**One Step Behind You**

Part Ten

By Randall Austin

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Lang agreed, "Okay! If the penis clamping only takes
10 minutes, then I say let’s do it now, and then
afterwards Billy can serve us all a little lunch."

Gideon asked if he could use the dining room table to
get me fitted with my penis clamp. When Lang Okayed
it Gideon ordered me to get a pillow and to come back
to the dining room table. He had me sit on the edge
of the table and then scoot myself back. Then he had
me recline on my back and put the pillow under my head
for support. For some reason everyone seemed quite
interested in his instructions to me. "Alright now
Billy, spread your legs out nice and wide."

Everyone stood up and slowly started gathering around
the table, including Perry, Tony, and Eric. Gideon
opened up the large suitcase he had brought with him
and placed several packages on the table.  He ordered
me to spread my legs apart even wider than I had.
"Okay, we can spread those legs wider than that! You
don't know how to follow directions very well, do you
boy?”

I moaned slightly, "Lang, please, I…"

Gideon reached back into his suitcase and pulled out a
large pacifier with a nippled end and stuck it in my
mouth. He smiled at everyone, "That'll keep him
quiet!"  Then, addressing me, "Billy, I'm only telling
you this once. If that pacifier comes out of your
mouth while I'm getting you fixed up I'm hauling your
ass out to my van and you're getting a bullwhipping."

Weston filled us in, "Gideon also has a bullwhipping
service. He's got a truss frame welded onto the side
of his van. Not only do most folks not own a
bullwhip, but most who do don't know how to use it.
So Gideon does house calls."

As Gideon opened up the wrapped parts of the Deluxe
Vitaguard VG-SX-14 SensaControl Garment he pointed out
a special feature, "This model allows for obstructed
and unobstructed erections. You can see how this part
fits on, but notice this wide band pulls out. I'm
setting it for unobstructed for now, but if you desire
you can sheathe the penis with this band to any degree
of tightness of fit, and it will make erections very
painful."  Everyone strained to get a closer look at
that feature. "Remember, Lang, for the most part you
want Billy's erections to be unobstructed. Because
that built up libido is what you want to generate and
channel towards productive ends. Erections for the
most part stoke the ‘fires’, so to speak; it's that
force or energy you are harnessing towards productive
ends with this chastity control device."

As Gideon fitted and emplaced me with the Vitaguard,
Pastor Abjornson spoke, "I think it's a real blessing
that we all can be gathered around here with Billy for
this special moment in Billy's life. This can confirm
for him the support he has from each and every one of
us, his best friends, as he enters a new phase of
life."

Gideon joined in as he worked on my groin area,
"Reverend, I could not agree more. The problem with
so many slaveholders is that they do not participate
in a more family sort of way with their slaves. I am
a family man with two daughters and one son, and when
I punish our 28-year-old male slave, Giblet, I always
do it in the evening in the family room, and I make it
a point of having my entire family around. My wife,
my two daughters aged 8 and 13, and my son aged 11.
It's a very ‘family’ moment for us, because I consider
Giblet to be a part of our family. I want my entire
family to share in the molding of Giblet. That's the
way it should be."

"And that's exactly the way the Lord wants it, as
well!" exclaimed Pastor Abjornson.

It didn't take long to get it on me, and when it was
finally locked, Gideon handed the keys to Lang with
something of a flourish, "Here are the keys to the
pleasure palace! One more troublemaker locked up and
out of commission!" Gideon ordered me to stand up and
walk around in it. Everyone watched me ease myself
off the table and walk about in my new chastity belt,
sucking on my pacifier. "How does it feel?" It was
indeed very lightweight, and unobtrusive. It's
appearance was that of a pair of light blue jockey
briefs, but with most of the buttocks and asshole
exposed, made out of a material one would guess to be
some sort of synthetic medium weave fiber. When I
didn't answer the question Gideon told me I could take
the pacifier out of my mouth.

I handed the pacifier back to Gideon and he gave it to
Lang, "Here Lang, keep this for Billy, courtesy of
Boss's Clamping and Hobbling Services." Lang thanked
him and asked me to rub myself at my crotch area. I
couldn't feel a thing and expressed some amazement,
"I can't feel a thing."

"Praise the Lord!" exhorted Pastor Abjornson, just as
Mr. Falkenberg entered from the front door. Lang was
pleased, "Good, father is here. Billy, get everyone a
glass of sherry and then prepare lunch. Grilled
cheese sandwiches, spinach/tomato soup, and salad will
be fine. Make sure you wash off the dining table
first, then get a new tablecloth." I asked if I could
get dressed first, Lang answered, "No, not yet. I
think everyone wants to see you in action wearing just
your new "Vitaguard."  While I went off everyone
greeted Mr. Falkenberg.

When I served Mr. Falkenberg his sherry he said,
"Lang, I see you went ahead and had Billy's girl
catcher put away!"

Lang was curious, "Do you like it Dad?"

"Well, I don't know.  We've gotten into the habit of
having Billy serve our evening guests in the nude."

"No problem, Dad. The model I purchased is easily
removable with the Vitaguard access key. Of course,
now he will probably be erect most of the time while
serving, but that's the custom out East and in parts
of the Southwest anyway; to have the nude servants
erect while in service."

I went off to prepare lunch, but I could hear the
conversation.

Weston added, "My dad has a clamped slave for whom he
always removes the clamp when he's serving guests.
The problem he had was that the slave would always
sneak a jerkoff in some back room while unclamped.
But what my dad did was offer a door prize to the
guest who caught the slave jerking. Often that prize
was that he got to punish the slave. I've always
found that punishing a slave at some point during the
course of a social gathering or party, especially for
an offense like masturbation, offers a nice change of
pace, a conversation starter, sort of like
entertainment."

Gideon added, "Oh, I completely agree. Especially
since there's something kind of comical about a
clamped slave getting whipped for masturbating; the
way that's the first thing on their minds, the way
they just have to do it, how they just can't keep
their hands away from things they're not supposed to
touch, even if it means a public whipping. It all
just points out the difference between free men and
slaves. But we need to keep trying to achieve the
best for our slaves. We show our respect for slaves
by not letting them act like rutting animals. I care
enough about my slaves to not want them debasing
themselves."

As I set the table and the guests took their seats,
and while serving them, I noticed that Perry, Tony,
and Eric seemed to be trying not notice me, and
avoid eye contact with me, as if somehow that would
change their status in the eyes of my owners, Weston,
and Gideon.

I felt awkward and embarrassed as I served everyone in
my new chastity belt, like I was wearing some kind of
weird diaper. I was depressed, and I know it showed.
At one point Perry asked Lang if he could have some
salsa. When Lang asked me to get it, I told him I
would in a second. When Lang told me to do it now I
was frustrated and slammed down the tureen I was
serving from and rushed out and got it. When I came
back everyone was kind of quiet. I handed the salsa
to Perry and he didn't even say ‘thank you’.

As I finished serving the meal and was about to leave,
Lang took my nose ring padlock and my pacifier from
his pocket and handed them to me; "Here Billy. Stick
this pacifier back in your mouth and go and lock
yourself by your nose ring to the dining room slave
bolt. There you can think about the wisdom of losing
your temper and imposing your sullen mood on your
friends and my guests as you served us just now! When
we're finished eating you're getting an ass
strapping!"

Standing in the dining room locked to the wall by my
nose ring as my friends ate, wearing my new chastity
belt, with a pacifier in my mouth, and nothing to look
forward too but an after lunch strapping, I never felt
more totally lost and enslaved. I could have cried
out loud, but didn't because just as my new
degradation was about to take me to the breaking
point, my mind would fly back to my new chastity belt,
searching for practical answers, wondering how it
would impact my life, wondering if Lang was serious
about keeping it on me forever, wondering how I would
ever be able to have fun in my life ever again.

As they all dug into their meal, Weston let out a sigh
of relief. "Doesn't it feel good? I don't know about
you guys, but doesn't it feel good having Billy's
clamping out of the way. It just feels really good to
me, like one of those times you know you went and did
the right thing." Mr. Falkenberg and Lang listened
with some curiosity, and then nodded in agreement.

Gideon was a bit more sober on the matter, "Well, to
me, taking away a slave's jackoff rights always feels
good!  But I would have to add that it really is not
such a serious matter as you all make it out to be.
Locking up the genitals of young slaves like Billy and
Weston's three new boys is not a serious matter
because all of them are young. Under the age of about
25 what we are basically talking about are children's
genitals and children's sexual pleasure being locked
up. It's only when a male is well into his thirty's
that his genitals can produce adult, extreme,
pleasures. That's why males over the age of 30 howl
like it's the end of the world when I clamp up their
dicks. So it's a real kindness to clamp the boys up
young! Because then they'll never know what they one
day will really be missing."

Pastor Abjornson nodded in agreement, "I know that
Reverend Stefenson, who is in charge of all our church
slaves, agrees with that view, and that is why the
church only buys up very young boy slaves and gets
them immediately and permanently chastity belted."

Pamela Croft complimented Pastor Abjornson on his
church's enlightened ways. Lang agreed and added,
"There must be something to it, because look at Billy
now. He's actually being quiet over there. Remember
Weston, how when I locked Billy to the wall earlier,
before his friends arrived, how he was twitching and
moaning over there, constantly trying to get our
attention? Clamping already seems to be helping him."

Pastor Abjornson had an idea, "That is divine to hear,
Lang!  Tony, Perry, and Eric, you just heard the good
news from Lang that already Billy's attitude seems to
be improving. Why don't you boys each offer a little
word of encouragement and support to Billy in his new,
shall we say, ‘mode’ of service."  Eric, unmoved and
skeptical, just shook his head, but Tony and Perry
seemed interested in offering me support.

"Hey Billy", began Tony hesitantly, "Last year in our
dorm we had this contest to see who could go the
longest without jackin. It was a really big deal,
extending through every floor of our 10-story dorm.
And it went on for weeks. But one of the surprising
things we all found out was that the guys who made it
past the first eight or so days had no problem staying
with it for a much longer period. I was one of them.
Most of the guys gave in during the first week, but
once over the hump, we guys who made it past the first
week found that not jerking off was actually a rather
easy thing to do."

Perry tried to be helpful as well, "That's right dude.
It might be a little itchy down there for your first
week or so, but after that it mellows out. You won't
even miss it. And, like I know when it was final's
week last semester, I don't think I did it that entire
week more than two or three times, and it was, like,
no big deal."

As this went on Mr. Falkenberg was studying my
chastity belt from the logistical standpoint, "Looking
at that thing, while it leaves the butt available for
spankings, I notice it does cover both the side thighs
somewhat, as well as the balls. One needs a broad
punishment area with lots of options to discipline
effectively. Isn't that clamp going to hamper our
discipline options somewhat, what with it limiting our
spanking area, and taking away our ball squeezing
option?"

Gideon had helpful experience, "You need to be aware
that one of the things that happens to clamped-up boys
is that their nipples become more focal, becoming
heightened erogenous areas. Thus they become far more
sensitive to pain than they are now."  Then he called
to me, "Billy turn your body towards us so we can see
your titties." I kept my face to the wall but turned
my body towards them so they all could see my chest.
Gideon continued; "Billy's got nice tits and nipples,
as you can see. With their new heightened sensitivity
you need to be aware that a boy's tits afford many
wonderful punishment opportunities. Not enough
slavers realize that boys' tits and nipples are top
quality slave-control workstations; a great area for
achieving effective behavior modification. Boys' tits
and nipples are prime targets for pinching, squeezing,
twisting, tawsing, clipping, clamping, stinging,
singeing, tweaking, and flip-whipping."

"If you like, after lunch, for an extra $50, I would
be happy to demonstrate some effective tit punishment
techniques. Nothing more quickly gets a lazy slave
yelping like a bitch in heat than really effective tit
work."

Mr. Falkenberg was quick to take Gideon up on the
offer, "Lang, since we have Gideon here, we might as
well take advantage of his expertise."

Weston interjected, "Slaves' tits are a wonderful area
to work on. Using the full palette of punishment
options on boys' tits is just something I have always
enjoyed doing."

Gideon continued, "And as far as the balls go, it is
true that the Vitaguard model clamp is, by necessity,
a genital guard. That means that if you were to punch
or whip Billy in the balls right now he wouldn't feel
a thing. But that is the purpose of the thing, after
all. We don't want Billy able to feel a thing in any
of his parts down there. But it has an upside in
terms of punishment options that is major. You know
how when you whip naked boys you have to make sure you
don't let the belt or whip snap around and get them in
the cock and balls. Well, with the Vitaguard you no
longer have to worry. It offers full genital
punishment protection. And, even neater, you now can
belt and whip directly into and upwards between the
legs. Let me tell you, that makes a slave behave even
faster than a ball squeezing."

Lang was clearly pleased, "Hey, that is absolutely
true! I like it!"

Weston added to the enthusiasm, "It's important for
Billy to know, for deterrent purposes, that his
overseers now have the ability to belt and whip his
perineum!"

Lang smiled, "Well Dad. I really think we made the
right decision here today in getting Billy clamped."

Gideon went on, "And remember, if you ever really do
want to squeeze Billy's balls you can always take the
Vitaguard off. It's a pretty easy thing to do. A lot
of slavers make a point of squeezing a slave's balls
every time they remove the clamp, as sort of positive
reinforcement for the slave towards wanting to keep
the clamp on. That way they come to associate having
the clamp removed with painful balls."

Lang was thrilled, "Man, you are an expert in your
field. Just so full of valuable slave control
tidbits!"

Gideon blushed slightly, "Well, I like to think so!"

Pamela Croft joined in, "I would like to add, along
the same lines, that you can also consider getting
Billy's penis dyed. If you are like most holistic
slavers, then you probably intend to work Billy until
he drops. It has been found especially helpful for
slaves who are penis clamped for life that having
their genitals dyed in some ridiculous fashion makes
them want to keep their penis covered. The idea is to
make them repulsed by their own genitals. If you know
that every time someone sees you naked you are greeted
with uproarious laughter at your ridiculously colored
sex organs, then you are probably very rapidly going
to come to terms with keeping your privates locked up
and out of the view of others for good. You will
actually crave having them hidden and locked away in a
chastity control devise. Realize, penis dying is just
an option, and it may not be the right one for you at
this time.  But it is another humane step owners can
take to make their slave's lives easier. It is one
that has indeed proven effective in helping slaves
come to terms with no longer being able to fondle
their genitals for purposes of self pleasuring."

Mr. Falkenberg seriously regarded what he heard, "Ms.
Croft, thank you. Good to know that. Good to know.
Thank you!"

Tony was curious, "Like, dyed how?  How do you make
them look so everyone laughs at them?"

Pamela smiled, "Such designs as yellow and pink
stripes, multi-colored polka dots, concentric circles.
There are so many things. In fact, there is a coffee
table book that was published just last month called,
‘Dyed Drudge Dicks’ which is an absolute hoot."

Weston was beaming, "Hey, what do you all say that
after Gideon gives the Falkenberg’s lessons in
punishing slaves' tits, and after Lang gives Billy his
strapping, we all go out to my place. My friend Andy
is coming over with his two slaves, and we were
planning on corralling our slaves in a little free and
easy running and pulling competition."

Lang agreed, "That really sounds like fun. I'll bring
Billy. It's time we put him into the match, and see
how he fares competitively."

Weston was thrilled, "Oh man! I'd love to see our
little Billy in the corral, hobbled along with the
other slaves, tugging at the reins to do the best he
can for us!"

Mr. Falkenberg couldn't attend, "I have to get back to
the office.  But I think it would be good for Billy.
Especially if Billy's three friends could be there and
cheer him on."

Gideon said that he could not attend since he had
clamping and hobbling appointments all afternoon, but
he encouraged my friends to join in the fun. Eric
backed out at first, stating that such activity was
sheer barbarism. Weston straightened him out, "Eric,
you simply are referencing slave corralling from a few
notorious practices that used to take place in the
South. I assure you that those days are over. There
are now laws in place making sure the games stay sane
and healthy. Every slave I have ever talked to who has
participated told me they enjoyed the games
immensely."

Eric was informed, "That is not true. Sure, among
themselves slaves may resignedly get into the spirit
of it, but the fact is it is entirely against their
will, and they simply have no choice but to partake,
or else you slavers prod them on with the whip."

Weston patted Eric on the back, "Mellow out, dude!
You are one person who really does need to come out
and see what goes on. Try to get involved in facts,
rather than hearsay."

Eric looked intently at Weston, "Oh, I'm coming out to
watch, and I want to believe what you say. But I'm
afraid your games are going to be about as ‘humane’ as
your views on penis clamping and dying."
Weston caught Eric off guard, "God, you're a good
looking guy!  Do you swim at school?"

Eric, surprised, answered, "Well, yes, I do.
Varsity."  Weston led Eric off to the corner, as he
continued chatting about his own varsity days.

My listening to their conversation was interrupted by
Lang, who unlocked me from the wall and led to me to
where Gideon and Mr. Falkenberg had taken seats in the
living room. Gideon took from his suitcase a large
pile of devices. Pamela, Tony, and Perry joined us
for the demonstration. I was scared at first, but
Gideon simply demonstrated tawsing and flip whipping
techniques by pointing out where to land blows on male
breasts with the various whips and tawses without
actually doing it. Gideon also demonstrated a wide
array of punishment devices such as clamps, screws,
hooks, and punishment bras, which he showed how to
attach to my tits, but didn't tighten enough to have
them cause me any discomfort.

Mr. Falkenberg and Lang were impressed enough by
Gideon's wares that they bought a rather large pile of
tit punishment devices. In addition to the $50 lesson
fee on how to punish male tits, the Falkenberg’s
purchased $325 worth of slave tit hardware and
punishment devices. When Lang wrote out the final
check for $1,385.00, Pastor Abjornson told me that
that was a sign of the Falkenberg’s love for me.

As Gideon, Pamela, and Mr. Falkenberg began to take
their leave, Weston and Eric walked into the room
deeply engaged in conversation. They joined in the
farewells, and I noticed Eric seemed to have lost the
slight sneer to his upper lip which was always on
display when he talked to committed slavers.

Lang snapped his fingers at me, "Okay Billy, hurry and
get the dining table cleared, then get back in here
for your ass strapping!  And make it quick!  We want
to hurry and leave here so we can get you penned and
hobbled for the corral games."

Lang, Weston, Tony, Perry, and Eric just stood and
watched as I rushed to clear off the table. Lang
asked, "What do you guys think, does the Vitaguard
look good on Billy?"

Tony said, rather quietly, "It's nice looking."

Weston agreed, "I think it's attractive on Billy.
It's the same color and almost the same model I have
on my three boys. And it's a good thing it looks good
on him, since he's going to be wearing it for a very
long, time!"

Perry added, "Kind of snazzy looking. With that butt
exposed like that it could attract a lot of babes on
the beach."

Everyone laughed, leading Weston to ask my friends how
they were doing in the ‘chick’ department.  Getting
into the spirit of Weston's question, all of my
friends laughed and reported that they were doing
quite well and that they had their hands ‘full’.

Weston moved over to Eric, and brushed his shoulder,
"Eric, you asked me earlier how I could say that I
loved Billy like a brother, since I was the one who
encouraged Lang to get Billy nose ringed and clamped.
Look at Billy.  Do you see what I was talking about?
Look at him doing what he's told, clearing that table.
That's the kind of thing I mean; I just think it's a
beautiful thing to watch a slave working, doing what
he's told. Behaving. When Billy does what he's told,
I just love him so much. I would do anything for
him." From Eric's silence on Weston's statement I
worried that Weston was successful in getting Eric to
see slave matters his way.

As everyone continued to watch me, Weston spoke louder
to catch Lang's ear, "Lang, look at Billy go to town
clearing that table! I guarantee you, once you
experience the productivity, tractability, and
docility of a clamped work boy, you'll never let your
slave play with himself again!"

Lang acknowledged Weston's counsel, then asked if he
would serve as my ‘holder’ for my strapping. Weston
agreed. As he removed his belt, Lang called me over,
"Billy, it's time for your punishment. Get over
here!"  My friends were silent. I went to Lang,
"Billy. Why in the hell did you have to act like a
shit when serving our lunch?  What is it with you?
You're getting twelve swats. Put your arms together
in front of you and face Weston."  I did as he ordered
and Weston came up to me, eager, intense, and acting
like he genuinely loved me. He held my arms tightly
with both of his arms looked me in the face, and said,
"Billy, I'm so sorry. I wish Lang didn't have to do
this."  He motioned to Lang that we were ready, and
Lang ordered me to make a circular motion with my
buttocks. "Come on Billy, wiggle that ass for your
friends!  Make nice big circles with that slave ass of
yours. Let them see your spanker's targets wiggling
for attention! It looks to me like that ass of yours
is begging for a strapping."

After he felt I had sufficiently humiliated myself, he
told me he wanted me to spread my legs as wide as I
could because he wanted to do some inner thigh and
perineum work. From fear of the pain I was physically
unable to move my legs apart and said, "I can't Lang.
Please don't, I'm afraid."

Lang asked Tony if he would help out so as to make my
strapping go easier, and Tony agreed. Lang told him
to grab my left leg with both of his arms and to lift
it up and out of the way. He did as ordered. I was
now standing on one leg, supported by Tony pulling my
left leg as far away from my body as it would go, and
with Weston holding me by both arms.  My inner flanks
and perineum were now fully accessible to Lang's inch
and a half wide belt.
Lang's first swats went to my buttocks, and I moaned.
Everyone became silent. Lang's next two swats hit my
inner thighs and I cried. Weston gazed into my eyes,
swallowed hard, and said quietly and sincerely, "Oh
Billy. Please be a good boy for Lang and me from now
on. I love you bro, and hate to see you going through
this."

Lang went back to strapping my ass and went on down
the back of my legs with the strap. Then he
announced, "Now I'm going to try for a perineum shot."
He landed it straight on and I screamed. I could
feel Tony's hardon against my leg he was holding.
Perry shifted in his standing position, and Eric's
mouth was open, and he gazed at my strapping wide-eyed
and silent. Lang did all but the remaining swat on my
buttocks, which were raw and red, and then announced
that for the final shot he was going to try for the
perineum again. He did, and I screamed even louder.

When it was over, Tony let go of my leg, Lang put his
belt back on, and Weston let go of my arms, and then
embraced me tightly with both of his arms as I moaned.
He comforted me,  "I love you so much Billy.  We're
going to get you up to being a 100% fully compliant
slave. It'll be a beautiful thing. You'll love it."

Lang came and put one of his arms around Weston, and
one around me.  "Thanks Weston and Tony, you both did
a great job!  And you Billy, what can I say?  You
took it well. I still love you more than anything,
but I sure in the hell wish you wouldn't make me do
this stuff to you!" He playfully tweaked my nose and
smiled hugely. Then he tousled my hair in genuine
affection, "Okay everyone.  Let's go out to Weston's
place and have some real fun!"