**Christopher Enslaved**

Part Sixteen

By Randall Austin

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Bill Abbey was in heaven.  He couldn't take his eyes off of Licker.    
Bill, who so wanted to be an ‘A’ student like Christopher, but could   
never get above a ‘C’ average,  was always envious of Christopher.  "So,   
Christopher, Todd here tells me you do what you're told to do.  You've   
turned out to be a real regular little work boy."    
  
Christopher said nothing, so I explained, "He has to, he doesn't have   
any say in the matter.  But you should know that, actually, the herds   
are, by and large, quite content out at Baldwin/Fletcher."  
  
Jimmy was mad.  "Fuck man, there you go again, talking so demeaning   
about slaves.  Referring to them as the ‘herds’."    
  
"All I can say, Jimmy, is that yes, I did use the term ‘herd’, as is   
common in our business.  But it is strange that you are reacting to   
something that really does no harm to a slave.  My using the term   
‘herd’ doesn't hurt Licker here in any way.  His ass isn't stinging   
and bleeding.  Yet you think it is.  So I would simply say that you   
are a good example of an uninformed layman, railing on and on about   
how bad things are for slaves.  Untruths really do not help better the   
lot of either slaves or freeman.  Your energy would be better spent   
volunteering at the local Slave Services Center."  
  
Matt spoke plainly, "What the fuck's wrong with the term ‘herd’   
anyway?  I mean, what is Christopher now but a cow, a cash cow, for   
the Baldwin’s.  And everyone knows the Baldwin’s have lots of cash cows

toiling away in the fields.  A whole herd of cash cows, just raking it in for

the Baldwin’s, all day long.  I mean, Christopher is nothing but a cash cow,

the Baldwin’s own a lot of cash cows.  So it really is a herd of cash cows.

What's the big deal?"  
  
Jimmy was really mad now, and he grabbed another beer.  He was joined   
by Josh Dawson and Joseph Beyer, whom we used to refer to as ‘homo   
Joe’.  Everyone knew Joe was gay, and had a crush on Christopher   
throughout high school and college.  Joe was a cool guy, but his   
reason for being at the party was no less voyeuristic than anyone   
else's.  When he arrived and first saw Licker in his slave skirt, I   
knew he liked what he saw.  
  
Matt was standing next to Licker, so I shouted across the room to   
Matt, "Matt, would you check Licker's glass, make sure no one has   
spiked his tomato juice."  Matt pulled Licker's glass from his hand,   
put it to his nose, and sniffed hard.  "The slave's drink is clean."    
One simply has to do this sort of monitoring if one is to be ahead of   
a wily slave.  
  
Justin, curious, asked what slaves are fed. "He eats some of our food   
plus we feed him special high energy slave ration.  That reminds me,   
it's feeding time.  Joe would you feed the slave?"  I told Licker to   
sit at the table.  As he seated himself the gang kind of moved around   
the table to watch the slave feeding.  
  
Homo Joe was happy to get the food.   He seemed like a little kid   
eager to feed his new puppy.  I told him there was a bag of slave   
kibble under the kitchen sink, and to put a half cupful into Licker's   
feeding cup. Joe saw the large plastic kibble cup on the counter   
with Licker's name on it, and filled it with kibbles, and brought it   
over and gave it to Licker.  He sat down next to Licker, and said,    
"Here you go, Licker.  Some good food for you."  All eyes were on   
Licker.  Licker grabbed a few and started eating.  Joe then asked if   
he could try one, and Licker said he could.  So Joe said, "Thanks,   
have some of my eggplant", and set the hor'deuvres on a napkin for   
Licker.  Licker ate it, so I called out to Joe, "Please don't feed the   
slave.  If they eat human food they can get all kinds of illnesses."  Then   
coming over, I asked Licker why he ate Joe's food.  He answered by   
saying he was trying to be polite by accepting Joe's food.  
  
"That's ok for now, this is a party.  But Licker you need to remember   
that normally your first concern should be trying to be unobtrusive,   
not polite.  If you stayed at your proper distance in the background   
there would be no reason for you having to show ‘politeness’.  You   
should never be interacting on that intimate a level with free men."    
The room was silent.  I realized that the alcohol had gotten to me and   
I was probably a tad more firm than I had to be.  
  
Licker was somewhat dawdling, but Joe encouraged him to keep eating   
his kibbles.  Everyone just kept watching him eat.  Matt offered   
encouragement, "Good boy, Christopher.  Eat those kibbles up dude, so   
you stay nice and fit, and can be a real productive work boy for your   
owner."  
  
Cooper reflected, "It's hard to believe Christopher Worthington has   
been turned into like a total robot."  
  
"He's not a robot at all", I answered.  "He is a trained labor-keen   
slave, who knows how to obey and do what he's told.  He doesn't sleep   
in, in the morning the way you guys do.  Let me tell you what his day   
is like.  It isn't as bad as you're probably thinking it is.  The   
field slaves, the earliest to wake up, are up every morning at 5 am.    
The entire herd, about two hundred and fifty, is then marched naked to   
the bath house, and there overseers hose the entire lot down.  Even   
the somewhat cool water used to hose them down doesn't bring down   
their erections.  Usually the entire herd is erect.  The field slaves   
are aged 20 to 30, and if the overseers notice that one of them is not   
erect on a regular basis, they know there's some hanky panky going on   
and they'll monitor that particular slave more actively, to make sure   
he isn't jerking on the sly.  That's the way the Baldwin’s want them,   
hard.  Really red knobbed hard. As Arnold always says, "An erect slave   
is a slave with energy to spare."  And he wants that energy put to   
work lining the Baldwin’s pockets.  I mean, why not?  They belong to   
them, they own them.  Then the herd is marched to the commissary and   
they eat breakfast in the nude.  It's a happy time for them, the   
slaves enjoy it, and they are fed well."  
  
"Then the slaves are herded back to their barracks and there they get   
dressed as their duty demands.  The field display slaves, like Licker,   
work in the nude, and they have to don their harnesses, headdress, and   
ornaments for their duty as the display slaves.  There are 70 display   
slaves, and they are a close knit team.  They even take it upon   
themselves to discipline members of their own team whom they feel are   
bringing the team down in anyway.  This self governing mode that has   
developed among various teams is something the Baldwin’s wholeheartedly

support."  
  
"As a field slave his usual duties are things like picking, sowing,   
hoeing, watering, trenching, and hauling boulders. The majority of the   
slaves work in the fields from 7 to 5, and that includes an hour   
dinner break.  But hard labor slaves, like Licker, go back to work   
after supper and work more, up to 14 hours a day, seven days a week."    
  
"That is totally fucked!", voiced Quentin.  
  
I continued, "That's what Licker's court declared status as a hard   
labor slave means. It allows up to 14 hours a day, 7 days a week,   
until he reaches the age of 42."    
  
Terry was amazed, "Whoa dude, you mean to tell me Christopher's going   
to be going at it nonstop 14 hours a day for the next 20 years?"    
  
"That's right.", I answered.  Then at age 44 the maximum he can be   
worked drops to 9 hours a day, for six days a week until he reaches   
the age of 54.  Then at age 54 Licker can only be worked 8 hours a   
day, five days a week, for the rest of his life, for however long he may   
live.  So right about the time all of us are beginning to retire,   
Licker will just then be beginning to work a schedule somewhat like   
the normal work schedule we all had for most of our lives.  And slaves   
don't retire.  The law says they can be worked for as long as their   
owners require, as long as they are healthy.  The other thing is,   
slaves don't get vacations or personal holidays like we do.  So when   
you add it all up and that comes to a lot of service."  
  
After I had give out all of these facts the room was silent, and all   
were standing around staring at licker like he truly was some exotic   
beast of burden.  
  
"Quite a life style change there, eh Christopher?" smirked Mike.   
  
"Jeeze, just like a migrant worker!", exclaimed Toby.  
  
I had to correct that misperception.  "Not quite! Migrant workers   
only work 8 hour days, 5 days a week.  If a migrant worker makes a   
mistake, he may get an angry look or hollered at.  If Licker makes a   
mistake, he not only gets angry looks and hollered at, but he also   
gets a sound beating.  Migrant workers get to go home to their   
families after work.  They can go out and party after work.  Migrant   
workers get paid for their work and it’s all theirs.  Licker makes a   
ton of money, the only problem is he's never going to see any of it."  
  
I was surprised that the reaction of my guests to my comparison of   
Licker's and a migrant worker's life was one of mirth.  
  
Steve summarized, "What you're saying Todd is that Licker is not   
exactly a man of leisure."  
  
More laughter.  
  
Bill philosophized, "Well, someone's gotta do it.  It might as well be   
him or Joe Blow, if you know what I mean. I mean, Christopher is no   
better than any one of us who could have ended up in his shoes, or any   
better than any of the other guys who did end up as slaves.  I mean,   
he's not the only slave out there."   
  
"Yeah, you're right", agreed Matt.  "I mean, big deal.  So he's a   
slave!"  
  
"No man, it is fucked.  What an existence." moaned Timothy, whose   
empathy for slaves did not conceal his hardon.  
Ivan was repulsed, "I don't know how any of you can support such a   
system."  
  
Cindy joined in, "Slavery is ok because the Bible says so."  
  
Though he said it quietly to Miles, everyone heard Kenneth say,  
"Man, I'd love to slap the face of that fundamentalist bitch."  
  
Matthew Koerner observed, "It's always the godless who are against   
slavery."  
  
Marty tried to calm the hotheads down, "If you want to slap someone,   
slap a slave.  That's what they're for.  Let's not take our   
hostilities out on each other."  
  
Jimmy Youdorian stated, he had heard from friends, and was not only horrified by   
Christopher's enslavement, but was totally repulsed by my taking a job   
at Baldwin/Fletcher.  His true feelings finally came out with, "The   
whole system and everyone who supports it is totally fucked."  
  
Oswald cut him off.  "The system is objective and positively fair."  
  
Jimmy retorted, "Slave discipline is left to the whim of overseers."  
  
"No way", I answered.   
  
"Well then, how do your monitor a slaves productivity?" asked Justin.  
  
"Very precisely", I answered.  "Out at the farms each detail has its   
own system of work measurement.  Licker works out in the field in   
herds divided into groups of 20 slaves.  Baldwin/Fletcher uses   
smaller herds than the standard because it allows for a greater degree   
of work evaluation accuracy.  For example, let's use fruit picking as   
an example.  If we know a herd of 20 can fill a bushel basket with a    
particular fruit in 5 minutes, then that means twelve bushels an hour.    
If that level is not being met, then the overseer simply moves in and   
it’s his job to get those 20 cock bells to start dingling a little   
faster and louder to get the productivity up.  It's a totally fair   
and accurate measurement system!"    
   
Steve asked me, "How do they usually get those bells to dingle   
faster?"  
  
"We overseers simply go with the instrument of control that we like   
best.  Any damn thing used in any way we want to.  I prefer the   
service or dog whip, some like the tawse or paddle, some the flogger,   
some apply squealers or pinchers to various parts of the slaves'   
bodies.  It makes no difference. The important thing is to keep the   
herd working.  "Whatever it takes Arnold always says."  
  
"Is Licker on vacation while he is here with you, Todd?", asked Terry.  
  
"Well, Retcher gave him to me because I had some house cleaning that   
needed to be done.  But I'm not overworking my friend if that's what   
you're wondering."  
  
"So, you can like get him to do anything you want?", asked Nick.   
  
"Absolutely", I explained.  "Licker here keeps the house clean, does   
the dishes, makes me tea, and so on.  I could even get him to wipe my   
ass after I took a shit if I asked him to."  I then walked over to   
Licker, put my arm around him, and rubbed him on the head.  "But I   
wouldn't do that to my best pal!"  
  
"Wow Christopher, you have to do what your pal tells you do or else,   
huh?" laughed David.  
  
Christopher was a spoil sport and didn't respond.  
  
"Does he do everything you tell him to do?" asked Marty.  
  
"Oh yes.  He knows I have adopted the Baldwin/Fletcher strategy.    
Haven't I Licker?"  I rubbed him on the head again.  "I never say   
things like, ‘I'm really upset with you’, or ‘Pleeeease!’  I've   
learned that the only way to handle a slave if he doesn't obey is to   
just reach for a tawse and use it.  It's the language slaves   
understand best."  
  
"Sounds great having a slave", said Matthew as he gave Cindy a   
squeeze.  I explained that owning a slave wasn't as carefree and easy   
as it sounds.  "Slaves have to be monitored 24 hours a day.  Licker   
here, when I go out, has to be secured.  When I am here, I have to   
keep tabs on him. If I don't hear him, I check on him at regular   
intervals  to make sure he's not goofing off.  They can't be trusted   
by themselves.  They are great to have around, but require lots of   
upkeep and maintenance.  And out at Baldwin/Fletcher slaves are   
monitored constantly.  Even when they're sleeping, overseers make the   
rounds.  It's something that just has to be done.  They're slaves   
after all and will try to get away with lazing about, cutting corners,

or stealing. And they tell lies like nobody's business.  Which is why   
it is a good policy for slavers to never pay attention to what a slave   
has to say, since it's probably a lie."  
  
Little Nick wanted to share his slave knowledge.  "My uncle says the   
same thing.   He has a family related slave, one of my cousins.  I've   
seen him handle Cousin Tommy like a pro.  He takes no shit whatsoever   
from Tommy.  I sure wouldn't want to be in Tommy's shoes."  
  
Quentin took note of Nick's comments.  "That is exactly the kind of   
stuff I am talking about.  Slaves can, and do, end up in intolerable   
situations, and as long as such a system exists, there is no way of   
monitoring it."  
  
"Hold on."  I had to clarify.  "Listen everyone.  Do you realize that   
there are laws that dictate how slaves are treated? Everything is   
rigidly codified by the California Slave Standards Act.  It's a great   
system that is designed to protect slaves from unfair masters.  The   
state and federal governments have laws in place that protect the   
status of all individuals, whether free or slave.  Are you aware that   
most of the slave laws on the books have as their purpose the well   
being of slaves?  For example, most slaves like Licker here are fed a   
diet heavy in grains and beans, and it is totally balanced and   
supplemented.  Overseers and owners are held accountable if slaves do   
not get their dietary needs.  That is why Licker here had to get his   
ass spanked for dumping his supplement drink.  And similarly, if   
Licker were to back talk to anyone here I am compelled under state   
law to both verbally and physically reprimand him.  All of these laws   
are for his own good.  And so it is with every damn thing regarding   
slaves, the laws are stacked on their side."  
  
I was starting to get angry and realized I had better take a mellower   
tone.  "I support 100% all the Slave Handling Acts.  When Christopher   
became a slave he was given a packet of reading materials, self help,   
all encouraging him to be a good slave.  The sole purpose of all the   
materials was to help him be happy.  It explained that the there are   
laws in place to protect them and insure their happiness.  I know for   
many of you slavery is clouded by the movies, by world history, by our   
country's own pre-civil war past.  But that is not the way things are   
today.  We don't tie them up and beat them till the skin falls off   
their back.  Slaves are tools, like an expensive machine, and you   
treat them like gold so they function effectively.  They cost a lot of   
money.  No one with any sense is going to wantonly harm or cause to   
malfunction something he has paid a lot of money for."  
  
I could see by Jimmy's crossed arms and hard look I was getting nowhere,

especially when he asked, "Well what about these things I see   
laying around here?  A tawse, a couple of paddles, and that thing on   
the counter.  God, what in the hell is that thing?", he said as he   
pointed to my taser, or stun gun.  
  
It was a great moment to make my point.  "Yeah, let me tell you about   
that thing."  I picked it up and showed it to everyone, "This is a   
stun gun.  Pretty damn scary looking, even scarier is what it can do.    
But this is California and this is the 21st century, and this is a   
state of the art stun gun.  Do you know what its default setting is?    
It's the one I use on slaves who I need to get a moving a little   
faster.  I'm going to demonstrate on myself and to anyone else here   
who wants to feel it."  I then pulled the trigger and grabbed the tip.

"See that.  I'm being stunned right now.  But you know what, it's

setting is not even comparable to the old fashioned stun guns' low

setting.  This is even lower than that.  It just gives an ever so   
slight queasy feeling.  As such it is a prod or reminder of what could   
come.  And this setting is almost 100% effective in getting a slave to   
do what needs to be done.  I have never had to use any higher setting   
than the default on a slave.  And so it is with every tool and   
implement of control at our disposal.  They convey ideas far more   
frequently than they convey actual pain.  The whole system has gotten   
a bum rap."  
  
A lot of the guys were putting their hands out so I could stun them.   
They found it interesting.  "Hey, that's cool.  Sort of a weird   
sensation."  "I bet it would feel kind of good on my prick."  The   
laughter brought on by the stun gun demo was valuable in allaying the   
fears of the room.  
  
When Bill touched it he got an erection, and he seemed fascinated with   
the implement of control, "Wow. So this is the kind of thing that   
keeps Christopher focused, and able to be such a good little work boy."

To be continued…

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