**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](mailto: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.