**Christopher Enslaved**

Part Seventeen

By Randall Austin

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Phil Storch wondered, "It sure would be nice to see a little slave
action.  Can we get to see Licker at work, doing some labor?"  "You
serious?" I asked.  Toby answered for Phil, "Why not?  Let's see a
real live slave in action, doing what he does best!", "Yeah, some hard
labor!", someone called out.  Corky chimed in, "I for one sure would
like to see a top notch labor keen slave do his thing.  A professional
in his field, showing off his skill."  Kenny was passing out more
beers to all of us as this was going on. The mood was right, it seemed
like a good idea, so I said, "I don't see why not.  An easy thing to
arrange.  Let's all go into the basement, just us guys."  Licker
looked dismal so I encouraged him, "Don't let us down now.  The boys
want to see you in action."

I told the girls to stay upstairs, that we'd be right back, that this
was a guy thing.  Most of the guys were interested so we all
trundled downstairs.  Being the last to head down the stairs I grabbed
my service whip from the countertop.

I had stacked in one corner of the basement about 20 boxes, each one
about two and a half feet square, most of which contained books, my
library.  I had the guys line up on one side of the room.  I told
Licker, making sure he and the guys could see the service whip I held
in my folded arms, that I wanted him to start carrying the boxes and
stacking them on the other side of the room.  Licker grabbed the first
box, and he had to struggle with it somewhat as he realized that
such a large box of books was heavy.  As we watched him carry the box
to the other side of the room smiles erupted on all our faces.  It was
cool and fun, watching a slave do what he was told.  Licker walked
back, grabbed another box, and carried it to the other side of the
room.  Andrew let out, "This is soooo cool, man."  We all kept
drinking, enjoying the quiet spectacle.  Phil complimented Licker, "I
can tell you're a pro, man!"  Some laughter.  At one point when Licker
had to regain his hold of a box by sort of rehefting it, Terry said,
"Nice grip action.  Only a hard labor slave could have gotten that
move just right."  We all laughed.

Nick ran up and got more beers for us.  Justin noted, "This isn't
authentic, out in the field he's naked."  Mike agreed, "Hey, that's
right Todd.  I want to get to see that famous weenie bell dangling
from his prick while Licker struts his stuff."  So I had to go back
upstairs and get his weenie bell.  I also brought down three more six
packs of beer with me.  I had Licker come over to me and I removed his
belt and skirt.  I attached his cock bell alongside his silver mouse,
and set him back to work.

The laughter couldn't have been any more raucous as Licker's bell
started jingling as he resumed his work.

"That is totally cool!  Look at him go to town", exclaimed Sam Sneer,
the pizza parlor worker.  "Bust a sweat, dude!"

I commented, "What you see is what you get.  Christopher exposed for
his old friends.  Those legs and arms, chest, back, ass, prick and
balls all are the property of Baldwin/Fletcher.  Those nipples don't
belong to Christopher, those buttocks aren't his.  He doesn't have any
say in his own body.  All of him is totally owned and totally
controlled by the Baldwin’s.  Christopher's body does not belong to
him.  He has no say in it whatsoever.  It belongs to the Baldwin’s and
they call all the shots.  Those muscles are what make a lot of money
for his masters, and they move and do what their owners order them to
do."

"Except for his prick muscle.  I hear the Baldwin’s don't allow that
muscle to get too much exercise", laughed Cooper.

I wanted to explain my views on that policy.  "That ‘no masturbation'
rule doesn't seem like such a big deal to me.  The Baldwin's know that
if slaves cut back on that selfish pleasure they have more energy out
in the field, are more aggressive as they try to work off their
libido.  It has proven to be a real enhancer for the Baldwin's weekly
bottom line."

Matthew Koerner offered encouragement, "Now Christopher, don't you go
thinking your pecker is a useless dangling slab of meat just because
you're not allowed to hump chicks.  The way it holds your slave bell
it's providing a valuable service to society by letting your masters
know if you're being productive.  And that's much better than humping
chicks."

"Hey Christopher, dude.  I like the way you got your dick tip painted
up nice and red.  Real snazzy!", complimented Justin.
"Yeah!", seconded David.  "And those tit rings have made your nipples
enlarged and almost as luscious looking as some dames."

Licker kept hauling the boxes as we all stood around smiling, except
for Quentin and his gang, scrunched up in a corner of the basement.
Their negativity, however, wasn't ruining our party mood.

Nathan had a very good question.  "If you have to punish slaves,
doesn't that weaken their ability to work, steal from their energy
level?"

Everyone complimented Nathan, "That is a damn good question."

"Indeed it is a good question", I answered.  "Books on slave control
all address that issue.  And that is why rather than punishing a slave
with a whip or tawse or body pinchers, it is sometimes preferable to
just make a slave's life very uncomfortable in order to teach him a
lesson.  I would like to demonstrate."  I excused myself and went up
stairs to get the ‘knee knockers’, and also picked up some more beers.

When I got back I knelt down in front of Licker and started to attach
the knee knockers.  "Let me show you these.  What I'm doing is ‘brass
balling' Licker.  This super training device helps a slave to
concentrate."  Knee knockers are two heavy brass balls 4 inches in
diameter.  They each hang from light chains that are attached to a
cinch that goes about the root of the cock, in back of the balls.  The
brass balls are very heavy and hang down to the knee level.  "Now with
these two huge brass balls dangling between his legs Licker has to
sort of keep his legs spread wide apart or else the swinging balls
will hit him in the knees, and if that happens, then down he goes."

Once they were attached I stood Licker up and spun him around for
everyone to see.  It was obvious the balls must have been quite heavy
as they pulled very much at the root of the cock.  It looked painful
the way it stretched the cock and balls.  The  crowd loved it,
acknowledging with smiles, looks of interest, and laughter.  "Now I'm
going to have Licker get back to work hauling boxes, but notice now
how he has to keep his torso kind of steady or else the balls start
hitting each other and swinging wildly.  Once they start knocking each
other, watch out, cause it's only a matter of time before he'll be
whacked in the knees.   And it hurts like hell.  All of us overseers
had to try them on in training."

I ordered Licker back to work.  He picked up a box, and started slowly
carrying it with his legs spread wide, the balls gently swaying and
gently knocking each other, the bell tingling gently.  The crowd, a
little drunker and looser, moved in to watch the action.

"Hey Christopher, you better haul these boxes real good or else we're
going to tell your owner on you", taunted Nathan.  "You don't want to
displease your master, do you?  You want to be a good boy don't you?
Or else your owner is going to have to give you some more spanky
spanky on your fanny."

"He's hauling boxes now, but believe me, if we weren't all watching
he'd be lazing around.  Slaves are constantly trying to pull shit on
us free boys." Steve informed us.

I was the barker for the main attraction, "What you're seeing is a
brass balled and belled Licker in slave action.  Just the way he works
out in the field.  A little hot field action right here on campus!"
Everyone loved my presentation, laughter and more drinking followed.

"Look at him go to town!", hooted Marty.

I continued as barker, "That's right.  Look at him carry that box as
only a certified hard labor product can do it.  Look at those work boy
muscles straining to please their owner. Licker thought he was going
to be a professor of biology.  He's instead a professor of hard labor.

Come on Licker, teach us how to haul ass!"

"Yeah.  I wanna see a hard labor certified slave haul some major hard
labor certified ass!", whooped Nathan.

"A naked toiling slave.  A little bit of ancient Rome in our own
basement", laughed Mike.

I invited them to come out to the farms; "You should swing by and
watch him out in the fields at Baldwin/Fletcher sometime.  It's a real
sight.  He's all oiled up and he wears a big fancy slave harness.
He's fitted with big rings in his tits and nose and cock, and to top
it all off he wears a big fancy headdress.  He's one proud strutting
peacock."

Suddenly everyone was shouting out comments.  Each ribald remark that
followed was greeted with howls, hoots and laughter.  And each
comment seemed to make our erections strain one notch higher.

"Christopher, you were number one on the swim team.  Still working on
your backstroke every day?"

"Look at worker boy go to town, giving us some hot muscled slave
action."

"You're developing some pretty nice muscles, Christopher.  Bet you can
pick up a lot of ladies at the clubs with those muscles."
"I think the Baldwin’s want him picking up boulders rather than
ladies!"

"Yeah, I see the Baldwin’s must have you on a very successful exercise
program.  Work out every day, do you Christopher?"

"Hey naked boy, you like showing off your pecker and muscles to the
tourists?  You get off on it?"

"Dingle that dong bell, Bobo."

"Having a hard day, Christopher?  Or is this typical?"

"Oh well, after your hard day you and your girlfriend can go out to
dinner and a movie."

"Yeah, then you can take her home and give her a nice slow fuck, just
the way she likes it."

"Or have you forgotten how to fuck pussy.  It's been quite a while,
hasn't it?"

"No, he's saving his love juice for when he and Juniper are reunited.”

"Homo slave boy!"

"Was Juniper anything like Elizabeth?  Did he feel as good?"

The laughter was almost deafening in the relatively small basement.  I
figured a little good natured slave baiting never hurt anyone.  I
didn't stop it because we were all Licker's friends, most of it seemed
to be rather good natured, and this was a party after all.

To Jimmy Youdorian's, Peter Burrell's and Ivan Ologochev's antislavery
credit, they didn't try to conceal the erections jutting in their
trousers.  They stood back with Quentin and his crowd, but they were
seriously perked by the action.

Bill was swigging his malt liquor even more rapidly now.  "Come on
Licker, show us how you step on it when your overseers are watching!
I bet you work extra hard when they're around, don't you?"

"Yeah, I bet you're just a sneaky little slave like all the rest of
em", taunted Oswald.

"You got it in for us free boys, don't you slave?", questioned Bill,
who also gave Licker a slight shove of disgust as he passed by.  It
was comical because it caused Licker's brass balls to clash together
and Licker had to spread his knees very wide apart to avoid being
knocked.  He almost dropped the box he was carrying.

"You don't like us free boys, do you Christopher?", questioned Phil.
"You better be on your best behavior now Christopher, because there
are lots of us free boys watching you right now, and you know what the
law says; you mess up, you gotta get punished."

"Yeah, I bet he wishes he was back at the farms, locked up in his
kennel for the night", suggested Corky.

"Do you slave boys homo it up with each other when you're all locked
together into your kennels at night?", wondered Corky.

Cooper asked if they locked the slaves up at night.  Oswald answered,
"Of course, you gotta lock slaves up.  They're just like a pack of
wild animals.  They would try to escape otherwise, and they'd be
dangerous cause they hate us free boys."

I offered a bit more info, "At night we corral the entire herd into
their kennels and lock em down.  No way they could ever escape.  The
really nasty ones get strapped into their beds as well."

"Serves em fucking right!", sneered a drunken, angry, Toby.

An even drunker Mike opined, "Just look at Christopher.  You know he
hates us cause he's gotta do whatever we free boys tell him to do."

Licker's entire upper torso was red from shame and humiliation.  It
was good to see, because I had been worried he didn't care what we
thought.  I guess I was turning into a homo like Joe because suddenly
Licker was looking awful inviting to me.  I wanted to fuck him on the
spot.  Maybe it was just the beer, but slavery was beginning to appear
to me to be a mighty beautiful and fine thing.  How I loved having my
own slave.  I was a real high!

Mike Draker was standing near the path Licker was traversing, and at
one point his brass balls were swinging rather seriously, and he
stepped to the left to avoid having his knee get knocked, and he
bumped into Mike with the large box he was carrying.  Mike was
furious, "Fuck you slave.  Watch where you're going!"  Marty Samms
opined that Licker did it on purpose.  When Bill Abbey concurred,
Licker told Bill to go fuck himself.  Everyone was stunned.

Oswald was quick to step in, "Todd, state law says your slave is due
for a tawsing, and it's your responsibility."

What could I do?  I didn't want to get into any kind of legal trouble
with one of Retcher's prime field slaves.  So to show my fair nature,
I decided to let Licker chose what kind of punishment he got.  I asked
him if he wanted a ‘bongo drumming’.  Sam Sneer, the happy pizza
parlor worker asked, "What in the hell is ‘bongo drumming'?”

"That's where the slave lies on his tummy on the floor in front of his
seated overseer.  The overseer then pulls up each of the slaves legs
till they are around his waist, and the slave's naked rump is in his
lap.  The overseer then starts beating on the slave's buttocks,
slapping them as if they were bongo drums."

"Too fucking cool man!  I wanna see that!", enthused pizza boy.

Licker was silent, just looking down at the floor.  I went up to him
and removed the dangling brass balls.  "Since you aren't talking
Licker, it's going to be 10 strokes with the service whip."  Though it
didn't make me happy to do what I was about to do, there was real
anticipation in the hot basement.  There was silence, and a lot of
shuffling of feet.  I ordered Licker to sit on a chair in front of a
small table, and to put his head on the table.  I then had Bill Abbey
come over and stand to the side of Licker, and had him hold Licker's
head against the table with both of his hands.  I then got Steve and
Toby to each grab an upper arm and force him tight against the table
so his back was fully exposed.

A rare yet palpable excitement gripped all of us.  I knew everyone in
the room wanted to see Licker get it.

I got out a large cloth and wet it with cold water.  When I walked
back over to Licker the room was silent.  With the cloth I wet his
entire back.  When his back was dripping wet, I picked up my whip.  I
swallowed, my mouth was dry.  So was everyone else's.  I heard lots of
swallowing in the silence.  I laid on the first blow and Licker
yelped.  There was total silence in the room except for Licker's moans.

It was even quieter after the second blow.  I could sense that all the

males gathered around were now erected to the hilt.  Each blow seemed

to bring more wailing from Licker, and deeper and more measured
breathing from the rest of us.  We were all generating a lot of heat
crowded closely together.  The blows continued.  I got one good blow
to each of his upper arms, then went back to work on his back.  Our
mouths were open, our tongues on alert.  Mouths and eyes were open
wide as we watched Licker get it.  Any comments that were made were
spoken in that same hushed voice one uses during sex to ask a partner
if this or that position is comfortable.  Terry noticed that Licker
was hard, Matt said that was disgusting, that Licker was a ‘creep’.
We all were hard too, but that's different.  We're free boys.

I sensed a lot of the guys in the room were thinking seriously for the
first time about some of the pleasures of owning a slave, and
wondering how they could go about getting one.  The pleasures of slave
ownership were finally hitting home to them.  Especially when I laid
on the last blows, and Licker really yelped and squealed.  I felt I
would have cum unaided if I had laid on one more blow.  I wanted to go
on, everyone wanted me to go on, but we were compassionate human
beings, and I am a responsible overseer.  And hopefully by now Licker,
my bungling and slow learning slave, had learned another lesson.

When the punishment was over, we let him loose and he bawled for a
short while like a little kid.  We continued watching him in silence,
most of the guys shifting their positions trying to bring their
erections down.  "Whew, I need a beer", someone said.  Phil, in a
husky voiced testosterone whisper said, "We free boys gotta make sure
the upcoming vote on slave's rights is defeated.  We can't lose this."

I put my hand to Licker's head and started rubbing his funny haircut
in an effort to show him that he had taken his punishment well.
Others came closer and touched his back, some worked at soothing his
arms.  I so loved my Licker.  I told him he took it like a man.  All
of the guys chimed in and seconded me.  "Licker, you took it great,
man.  You are a real slave.  Good boy."

I saw Marty open his shoulder bag and extract a strange looking item.
He came over to where I was standing next to Licker and said, "I
brought this along to use on Dobbins, to sort of offer him around as a
party ‘favor’ if the mood got right.  I think the mood is right, so
why don't we put this sucker's muzzle on Licker here instead of
Dobbins.  Some of our buddies here look like they're ready for a
little relief.  And what better way for all of us to bond with our
former classmate?"

To be continued…

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