**One Step Behind You**

Part Eight

By Randall Austin

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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.

First in line were Mr. Falkenberg's brother, Ingvar,
and his wife Kerstin, and sons Ulf and Magnus, both
about my age.  All blond haired and attractive.
Ingvar embraced his brother, "Enar, congratulations!
Glad to hear you finally got a smart boy."

Ingvar's family all shook my hand.  As Ulf shook my
hand, he said to everyone about me, "He also looks
like he could be muscled out and made labor-ready, if
you need that."

Lang answered, "You're right about that, Ulf.  We did
a full assessment."
As Magnus introduced himself and shook my hand, he
commented, "Doesn't seem very well hung."

Mr. Falkenberg answered, "He's okay down there. He's
nervous as shit right now."

"Hell, I'd be too" smiled Ulf. "Well, if you say he's
equipped, I'll believe you."  They all laughed.  "He's
good looking, though."

Mr. Falkenberg answered his nephew, "Yeah, he is. Too
cute for his own bare britches sometimes.  He's a
little bumbler, but we love him."

Ingvar's family moved on and next in line was Mr.
Falkenberg's business associate, Peter Danton. "Holy
shit, Enar, so you finally got yourself a family
mascot!"  As he shook my hand, Peter said, "Billy, you
are a lucky boy being taken into this family."

"I know I am, sir."  Peter grabbed my right ear and
turned it down to look at the backside, then did the
same to the left ear.  "He's got good sized ears for
being fitted with the SelectraGuide."  Mr. Falkenberg
had already pondered that option, "It's not for us. I
don't want an electronically controlled robot.  We've
been getting good results out of him by sticking to
standard discipline methods."

"Well, it works like a charm on my two slaves, and
saves me hours each month in discipline sessions."

Mr. Danton moved on and next in line was Dr. Edvard
Ringwald.  "Enar, what a beautiful ceremony that was!
Listen, I was examining your boy during the ceremony
and he is just the right size for our galley team.
We're racing Bridgeport across the Atlantic this
summer, and we're still scouting for four more rowing
slaves.  We'd only need him for two months, and we
guarantee that when he came back he'd be a mountain of
muscle."

Lang was enthusiastic, "Dad, that sounds great to me.
I think it's something we should consider."

Mr. Falkenberg obviously needed to ponder the offer,
"It is definitely something I would consider. Let's
lunch over it.  How about tomorrow?"  Dr. Ringwald
indicated that would be a perfect time for a lunch
date, and he moved on.

Next in line was Lang's friend, Weston Michael
Andrews. It was nice to see a face of someone who
considered me to be a human being, and he proved it by
not taking my hand to shake it when I held it out, but
instead grabbed me with both arms and hugged me.  He
hugged me tight, and it felt good. I told him that I
wished he would come over more often, and he told me
he would like to, but was very busy with graduate
school. Lang was pleased that his best friend really
liked me, and asked, "What do you think of Billy now,
Weston?"  "It's the same Billy as far as I can tell,"
answered Weston. "Hey, but didn't you notice, my name
is tattooed on his shoulder."  Weston touched my
shoulder tattoo, "Property of Enar and Lang
Falkenberg."  Weston smiled at me, and asked me how I
felt having Lang's name on my shoulder. I smiled
back. "I imagine I feel the same way you would feel
if you had Lang's name tattooed on your shoulder."

Just as Lang began to register the slightest
displeasure with my remark, Weston praised me and his
friend, "You're smart Billy. That's why I like you.
And Lang is smart for having sense to want to keep you
permanently."  He patted Lang and me on the shoulders
and moved on.

Next in line were some more friends of the
Falkenberg’s, a young couple, Britta and Tolle
Pederson, and their 11 year old son, Per.
Per spoke first, "Mommy, why doesn't this man have any
clothes on?"
Britta answered, "He's not a man, Per, he's a slave.
Slaves are not the same as you and mommy and daddy,
dear.  They don't need clothes."

After handshakes, the Pederson’s moved on, and next in
line was Clark Hollywood, well known to slavers for
his tongue in cheek business card that advertised him
as a dealer in ‘freshly captured, free range, game
slaves’.  "Looks like you caught yourself a nice one,
Enar!"  Mr. Falkenberg thanked him. Clark offered
some professional advice. "Lang it sounded like, from
your brief speech during the ceremony, that Billy took
some hard work to get tamed down. Call me in if you
have any further trouble with him. Billy sounds like
the kind of bumbling slave that would adjust better if
he were subjected to an old-fashioned round robin
series of punishment sessions. It's a guaranteed
breaker of stubborn slaves. You could have had Billy
in shape in half the time it took you."

Lang smiled, interested, "Sounds good Clark, but what
is it?"  Clark was excited, "It's a beautiful
technique.  Say your slave back talks.  Fine, then you
slap his face.  Say next offense he misses a chore.
Fine, then you slap him and follow that with a
spanking.  Then say Billy oversleeps.  Then you slap
him, give him a spanking, and follow that with
shoulder tawsing.  Then say, two days later, you catch
him with his hair all messed up and not properly
combed.  Fine, then you slap his face, spank his ass,
tawse his back, and give 10 swats of the strap to his
inner thighs.  I think you guys are beginning to get
the picture."

"But how long do you go on before starting over
again?" asked Lang. "When he goes a week without
needing punishment, then you start over." Clark
smiled, waiting for a reaction.

Mr. Falkenberg said, "That plan sounds like it has
merit. What do you think Lang?" Lang nodded his
head, "I like it. It really sounds great. I'm going
to try it starting now!"

Next up was the pastor of Mr. Falkenberg's church,
Reverend Brodde Abjornson. He and Mr. Falkenberg hugged.

Reverend Abjornson preached to me, "Be a good boy now Billy.
Mr. Falkenberg is a kind master.  When he lays the
strap on you consider it a blessing from above.
Follow his orders at all times, in all things.  Always
stand tall whether receiving punishment or praise, and
say your prayers at night."  I thanked him.  Mr.
Falkenberg was beaming.

Next in line I was totally surprised to see Brother
Michael. A cold feeling hit me.  Mr. Falkenberg and
Lang were suddenly distracted by Beverly Huffington
rushing up beside the Falkenberg’s and asking them to
meet her new boyfriend, who had to rush off to the
airport. Brother Michael held out his hand to me. I
didn’t take it. Brother Michael asked me if I had
finally made a commitment to obedience.
I told him, firmly but under my breath so only he
could hear, "No, I haven't!"  He looked at the
Falkenberg’s, they were still occupied. I continued,
"What the fuck do you care if I'm committed to
obedience. You're getting to see what you came to
see!"

Brother Michael, red in the face, moved on and next in
line was a handsome guy about 30 years old, whose
smile almost made me fall in love. Standing in front
of me was 6 feet and one and a half inches of human
male perfection. Handsome, sleek, muscular, with
black shiny hair, dark eyes, long lashes, pure
alabaster complexion with rosy cheeks. He put out his
hand, "Hi, I'm Thomas Lattimore."  He was soft spoken,
as gentle as a summer noontime breeze, as tender as a
newborn lamb, and wondrous as the awn on the spring
wheat. I shook his hand, almost forgetting where I
was, and my condition.  He was clothed in a fine linen
suit, and he smelled a smell that made me want to hug
him forever.

Beverly and her boyfriend finally let the Falkenberg’s
go, and they returned their attention to me and my
handsome guest. Lang spoke, "Oh, Billy, I see you
have met Tom Lattimore.  Tom is the head
disciplinarian at the county punishment house for
slaves."  My grip lessened only slightly as we
continued shaking hands. I said a feeble, "Hello,
sir."  Lang smiled, "I guess it's a good thing for you
Billy that you've never had to meet Tom other than
socially."  Tom took a piece of paper and gave it to
Lang; "Here's a coupon for 20% off any service we
offer."  Lang was genuinely pleased with the gift,
"Thanks a lot, Tom." Tom moved on and my gaze
followed him, briefly.

Next in line was a fat wheezy looking guy, Bull
Prosser, who after shaking hands with the Falkenberg’s
put his hand on my belly and ran it down to my shaved
pubes. He grabbed my entire unit from the base and
started to wiggle and shake it like a baby rattle. He
laughed when my cock bell started ringing. "Gosh
Enar, are you sure this boy is all right?  I mean a
little shrinkage from embarrassment is one thing, but
this kid doesn't have anything to show for."

Mr. Falkenberg smiled, "It doesn't make it any
difference, Bull. He doesn't really need one of those
things now. He's a slave now. Besides, that thing
usually gets most slaves into some kind of trouble
down the line." Bull joked, "Well, you could always
have it removed."  Mr. Falkenberg answered, "Believe
me, I've thought of that. But if we ever had to sell
him in the future, that would bring us an even bigger
loss than just having him tattooed with our name
would. For some reason, boys without peepees are not
a hot market item right now."  Everyone laughed.

Bull Prosser moved on, and in back of him were Svea
and Bernhard Lykins. They shook hands with the
Falkenberg’s but did not take my hand when extended,
nor did they address me. Bernhard spoke first,
"Congratulations Enar on finding a work boy you can
trust. We've pretty much given up on finding one."
Then Svea looked at me, but spoke to the Falkenberg’s,
"Can he recite something for us? Something, perhaps,
he learned in slave school?"  Mr. Falkenberg nodded
questioningly at me. I wasn't going to recite any
fucking slave mantras to entertain these assholes, so
I started reciting something from my days at St. James
Private School for Boys; "Saepibus in nostris parvam
te roscida mala vidi cum matre legentem." Svea was
not impressed, "Why in the hell are they wasting
taxpayer’s money on teaching slaves how to speak
Italian?"

As they moved on, Lang shook his head at me.  But
before the import of his body language was clear, my
head was grabbed by two female hands and I was being
kissed repeatedly all over my head. "What a fuckin
cutie!" squealed Melinda Dravus. "Lang, please let me
have him for a couple of hours. God, how I need to be
fucked by a guy who isn't going to be obsessed with
letting me know how big his banana is. I don't think
I've ever had anything this small!"  Mr. Falkenberg
was clearly amused by the old family friend, but he
indicated he wanted sex talk kept down to a minimum,
"We have kids here" he whispered. Melinda didn't bat
an eye, "Kids?  God, give me one!  Now!"  Even I laughed,

as she gave me a pat on the cheek of genuine affection,

and moved on.

Schlupe Hoggenmuller and his wife Astrid were next in
line.  Schlupe slapped his hands on my shoulders,
"Jeeze boy, most kids your age would be embarrassed as
hell to be standing up here tickers naked."  His wife
Astrid smiled, "Schlupe, slave boys soon get over
trying to keep their slave wieners hidden from view."

And so it went. For about three more hours. By the
time it was over I was numb. I was surprised when the
Falkenberg’s told me I didn't have to help the caterers
clean up afterwards.  The Falkenberg’s were even more
surprised when I said that I wanted to help them.
That got me a compliment from Mr. Falkenberg, "You
made us proud of you tonight, Billy. I'm more
convinced than ever that we did the right thing in
making you our permanent boy."

Lang added, "Billy can be a handful, Dad, but I agree
with you. Billy belongs here." Lang reached over and
rubbed my head.  As objectified as I was being
treated, Lang's condescending head rub felt good to
me.

By the time the Falkenberg’s retired for the evening,
the caterers had most of the work done. Brian and I
went into the den and kissed and felt each other up.
It felt so good. We exchanged words of affection and
email addresses.

When they left I took a bottle of wine up to my room,
poured myself a glass, and started to write Brian a
love letter. I wrote only two sentences when Lang
called me into his room.

I entered his room and he was reclining on his bed in
boxers and a tee. Lang patted the bed and had me sit
down on it. A broad, languorous, smile crossed his
face, "Hi little boy. How ya doing?" I told him all
was well.  Lang was in his spider mood.  That's where
he is a spider, I am in his lair, and he knows he has
complete control over me, and relishes it. "Come on
little woman, slide a little closer, and scoot your
hand between my thighs, and do a little gentle
rubbing."  He moaned, "Oh yeah, that's the way, girl.
That's what you are, you know.  You're our little
girl. You take care of the cocks in this household,
so that makes you a woman."  I kept rubbing his
thighs.  His boxers had tented with his erection.
"Your hand feels like a fucking woman's hand. Billy,
look at me.  Purse your lips for me.  Come on."  I
looked at him, and with more coaxing from him I pursed
my lips for him. "Now make kissey kissey with your
lips." I did as ordered, debased but not minding.
"Look at you, with that little pouty mouth."  He
smiled a sex smile. "You're our first gay slave, and
I can tell you like it. When I used to make Joey, our
last slave do this shit, he hated it. But you are
where you belong."

Lang scooted up and pulled off his tee. "Come over
here, Billy. I want you to work on my nipples with
your sweet little kissey mouth. Let me see how good
of a tittie sucker you are, Billy." I scooted over,
put my mouth to his chest, happy to be smelling his
day's sweat mingled with his faded cologne. "Oh yeah,
feels good. Fleck that tongue, and scrunch up my
chest with your hands. You're like my little nursing
baby. That's what you are, Billy; my little nursing
brother. And I'm your in-charge older brother. Most
older brothers have to stop spanking their younger
brothers when they turn age 11 or 12. But the neat
thing about us, Billy, is that I get to be your older
brother forever, and spank you for the rest of your
life. Isn't that cool Billy? So be a good little
brother and suck off my tits real good. Suck harder,
little guy! Oh yeah, that's the way, my little Billy
goat. Oh man, I'm so lucky to own you!"

Soon he pulled my head into his left armpit. As I
scrunched and sucked up his pit juice he pulled off
his boxers and was lightly jacking himself. By the
time I was finished with his pits and went down on
him, he was one super stoked Nordic warrior. He shot
gobs and gobs of honey mead down my throat, and forced
my mouth to stay on his prick for long after he came.
When he recovered, he had me slurp up the sweat that
had gathered in his pits from the exertion of cumming.
I left his room with my face soaked in the sweet
sweat smell of Lang, as he said, "See you in the
morning."

In my room I gave my cock a tug as I drank my wine and
wrote my letter to Brian. I slept well that night.

Too well. The wine made me oversleep. The Falkenberg’s

were cranky. "I'm sorry. The excitement of yesterday just

made me so exhausted. In fact, Lang told me today would be

a light day for me."

"That I did. But did I tell you that you could sleep
in as late as you wanted to?"

"Well no, but I just thought that it would be ok."

Lang shook his head, "In fact, when we parted last
evening I specifically said that I would see you in
the morning."

I was frustrated.  I had just put up with their
ridiculous ceremony, and gave Lang super excellent
head. "So what if I slept in for once?  What's the
big deal? You told me that today would be a light
day, so I thought I could sleep a little later. What
in the hell, am I supposed to be able to read your
mind?"  Lang just looked at me as if too weary to
answer me.  He took out his cell phone, and dialed.
Mr. Falkenberg kept reading the newspaper. "Hello,
Tom. Lang Falkenberg here. Have you got any space
from between 9 this morning until about 6 this
evening? Fine. His last name is ‘Garneau’, Billy
Garneau. Thanks, we'll be there in a bit." He got
off the phone and said, "Dad, I'm taking Billy in to
spend a day at the county Punishment House. As Lang
came and snapped a leash on my collar, he said, "Come
on Scamp. I'm taking you in for day of obedience
training! The county folks will help you smooth out
those rough edges."

I pleaded, "Please Lang. You know I want to be
obedient, and I'm trying real hard. Don't do this to
me."  Lang said nothing, and tugged on my leash to
follow him.  I started crying, and ran to him and
hugged him, "Please Lang, you're like my own brother.
I want to be obedient more than anything. I won't
mess up anymore."

He hugged me back, "You are right, Billy. You are
like my own brother. And it must hurt you as much as
it does me to see you fuck up like this. You know we
can't tolerate back talk. Sometimes you make me
wonder if you really want to be alert, active, and
obedient." I answered, still crying, "Yes Lang, more
than ever, I do!"  He pulled my head to his shoulder,
gently patted the back of my head, and spoke lovingly;
"I am so happy to hear that, bro.  That's why I am
going to go ahead and take you to Punishment House. I
think it might help you to find a way to get in the
obedience groove a little more easily. And besides,
this coupon Tom Lattimore gave me is only good for one
month."