**One Step Behind You**

Part Nine

By Randall Austin

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Lang and his best friend Weston, who was also now one of my best friends, were having a beer in the living room when the doorbell rang. I was unable to answer the door, so Lang got up and answered the door. At the house to visit me, home on vacation on the Friday after Thanksgiving of their junior year in college were my best friends Tony, Perry, and Eric. They all had met Lang and Weston before so friendly greetings and introductions soon gave way to animated questioning on how everyone was and the latest on their current status.  
  
It was only after a couple minutes of friendly chatter had passed that  
Eric spotted me in another corner of the living room, padlocked by a ring through my nose to a bolt in the wall. Eric asked, of no one  
specifically, "What's going on here?"    
  
Lang, seeing Eric about to get upset, reassured, "Oh, it's nothing really! Billy was getting self-important. I had to take him down a peg."  
  
Eric, indignant, just shook his head with a sneer at Lang. Addressing his friends Eric said, "Let's get out of here!  I'm not going to sit around watching my friend be humiliated!"  
  
Lang, uneasy, shifted in his chair, so Weston spoke up, "Hold on Eric. I don't like this anymore than you do.  But Billy got into trouble again so Lang locked him to the wall for a two-hour punishment session.  He's going to be set free in just 10 minutes.  Please, don't rush out and deprive your friend of your company."  
  
Weston's genuine concern won Eric over, so Eric motioned to his friends to relax and stay. Lang, used to being eyed as a bully by my friends curled his lips and ran his beer glass across them.  It was inevitable that someone would soon ask, and Tony did, "So what did Billy do?"  
  
Lang answered, "It's more an attitude thing than any one thing that he did wrong. Weston, Billy, and I are all good friends.  And I mean that. Billy is more than a friend to me, I see him as my kid brother.  But that doesn't change the fact that he's a slave and slaves have a certain status. No different than you boys and your parents.  You may not like some order your parent's give you, but it is simply out of bounds to swear at your parents."  
  
"Did Billy swear at you?" asked Perry.  
  
"Not literally. Swearing was an analogy. We were playing a game of cards and I asked Billy to make some sandwiches for the three of us.  He left the table in kind of a huff and came back with chips, crackers, cheese and dips.  When I told him those things didn't look like sandwiches to me, rather than apologize and say something like, "Oops, I took your request to mean you just wanted some kind of snack", he was exasperated and said, "What in the hell difference does it make?"  So I had to show him what in the hell kind of difference it made by dragging him over to the nearest slave bolt in the wall and locking him to it by his nose ring."  
  
Eric was mad, "So for that you made him stand in a hunched over position with his face against the wall for two hours?  That is fucking torture!"  
  
Lang remained calm, certain, as ever, of his rightness, "No, it's not  
torture Eric.  Hear me out.  In fact what I did was a kindness.  The very reason Weston suggested that I get Billy nose ringed."  
  
Eric interrupted, "Yeah, and that fucking nose ring!  Guys like you think it's perfectly okay to force any kind of body modification on slaves to suit whatever your whim happens to be! You slavers are all alike. Just selfish abusers of humanity."  
  
Lang, standing up, looked at Weston and smiled, "This young man just  
called us "abusers of humanity." Lang walked over to me and unlocked me from the wall bolt.  He guided me back to where everyone was sitting with his hand on my shoulder.  He set the small padlock that had secured me to the bolt in the wall on the coffee table in front of everyone. It was a little suitcase type padlock.  Everyone looked at it. My friends rose to greet me with hugs and quiet how-are-you's?      
  
Lang told me to go get drinks for my friends. All of my friends said they didn't want anything, doubtless to avoid embarrassing me any further. Lang shook his head, bewildered. I hadn't seen my friends in almost a year. I had no idea if they had changed in any way.  The somewhat awkward silence was broken by Perry, who asked the very question that was on my mind, "Weston, Lang just said you were a slaver too. I had no idea. Is that something new, or have you been hiding that from us?"  
  
Weston answered, "Oh no, not at all, because I have never really "owned" slaves, as such, for my own service.  What I have always done, as a hobby, is invest in a single freshly enslaved product, find a client who has some unique requirement in a slave, and then I hand train the slave to the buyer's specifications. It's just something I have always enjoyed doing."  
  
I was shocked, "Weston, I can't believe this. You have always been so  
nice to me."  
  
"Why would you be surprised, Billy? You think slave owners and trainers aren't nice to slaves. I think of you as Lang's brother and my friend. No kidding. The fact that you're a slave means your role is slightly different in society, but it doesn't mean I don't like you and respect you for your sharp mind, your past academic accomplishments, the great work you do for the Falkenberg’s, and the good slave that you are.  Cops arrest criminals, doctors treat the ill, construction workers build houses, and slaves do what their masters tell them to do.  We've all have a job to do.   
That's the way I see it."  
  
"But…", I was speechless.  
  
Weston continued, "Man, it's no big deal that slavers have to call the  
shots in the lives of their slaves. Cops have to recite the Miranda  
ruling to murderers, doctor's have to follow AMA guidelines, house  
builders have to follow building codes, construction workers have to be at the job site at a time their bosses tell them, slavers are duty bound to keep slaves in line, and slaves have to do what their masters tell them. We all have our roles to play.  What's the big deal, or even the issue?"  
  
"But construction workers and cops have a say in their own lives."  
  
"Billy, I can't believe you are so naïve. Do the Chinese have a choice  
that they are Chinese?  Do those born with brown hair have a say in their condition?  Wake up Billy, it's no big deal that your friends are juniors in college, that I'm a hobbyist slave trainer, and that you're a slave! It's all in the big picture!"  
  
The awkward moment was quickly blotted out by Perry's surprising interest in Weston's endeavors. "So do you have a slave in training right now?"  
  
"Actually, right now I have three.  A young, distraught, women came to me. Her husband had left her and her three boys.  She was penniless.  When she applied to have her three sons, aged 12, 14, and 17, enslaved the judge refused her request.  So she came to me for advice.  I told her I could help her get her boys enslaved if she would sell them to me. We agreed upon terms, so I advised her of what course of action to take. I told her that she had to indicate to the judge that without her husband providing for her, she was under extreme duress not being able to continue leading the lifestyle to which she had become accustomed. I was right, of course, and with that approach the judge summarily granted her request to have her sons enslaved.  Thus I could afford to pick up all three of them at the price we had set.  I basically got me three primo top-notch slaves at almost half the normal price.  Even then I had to go to my dad for a loan, but he thought that it was a such a good investment opportunity that  
he was happy to help me out."  
  
"How long have you had them?" asked Eric.  
  
"About one month now."  Just as Weston was about to field another question from Eric the doorbell rang again.  Lang snapped his finger at me and I went to answer the door.    
  
At the door was the Falkenberg's pastor, Reverend Brodde Abjornson, and a short-haired man about 30, still pleasant looking despite a youthful bulkiness that in a few years time would turn to middle-age flab. He carried with him a very large suitcase.  And along side of them was a young, slender, and attractive, female. The man, seeing my collar and slave shorts and tunic, said, "Pastor Abjornson, Pamela Croft, and Gideon Boss, here to see Lang Falkenberg."  From the background Lang sang out, "Reverend Abjornson and guests! Come in, come in, come in!" as he rose and rushed to greet them.  
  
Introductions were all around fast and warm, and even my friends were  
caught up in the conviviality of the greetings.  Gideon Boss, here on  
Weston's urging, was introduced as the owner of Boss's Slave Clamping and Hobbling Services. Pamela Croft was his assistant, and Reverend  
Abjornson, it turns out, was a friend of Gideon's. So it was, then, when Gideon asked his pastor if he knew of the Falkenberg’s, he was delighted to hear that not only did the pastor know the Falkenberg’s, but he was friends with them. So Gideon insisted that the pastor join them on his business trip to the Falkenberg’s; Weston wanted Gideon to evaluate the Falkenberg's slave as a possible candidate for hobbling and clamping.  
  
The warmth of the greetings wore off slightly when the nature of Gideon's business was revealed. Surprisingly, it was Reverend Abjornson who expressed alarm even before my friends did, "Gideon, your business card has always said "Boss's Clamping and Hobbling". So I just assumed that meant you worked on horses. I had no idea you did those things to slaves. I'm just a bit old fashioned, so I don't know what all your newfangled terms mean? I know what hobbling is, and, my god, I hope you're not planning on doing that to Billy. But what on earth is 'clamping'?”  
  
Gideon laughed, "Relax Reverend Abjornson.  This is the 21st Century.  We no longer break slave's bones to slow their gait. We use a state of the art corset system to limit slaves' movements.  And ‘clamping’ refers to what used to be called ‘penis clamping’, where a slave's penis head was literally ‘clamped’ or locked up. But today it simply refers to the modern method of preventing a slave from being able to self-pleasure himself. Clamping is a euphemism for emplacing any sort of chastity control device about a slave's genitals."  
  
Reverend let out a sigh of relief, "Oh well then! I have no problem  
whatsoever with that.  That can only be a good thing. In fact, I have  
always felt that was exactly what Billy needed. And I have felt that  
for quite awhile.  But I didn't want to interfere in the Falkenberg's  
personal affairs."  
Lang shook his head, "Oh Reverend, in no way would dad or I have considered your opinion on anything to be intrusive. In fact, do you have any other recommendations for Billy?"  
  
"Well, Lang, since you asked, I don't think it would harm Billy to attend my Bible class for slaves. It's traditional Bible study encouraged along with plenty of whippings if the boys don't learn their bible studies. Slaves, even more than free men, need what the bible has to offer."  
  
"Why do you feel that way, Reverend?" asked Gideon.  
  
"Because free men are beholden to god alone.  But slaves are beholden to both god and men."  
  
"I see, Reverend. That makes very good sense to me."  
  
Lang agreed, "I think I will enroll Billy in your bible class, for  
starters.  My friend Weston here has been nagging me for a year to get  
Billy clamped, but I wasn't convinced, probably because I don't know too much about it. So he invited his friend here, Gideon, to assess Billy and see if he feels Billy could benefit from either a clamping or hobbling procedure."  
  
Gideon smiled, "It's important to know that not only do slave's benefit from these procedures, but most of all owners benefit.  Let me tell you the facts!"  Everyone was interested, including my friends.  "All of you; just think about this!  Studies have shown that males from the age of 12 on and up have sex thoughts for 14 seconds of every minute. That's almost 15 minutes out of every hour spent in some way pondering or pursuing sex, either passively or actively, and 15 minutes is the low end of the percentile. In other words, an awful lot of male energy is spent towards trying to achieve sexual release.  It is simply economic foolishness to invest in a slave and let him basically waste over 25% of his energy towards selfish endeavors, when that same energy, if channeled effectively, would mean getting that much more productivity out of the slave."  
  
The entire room, including my friends, was caught up in Gideon's logic.  
  
"Chastity control devices are the safe, sane, economical, and proven  
effective, solution to this problem.  And state of the art devices, such as the models I offer, are easy for an owner to both remove and emplace. They are lightweight, strong, hygienic, not noticeable underneath clothing, and guaranteed to prevent any sort of self-pleasuring whatsoever. Just ask anyone who has a clamped slave, and he'll tell you the benefits are major, positive, and life affirming.  It not only makes slaves much more productive, they simply have to work off and release all that pent up energy, and what better way than through tasks which you assign, but the psychological profile of the slave improves as well. They care more about serving."  
  
"And, it can be used as part of a rewards system, as well. If a slave is a ‘behaver’, then it makes very good sense to reward that slave, say once every 3 or 4 months, by removing the chastity device for a few minutes."  
  
Weston jumped in, "I can attest to that. I always have my slaves in  
training clamped, and you should see them hopping around trying to please me, thinking that just maybe I'll unlock their clamps for a bit."  
  
Gideon was curious; "You must have your hands full with those three young boys. How are they doing since I clamped them up for you?"  
  
"Just beautifully!"  Weston was smiling and eager to share his pleasure in his three young slaves' progress. "You should see them.  They're so focused. So constantly aiming to please, as if they're thinking that if they behave and give great service I somehow am going to release them from the clamps. I just love this stage of a new slave's training.  Molding them for their new life. Just think about it!  Having all that male sexual energy channeled towards productive ends of your own choosing. Some guys like cars, some like the gaming tables. But I like knowing I have the power to control a man's sexual energy, of channeling it towards whatever sort of labor I chose. It's an awesome feeling of power controlling another man's ability to pleasure himself, and help mold him into becoming a prime cut slave.  It's just something I have always enjoyed doing."    
  
"And it has other benefits too. And Lang, you should know this, since you sometimes use Billy for your personal ‘care’.  Well, no need to be  
delicate here. After all, we're all men here. But the sucking action  
that a penis clamped slave gives is awesome. It's like they're trying to feel what you're feeling vicariously. A penis clamped slave delivers awesome sucking power!"   
  
Pastor Abjornson shifted nervously in his chair.  
  
Lang spoke up. "Okay, Okay, you're getting me interested. I suppose we  
should let Gideon go ahead with his hobbling and clamping assessment of Billy. But before we begin, may I ask how much this assessment is going to cost me?"  Weston smiled at Lang's customary show of appearing to care about the cost of things.  
  
Gideon calmed him down. "Relax! It's not going to cost you a thing.  As I always say, “You're under no 'hobbligation'." The entire room,  
including my friends, erupted into laughter.  
  
I did not know whether I should be more stunned by finding out that Weston is an amateur slave trainer, by finding out what Lang was considering having done to me, or the fact that my three former best friends were witnessing it all. My friends were doubtless as amazed by it all as much as I was, as they just sat there listening to the exchanges.  
  
Gideon, seated in an easy chair called me over to stand in front of him. I stood in front of him, he eyed me up and down, and asked, "Lang, tell me about Billy.  How is he doing?  Does he behave?"  
  
"Well, yes, for the most part he behaves," answered Lang, "but one thing I have learned is that there is no such thing as a behaving slave without the administration of plenty of chastening procedures.  Let me tell you, it takes work to have a well-behaving slave. And don't let anyone tell you differently!"  
  
Gideon responded, "Well you're absolutely right about that. And the  
beauty of clamping and hobbling procedures is that there are some things that you can do that will provide you with a real measure of relief in your discipline regimen. We all hate having to punish our slaves, and, of course, so do the slaves. But if clamping and hobbling results in better behavior, that means less punishment you have to dish out and less punishment your slave has to take. So hobbling and clamping end up being, in practical terms, two rather humane options."    
  
"If you would, Lang, please give me an idea of how often and what kinds of punishments you have to give to Billy. It will help me assess the degree of hobbling and clamping he needs."  
  
"What dad and I have found works best for us is to treat Billy just like family. So we do. We have no secrets we keep from Billy. Billy is in on our most intimate discussions; everything from finance to family.  We watch videos together, recreate together, just as if Billy were my brother and dad's son. But if Billy does something wrong, is out of line in some way, he gets an immediate whumping."    
  
Gideon needed more details, "What exactly do you mean?"  
  
"Well, if Billy were to spill his glass of juice right now, he would get his hands whacked with a ruler, a good 8 swats.  No matter how much fun we may have just been having together. If Billy were to let out a foul word, or balk in the least when I asked him to do something now, I would give him a face slapping or a ball squeezing right now, in front of everyone. If Billy were to openly complain about some policy in front of you, he would have to fetch his paddle and take whatever I give him right in front of you. This way boundaries are clear, and we end up with a slave who has to take quite a few corrective measures, but once they are applied we have an obedient, compliant, Billy."  
  
Having to stand up in front of Gideon while everyone else was seated  
listening to all of this made me feel quite dismal. And my friends' rapt attention to the proceedings had me confused. Lang continued, "Just last week dad, Billy, and I were having a great time watching a comedy on video. At one point a woman was talking about her marriage problems, and Billy said the character reminded him of Dad's stepsister. Such a comment was inappropriate. Dad and I immediately hauled Billy into the bathroom and took off his clothes. Dad held Billy firm, and I wet a bar of soap, pinched Billy's nose, and shoved it into his mouth. I then worked the bar of soap in and out of his mouth for a good five minutes. We gave him a good old-fashioned mouth washing! Then, afterwards, while Billy was leaning over the sink gurgling, choking, dribbling, drooling, and heaving, and with dad still holding him in place, I gave him about a 10 second ball  
squeezing. We hated to have to do it, but Billy was chastened and he  
learned a valuable lesson!"  
  
Gideon nodded approvingly, "Sounds good! So how often does he have to  
receive such corrective measures?"  
  
Lang was at a momentary loss for words, "Oh, I don't know?  Billy, what would you say?"  
  
I, too, was at a loss, and all I could say was, "It varies, sir."  
  
Lang thought a bit, and said, "Billy is right, it does vary. But I would say short measures such as a face slappings, hand whackings, ball squeezings, or a couple of swats with the tawse across the back occur about three times a week. But broader chastening procedures, such as bare-ass paddlings, naked spankings, or leg beltings occur about once every two or three weeks. But there have been times when such punishments occurred several times a week. So that was the reason Weston suggested that I get Billy nose-ringed; to serve as another punishment option in order to relieve Billy's fanny if it was in danger of getting more spankings than it could handle in a single week."  
  
Gideon shook his head thoughtfully, "Yes, nose ringing a slave is a humane modification." Complimenting Weston, he added, "That was a good  
suggestion, Weston."   
  
Weston smiled, "Thanks Gideon. I really love Billy and just want to see him kitted out in a way that helps insure he becomes a smooth operator. It hurts me every time I see him getting it!"  
  
Gideon continued, "Weston told me you had to send him to the county  
Punishment House once. There must have been some serious offense  
committed for you to send him there."  
  
"There was. Billy was just getting on my nerves constantly over a period of a couple of days, and I simply couldn’t take any more of his whining. I knew that I was simply too fed up to deal soberly with Billy, so I had the county folks take care of him for me. They did a good job!"  
  
"Those county boys always do," added Gideon.  
  
Tony asked rather shyly, "What goes on in Punishment House?  What is it like?" And Perry asked too, "What did they do to you, Billy?"  
  
I was speechless and Lang told me to answer Tony's question.  
  
I made no eye contact with anyone in the room, but just stared at the wall above where Gideon was seated in front of me. "They made sure I had a very uncomfortable day."  
  
There was silence, and Gideon interrupted, "I think Billy is having a hard time talking about it because slaves are put through some rather demeaning procedures down at the county Punishment House. And rightly so! That's the purpose of Punishment House; to help make sure that in the future a slave will do everything his master asks him to do in order to avoid being sent back there."  
  
I was red with shame as Eric, Perry, and Tony, took in the details of my humiliating existence. Gideon rubbed his chin nonchalantly, "Okay Billy, let's take off all of your clothes."  
  
In the past I probably would have balked and held out a bit before  
following such a command in the presence of my old friends. But realizing finally now where Weston was coming from, and realizing that Lang, Weston, and Gideon were all in their fired-up, righteous, slaver modes, I didn't want to give them any excuses to show each other how best to keep me in line.  
  
When I was naked I stood with my hands at my side. Gideon, and everyone else, silently looked me over. I glanced at Weston, and he looked as peaceful and friendly as he always had. But now I was beginning to understand him and his calm demeanor; the way he would hurry a sentence here, slow his pace and relish a phrase's impact there. He led a rubato life in both speech and style. He was a master of leisure in all things, and he seemed to be so especially when he interacted with me.  Now I could finally see that Weston, like Gideon, relished such interaction with slaves above all other things, as if he drew life-sustaining nourishment from knowing slaves were about and subject to his command.   
  
Pamela spoke professionally, "Billy shows signs of being a compensatory narcissistic, a classic slave disorder that a chastity belt is just the cure for."  
  
Tony and Perry looked at each other, and Tony enthused, "Wow, Perry and I just had a course in slave psychology last semester at college and that very condition was talked about. On the way over here Perry and I were saying that we thought Billy fell into that very category!"  
  
Pamela continued, glad to have an eager audience, "In fact, he's a  
textbook example. The recommended treatment is a permanent chastity  
device emplacement. Lift your balls, Billy."  I did as she asked.  "I'd say the VG-SX, size 14, would be a good match for Billy.  You need to get Billy penis clamped as soon as possible!"  
  
Gideon made the final sales pitch; "There you have it, Lang.  
What all of Pamela's fancy psycho talk is saying is that it's time to take that trouble maker hanging between Billy's legs and lock it up and put it out of commission. If you lock up his naughty bits you'll also be locking up 75% of his bad behavior, and thus 75% of his punishments!"  Gideon took out a calculator. "The Vitaguard model SX, the top of the line, state of the art, model, is $789, tax is $61, and my first time emplacement and instructions fee is $160. So for a tidy sum of $1010 you can have Billy clamped and compliant. I see you already keep Billy clean-shaven. I can have it on him in 10 minutes."  
  
Lang wondered, "What about shaving. Won't he jerk when I remove it for  
him to shave himself?"   
  
Weston had an answer, "Do what I do. I take the clamp off about once  
every two weeks and have the slave shower with me. In the shower I make him shave. If he starts to get too into it and is taking too long I give him a kiss of the Q-prod."  Weston pulled out of his pocket a small cylinder, not much larger than a fountain pen, and held it up for all to see. "This is the safe and sane way to electro-prod slaves. It doesn't deliver pain or have the ability to stun or immobilize, but what it does offer is low voltage output with high voltage payback. It delivers an uneasy, queasy, feeling to the stomach and general nausea, that makes a slave think he's about to vomit out his insides. One kiss from this baby, especially in the shower, and your slave will be behaving in a second."  
  
"Then after the slave has shaved his unit, and he's usually hard as hell at this point, what I like to do is have the slave jack me off.  It nicely highlights for the slave the difference in our status. Dick pumping is something he does only for freemen who have the authority to request it. I love the feeling of having a slave do something to me that he can't do to himself. Getting into the shower with my slaves during pussy shaving time is just something I have always enjoyed doing."    
  
"And remember, Lang," continued Weston helpfully, "It's all that built up testosterone that you want to channel towards productive purposes.  What I do to my boys in training is after I hose them down and feed them in the morning, I give each one of them a big glossy porn mag, with nice big close up shots of girls' pussies. I let them flip through it for about 15 minutes. Then I come and get them for training. You should see it. Three young boys with nothing but pussy on their brains and nowhere to go with it. All that testosterone and adrenaline at the ready, just dying to get out. I assure you, our training sessions under such circumstances are super productive."  
  
"Sounds beautiful!"  Lang was convinced.  
  
"It is! There are so many benefits to clamping male slaves, and almost no negatives. Just do it. Look at Billy. He's all big doe-eyed and  
sniffling just trying to win your sympathy. Don't fall for it. I love  
Billy as much as you do, and you know that Lang. But let's do the right thing for him."    
  
Lang looked at Weston and nodded in agreement with him, and then asked, "So is that your recommendation, Gideon?"  
  
"Absolutely, get him penis clamped as soon as possible. Billy doesn't  
need any hobbling at this stage."  
  
Lang agreed, "Okay! If it only takes 10 minutes, then I say let’s do it now, and then afterwards Billy can serve us all a little lunch."