**One Step Behind You**

Part Seven

By Randall Austin

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"Please, Mr. Falkenberg, I, I, I --", and I had no
words to really say so I just started crying some
more.  Mr. Falkenberg came over with the rest of the
champagne and poured more into my glass, "Finish this
bottle up.  You'll feel better!"

Suddenly I was seized with the same despair I had felt
during the early days of my enslavement.  Mr.
Falkenberg and Lang left to get ready to take me to
the tattoo artist as I drank the rest of the
champagne.  There were two more full glasses left in
the bottle and it tasted good, and started to make me
feel good as well.  When Lang and his dad returned I
was calm, and began; "Mr. Falkenberg, I want you to
know I am so happy that you have chosen me to be your
boy forever.  And I am not only happy to work hard for
you, and serve you as best I can, but I also want to
be someone who will make other people envious of you.
You have told me that is what you wanted."

"However, if you want people to be envious of me, you
better not go ahead with the tattoos you have planned.
If you do, rather than being envious of you, people
will laugh at you. I'm sure that the tattoo artist
you talked to his skills in tattooing, but what he has
suggested as being a Southwestern motif is nothing but
kitsch.  Southwestern art is nothing like what he has
prescribed for me.  Remember, the history of the
American West is my specialty, and I can tell you that
your tattooist's plans for me are as far afield from
the petroglyphes and pictographs of the Southwest as
one can get.  There is a 4000 year archaeological
history of that region that proves you would be making
a big mistake."

Both of the Falkenberg’s listened with great interest
as I gave them my history lesson on slaves and art.  I
told them slaves were never tattooed, but if they were
decorated, it was with wreathes, collars, bracelets,
and leggings.  In the end I managed to avoid getting
my scrotum dyed and my body tattooed, although there
was no talking them out of the ‘Property of Enar and
Lang Falkenberg’ tattoo across my shoulder, the
‘Spanker's Target’ tattoo on my buttocks, and the ring
through my dick head.  (I have, since then, actually
come to consider my butt tattoo rather special, even
alluring.  And I've gotten to like my cock ring.  As
far as the ‘Property of’ tattoo, I have read on the
Internet that tattoos can be removed.  And believe me,
when I am free one day, my secret hope, it will be.)

But despite my success in altering their decision to
have me decorated as they had planned, the Falkenberg’s
keep me on a very short rein.  I have become a real
cringing, fawning, sneaking, slave in order to avoid
punishment. Though the Falkenberg’s like me and the
work I do enough to have made me their lifetime boy,
their treatment of me, now that I serve them in the
nude, has become very strict, demanding, and more
slave-like than ever before. It's almost as if they
feel that now that they have decided to keep me
forever, they bear extra responsibility for keeping me
in line and properly slave-like. They like keeping me
naked. They take intense pleasure in the fact that I
now have to serve them in the nude. It feels more
like they own a slave now.  And my being naked has
altered their treatment of me. Anyone who is naked has
to be treated, of course, like a slave.  Now when I
bring them something, like the newspaper, they
actually watch me enter the room and bring the paper
to them.  It highlights the difference in our status;
me naked, them clothed. It gives them an even greater
feeling of power over me.  Now I really do look like a
slave, I stand apart, my penis bell jingles and can be
heard.  My being naked while serving them seems to
give the Falkenberg’s a special sense of worldly
achievement.  Being naked highlights that I am not
only not one of ‘them’, but more some kind of prized
decoration, an object.  I feel like a naked fool, and
it has been hard for me to maintain my personal
dignity.

And their ambivalent treatment of me is now more
extreme than ever. Often when we are alone, I am
treated almost like Mr. Falkenberg's son and Lang's
brother. But the moment anyone is present, the
slightest misstep on my part gets me treated in the
most demeaning fashion imaginable. I think they feel
that the public wants to see slaves humiliated and
demeaned, and therefore they oblige them.

But even when we are alone they will sometimes treat
me in a put-down fashion if they are in the mood.
They know it hurts me.  They seem to delight more than
ever in putting me down, humiliating, and demeaning
me. Once, after both Mr. Falkenberg and Lang had put
me down and demeaned me for some minor matter, I was
so hurt that I started to cry.  I asked them why they
treated me that way, and was told that I was the
household slave, and it was the way they had to treat
me in order to keep boundaries clear, and do their
part to help ensure the success of the slave system.
And that if I didn't stop my whining Lang would give
me a paddling I wouldn't forget.

They constantly tell me that I am fractious,
recalcitrant, and difficult to deal with.  And I find
myself getting punished with greater frequency than
even when I was new to their household.  Sometimes I
begin to believe their put downs of me and start to
wonder if I am in fact just a worthless delinquent.
And so I have to watch myself so I don't get punished.
I live my life now having to be conscious of
everything I do in their presence.  Since they allow
me electronic access to the outside world via
television and the Internet, I still have connections
with my life style in the past all the aspects of free
behavior.  But now I have to hold them in check every
step of the way if I don't want to feel pain.  Because
I never went through any sort of training that taught
me, as a slave, to get to a level of involuntary good
behavior, where all slave protocol becomes ingrained
as if by habit, I have to watch my step and think
before I do almost anything. I continually must ask
myself, "Is this according to slave protocol that will
please the Falkenberg’s?"

And the fact that I have to repress, voluntarily, my
own instincts makes me, if anything, a real cringing,
fawning, sneaking, slave.  I want to be free.  I sit
up at night thinking how I can escape, how I can pay
back unjust society for what it has done to me.  I
search out slave networks and slave pen pals on the
Internet, I ponder the possibility of getting myself
to one of the states where slavery is outlawed. (From
every source what I find is that there really is very
little legal recourse for an enslavement order.  It is
everywhere accepted as a fact that it is easier
getting out of a prison sentence than getting out of a
term of enslavement, especially a lifetime enslavement
order.  There will be no reprieve, ever, for me.)
When I am around the Falkenberg’s I have to put on the
act that I'm totally happy to be serving them. And I
have sunk to that level because if I am not constantly
cheerful and smiling around the Falkenberg’s, I get
swatted, like a little kid.  And if they feel I am
still sullen or not chirpy enough after a few
warnings, I get spanked or paddled.

The Falkenberg’s are aware that I am behaving in a very
considered manner.  In fact, I sense they enjoy that
they have me captured, and now I have to do what they
say, and that being a slave is a real source of
humiliation of me.  They seem to take pleasure in the
way I have to bend my will, constantly, in order to
please them.

And now that I am treated in such a way by them, when
I am called to service them sexually, it is all the
more humiliating for me.  They enjoy the fact, on top
of sexual service I provide, that I am a person who is
without freedom who has to get down and suck out their
dicks whenever they say.  There is a pleasure they are
getting not from just the free sex, but from having
total control of my life.

One day, soon after I got my butt and shoulder tattoo
and dick ringed, and during my first week of serving
the household in the nude, my cousin Tracey was in
town visiting my dad and brothers, so he called me and
asked if he could visit.  He is one year older than
me, and we always got along well when he and his
family would come on their annual visit to our city.
I asked Mr. Falkenberg if I could get dressed when he
came, and he said that as long as Lang and he were
still in the house I had to be nude.  When they were
out for the day they didn't care if I then put
something on. So I tried to get Tracey to come in the
afternoon, when the Falkenberg’s would be gone, but he
said he didn't have a lot of the afternoon free, and
that he wanted to come in the morning around 10 so we
had more time together.  I warned him that if the
Falkenberg’s needed anything from me we would have to
be interrupted.  He said that would be ok.

I was upstairs cleaning Lang's room when he arrived,
and Mr. Falkenberg called up and announced his arrival
to me.  I went down the stairs, my wiener bell jingled
with each step.  He turned, saw me, and said, "Wow,
They told me, but..." We hugged. Tracey said, "How
you doing, bro?" I nodded 'ok', and he said, "I can't
get over it, you really are a naked, laboring slave
now."  Lang overheard that remark, and said, "He's
more like a naked, laboring, sweating, slave. Billy,
I can't believe you would greet anyone, especially a
friend, in your condition."  I answered, "I'm sorry
Lang, but I was moving your bed so I could clean under
it."

Lang snapped back, "Are you in a mood for backtalk?"
I started to feel weak inside. I hated it when he
humiliated me in front of guests, especially my
guests. Lang snapped his fingers and pointed to the
ground in front of him, "Get over here, on your knees,
arms flat on the floor, your head in your arms."  I
went and did it, trying to hold back an intense urge
to cry and hide the frown that was overtaking my face.
"Now stick that ass up nice and high for me.  Higher
than that!  I said get it higher!  Now wiggle it a
little so Tracey can see the ‘Spanker's Targets’ on
your buttocks."  I wiggled my butt, my bell jingled.
"So Billy, do you still think you're some hot ass
college kid?  If you do, let me tell that you’re not
and you're never going to be.  You're a fucking naked
slave with a spanker's target tatted on his ass. This
is just a warning, Billy.  Don't you go acting uppity
in front of Tracey or any of your other friends!  Or
else I'll show Tracey and every damn one of your other
friends just what those spanker's targets are for.
Would you like me to have to do that Billy?"

"No sir", I answered, with my face hidden in my arms,
and the tears now flowing.

"Okay, Billy, you can get up now. Run upstairs and
take a quick shower, put some cologne on, and put some
rouge on your cheeks. You look pale and since
you'll have the rouge out, I want you to paint two
polka dots in the middle of your spanker's circles on
your buttocks.  I think you need a little reminder
that you're a slave boy, not a college boy."

Needless to say, any hope I had of having a normal
contact with another human being was thwarted. Tracey
couldn't even offer me comfort. After Lang put me
down and made me color my cheeks and buttocks, Tracey
was afraid of me, and would cringe if I made any
sudden movements. I have never heard from him since.

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During that first week in my new ‘mode’ of service,
the Falkenberg’s spent a good sum on having a
consultant from ‘Slave Essentials’ meet with me
everyday and instruct me on the fine art of serving my
masters and their guests in the nude.  I was taught
everything; how to walk, display, groom, properly
shave my entire body, thwart unwanted erections, keep
my genitals out of people's faces and food as I served
dinner, correct body oiling techniques for nude
servants, and the proper way to wear an ephod (for the
times guests were present who did not want either
themselves or their children to see male genitalia).

For public outings I would still wear my standard
outfit, but it was now modified; it was the usual
outfit consisting of shirt, and matching trousers
(spankers), bum warmer, bell boy hat, and shoes, but
over the spankers I wore a modified silken ephod.  In
short, it looked like I was wearing a pair of girl's
silk underpants over my spankers.  I had no idea that
that costume could have been made any more ridiculous.

I did research on the Internet and found out that the
use of naked domestic slaves was sort of a chichi club
for the very rich.  Owners talked about slaves in such
domestic service as if they were prize display
poodles.

For the weekend after my consultation sessions, the
Falkenberg’s planned a big event to officially
introduce me, their new permanent slave, and my new
mode of service in their household, to all of their
and my family and friends. They had a little ceremony
planned. The Falkenberg’s love little ceremonies.  And
like their other ceremonies and formalities, what was
planned was sure to be a totally embarrassing
experience for me.  I called my dad and told him he
would be getting an invite and to please not come.  He
understood my situation and said neither he nor my
siblings would be there.

The big event was scheduled for Saturday at 4 in the
afternoon. The caterers would be arriving at 11 in
the morning, and I was to help them set up, and there
would be a rehearsal of the ceremony around 2 in the
afternoon for the Falkenberg’s and me after the living
room and all the chairs were set up as needed.

The caterers were a gay business in the area, and I
actually had fun working with the four caterers,
ranging from my age to about 35, as we prepared the
house, food, and service. I knew it was a novelty for
them working alongside a slave, and especially a
naked one.  The caterers all treated me very well,
they didn't laugh at me, and I could tell they didn't
mind the fact that I had to work naked alongside of
them.  They made friendly jokes about me, and
complimented me sincerely on how good I looked.  The
head caterer, Brian, was the youngest of the group, a
year younger than me, and he and I really liked each
other.

Around 2 pm when everything was set up, the
Falkenberg’s came in for a little rehearsal.  They
asked the caterers to just take seats and watch as we
rehearsed because they didn't want any disturbance,
and they wanted them to be familiar with the service
so they would know when to step in and start going
around serving drinks after the ceremony.

After the rehearsal Mr. Falkenberg and Lang retired to
the back yard to relax before the guests started to
arrive.  At one point Brian and I were alone in the
pantry, where we were storing cases of wine and liquor
for the party.  We had been making gentle eye contact
during the day. I was stooping to set down a case,
and his hand lightly touched my back.  I stood up, and
he said, "Man, that tattoo on your ass is so hot."  I
let him run his hand over my arms and chest, "Billy,
if you were my slave I would treat you so fine!"  I
was in heaven as he continued gently touching me,
"Billy, You're so sweet and pretty."  I touched him.
He talked quietly, "We don't see many slaves in my
part of town, but oh man, how I would like you to be
my slave. I would take such good care of you!"

I said, "You got it the wrong way. If I were your
slave it would be my duty to look after and take care
of you.  But anyway, I sure the hell wish you WERE
my owner, too!"

Brian was surprised. "But your owners, the
Falkenberg’s, seem like two real nice guys."  I told
him they were very strict, and he asked what I meant.
"They're always nagging me. I have to do things
exactly their way."  Brian asked what happened if I
didn't and I told them about the punishments. Brian
really was in the dark, "No way, dude!  They can't
whack you man; you're a year older than me.  They
can't still give you a wumping!" I took him into the
foyer of the back entrance and showed him a little
closet that held some punishment instruments; tawse,
belts, paddles, hair brush, flip whip, and tit and
ball clamps.  Brian could not believe what he saw,
"But you're a grown man, an adult, just like me!"  He
put his hand on my shoulder in an attempt to comfort
me.  Brian was feeling for me in a sincere way.  He
asked who spanked me, and if I cried when I got
spanked. I told him they both spanked me, but most
often it was Lang.

And then Brian started to gush; "Man, I think I love
you."  He touched me.  I touched him.  I got hard.  He
could see it.  He was hard too, though I couldn't see
his.  "You know what, I wouldn't mind seeing you get
spanked."  I told him that if he ever visited on a
regular basis I was sure he would get to see me
getting spanked. "They seem to think humiliating me in
front of my friends is a good disciplinary measure,
that it drives messages home."  He answered with a
tighter squeeze of my shoulder, "Billy, something
about that makes me love you even more."  We kissed.
I felt like I was in love.  Brian backed off, staring
at me, and said, "Wow!"

He asked if we could stay in touch, and I told him we
could through email, and that I would also ask the
Falkenberg’s if he could visit.  As he said, "I like
you Billy, a lot!" We heard the patio creak as the
Falkenberg’s reentered the house, and we both instantly
resumed carrying boxes into the pantry.

Around a quarter to 4, Mr. Falkenberg reminded me that
the guests would be starting to arrive soon, and that
I was to go to my room, get dressed in my entrance
outfit, and stay out of sight of the guests until the
ceremony began at 5 pm.  I was not looking forward to
the rest of the day.  The caterers and I had set up
over 200 chairs in the ballroom where the ceremony was
to be held.  When the guests were all seated, and the
music began ("I will be yours forever", by the popular
Spanish superstar pop singer, Chico.) it was my cue to
make my entrance from the back of the room, wearing a
black cassock and white surplice. I looked like an
altar boy. It was a full length cassock, with its
collar concealing my slave collar, and went all the
way down to my feet, hiding the fact that my feet were
bare as well as the rest of me underneath the cassock.

Mr. Falkenberg and Lang were standing at the front of
the room. The little area they stood in was decorated
with flowers. The guests were seated in chairs facing
them. As soon as I entered the rear of the room,
holding a lit candle in my left hand, and a single
long stem white rose in my right, all of the guests,
who were seated in chairs facing the front of the
room, turned around to look at me. There were almost
200 guests watching me. Wealthy friends, with their
pampered sons and daughters, of the Falkenberg’s.  The
chairs were arranged in two sections, so there was an
aisle between them for me to walk up through to the
waiting Falkenberg’s at the front of the room.

As soon as I entered the room, the full gut wrenching
treacle of the pop song hit me, with Chico crooning,
"I will be yours forever. I will never leave you.
I will always serve you. You and you alone, forever."
It was embarrassment for me walking down the aisle,
taking one step at a time as we had rehearsed, like I
was a bride walking up to the altar.  A hired
photographer was running around snapping pictures
non-stop of the event. All eyes were on me as I made
my way up the aisle. Over the too loud music I heard
"Ooohs", "Aahhhs", "How sweet!", "What a little
cutie!", "How lucky they are!"  I even saw tears in
some eyes.  I guess tears of joy that the Falkenberg’s
now not only owned a personalized slave, but also had
joined the "naked domestics" club.

When I reached the Falkenberg’s at the front of the
room, I stopped and stood before them. I waited until
the song ended, then I knelt down before them.  The
room was silent as Mr. Falkenberg began; "What a happy
day this is for me and my son, to see all of our
family and friends here at this auspicious moment.
That you have come to join us in the disrobing
ceremony of our new boy, Billy, and share in our joy
touches Lang and me deeply. Most of you have not met
little Billy, but I am glad that you soon will have
that pleasure.  For Lang and I to have made a
commitment to a slave for life, and have him
personalized, expresses not only our pleasure in
Billy's service, but in the slave system as well.
Most of you gathered here either own a slave or two,
or have at some time in your life.  You know the
importance of responsible ownership in keeping the
system healthy.  By showing the world that we care
about the welfare of slaves enough to commit to one or
several for life, shows the world in a powerful way
that we who take on the responsibility of ownership do
not do so lightly, nor do we consider slaves
expendable, like the latest car model."

The self-righteousness in the room was stifling. Lang
spoke next; "Welcome to you all.  In the last 20
months, as dad and I have worked on fine-tuning little
Billy; not the easiest task in the world, by the way".

Lang paused at his little joke, and gave a broad
smile to the guests.  It was greeted with smiles and
laughter of recognition.  He continued, pleased in his
easy rapport with the guests, "As we fine-tuned our
little guy here into becoming the kind of servant we
could be proud of, and who would be proud of himself,
we realized something; why should we waste all our
hard work and effort?  Dad and I both thought back to
our former slaves, and all the work we put into making
them eager-to-please quick steppers. And we wondered,
"Why should we let all of our hard work benefit the
next owner?"  We wanted to enjoy the fruits of our own
labor, so to speak."

"And then Billy came along. He was not only bright,
pleasant, and fast learner, but he did the more
complicated tasks so well, such as bookkeeping,
household inventory, keeping Dad's and my personal
schedules and finances, that we soon knew we had a
‘keeper’.  But we shied away from ‘keeping’ because of
what we feared would be the hassle of commitment; what
if we get bored with him, what if he gets bored with
us, what if he gets disabled, and so on and on.  But
we also felt guilty not making a commitment to Billy
because of the bad name the appearance of treating
slaves as expendable gave to both the slave system and
those of us who support it. So that is why you find
yourselves here today, to help us celebrate our
commitment to the institution of slavery, and our
commitment to little Billy, here."

Lang nodded to one of the caterers who pushed the next
button on the music system, and a slow, haunting,
violin solo, accompanied by piano, began. It was my
cue to raise my candle and rose. I did so and Mr.
Falkenberg came forward and took the candle, and Lang
came and took the rose. They placed each of them on a
little table along side of them. I then stood and,
keeping my back to the guests, removed my surplice
with the assistance of Mr. Falkenberg and Lang on
either side of me. I then unbuttoned the entire
length of my cassock, from neck to toes.  Once
unbuttoned, Mr. Falkenberg took the left side of the
cassock, Lang the right, and they both started
removing it from me.  When it was off, they placed it
on the table, and came back to me, one standing on
each side of me with my back to the guests, and they
both facing the guests.  The photographer was snapping
furiously, trying to get good shots of the "spankers
target" tattoo on my buttocks. I could hear and see
the flashbulbs of many guests shooting me from their
chairs, as well.
Mr. Falkenberg spoke, "Ladies and gentleman, I would
like to present Billy to you."  I turned around,
trying to maintain a dignified look. Everyone started
to clap. Even though I was cinched about the base of
my cock and balls, my penis had shriveled up to
nothing from embarrassment.

Mr. Falkenberg and Lang each had a leash, and they
each snapped their leash to my collar.  The
photographer came forward and started taking what were
sure to be the key photos of the event; me naked, with
the Falkenberg’s on each side of me holding a leash
attached to my collar, both broadly smiling, dressed
in their expensive clothes.  Many guests started
snapping the scene from their chairs as well.  When
everyone who wanted to got a shot of the scene, Mr.
Falkenberg spoke up; "Ladies and gentleman, here
before you is our new slave for life, little Billy, in
puris naturalibus. He stands before us adorned in
only a simple collar, pubic cinch, and arm and leg
bands.  He is for the most part completely naked and
defenseless, and will from now on be protected only by
Lang's and my nurturing love. And on that nurturing
love, we want Billy to know that he can always rely."

Then it was Lang's turn; "Billy was once a stubborn
free boy; willful, uncooperative, and egotistical. He
felt he was a special and privileged child who was
entitled to have things go his way. If you look at
Billy now, here in front of you, you can see he didn't
end up having things go his way."  The majority of
guests, especially the privileged children, flashed
broad smiles. "And even after ending up in servitude
in our household, Billy still tried to deny that he
was a slave.  It was only through much focused
discipline that Billy finally turned out to be the
tamed, polite, eager-to-please, little boy that you
see standing up here. It was because of his newfound
good behavior that dad and I decided to make him our
permanent boy. Billy's willingness to accept his
condition led dad and me to accept Billy with a fuller
commitment. So when the slave gave in, dad and I gave
in. We want Billy and all of you to know that Billy
can expect such shows of gratitude on our part for his
good behavior for the rest his life."

Then it was my turn. "Thank you Mr. Falkenberg and
Lang for your commitment to me and the slave system.
It is my wish that by your example the slave system
will continue to be enriched with more and more
forward looking owners like yourselves."

"I want to thank each and every one of you for coming
to my disrobing ceremony. This is a very happy day in
my life. So thank you all for helping to make it so
special."  The applause that followed the ceremony was
long and almost seemed sincere. The caterers came out
with trays of drinks, the guests began circulating,
and the Falkenberg’s and I began greeting the people
who quickly lined up to introduce themselves and meet
me.