**One Step Behind You**

Part Five

By Randall Austin

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It is a strange ambivalent world I find myself in as
the Falkenberg's domestic slave.  On the one hand I am
treated like a normal human being, even as a family
member, by Lang and his dad.  They chat with me, share
intimacies of the sort one would share only with
family members, ask for my opinions on various
matters, and consult with me on my work schedule for
the household.  I am allowed to work at my own pace,
watch television and listen to music, and I have my
own computer and access to the Internet.  But on the
other hand, I am often treated as though I am the
family mascot or a cute family pet; one who is told
how cute he is and how well he's doing, but who is
nonetheless constantly watched and chided.  And I am
patronized in the most demeaning ways.  I am always
getting rubbed and patted on the head as though I am
the family dog, and spoken to as is I'm a child who
needs instructions spelled out very carefully.  And if
I do something to upset them, no matter how minor,
they don't hesitate to lecture or punish me on the
spot, even if we had just been having a great time.
With such treatment I find myself utterly unable to
get any sense of my bearing and even my worth in my
new world.

The Falkenberg’s prefer that I stay in my room when I'm
not doing my duties.  They have a philosophy that a
lonely slave is a slave more solicitous of its owner's
needs.  The only visitors I am ever allowed are family
members, and a very small group of my old friends. I
know they are hoping that my friends, Eric, Perry,
Jill, and Tony, eventually just stop maintaining our
friendship, and they outright discourage me from
finding new friends. And my friends and family I
hesitate to have over because I live in fear of being
humiliated in front of them by the Falkenberg’s.

One night I was in my room just feeling lonely.  I was
crying.  Lang came in to ask me something, saw me
crying, and asked why. I told him I was lonely for a
friend, or something and I didn't know what I really
wanted.  He told me that being and feeling lonely was
a very good thing for a slave, and that was why they
generally discouraged their slave from having friends
or participating in social activities where I could
meet other slaves.  It is why they prefer that I stay
in my room when I'm not doing my chores.  Once, after
Lang, Weston, and I had finished having a nice chat
about history, Lang told me to go back to my room if I
had no other chores to do.  Out of sight, I heard
Weston ask why they always wanted me in my room.  Lang
answered by telling Weston that being lonely made
slaves focus more on their owners.  Loneliness helped
make slaves more solicitous of their owners, feel more
in need of them.  It reinforced the idea that their
life was centered around their owners', and it helped
to form strong attachments and a greater sense of
loyalty.

Lang was right.  Because I couldn’t go out, and do
stuff on my own, ever, I was a prisoner as well as a
slave, and Lang became the most important person in my
life.  I had developed something of a crush on him.  I
wanted to please him.  I wanted him to like me.  I
wanted him to be proud of me when I didn't need
punishment.  I wanted to be praised by him when I did
something right.

And both he and his dad knew it.  It was the kind of
need they were specialists in eliciting from their
slaves. Lang told me, "I'm just like your daddy now. I
get to tell you what you can and cannot do.  And you
have to do what I say, because if you don't I get to
take you over my knee and spank you.  And I'll be
lecturing you and giving you advice, telling you how
to dress, what you can and can't do, and evaluating
you every step of the way, maybe for as long as the
rest of your life.  In fact I have more power over you
than your real daddy ever did.  Because I am legally
required to chasten you for all infractions, there is
an intimacy that develops between a slave and his
owners that is like no other on earth."

That intimacy was very intense, at least that is how I
felt it, and that is why when I upset Lang I would
feel so terrible.  One time Weston and I were playing
a game of chess, while Lang watched and chatted with
us.   We were having a great time, talking about
everything just as if we all were the best of friends. At
one point Weston and I toasted our juice glasses, he
hit my glass hard, causing some juice to fly out onto
the carpet, I toasted his empty glass back hard and
caused it to drop from his hands and drop on the
floor. Lang went to the desk and got a two foot wooden
ruler.  He ordered me to hold my hands out, palms up,
and then proceeded to whack both of my hands each with
five stinging swats of the ruler.  More than the pain
of the ruler, and of being punished in front of
Weston, and of the unfairness of having to get my
hands swatted while Weston did not, was the shame of
having let Lang down, of how I had ruined the fun time
we were having.

Though it hurt like a hell, and the humiliation was
overwhelming, and I could tell Weston was embarrassed
having to watch me get treated in that way, I got a
boner watching Lang's hair flop around as he swatted
me.  I started to cry.  Lang was pissed that our game
was interrupted and told me not to be a crybaby.  He
said he was going to go and take a crap and that when
he got back I was to be in a good mood and ready to
resume the game.  And when he got back I was in a good
mood, because I was so happy that he still wanted to
spend time with me.  I knew myself that in the past my
behavior would have seemed to me, as a freeboy, to be
that of a fawning slave, but from the way I was
treated that is what I was turning me into.

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All domestic slaves in Pennsylvania must attend "slave
school" for 18 months.  On Mondays and Thursdays I
attend slave school from 9:00 am to 2:00 pm.  Each
school morning I have to be dressed in my school
uniform of slave brown loose cotton slacks and shirt,
sandals, and slave beanie, and be standing at the curb
in time for the slave transport bus to pick me up.
The bus is basically a large flat bed truck with 8
rows of benches bolted to the floor, with the bed part
surrounded by a waist high mesh fence so we can't fall
off.  The first time I was picked up by that truck,
and had to be driven to school seated on one of those
benches, with all eight benches filled up with about
35 slaves was totally humiliating.  We are completely
exposed as the truck does its rounds going throughout
the town picking up the slave students, and then
dropping us off at the county slave school.

Slave school is the one part of our state's slave
protocol that the Falkenberg’s do not like.  They would
prefer that I have no contact with the outside world
whatsoever, and they warned me about getting too
friendly with any of the other slaves.

Slave school is like kindergarten for adults.  We have
to memorize singsong mantras, memorize slave rules and
protocols, do arts and crafts, and practice for a
school play which we will give for our owners at
year's end.  A good portion of each class is spent
making things for our owners.  We make tea cozies,
paint pictures, write poetry, hand decorate our
"Commitment to Obedience" books, and write essays for
our owners and overseers on such things as "why we
admire them", "ten extra special things I intend to do
for you this week".   At the start of each month we
have to write out a set of "obedience resolutions" for
ourselves and share them with the class and our
owners.  We prepare speeches to give to the class on
why we are lucky to have the owner we do.  And we get
monthly report cards that have to be signed by our
owners and returned.  On the first class after report
card day we have to get up in front of the entire
class and share how our owners reacted to our report
cards, and what actions of praise or punishment we
received as a result of our report card grades.

In the school play I have been chosen to play a
runaway slave who is captured and returned to his
owner.  It is a sappy piece, with me having to get a
spanking on stage, and then do a great big tearful
apology to my beneficent owners at the end of the
play.

Slave school is thoroughly degrading, but the one good
thing is that I get to meet and know other slaves.

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After my first month with the Falkenberg’s, when I
thought I sort of knew what to expect from life at the
Falkenberg residence, Lang called me into his den.
When I entered the room he rubbed me on the head and
said, "Hey, little guy, how ya doin?"  I replied that
I hoped I was doing well.  Lang said I really was
doing well, and that dad and he were super pleased
with their new ‘boy’.  He asked me to sit down beside
him on the couch.  "This little conversation we're
about to have now is something dad wanted me to take
up with you on your first day here, but I told him,
'no, it can wait.'  But he's been bugging me again
about it, so I figured now's the time."

"As you know you are registered as a ‘domestic’ slave.
That's a broad category, and includes such things as
both personal and sexual service.  Are you aware of
that?"  I answered, "At my time at the Pennsylvania
State Slave ‘Commitment to Obedience’ Training Center
I learned that the category was broad.  And the list
of possibilities was mentioned.  But there was not
much talk of it.  We slaves talked about it among
ourselves, but it was mainly hearsay. All the slaves
I hung out and chatted with were all freshly enslaved
like myself and had no experience with slaves of their
own."

"Dad and I both use our slave for sexual service, and
I, but not dad, also use our slave for personal
service.  Dad's needs are simple.  He will be calling
you into his bedroom around 7 am or so about once
every three days.  His only requirement from you is a
simple blow job.  He prefers his slave to kneel
between his legs and get to work on him.  He likes to
hold his sucker by the ears.  He'll fill you in on
just what kind of speed and pressure and so forth he
likes.  From what I have been able to find out from
our other slaves, all he requires is a pretty
straightforward suck, and then you're out of there.  I
told dad that I wanted to put off this conversation
until you got settled in because a newly enslaved,
distraught, crybaby teenager was probably not going to
be giving any focused or dedicated service.  Dad
agreed with me.  You seem now to have gotten over your
initial depression, so I think it’s time for you to
step up to the plate and start delivering full
service."

"My needs are about the same, but depending on my
situation with my lady friends, weeks could go by
without my using you; then, at other times, I could be
hauling you into my room and grabbing you by the ears
as many as three times a day.  The only difference
between me and dad is that I like both of my armpits
licked, nibbled, and sucked before my blow job."

"The same kind of schedule goes for on how often I'll
be using you as a personal servant.  It varies
according to my needs at the moment.  Sometime in the
morning you'll be massaging me, helping me groom,
sucking my toes, wiping my ass after a shit, and so
on.  And then sometimes I'll just be too rushed to
avail myself of your help."

"Neither dad nor I fuck boys, but I got a couple of
friends whom I'll let use you from time to time if
they're not being assholes, and they'll be giving you
a poke or two.  And when my friend Martin from
California visits and stays with me about twice a
year, he's into some slightly kinky stuff.  He'll make
you get dressed up like a little girl, put you in
panties, bra, and a skirt, and make you wear lipstick.
He wants you acting like a bitch in heat, and then
he'll ride your slave cunt like a pony."

"Anyway, why don't you just scoot over here beside me
so I can give you your first lesson in making dad and
me feel good."   With that he unbuttoned his shirt,
took it off, put his hands in back of his head and
leaned back in the couch, in a sitting position.  He
had a beautiful chest.  I suspected he wanted the
armpit work done on him which he had just told me
about, but I didn't know how to begin.  He reached his
hand over, grabbed the back of my head, and guided my
face into his right arm pit.  "Ok, now start flecking
it with your tongue.  Oh yeah, that's right.  That's
the way."  I was able to do it because I was lonely
and horny, and Lang was beautiful.  He had me lick,
nibble, and scrunch both of his slightly ripe pits.
As I sucked he pulled out his beautiful large silky
uncut cock with the piss slit beautifully exposed.  It
was large, as I had guessed it would be.  He pushed my
head into his lap and told me to start sucking.  He
complimented me throughout.  I was gentle, but he said
he liked that.  He scooted me to the floor in front of
him in a kneeling position, and then grabbed both of
my ears.  He used my slave ears to control my head
bobbing action.  He came rather quickly but I could
tell he had a very intense orgasm.  Afterwards, as he
was stuffing his cock back into his pants, I wanted to
go to my room and jack off, but he was back to
business as usual, and ordered me to get him his
afternoon tea and to get to work cleaning the giant
bookshelf in the living room.

I asked some of my friends at slave school if they had
to do sex, and they all said they had to.  I told them
I would never be able to let my family and friends
know about the things I have to do.  They all said the
same thing.  It seemed that all of us, as slaves,
didn't want the people we knew as free boys to know
about all of the humiliating stuff we now are
subjected to on a routine basis.  It was comforting
for me to know that I was not the only one who was
practically shriveled up by the almost daily
humiliations.

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One Sunday afternoon Mr. Falkenberg called me and
asked me to bring him a coffee and Lang a tea, and
serve them in the den.  Mr. Falkenberg was seated on
the couch, and Lang in an arm chair with his legs
lazily draped over one of the arms.  When I asked them
if there would be anything else, Mr. Falkenberg said
that there would be, and asked me to remove all of my
clothing.  As the Falkenberg’s enjoyed their hot
beverages I stripped off my uniform, folding each
piece, and as protocol dictates, took my bell boy hat
off last and set it on top of the pile of folded
clothes.

I stood there naked with my arms at my side.  Mr.
Falkenberg asked, "Where did we get this coffee?
Billy, make sure we get more of this same Ethiopian
blend."  I answered, "Yes sir."

Mr. Falkenberg looked at me, smiled, and began in a
leisurely fashion, "Billy, look at yourself.  What are
you?  Don't answer, I'll tell you what you are.
You're nothing but a bare-naked little slave boy.
That's all you are."  He took another sip of coffee.
"And you make a perfect cup of coffee.  Lang, how is
your tea?"

"It's excellent, Dad", smiled Lang as he raised his
cup.

"See boy.  You're not only a little work boy slave, but
you are a little work boy slave who does excellent
work.  In other words, you are doing what you were
meant to be doing, and you are doing it well. You are
doing great here, and you should be proud of that
fact.  But Lang told me that he walked in on you last
evening and you were in your room crying again.  That
means you are not taking comfort in the fact of how
pleased we are with you.  So I was thinking 'What is
he crying about?'  I bet I know, Billy.  You are
crying because you probably want to go and hang out
with your friends like old times.  I bet if Perry and
Eric called you would love to go meet them somewhere,
right?"

"Yes sir.  I am lonely.  I miss what I used to have.
I mainly miss my friends.  I would like to see them."

"Thank you for being so honest, Billy."  He took
another sip of coffee.  "I know you don't like the
fact that we kind of keep you in the house except for
when you go to school and accompany us on errands.
But you have the good life here.  We have lots of
things in your room for you to keep yourself
entertained.  It's true, we want you to stay in there,
but you got everything any young man could want.
Television, full access to the internet, music system,
a computer full of games, you can write in your
journal, and everything you do in there is your own
stuff.  We don't care what you do.  We don't care if
you chat in those online slave forums.  We don't care
if you write to the anti-slaver folks."

"But you know what I think.  I think that even with
all that neat stuff you got in your room, if you were
up there and a couple of your friends came here to
visit, you would come bounding down here only too
eager to see them again.  You think that you have some
kind of right to mingle with free boys.  But you don't
Billy.  You don't have that right anymore.  You are a
slave.  That's all you are a slave, a bare-naked
little slave boy."

"But you know what Lang and I could do?  We could have
something done to you so you would look different,
look more like a slave.  And then I wonder if you
would still want to go and hang out with your friends
at the local club."

In my first eight months as a slave I had learned not
only how the body tries to compensate for pain by
sending out contradictory signals to the groin region,
but how, as now, it tries to compensate for the
feeling of total abjection brought about by
humiliation by sending some numbing drug to the brain
that makes the desire to cry send a warm soft blanket
over one's entire body.  Every cell relaxes and seems
to rejoice.

"How would you like it, Billy, if Lang and I were to
have your front teeth removed?  Then whenever you
talked you would sound like a real slave.  We really
would have no problem doing that, as that would make
you a prime suckerboy.  The feeling from a good
toothless blow job beats the primest of pussy.
Anyway, if your friends came to visit you then, would
you then come bounding down from your room to chat
with them.  Would you then want to continue to talk to
them about history, and show everyone how smart you
are with your slave lisp.  Would you like that Billy?
Would your friends be able to hear your words of
wisdom if you were talking at them all toothless and
lisping?  I think rather than listening to you they
would be laughing at you.  If we had that done to you
would not only be just a slave, but you'd be
considered a toothless, lisping, suckerboy slave."

"And we could have you ringed with a giant four inch
chin ring.  That would have some real practical uses
for us as well.  And if we did that to you as well,
then you would be nothing but a toothless,
chin-ringed, suckerboy."

"And we could have your ears stapled with those giant
slave ID ear tags that you see flopping on the ears of
government worker slaves.  The ones that look like
rabbits.  How would you like that?  Would you then
want to come bounding down from your cozy room to meet
all of your family and friends with your ear tags
bobbing?  You are nothing right now but our little
bare-naked work boy, but if we had all that stuff done
to you, then you would be our very own bare-naked,
toothless, lisping, chin-ringed, ear-tagged, little
suckerboy slave.  Would you enjoy chatting with Eric
then about all the stuff you talk about, would you
still try to impress your friends that you are really
some kind of cool dude underneath it all?  How would
you feel when you visited with your family then?  What
would your brothers think?  Would you be able to look
Chad in the eye, and what would your little brother
Timothy think of his big brother Billy then?"

"And those are just a few of the things we could have
done to you.  You don't even want to hear what else we
could have done to you.  Anyway, I think you see my
point.  Do you?"

"Yes sir, I do."

"Good.  Come over here Billy."  I did and he asked me
to bend my head down.  I did and he rubbed it, "You're
a good little boy. Come here.  Closer."  He threw his
arm around my hips and pulled me close.  "We love you,
little Billy.   We're not going to have any of that
stuff done to you.  But we are going to give you a
little spanking now, not because you've been bad, but
to put into your punishment account.  I think it would
be a good time to put something into that account to
help drive home what I just told you.  As it is you
still have only one in your account from the collaring
ceremony.  While you're getting your spanking I want
you to think about what I just told you.  Ok?"  I
nodded 'yes'.   "Lang, you want to do the honors?"

"Naw, Dad, I just want to watch for a change.  But
first, Billy, I'd like some more tea."  As I scampered
naked to take his cup I felt more like a slave than I
ever had, and even though I was about to get spanked,
I felt relieved, even happy.  When Mr. Falkenberg put
his arm around my hips it was the warmest human
contact I had experienced as a slave, and almost
wanted to cry.

I gave Lang his tea, and went over to Mr. Falkenberg,
and he patted his lap.  I got over my owners knee, and
with the first blow from his hand the warmth in my
groin was so intense that I almost didn't feel the
next couple of blows.  Mr. Falkenberg was a strong
man, even stronger than Lang, and eventually the pain
got intense.  I started crying out loud.  I didn't
know what overtook me, but through the crying I
blurted out, "Sir, I am so sorry for not appreciating
all the things I have here, how good you are to me."
I believe I really believed what I said.  I had become
a big crybaby slave.  I was more ashamed than ever
from being so erect in Mr. Falkenberg's lap.  That
made me cry.  Being a slave made me cry.  Upsetting my
owners made me cry.  Everything made me cry, but now
crying was starting to feel good.

When the spanking was over Mr. Falkenberg said, "Lang,
why don't you leave me and Billy alone here for a
bit."  As Lang walked out with his teacup he said,
"Dad, send him to my room when you're finished with
him."