**One Step Behind You**

Part Two

By Randall Austin

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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."