**One Step Behind You**

Part Four

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>

As we got into the parking lot my friends and family
were all just pulling out and they all got to see me
being led by Lang on a leash, dressed in my spankers
and bellboy hat, struggling to carry his heavy case
with both my hands on the handle.  They waved but I
couldn't wave back. All I could do was nod my
bellboy-hatted head back at them.

Mr. Falkenberg opened the trunk of his large luxury
sedan and indicated for me to place Lang's case
inside.  He took the driver's seat, and Lang opened
the back door of the car and ordered me to get in.  I
got in and Lang went to the other side of the car, and
got in the back seat with me.  I was happy to be out
of the limelight.  I put my shoulder on the armrest,
and rested my cheek on my hand.

We drove out and I was very depressed, mindlessly
letting the scenery roll by.  Wednesday afternoon had
always been one of my favorite times.  I would walk
and jog in Smitty Park, and then go for a swim on
campus, where I'd join Tony, Perry and Eric.  Lang
broke my thoughts, "Stop resting your head on your
hand.  Sit up straight.  Keep your legs together and
fold your arms in your lap.  Stop daydreaming about
the past."  I was annoyed at Lang, and showed him no
deference.  I was too depressed and I kept staring out
the window.  I was suddenly jolted out of my self-pity
by an awful stinging of Lang's flip whip across my
lap.  I yelped, sat up, and furiously rubbed my lap.
"Imagine what that would feel like if you didn't have
any trousers on to protect you.  Now sit up nice and
straight!   Put your legs together, and fold your arms
in your lap, and look cheerfully ahead!  You should
always be thinking, 'What can I do to help make things
pleasant for Mr. Falkenberg and Lang?'  If you aren't
smiling and cheerful by the time we get home, I'll be
hauling you over my knee for a cheering up session."

I sat up straight, brought my legs together, and
folded my arms in my lap.  I was fuming on the inside.
Lang sensed it, "I can see that one of the first
things we're going to have to work on is that attitude
problem.  The sooner you tackle your bad attitude and
start acting cheery and eager to please, the happier
you'll be."

We pulled up to a stop light in the middle lane of a
three-lane roadway.  Cars had pulled along beside us
to stop in the lanes to our right and left.   The
occupants of both cars looked into the Falkenberg's
fancy car and saw me uniformed in back.  Lang,
indicating that we were being watched, said, "When
people look into our car I want them thinking, 'Those
folks are lucky to have such a perky, wide-eyed,
smiling, smartly uniformed, servant looking so ready,
able, and willing to please.'  I want everyone to see
a real eager beaver in you when they look in our car.
I want everyone who sees you to wish that they owned
you."

I was feeling strange, being treated like a little
kid.  I didn't understand what life had done to me.
We drove down Bay Park Drive, a road that had many
neat trails going off for hiking.  It made me feel
sad.  With me sitting up straight, and with my arms
folded in my lap, sitting in a strange car with
strangers, I suddenly broke down and started to cry
out loud.  I didn't know what Lang would do, but he
simply stared at me as if this was all old hat to him.
I was afraid he would use his whip or slap my face.
But instead he reached over and undid the buttons of
my trouser flap.  He pulled my front flap down,
reached into my boxers, and pulled my dick out.   I
didn't know what he was doing.  He didn't say
anything, but with a self satisfied smile he simply
turned away and watched the scenery go by out his
window, leaving my dick sticking out of my pants.

After about five minutes, Lang turned to me and said,
"See, you're feeling better now.  The moment I opened
up your trousers you forgot whatever it was you were
thinking about and you stopped yourself pitying
crying."  An almost inaudible, "Fuck you!" escaped my
lips.  Lang calmly said, "Dad, pull into the next rest
stop.  I think our new slave's pants are little
uncomfortable on him."

Within ten minutes Mr. Falkenberg found a rest and
recreation stop along the roadway.  He drove in and
parked, and said there was no rush, as he was going to
get some coffee and go for a short walk to stretch
out.  The slave rest room was located in back of the
men's and women's restrooms.  It consisted of one very
large cinder blocked room, and served both male and
female slaves.  Open toilets and urinals lined one
wall, with sinks and mirrors off to the side of each
of them.  There were about thirty steel poles anchored
into the floor in one corner of the room.   The poles
had ‘D’ rings attached at various points along their
length so that slaves could be secured to them, in a
standing position while their owners used the
recreation area, or picnicked.   There were about 15
slaves chained to various poles in a variety of ways.
Some by a single handcuffed to the bar, some with
their arms cuffed around the pole, some by a single
ankle chain, and one naked brother and sister slave
were both leashed by their collars to a single pole.
They all simply had to stand there and wait, chained
next to their poles.  Open showers lined one wall, and
a teenage girl was supervising the showering of two
cock-ringed male slaves in their late twenties.

In the middle of the room were several long benches
which could be used as changing areas.   Lang led me
to one of the benches, sat down, and ordered me to
take off all of my clothes and get over his lap.
"Let's get you jack naked!"  The teenage girl
supervising her bathing slaves turned to watch me
undress as she waited for her slaves to finish
showering.

A middle aged woman two benches down had just finished
spanking a male slave who looked to be about my age.
He was super cute, and crying like a baby, rubbing his
fanny.  When she saw that Lang was about to do the
same to me as she had just done to her slave, she
said, "He's new, right?"  Lang answered, "We just got
him collared about 2 hours ago.  He had a little
ceremonial paddling, but now I'm starting to wonder if
it might be a bit too soon for any more work on his
behind."

As her slave was sniffling and getting dressed, she
walked over to me just as I had removed my boxers and
she reached over and felt my butt.  "This butt is
ready for anything you want to give it.   The only
time you should lay off is if it is still a deep red
in color after 2 hours.  Other than that, a slaves
bubble can pretty much take whatever you want to give
it."

Thanking her for the advice, Lang pulled me over his
lap and immediately started in on a series of
rapid-fire hand spanks on the curves of my buttocks.
He covered every area of my bubble, going in circles.
The speed of his spanks was amazing.  When he saw in
what mode I was about to buck or kick, he quickly
pulled both of my arms behind my back, and held them
down against my back with his left arm, and by
pressing down on my arms he held me tight against his
lap.  "Listen slaveboy, it's time to start buckling
down to your new reality!  Dad and I aren't going to
put up with any disobedience from our slave, and that
includes little snide remarks."

I begged him to stop.  The middle-aged woman's slave
had dressed, but she remained and watched me get it,
while her own slave was preoccupied with soothing his
fanny.  The teenage girl waiting for her slaves to
finish showering kept watching me with interest.  And
all the slaves chained to poles were watching me get
spanked as well.  It was at least something to watch
as they waited for their masters to finish picnicking
and come and fetch them.

The showering slaves finished and toweled themselves
off.  After they put on their slave boxers, the
teenage girl snapped leashes to their collars, and
started to lead them out of the restroom, but stopped
by our bench to watch Lang finish up with me.  She
complimented Lang on his spanking technique and said,
"My dad uses that same spanking method on these guys,"
indicating her two freshly showered and underpants
slaves.  Seeing her up close I wondered if she was
even yet 14 years old.  The pain of Lang's handwork
was overshadowed by the pain of my humiliation.

When Lang let me up I was too embarrassed to hop
around so I squatted down and found that by making the
flesh taut across my buttocks, it eased the pain.
Lang patiently, and with seeming interest, watched
what techniques I used to try and soothe my burning
butt.  With consideration, he told me to get dressed
as soon as I felt able.

Eventually I got dressed, and as I followed Lang out
of the slave rest room a man who was waiting for his
wife to come out of the female rest room asked Lang of
me, "A new slave?"  Lang smiled and answered, "Yeah.
It's pretty easy to tell, isn't it?  We just picked
him up.  He's brand new.  Just two hours old."  The
man, who didn't take his eyes off of me, said, "He
looks like he should work out fine for you."

A group of boys playing catch whistled at me, "Hey
slaveboy!  Cool outfit!"  "Monkeyboy, where's your
barrel organ?"

When we got back in the car Mr. Falkenberg asked how
everything went.  Lang answered, "Swimmingly!"  He
looked at me, smiling, and asked, "Billy, when was the
last time you got a spanking from your dad?   When you
were 10, 11?"

"My parents never spanked me or any of my siblings."

"I'm not surprised at that.  All the studies show that
kids who aren't spanked generally grow up to be well
adjusted, well-behaved, and top students.  But I'm
just asking this to see how used you are to spankings.
Your ass is starting to get a little tender, so I'm
going to have to lay off of it for the rest of the
day.  In a month or so it'll be firmed up and able to
take all the spankings it needs, but for now I want
you to know what I'll be doing.  A spanking typically
goes on for 3 minutes steady, not counting pauses and
the occasional lecture or words of wisdom that dad and
I toss out during the course of a spanking.  And
paddlings are typically from 8 to 16 swats.   But the
paddle can only be used on buttocks, and your tender
free-boy-like soft buttocks need a rest.   So I'll be
substituting the tawse, strap, and flip whip for the
rest of the day in the event you need any more
chastening."

"Now the tawse, strap, and flip whip are level two
punishment instruments, far more painful than the hand
or the paddle, which are used for level one
chastening.  So if you need any more chastening today,
what I'll be doing is cutting down the punishment by
one half of what it would be with the paddle.  So that
means I can give you 4 to 8 slashes of the flip whip
on your back and your legs.  And I can use the
Flexi-tawse for up to 4 swats on your arms and upper
back.  And if I still need a fresh work surface, I can
use a strap on your inner thighs and legs.  So I just
want you know what's up Billy.  I'm just trying to
give your little toosh-toosh a rest so it’s all rested
and ready for tomorrow's spankings."

"So did you hear all of that Dad?"  Mr. Falkenberg
answered, "Yes, I heard you.  Sounds like a good
plan."

Lang untied both of his shoelaces, kicked off his
shoes, and pulled off both of his socks.  He lifted
his feet up, turned his body, and placed his bare feet
in my lap.  He laid back in the seat, put his head on
the armrest, and said, "Give me a foot massage!"

I was surprised, so I didn't react immediately. Lang
counseled, "That kind of hesitation is something that
has to go.  We'll be working on that.  Anyway, get to
work on my feet!"  I started kneading his feet, and
Lang relaxed. He "oohed" and "ahhhed" a couple of
times so I knew I was doing an acceptable job on my
new owner's son.

As the drive continued I thought about the slaves at
the rest stop, the naked brother, the two cock ringed
slaves under the showers, the handsome kid who was
jumping around rubbing his fanny.  Sexual thoughts.
How strange we slaves were allowed to be treated.  A
world I knew was out there but had never seen.  And I
thought of Lang.  He had power over me, almost
absolute.  My inner sense of security and comfort was
shifting in a mighty way.  I was owned and to be
controlled by the guys in the car.  Should I just be
super obedient and avoid any more embarrassing and
painful spankings?  Was it even possible?

I was dressed in a ridiculous costume and felt like a
fool.  So I quietly asked Lang if I could put some different,
more comfortable, clothes on when we got home.
"Look, guys like my dad have to wear suits and ties
all day long, so I don't think it's going to hurt you
to wear your various uniforms.  Dad and I are very
strict on your dress.  We have a variety of outfits
that you are to wear for different seasons and
occasions and work types.  You will be in uniform at
all times, clean as a whistle, neat as a pin, and
groomed to a ‘T’.  You will always be on full call,
but there are times when generally you can expect to
be free, usually from whatever time you wake up until
6 am, and from 6 to 9 in the evening.  At these times
we usually don't care what you wear."

"And then when we go out, depending on the nature of
the outing, you will dress accordingly.  When we go to
the mall, you will wear your slave cargo uniform, a
jump suit with almost every square inch covered in
large pockets for carrying our purchases.  You will be
fitted with a large double decker back pack, as well
as a large front pack.  And by the end of our shopping
you'll be loaded down like a little mule."

"On the occasions when dad needs you at the office,
you will wear an outfit similar to the one you are
wearing now, only the slacks, shoes, bum warmer, and
bell boy hat will be black, and your shirt will be
white."

"When you accompany me to school and to my classes,
you will wear your brown knee length slave smock,
belt, sandals, and book pack.  When you have your
smock on you are to never wear underwear.  And all
slaves on campus must wear the school's identifying
cap for students' slaves, which is a green and yellow
skullcap."

"When we do such things as go to the beach or park you
will wear your blue recreation smock."  It was dreary
listening to talk about what my life was going to be
like, but finally we arrived at their home.

My new residence was a very big house on Brentwood
Way.  While it was in an upper class part of town, the
majority of residents in the community, known as
Collingwood, did not own slaves, Mr. Falkenberg
proudly explained to me.  While I had to carry Lang's
big case into the house, they didn't give me any other
chores to do on my first day there except get my room
ready.  My room was on the second floor of the house.
It had a comfortable looking one-person bed and a
desk with a computer on it.  When they asked me how I
would like to spend the rest of the day, I asked if
the computer was for my use and if I could use it.
They said absolutely.  They said they wanted me to be
very happy in my room and hoped that I would be
content to spend a lot of time in there when I wasn't
doing chores around the house.  I didn't know what
that meant, and asked them if there was a word
processing program on the computer, since I would like
to write.  Both Lang and Mr. Falkenberg were eager to
show me the computer's features and the use of its
word processing program.  I asked if what I wrote
would be mine to possess.  They assured me that
whatever files I created were mine to keep, print, and do
whatever I wanted with them.  I thanked them.

I spent the evening creating and writing a journal for
myself.  I enjoyed it, it helped me to collect myself,
and time flew quickly.  I was very surprised when Lang
entered my room at about a quarter to 9 with a friend
of his.  He introduced us, "Billy, this is my friend
Weston Michael Andrews."  I knew Weston but not
personally, and I told him so. He was only one year
older than me and lived about half a mile from my dad.
He smiled, and said, "So you’re Lang's new slave?
Pleased to meet you."  He put out his hand and shook
it.

Lang explained, "Billy, I'm sorry but it's a little
late.  It's way past your bedtime.  We need to get you
in bed right now."  I showed a surprised look and he
explained.  "We want you in bed by 8:30 so you can
sleep comfortably and be up early.  We don't care
exactly when, but you should be up by 5 each morning
so you can freshen up the house, prep our breakfast,
make coffee, and so on.  Don't worry about specifics.
We'll show you how things are done, how we want to be
served and so on in the days ahead.  So let me get you
out of your clothes and into your sleepers."

I wanted to stay up and must have shown my
disappointment.  "If you are having a hard time
deciding whether or not you want to do what I tell you
to do, I can have you go and fetch my tawse.  Will
that help you to decide?"  I told him I would go to
bed.  I was so humiliated.  Why did he have to talk to
me that way in front of Weston?

He asked me to take all of my clothes off.  It was
awkward with Lang and his friend just standing there
watching me.  When my shirt came off my big silver
collar was very exposed and I looked like a real
slave.  Weston commented, "Wow.  Some collar!"  Lang
answered, "It's a beaut, huh?"  I hesitated at taking
my undies off, but Lang said they had to come off too.

When I was naked Weston checked me out as Lang went to
the bureau and took out a piece of bed clothing.  Lang
noticed Weston checking me out and said, "That collar
is on him for life.  Little Billy will never really be
completely naked ever again."  He handed me the bed
clothing, "These are you're sleepers.  You will wear
them every night to bed.  Put them on!  You are to be
in them and in your bed by 8:30 every night."

I opened the item up and found out it was a large one
piece full length smock type nightie.  Lang explained
as he guided me to my bed and had me lie down.  "With
this nightie your ankles are free."  As he said that
he put a lined leather thick cuff on my right ankle,
padlocked it on, attached a plastic-chain to it that
was secured to the bed frame.  Weston watched me get
cuffed and chained to my bed.

It was a strange feeling getting cuffed to my own bed
by my new owner. "The chain is long enough so you can
make it to your potty."  Then, as the two of them
exited I heard Lang ask Weston what movie he wanted to
go and see.