech I would present to the   
audience after my punishment.  The seating for the spectators in the   
punishment arena is in the round.  I was led up stairs on to the stage,   
and it was embarrassing to find myself suddenly on stage surrounded by   
rows and rows of seated spectators looking down at me on the stage.    
The audience consisted of hundreds of visitors from all parts of the   
globe, men, women, and children of all ages.  A lot of them were   
eating lunches or snacks as they viewed the guilty slaves being   
punished, as it is a popular thing to do.  As I stood there,   
accompanied by Joshua Holder, I noticed a large sign that all the   
visitors could see.  ‘All slaves receiving punishment have been   
deodorized and scented for your spectator comfort’, and indeed I had   
been bathed, deodorized, and cologned, and made to look my best just   
before being led into the arena.  As the slave just punished was   
being released from the holding bench Joshua told me to remove my   
slave fatigues.  It was hard to do that, but when I forced myself to   
realize that I was just a slave now, it suddenly didn't matter to me   
that I had to strip down to a humiliating neon orange punishment jock   
strap, in front of an auditorium full of people."  
  
"Joshua led me to the punishment frame, and I was bent over a long   
bench with my arms stretched out above my head and my legs stretched   
widely out.  My waist, arms and legs were secured, and I realized my   
back was a clear target for the tawse, and my rump for the paddle.  I   
was to receive 10 of each by disciplinarian Kelley Partridge.    
Baldwin/Fletcher's disciplinarians are always young, usually from 18   
to 20 years old, because it is believed that they have none of the   
qualms about laying punishment on long and hard, which older men   
acquire.  Kelley was dressed in the elegant disciplinarian's display   
uniform of black boots, slacks and chaps, white shirt, black vest,   
yellow bow tie, and a black leather peaked cap.  It was a consolation   
to me to see that my disciplinarian took obvious pride in his duty of   
helping me become a better slave."  
  
"The paddling was first, and when on the fifth blow I finally howled   
and started crying, the audience roared its approval.  The tawsing   
was even more painful and made me loudly scream and cry. When it was   
over and I was being set free from the restraints, the audience   
applauded Kelley long and hard.  He took a bow.  I then had to stand   
at the podium and make my prepared speech. ‘Ladies and gentleman,    
thank you for coming and witnessing this slave's deserved punishment   
session.  Punishment fairly and swiftly delivered to errant slaves   
helps insure the success of the slave system for this great country of   
ours.  I was not criminally enslaved, and I want you all to know that   
I am happy here in my service at Baldwin/Fletcher Farms.  I lead a   
happy existence and am treated fairly.  What you saw me get today has   
been well deserved, I assure you.  To all of you children out there, I   
would like you to remember what you saw today, and to mind your   
parents and teachers.  For if you were ever to be criminally enslaved   
you can expect a lot worse existence than the one we slaves here at   
Baldwin/Fletcher Farms are fortunate to enjoy’."  
  
"Please remember to drop by our gift shop and produce market before   
you leave.  There you will find the freshest quality Baldwin/Fletcher   
produce, all of which has been lovingly tended from seed to fruition   
by the Baldwin/Fletcher field teams, of which I am a proud member."  
  
"I am now going to resume the punishment position and I would like to   
invite all of you who are interested to come down on stage and help   
give me the spanking I deserve.  Please line up in back of the   
punishment frame. You are each invited to give me two of your best   
spanks on the buttocks.  Our photographer will provide each of you   
with a color souvenir snapshot of you delivering my spanking, courtesy   
of Baldwin/Fletcher.  Thank you all for observing and participating   
today."  
  
"By the time I was strapped back into position, about 40 people had   
lined up to spank me.  Most were adults with children.  Most of the   
parents just had their children spank me, but several delivered spanks   
along with their children.  When it was over a medic rubbed lotion   
into my buttocks, I was released, got back into my fatigues and Joshua   
Holder accompanied me back to my quarters where I had lunch, and   
afterwards got back into my field display outfit.  When I was back   
working in the fields after lunch I had time to reflect that that   
punishment was not only fair, but it could have easily been avoided if   
I had been more diligent in studying the materials provided to us   
slaves which offered methods on avoiding sexual thoughts, situations,   
and temptations, as well as tips on overcoming desires to masturbate.    
As a control measure, Juniper and I have been forbidden to associate   
with each other until my chief overseer, Joshua Holder Okays it."  
  
When I had finished reading more than half of our friends had smiles   
on their faces, having found the slave's self deprecating memoirs more   
amusing than anything.  Along with the self satisfaction, most of the   
guys were doubtless experiencing a new found appreciation of their   
freedom.  
  
Matthew Koerner had noticed Licker observing him feeling up Cindy's   
tit. He undid a couple of her blouse buttons, turned Cindy towards   
Licker, extracted her left bare tit, and cupped it up making the   
nipple peak out, and kind of wiggled the whole tit obscenely in   
Licker's direction, while the whole time lewdly smiling at him.    
Licker turned his head, as if disinterested.  
  
When Terry asked me how I managed to ‘tame’ Christopher, the laughter   
that followed brought the room back to full party mode.      
  
I told Terry that I did not help ‘tame’ Christopher.  "Baldwin/  
Fletcher is a large enough organization that they have their own slave   
training program on the compound.  Since their strategy is to buy   
freshly enslaved product they have a slave training facility on site   
almost as large as any commercial outfit.  Training is done by   
professionals whose chief job is to turn the freshly purchased   
livestock into slaves.  My job as an apprentice overseer is simply to   
make sure that guys like Licker do what they're told."  
  
"Slave training employs pretty much the same techniques as those used   
to train dogs at obedience school.  Initial training for new slaves is   
a five week program, 16 hours a day, seven days a week. All new   
slaves are trained in the nude.  And training is nothing fancy or   
complicated.  It just basically consists of giving them orders over   
and over until they learn to respond immediately, and whipping them if   
they do anything wrong.  They had Christopher jumping through hoops,   
duck walking, hopping, doing jumping jacks, pushups, and dancing.    
He was taught to serve and answer his masters in proper form, all   
aspects of slave manners and protocol, the nature of obedience in all   
things, bowing, obeying, and moving quickly.  Licker graduated   
successfully from the reformatory stages of his training.  They   
chipped away his rebellious attitude, and replaced it with the   
polished, obedient, whip smart attitude you see here today.  Our   
little puppy passed his obedience training with flying colors, and   
Christopher was successfully transformed into Licker."     
  
Good natured laughter followed that remark, so I continued.       
"Licker's chief overseers at Baldwin/Fletcher told me all about   
Licker's initial training.  He behaved pretty much the same way any   
newly enslaved guy his age behaved, and had to be treated accordingly.”

“Like any new slave he had a hard time concentrating when they told

him how things were to be done.  He would just break down and start

bawling.  And that's where the trainers come in.  Trained   
professionals, they are able to help slaves focus on what needs to be   
focused on, and stop daydreaming.  They use the Flexitawse on slaves,   
a state of the art thing that hurts like hell, but does almost no   
damage to the body.  Thanks to the Flexitawse, Licker's and most other   
slaves' bodies are not covered in whip marks and scars.  But anyway,   
they'd be showing him how to hold the pruning knife, and he'd suddenly   
just break down crying.  Then Kevin would come up and gently take him   
by the arm, offer a few encouraging words.  But if he didn't snap out   
of it, the tawse came out, and WHAP, WHAP, WHAP, and then usually he'd   
start concentrating on holding that pruning knife in the right way.    
And after about three tawsings, the overseer would then warn; one more   
time, and you're getting a paddling.  So next time he'd start getting   
all crying and bawling, they would pull him out of line for a   
reformatory style paddling.  One guy holds him upright by his arms   
gathered in front, facing him, and another overseer paddles the   
slave's ass in a standing position.  So through such a series of   
corrective tawsings, interspersed with formal paddlings and whippings,   
the newly enslaved eventually get over their sobbing fits."    
  
"That is the basic regimen for the first few weeks.  And that is   
interspersed a couple of times for sessions with the energizer.    
That's where, if it seems a slave needs too many reformatory   
paddlings, then something more severe is used to wake him up.  That's   
when a slave gets ‘rinsed out’, as Kevin Cornell calls it.  They shoot   
a load of pure alcohol up the slave's piss slit.  Believe me, that not   
only rinses out the slit, it rinses the slave's mind as well. Boy,   
you should see a slave scramble once he gets a rinsing.  Actually,   
doing it to one slave gets the entire herd attentive.  It's quite a   
comical sight actually, watching all the slaves suddenly act busy.    
One good thing though, when you get your pecker rinsed out with   
alcohol, at least you are not going to be wasting your owner's time   
thinking about your old life laying around in your room jerking off."   
  
Oswald commented, "Yes, Licker has to do pretty much whatever he's   
told to do now.  Not like when he was living with his dad up on Ocean   
View Plaza."  
  
Marty Samms had brought his family slave, Dobbins, to the party.  A   
nice touch of status and it also let us know that slavery is joining   
the mainstream.  Marty was all smiles as he spoke, "Speaking of your   
dad, Christopher, I see him around town occasionally.  He looks like   
he's doing well." Christopher's lips were tightly drawn and an   
impassive expression came over his face.  I could not discern whether   
he was at all curious.  But Marty soon realized he couldn't bait   
Licker on the issue of his father, if that was what he was trying to   
do, and took a different approach, "When I heard that Christopher had   
managed to get himself drudged, I couldn't believe it.  I thought he   
was too smart to end up like Dobbins, here."  He then introduced his   
slave, Dobbins.  It was interesting to see Licker and Dobbins eyeing   
each other up.  Dobbins was a very handsome slave, about 35 years old,   
which Marty had costumed in black shoes and slacks, white shirt, black   
bow tie and vest, and over the slacks a white jock strap with black   
polka dots.  This demeaning slave ‘touch’ Dobbins bore without the   
slightest hint of indignity.  I could see he was a well trained slave.  I

complimented Dobbins on how fine he looked and he thanked me very politely.   
  
Mike Draker, seeing Dobbins and Licker together, offered a terrific   
party idea, "Hey, we should make the slaves fight."  Good natured   
laughter followed that remark.  
  
Corky was all fun and games too, "Yeah, let's get the slaves naked and   
oiled, and whip the shit out of the loser."  Kenneth the good hearted   
but not savvy liberal responded, "Fuck you, you fucker."  
  
"No, fuck you, you fucking bleeding heart!", responded Corky.  
  
"Fuck you, asshole!", retorted Kenneth.  
  
"Fucking A!"  
  
"FUCK YOU, MAN!!"  
  
"NO, FUCK YOU!!!!"  
  
The exchanges, rather than dampening the party mood only brought   
smiles to most of the faces of the partying crowd.  Draker had a   
suggestion on what to do with Kenneth, "Fuck, let's get this moron   
enslaved!  Oswald, how do we go about it?"  
  
Oswald had pondered the issue and was ready with an answer, "I have   
studied the law hard and long. Unfortunately, there's no easy way to   
get your enemies enslaved unless they happen to be felons or fall   
under California's ‘lex talionis’ restrictions.  Believe me, I have   
researched this."  It was an assertion I found very easy to believe.  
  
"Fuck, that sucks!", bemoaned Corky.  
  
"Well tell me this; that may suck, but does this slave suck as well?",   
asked Draker.  The laughter that followed the crude remarked revealed   
to me that by now pretty much the entire room was feeling in a very   
party mood from the alcohol.  I didn't answer immediately, but Terry   
really wanted an answer, "Seriously, what about it Todd, do overseers   
really get to do stuff to slaves?  You know what I mean."  
  
"Well, why don't you stick your thing in his face and find out.  Order   
him to do whatever you want.  Do a little slave research.  Licker is   
well trained and whip smart.  He'll do whatever you tell him to do!"    
Drunken and lascivious laughter, "oohs" and "ahhhs", and "Holy fuckin   
shits" followed my answer.  And Corky then made a very good point,   
"What's he gonna do if you stick your prick in his face, say ‘no   
thank you'?"  The laughter was now at fever pitch.  
  
Already my party was a major success.

To be continued…

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