**One Step Behind You**

Part Seven

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>

"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.  
  
###  
  
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.