**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!"