**Christopher Enslaved**

Part Eighteen

By Randall Austin

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We had all intended to go the ShaggyBag dance club later in the   
evening, but when Marty suggested that Licker be fitted with the   
sucker's muzzle all the guys started hooting, hee-hawing, and high   
fiving.  Everyone agreed that the ShaggyBag could be put off for a   
bit, especially since we still had beer enough to last for the face   
fucking session.  I would have preferred we went directly to the club,   
but the guys wanted it, and I wasn't going to dampen the party mood,   
so I told Marty to go ahead and get Licker muzzled up.     
  
Marty stood behind the seated Licker and put his hands around his   
face, "Come on Christopher, open your mouth up so I can get you   
muzzled.  It's time for you to earn your keep."  Licker didn't open   
up, "Let's open up, I want to feel your tongue.  Just do it for me   
now.  I'd hate to have to use Todd's taser on you."  Marty pinched   
Licker's nose and he opened up.  Marty snaked the thumb and index   
finger of his right hand into Licker's mouth and grabbed a hold of his   
tongue.  "Nice big tongue.  This is going to feel real good fellows!"    
He then slipped the sucker's muzzle over Licker's head and started   
getting the mouth pieces properly fitted into Licker's mouth, the back   
guard fitted around his teeth and the outer flange encircling his   
lips.  "Now Christopher, with your tongue feel that bottom groove of   
the inner flange and put your tongue in there.  It will help keep your   
tongue down so you can breathe easily, and it will expose your tongue   
surface for maximum dick to tongue contact."  
  
Seeing my goofy, bungling, naked slave get muzzled up was a real hoot.

I nearly laughed my head off, along with everyone else, as Marty   
fitted him up with all the straps and mouth parts. The sucker's muzzle   
kept Licker's mouth open in a wide ‘O’ shape, and kept the teeth   
safely covered with a formed molded plastic flange.  In front of the   
teeth flange was a lip flange, the flange about his lips made his wide   
open ‘O’ shaped mouth look like a sex hole. Licker looked obscene, but   
somehow inviting as well, in a really naughty sort of way.  Attached   
to the part of the muzzle that went over and along the side of the   
head were two five inch molded rubber bars extending outwards from the   
ears.  These were handlebars for getting good control of the slave's   
head as you're getting sucked off.  When he finally had the muzzle on   
Marty pulled Licker up into a standing position, pulled his hands in   
back of him, and snapped plastic cuffs on him.  He spun Licker around   
to show us, and asked Steve to get a shot of Licker with his digital   
camera.  "Let's make sure we put this photo in the 5th year class   
reunion booklet, in the ‘What our classmates are doing now’ section."  
  
With his mouth wide open in an ‘O’ shape, and the two handlebars   
sticking out from his ears, Licker was quite a sight.  We all couldn't   
stop our laughing.  
  
Marty grabbed Licker by the dick and suggested those who wanted to do   
a little pile driving follow him into the laundry room, which was in   
the corner of the basement, but fully enclosed.  All of us present   
followed the two of them into the laundry room.  
  
Once in, Marty had Licker kneel down on the floor.  Marty unzipped,   
pulled out his erect dick, a really big thing, grabbed Licker by the   
handlebars at the side of his head, and shoved himself in.  He had   
Licker's nose jammed against his belly and was gyrating and pumping   
his groin slowly into Licker's mouth.  "Oh yeah, this is a good one   
guys!  Nice.  Real…. nice.  Ok now Christopher, give me a little   
more sucking action."  There seemed to be no difference.   Marty   
pulled a small tawse that hung from the back of his belt and touched   
it to Licker's back.  Licker then started slurping away.  
  
He did a little demonstration.  "Notice guys, I'm pumping my hips, but   
with this new model you can stand still and pump the slave's head back   
and forth."  Using the handlebars jutting out from Licker's ears he   
started jerking Licker's head back and forth onto his shaft, "Notice   
the kind of control this gives me."  Licker was wide eyed, but little   
else of his feelings could be discerned with the muzzled emplaced.    
Marty resumed hip pumping and in no time he was doing the hard finale   
thrusts into Licker's mouth, as Licker swallowed the salty snack.  As   
Marty pulled out, he asked, "Who wants to get into the driver's seat   
next?"  
  
Oswald volunteered, and by the time he got to Licker his dick was   
already out, hard, and precumming.  "Licker, meet my baby maker!"

With that he jammed his rod into Licker's mouth and started bucking

his hips. "Since you won't be making any babies, I think it's fitting you

get to give all of our baby makers a little practice run."  
  
As Oswald did his business Marty explained to us that the muzzle was a   
better option for obtaining good sucking service than the ‘old’ days   
of removing a sucker slave's teeth.  Those slaves always required   
special processed soft foods.  This way the entire herd, both the   
sucker boys and the non-suckers, can eat the same diet.  
  
Mike Draker was next, "Okay Christopher, it's party time, so party on   
this!"  He shoved it in, and using the handlebars, drove himself to a   
satisfying climax in no time.  As he dismounted, he said, "For a   
bungling slow learning slave, he sure has got his sucking action down   
good."  
  
Marty had to correct, "Don't give this jam headed slave too much   
credit.  It's the muzzle that does it.  It's designed so the slave can   
take whatever we want to shove into their mouth hole."  
  
Corky was next in line, and he pulled his dick out with a vengeance.    
He rammed it full force first into Licker's face, slapping it a few   
times with his dick, then he stuck it into the hole and went to town.    
He grabbed the handlebars and shook Licker's head violently as he   
pumped.  Licker's expression couldn't have been any more wild eyed.  A   
couple of the guys applauded his performance as he climaxed with what   
seemed about 20 long hard cumming thrusts.   
  
Steve was next to wag his dick in front of Licker's face.  He taunted,   
"Okay spank boy, I want you to meet my dick.  My dick here likes to   
have lots of fun.  I bet you do too.  Only thing is, you can't, and my   
dick can.  My dick here likes to have fun all day long.  Since you're   
a slave, that means my dick has more rights than you do.  My dick is a   
free dick, and it wants to have fun right now.  My dick has the power   
to order you around, lifer-scum slave.  And it orders you start   
sucking."  With that he stuck his free dick into Licker's mouth hole   
and pumped happily away.  His dick had a lot of fun because Steve   
hollered louder than anybody as he shot his load down Licker's throat.      
  
Amazingly, among the gang standing in line to get serviced were two   
of the anti slavers, Timothy and Kenneth.  I didn't consider them   
hypocrites or anything, because I couldn't blame anyone for getting   
turned on at the hard labor demo Licker gave us.  
  
Homo Joe, was there in line to get sucked also, of course.  He was   
there to make a long held dream finally come true.  It was a beautiful   
moment when he at last got on board.  He was gentle, as I knew he   
would be.  He stooped down a few times to fondle Christopher all over.

He really enjoyed the treat, but I actually think he would never have

done it, except he was as fucking drunk as the rest of us.  
  
I really wanted to get in line also, but I felt it was inappropriate   
for me as the host.  But mainly I didn't because I was sort of   
planning on getting back to Christopher when we were alone later that   
night, after I returned from the dance club.  And I felt that as   
Licker's overseer I had a right to explore some special territory and   
pleasures with my slave.  
  
Toby was even drunker and angrier by the time it was his turn, and I   
had to watch to make sure he didn't bang Licker's head against the   
block wall of the basement laundry room.  Once he did his business he   
sort of calmed down.  
  
Bill Abbey was even drunker and angrier, but he came almost as soon as   
he got his dick into Licker's face hole so I didn't have to worry   
about Licker getting hurt.  
  
The suck fest ended with both Phil and Matt opting for more   
traditional moderate paced hip thrusting action, each ending with a   
strong grip on the handlebars as they rammed Licker's face into their   
bellies.  
  
The whole thing may have been a tad sordid, I will admit.  But we were   
all drunk and you're only in college once in your life, for gosh   
sakes. And this was a fucking party after all.  
  
When we were finished I let Licker put his skirt back on, and we all   
went back up stairs.  We were greeted with silence and icy stares by   
the judgmental upstairs crowd.    
  
We started gathering our things to head out to the dance club.  
Some of the gang wanted me to bring Licker along with us to the   
ShaggyBag, but I told them that was not a good idea.  My intention was   
to secure him in his high chair while I was gone.  I knew I was too   
loaded to keep a good eye on something so valuable out at some wild   
dance club.  
  
I told Licker, "We're going out clubbing and we need to get you   
diapered so I can secure you into your high chair.  You can either go   
and do it yourself, or I can have Joe Beyer help you.  Christopher   
said he would do it himself.  I guess he didn't want homo Joe oiling   
and powdering his diaper area on top of everything else.  When Licker   
came out of his room in his diaper he was red as a beet. I ordered him   
to hop up in his chair so I could strap him in.  Beth, Claire and   
Cindy all told Licker how cute he looked in his little didi.  
  
Peter Burrell started talking out loud about how obscene it was that   
I was securing Licker into a chair while I went out clubbing.  I asked   
him why he thought that was any worse than putting him in some four

foot square kennel cage. I told him it was the law to secure unguarded   
slaves, and besides, he would have plenty of reading material to   
occupy himself.    
Ivan asked what Licker would be reading.  "Licker reads what I tell   
him to read.  Tonight while we're out clubbing Licker will be reading   
the first 12 chapters of Nathan Levine's book, ‘On Being an Effective Hard   
Labor Slave’."  It's full of tips and practical information to help a   
drudge like Licker be all he can be.  And Licker, I want you to know   
that there will be a spot quiz on the first 12 chapters when I get   
home."  I heard Matt let out, "Cool, just like high school!"    
  
I knew I was too drunk to expect myself to remember what I had just   
told Licker.  But it was fun laying down the law to a bungling,   
cowering, slave.  "And starting tomorrow, kiddo, there's going to be   
no special treatment for you just because you're my friend.  There are   
going to be a lot more spankings and paddlings taking place around   
here!"  
  
"Good", encouraged Oswald.  "I've been meaning to tell you tonight   
that you are far too lax with him."  
  
"I know I have been, but he was my friend, you know?"  Perhaps it was   
the booze, but I started to cry.  No one seemed to have any sympathy   
with the hardships of a slaver, so I soon snapped out of my sobbing   
fit.  "Fuck. You are right, Oswald.  I just have been too damn easy   
on him.  I'm just a softy.  Licker, you're a fucking slave and from   
now on you're going to be treated like one!"  
  
As I placed a cell phone, water, and a bowl of kibble on his high   
chair feeding tray I told him, "You probably aren't very hungry, what   
with all the protein you just ingested."  
  
Once he was strapped up in the high chair, Marty Samms, who had been   
examining the chair with interest, told Dobbins he was going get a   
slave high chair for him.  Then he said, "You look good in that chair,

Christopher.  Todd is a good overseer.  Make sure you obey him.

He knows what's best for you."  The camaraderie amongst slavers is

absolutely beautiful. I reciprocated by telling Dobbins, "You have a

most beneficent master in Marty.  You are one lucky slave."  Dobbins   
nodded. I was too drunk to know if I was supposed to be incensed   
that he didn't say, "Yes, sir."  
  
I went out briefly to get ready to go out.  When I came back I noticed   
Quentin and some of his buddies had gathered around Licker in his   
chair and were talking to him.  I figured they were just trying to   
console Licker in their own misguided way, so I left them.  
  
Once we all got our things together, we all headed out.  All the guys   
were in top spirits after their excellent suck-offs.  I was the last   
one leaving the house, and as I was about to exit I looked back at   
Licker locked in his high chair.  He was looking better to me by the   
minute.  Real good.  I went back to him to give him a pat on the head.

I then decided to strap his arms down to the arm rests at the elbows,   
that way he could still eat by bending his head down a little, but he   
couldn't reach his groin.  "If I don't pick myself up a nice juicy   
number at the club, then you're going to have to do for tonight."  I   
took a finger and ran it down Licker's cheek.  The thought of using my   
friend was turning me on in a major way.  I then took my hand and   
gently pinched his right nipple.  I moved my hand to his nose and   
touched his nose, and gently twisted his nose ring.  I gave him a   
devilish smile. I did not attempt to conceal from him the expanse in   
my crotch.  I reached down under the tray table and put my hand in   
between his thighs, under his skirt.  I gently starting stroking his   
inner thighs, but a car horn tooted.  I had forgotten, my buddies were   
waiting for me.  It was hard for me to leave Licker for the ShaggyBag   
dance club.  The fact that I did leave him that night was the biggest   
mistake of my life.

To be continued…

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