**One Step Behind You**

Part Eight

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>

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."