**One Step Behind You**

Part Two

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

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

The anteroom was one like four others off from the
main sales room.  It was nothing but a large wood
paneled room, with a large but not very high dais at
the front of the room.  On the dais was a writing
desk, which had a cassette recorder and microphone on
it.  Just off the dais and to its side was a workbench
with many tools, and it had several cupboards above
and large drawers underneath.

My family and friends took their places standing
around the dais.  The sales clerk escorted me up on to
the dais, and we were soon joined on the dais by Mr.
Falkenberg, Lang, and the Depository official.  Lang
laid his large case on the desk.

As we were finding our places around the desk a
Depository employee entered the room carrying two
items wrapped in plastic.  He stepped on to the dais,
nodded to the Depository official and the clerk,
placed the items on the desk, and exited.

The clerk looked at Mr. Falkenberg with an ‘are you
ready to begin?’ look, got a yes from Mr. Falkenberg,
and switched the recorder on.  When Mr. Falkenberg saw
the tape was running, he began, "First of all I want
to thank all of you for being here. I must tell you
that while this is unusual in my experience to have so
many of the slave's family and friends present for a
collaring, I am nevertheless very pleased.  I am
pleased because it shows me that my son Lang here,
and I are not the only ones who are committed to
ensuring that Billy is comfortable and has the support
he needs as he joins our family.  It pleases me to see
that you are as concerned as Lang and I are that Billy
accepts his new role with enthusiasm.  To see you all
gathered around here to watch Billy get collared and
cinched, recite his vows, accept Lang's and my
authority, submit to his first investment procedure,
and then get kitted out, lets me know that my son and
I will have your full support in the days ahead."

"And I want to tell you; your support in our endeavors
to help Billy in his walk down his life's new path is
very important to my son and me.  Very important,
since a young man's first steps down the path of
servitude are often fraught with adolescent fits and
tantrums.  Knowing that you are aware that a young man
in Billy's position needs plenty of hands on
treatment, especially in the first year, means that we
can count on your support as we do whatever has to be
done to assist Billy in his adjustment period.  So
thanks again to all of you for being here."

I started to get a clammy feeling.  My family and
friends were watching Mr. Falkenberg say all of that
stuff and beaming with wide smiles on their faces.
They looked like they were watching a wedding
ceremony.  I didn't know what to make of it, but I
assumed they were trying to be polite.

He continued; "Before we get on with it, I think it
would be only right for me to tell you a little bit
about myself.  I am a devoted father to my son, Lang.
I also happen to be, right now, a very busy man. I am
an investment banker.  I lead a very scheduled life
style.  My son Lang is completing his doctorate at PRU
in biology. We have always been a one-slave household,
so my son and I are not new to ownership.  Five months
ago my wife died, and our slave at that time was on
lease from her brother.  So we had to return him when
the lease ran out last month.  But now that my wife
and Lang's mother is no longer around, Billy will be
stepping in to perform most of the little woman's
duties around the house."

"I suppose you might call me sort of old fashioned
when it comes to handling slaves.  I go by the book
and only the book, for the reason that the laws that
are in place in our state have evolved over time, and
thus show the accumulated wisdom of those who have
gone before us.  And the hand of experience is also
always the gentlest hand for the slave.  There is no
reason for slaves today to be subjected to some
inexperienced slaver's trial and error methods of
control.  Lang and I both believe in a direct and firm
approach in dealing with slaves.  And, of course, that
includes commitment and consistency in all matters of
discipline.  This approach is the fairest for the
slave because it means that since the slave knows the
rules and the consequence of breaking the rules, he
can very easily avoid any corrective discipline simply
by following the rules."

"I say all of this because I want all of Billy's
family, especially his father and Billy himself, to
know that Billy has as his first owner someone who is
fair and cares about his welfare, and the welfare of
slaves in general.  To demonstrate that we do indeed
have Billy's best interest at heart, Lang will very
shortly be administering an investment procedure for
you all to witness.  It is exactly the sort of thing
that will insure that Billy will never, ever, be
treated unfairly."

Then looking right at me, Mr. Falkenberg said, "Billy,
I want you to know that if you make a commitment to
obedience, if you truly in your heart are committed to
doing what Lang and I tell you to do, then you can
know that you have found a household where you can be
comfortable and happy."

It was very embarrassing having some stranger talk to
me in front of my family and friends about being
obedient.  Especially about obedience to him and his
son.

Mr. Falkenberg surveyed the room to see how his speech
went over, and if everyone was still beaming wide smiles
at him.  They were, so he announced; "All right then,
first things first.  It's time to get Billy collared,
and cinched."  The clerk stepped forward and took the
larger of the two packages and opened the plastic
wrapper.  It was a collar.  I was humiliated just
watching everyone else watch him unwrap a collar that
was intended for my neck.  It was bright silver, made
of a light weight aluminum/steel compound, one and
three quarters inches wide, about three eighths of an
inch thick, and had D rings all about its perimeter
for attaching leashes and chains.

The Depository official came and stood next to me.
The official was a former cop, in his fifties, who had
traded in his blue uniform for a blue suit.  Even in
his suit he struck me as very ‘cop-ish’.  The clerk
came and stood beside me, and handed the collar to the
official.  The official fiddled with the collar as the
clerk grasped my waistcloth, undid the clasp, and said
me, "You gotta be balls naked for this, dude."  He
removed the cloth from my loins and set it on the desk
as I panicked.  My entire face and upper body flushed,
I couldn't think, this wasn't reality.  My hands flew
to my groin to provide cover and I put my head down on
my chest and bent forward in a half crouch.

Only as Lang smiled at my behavior did his lips turn
out and reveal how thick and sensuous they were.  He
informed those gathered around, "What you are seeing
here is some of the behavior typical of a new slave."
His smile brought light, nervous, smiles to the faces
of everyone gathered around.

The depository official had no problems with me trying
to hide my private parts, and almost encouraged me,
"Good, if you could just bend over a little bit more,
that way I can get this collar fitted on you just
right."  He stood close to me, put the collar around
my neck, and started bringing the two ends of the
collar together.  In the hushed room I heard my father
sobbing.  Then I heard Chad start in.  And finally
little Timothy started crying.  I was the cause of all
of their sorrow.   When I felt the cold collar
encircle my neck I started to choke and cough, and
soon it turned to crying.  I heard and felt the ends
of the collar click together.  It was wide and thick,
yet was so lightweight it almost seemed hollow.  I
stood there shamed, bent over, crying, finally I heard
someone say, "You can stand up straight now, Billy."
But I didn't want to stand up straight.  I didn't want
to see the faces of anyone.  I was a collared slave
now.

The clerk gently put both hands on my shoulders and
pulled me up into a standing position.  I stood up,
still with both of my hands doing their best to hide
my private parts from the most important people in my
life.  I kept my head down, but they all could see my
red tear-streaked face.  The clerk was opening the
next plastic wrapped package as Mr. Falkenberg
commented, "We made a nice collar selection, Lang."
The clerk handed the Electrocinch/GPS band to the
depository official.  As the official opened the band
up he lifted it slightly for all to see, "This is one
very expensive item."

Eric asked what it was.  The official answered, "This
item is going to not only keep tabs on Billy's
movements, but it's also going to keep him towing the
line like nobody's business!  It can deliver a shock
that could stop a bull in its tracks."

Tony Porto, my closest friend on the planet, commented
quietly to Jill, "I just saw a show on C-Span on the
various control techniques.  Something like that thing
was featured.  It was amazing how it can keep tabs on
someone."

The official came and stood in front of me with the
GPS band.  He moved my hands to my sides, but I didn't
care because he was blocking my groin from the view of
everyone else.  He felt all around the base of my cock
and balls, placed the band on, slowly brought the ends
together, and made slight adjustments as he tried to
find the right fit.  As he did so, Mr. Falkenberg
spoke up.  "Mr. Garneau, I want you to know that I
never punish slaves through electric shock.  The 40-D
GPS band that Billy is being fitted with right now
around the base of his private parts I use solely for
tracking.  It features the Global Positioning System,
so Billy can be tracked to within 40 square feet
anywhere on the planet.  I would only use the shocking
feature in an extreme case, say if he ‘breaks’, goes
crazy, and starts vandalizing.  Then, of course, I
would shock him for his own good until the police can
arrive and take him to Slave Rehab.  So don’t let that
band scare you.  It's just so you and I never lose our
Billy!"  He smiled.  Dad smiled.

When the Depository official had the cinch locked in
place, he stepped aside, and said, "Now keep your
hands at your sides and try to stand nice and tall and
show some respect for Mr. Falkenberg."  The tracking
cinch going around the base of my cock and balls was
even more humiliating than my collar.  My new owners
had the authority to tamper with and alter my chief
play center.  My most private parts were private no
longer.  And all my family and friends could see that
my owner had control over even my secret parts.  The
cinch lifted up my entire unit, and my circumcised,
helmet-headed, piss-slitted, cock head was sticking up
nice and clear for all of my family and friends to
see. I saw Lang looking calmly up and down my entire
body.  I saw Ellen fixated on my cinched parts.  The
shame was rushing blood to all my parts.  I erected
slightly, and my entire naked body flushed red with
embarrassment.

I could only keep my hands at my sides for a few
seconds, and they instinctively flew back to cover my
groin.  My attempts to cover myself only made me
appear more naked.  Everyone could see my shame. I saw
tears in the eyes of little Timothy.  I saw sadness in
the face of Chad.  All the distress I had caused my
family!  My flushed shame covered my entire body, and
my chest and face were bright red.

Lang took from his case on the desk some papers.
After sorting through them he handed several pages to
his father, some he kept for himself, and one he
walked over and gave to me.  I took it with one hand,
and the other hand did its best to hide my boy wiener
from view of my family and friends.  Lang shook his
head at me and said, "You know, there's no reason for
you to be modest any longer.  You've got nothing to
hide.  You're a slave now."  He walked back to his
spot.

Mr. Falkenberg told me to read through the text on the
sheet he had given me.  I did, but I couldn't
concentrate.  He asked me if I had any problems with
any portion of the text.  I told him that I didn't and
he answered, "That's good to hear.  This text I wrote
up for my slaves, Lang, and myself to recite several
years ago.  This little pledging ceremony is very
special to me, so if you would, after I read my
portion, and Lang reads his, then I want you to read
yours."

I nodded 'okay' and whispered, "Can I get dressed?"
Mr. Falkenberg said, "Absolutely not.  We have a lot
to do yet.  And it is especially appropriate that you
remain unclothed during the pledging ceremony."

As Mr. Falkenberg began reading his script I moved my
script down to my groin to assist my other hand in
keeping my stuff hidden from view.

Mr. Falkenberg waited until he had everyone's
attention, then he began to read; "Billy Garneau, I
would like to officially welcome you into service in
my household.  As long as you remain a slave in my
possession you shall be treated in full accordance
with the Federal Slave Handling guidelines; you will
have full access to the Pennsylvania Slave Authority
at any time you so desire; and you will be treated
with all the human dignity due you by my son, Lang,
and myself, Mr. Enar Falkenberg."

"As you stand naked before my son and me, I would ask
you to reflect on this simple difference between us,
and ponder your duty; you are naked, and we are
clothed.  And this temporary nakedness of yours is
fitting to this ceremony, for it points up the broader
roles you and my son and I are to play.  You stand
naked before us literally and figuratively.  You come
to serve my son and me with no possessions of your
own. Not one thread of clothing, nor one morsel of
food, can you call your own.  You are naked and
penniless.  We are taking you in, naked and hungry as
you are.  In exchange for all the good things we will
give you, we ask only that you give us the one thing
you have to offer; hard work.  Hard work offered up in
the spirit of loving giving, grateful for your
position, is the greatest gift you can give your
master and owner."

"My son and I are committed to giving you your full
due as a slave, and ask only that you do your part.
We here, today, vow publicly to uphold our commitment
to you."

It was a solemn moment, at least that is the way
everyone was acting.  Silent, with serious smiles on
their faces like at a wedding ceremony.

Lang raised his text, waited for all eyes to shift to
him, and began reading his portion; "Billy Garneau.  I
welcome you into my father's household.  I will be
responsible for overseeing most of your day-to-day
work, as well as presiding over and administering most
of your punishment sessions.  Dad and I want you to
know that you can come and talk to us about anything.
We are always going to be present for you, to guide
you along; to encourage, correct, admonish, chasten,
and praise you.  You are a very important part of our
household, and we want you in good working order.
Therefore you will be well cared for. As long as you
do your chores to the ‘T’, keep yourself neat and
clean, and follow all rules of deportment, you will
find yourself in our good graces.  Hopefully, we shall
always be in yours."

I was embarrassed to have my family and friends find
out that Lang, who was only a couple of years older
than me, would be in charge of me.

Mr. Falkenberg nodded at me to begin reading.  I
raised my sheet with one hand, and kept my other hand
down at my groin covering myself.  "Mr. Falkenberg and
Lang, I promise to obey, honor, and serve you, and to
uphold the honor and integrity of your family name.  I
promise to be available for Lang and you, Mr.
Falkenberg, in whatever capacity you may choose.  My
duty, to serve you and please you, will always be
foremost in my mind."

"I will readily and willfully submit to all the
counsel and correction that you and your son offer me.
When correction is needed I will present myself naked
for punishment with a glad spirit, and according to
established protocol.  I will always be grateful for
any and all correction you and Lang can offer me.
Thank you, Mr. Falkenberg and Lang, for giving me the
opportunity to serve you."

As I put the paper back down over my groin, and still
looking down at the floor, unable to look at any faces
in the room, applause broke out.  I couldn't believe
it, but everyone was clapping.

I heard my dad compliment Mr. Falkenberg.  Then I
heard Brother Michael say, "That was indeed a very
nice welcoming ceremony."

Mr. Falkenberg continued.  "Thank you very much Mr.
Garneau and Brother Michael.  Now it's time for us to
make a deposit into Billy's punishment account.  We
follow state guidelines and use the punishment banking
system.  We always have our slaves punished in advance
of any misstep, and punishments go into the slave's
punishment account, so to speak.  Thus if a slave does
something that infuriates us, we simply take it out of
his punishment account rather than punish him on the
spot.  Then, at another time when angers have
subsided, we punish the slave to put another
punishment back into his account.  Lang and I want
Billy and all of his family and friends to know, to be
fully assured, that we will never punish Billy in the
heat of anger."

"The punishment banking system is also handy if Lang
and I are simply too busy to punish Billy for a given
infraction, and thus we can simply take it out of his
account."

"We always have our slave registered in three
punishment accounts.  For the spanking/paddling
account, the mildest form of punishment and the one
used most frequently, we usually like to have three or
four spankings in the account.  For the
tawsing/belting account, next in seriousness, we
usually have two in the slave's account.  And for the
whipping account, the most serious form of punishment,
we always like to have one in the account."

"Also, as a further sign of our commitment to Billy's
welfare, we want you to know that Lang and I will use
only state of the art punishment devises on Billy.
All of the devices which we will use on Billy are
fully sanctioned by the Pennsylvania State Slave
Authority."

"So that you can rest assured knowing Billy will be
well cared for, I would like you to know, in the
event you are new to actually dealing with slave
control issues, that state of the art equipment is
simply the most humane option because it delivers the
most forceful and painful punishment with the greatest
safety.  With state of the art punishment equipment
there is less danger of the slave being permanently
injured or scarred.  Because state of the art
equipment can deliver pain greatly amplified over
older implements there is the guarantee that the slave
will very quickly respond to the punishment being
applied, and thus take himself out of behavior that
puts him in harm’s way and demands corrective."

"For example, it is often said of the Flexi-tawse,
which Lang and I use, is a state of the art high-tech
baby which was developed for the California Prison
System and that with one swat of the Flexi-tawse across
a slave's back you can get a slave to do anything.
Well, let me tell you; that statement is true. The
sting it delivers is simply awesome, yet it is
guaranteed not to inflict permanent damage to the skin
or underlying organs. Everyone who has friends or
family members who are enslaved should be thankful for
the existence of the Flexi-tawses. If Billy, for example,
is being lazy, wouldn't you rather have him be made to
wake up and get back in line with one swat of the
Flexi-tawse, rather than the need for him to get
trussed up naked and receive a strapping across his
back and ass that could break skin, cause infection,
and risk permanent scarring?"

"The same holds true for the little ‘flip whip’, which
Lang and I like to use."  Lang happened to have one in
his case and held it up for all to see.  "That little
baby Lang is holding up has state of the art
carbon-plastic filaments.  It stings like a swarm of
hornets, can be used frequently, never breaks the skin
or causes scarring with ‘mild’ use, and is small and
easily transportable.  I can tell you, one swipe of
the flip whip across Billy's back and he'll be
scrambling like a cockroach to do whatever Lang and I
tell him to do."

"Ok Billy.  Let's put some currency in your punishment
account.  It's time for you to come and stand over
here next to Lang.  We want you to grab the ends of
the desk with both hands, stick your fanny way up and
out, stretch out your legs, grit your teeth, and take
your welcoming paddling like a good boy."

I froze, not believing what I was being asked to do.
The Depository official opened a drawer on the desk
and took out a large size paper erection cone and set
it on the desk.  Paper erection cones are common in
state facilities where slaves work and are subject to
public discipline. The cone goes over the erection of
slaves receiving public punishment, and is fastened by
a rubber band at the base of the cone that encircles
the balls and holds the cone in place.  With the cone
over the slave's erect cock no one has to see a
slave's obscene erection during a punishment session.

The clerk came and gently guided me to the desk.  I
didn't grab the ends of the desk as instructed, but
kept my hands covering my private parts.  Lang took
out a paddle from his case and set it on the desk.  It
didn't look very state of the art to me.  As Lang came
and stood beside me, Mr. Falkenberg explained how
slaves were paddled at his house.  "Lang likes to use
the old ‘tug and paddle’ technique.  He'll stand to
the left side of Billy.  With his left hand he will
grab Billy's balls and get a good grip, and with his
right hand he'll wield the paddle.  That way, if Billy
bucks, jumps, or swears too much, all Lang has to do
is start tugging down on his balls.  If Billy doesn't
stop bucking and jumping, then Lang will slowly start
squeezing.  The technique almost always is successful
in keeping slaves standing in one place during a
paddling."

My humiliation and distress were too much for Eric,
and he finally spoke out.  "I just want to say
something."  His voice was angry and everyone was
silent.  "Why in the hell are you treating Billy like
this?  He hasn't done anything.  He's one of the top
students in our class.  He's not a convict; he's not
some fucking piece of white trash!  Neither you nor
your son better lay a hand on Billy!  You two slavers
disgust me!"

The Depository official was dialing his mobile before
Eric had finished his outburst, saying to Mr.
Falkenberg, "I'll have him removed."