**One Step Behind You**

Part Eleven

By Randall Austin

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Lang came and put one of his arms around Weston, and  
one around me.  "Thanks Weston and Tony, you both did  
a great job helping with Billy's strapping!  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 have to do this stuff to  
you!"  He playfully tweaked my nose and smiled like an  
older brother.  Then he tousled my hair, "Okay  
everyone.  Let's go out to Weston's place and have  
some real fun!"  
  
Lang told me to get dressed in slacks, shirt, sandals,  
and a jacket, and then ordered me to go and take a  
seat in the car.  I waited in the car for almost 15  
minutes before everyone came out of the house.  Lang  
came to the car and got in, and I noticed that Perry,  
Tony, and Eric were driving with Weston over to his  
place.  Seeing my three friends laughing and chatting  
away with Weston, and drive off with him made me feel  
jealous.  
  
For the drive over Lang seemed completely unaware of  
what I was going through having just been chastity  
belted.  He talked about chores he wanted me to do the  
next day.  When I asked him about me and the chastity  
belt he acted as if it was no big deal; "Billy, I  
really like the way you are acting now.  Kind of like  
a timid little schoolboy.  If that's due to your new  
clamp, then I see no reason to ever remove it."   
We pulled into Weston's home on the outskirts of town  
at the same time as Weston and my friends.  Weston's  
house was medium size, but it had a very large yard.  
It was in a quiet semi-rural district, and there were  
no other houses nearby.  We followed Weston's car  
down the long drive to the back of the house. There  
standing around a parked car laughing and loudly  
talking were three guys all dressed in Levi's and  
flannel shirts, and who all looked to be about 30  
years of age.  Two of the guys were especially dark,  
tall, and handsome.  The other guy was a bit shorter,  
also quite handsome, but had a beer belly.  The belly  
was surprising for his otherwise good looks, well  
built chest and arms, and relatively young age.  
  
We all got out of our cars and were introduced.  The  
pot-bellied guy was Andy, and the two other guys were  
his slaves, ‘B.B.’ and ‘R.S.’  BB was the slightly  
taller of the two slaves, and like RS, seemed  
raucous, lusty, good-natured, and playful.  BB saw my  
friends and me and said, "Lang, I assume that kid with  
the collar is the Billy I've heard so much about?"  I  
shook hands with the slaves and was somewhat heartened  
by their good spirits and boisterous nature.  
  
Further back in the yard was a sturdily built shack,  
looking like an especially high-end garden shed.  And  
to the side of the shack was the large corral, about  
60 feet by 40 feet, fenced in with a handsome fence.   
Several high stools were situated about the fence.   
Seeing the fancy shack and fenced in corral, and all  
the surrounding trees and greenery, Perry said, "Wow  
Weston, do you ever have a neat place!  It's just like  
a real ranch."  
  
Tony and Eric also chimed in with their praise of  
Weston's place.  Tony asked Weston if he had any  
livestock.  "I have some chickens out further back,  
and my dog and cat are somewhere on the premises.  The  
only other livestock I own are my three slaves.   
That's all I can handle for now, but I'd like to get a  
goat some day.  I really love goats."  
Eric was excited, "Man, I love goats too!  They are so  
neat!  And they're smart as well!"  
  
Andy nodded in agreement.  "It's a nice day for a  
little sport!  I sure hope your three boys are in  
better shape now than they were that first week we  
gamed them."  
  
Weston signaled for us to follow him over to the shed,  
"Oh man!  You won't believe the difference.  I gamed  
them with Adam's slaves last week and they won."  
  
When we got to the other side of the fence I was  
speechless at what I saw.  Chained to the tree by  
leashes to their collars were the three brothers.   
When they saw us they immediately stood up at stiff  
attention with hands at their sides.  Seeing the three  
boys chained to a tree like dogs made my three friends  
stop their noisy banter. The boys were  
dressed in light cotton running pants, shirts, and  
sandals, but over that they all wore full-length  
winter slave coats, which were unbuttoned because of  
the unseasonably warm weather Pennsylvania was having  
at this time of the year.  All had dark hair of  
varying lengths and wide set eyes, which made me think  
that they were probably very bright.  Weston  
introduced us.  Chad, at 12 years, was the youngest,  
and appeared to be the calmest.  Keith, 14, looked  
frightened.  And Loren, 17, looked like he had just  
been crying.   
  
When I saw the fear in their eyes all that I could  
think of was how ruthless a human being Weston truly  
must be.  What kinds of things did he have to do to  
make three strong young males so broken?  And it made  
my friends apprehensive as well, for a bit.  At least  
until Weston spun the situation; "The boys were  
playing late last night, so they've doubtless been  
napping now, that's why they're all so blurry-eyed."   
He unchained the leash from their collars and  
questioned the other slavers; "It's expected to get up  
near to 60 degrees today, so I say we game them  
naked."  Nods of agreement from Lang and Andy  
followed, so Weston told his boys to get naked and  
head into the corral.  
  
The three boys quickly undressed in front of us and we  
all watched in silence.  All three of them were indeed  
fitted with chastity guards similar in style and color  
to the one I wore.  When they were undressed and  
scooted over to the corral, Lang said to me, "What are  
you waiting for Billy?  Get naked right now and then  
get over there and join them in the corral!"    
  
And everyone watched me undress in silence, as well.   
Suddenly what was embarrassment turned to total  
humiliation.  I felt like an animal.  And I also felt  
like my friends were looking at me as though I was,  
indeed, an animal.  Mere livestock, just like Weston's  
three boys.  
  
Andy told BB and RS to strip naked as well, then fetch  
the hobbles and harnesses, take them into the corral,  
give themselves, Weston's slaves, and me, enemas, and  
then fit all of us with the gaming hobbles and  
harnesses.  
  
BB and RS happily stripped down.  They were enjoying  
themselves.  They were not clamped and their big cocks  
swung free, and they appeared proud of their  
endowments.  
  
As everyone approached the corral Tony asked why the  
slaves needed enemas.  Weston explained that with  
intense exertion spurred on by the gaming whips, it  
wasn't uncommon for slaves to shit uncontrollably.   
"It just ensures a far more attractive spectacle to  
hose the competitors out before the games."   
  
Weston's three slaves and I huddled together in the  
corral, trying to keep warm.  When we were alone I  
talked to them, trying to comfort them, "I'm new to  
this, I don't know what I'm supposed to do."  Not one  
of them dared to speak to me.  Their tightly clenched  
lips told me that Weston demanded silence of them.  I  
suddenly found myself facing a new reality about life  
as a slave, and I was getting scared.  
  
When BB and RS entered the corral they set the hobbles  
and harnesses down.  BB pointed at us, to his brother,  
and laughed.  He then started making exaggerated  
jackoff motions with his hand, making fun of the fact  
that the four of us were clamped.  In the strange  
world I found myself in, I found it hard to take my  
eyes off the naked bodies of BB and RS, even as they  
crudely mocked us.    
  
BB went to a water spigot with a hose in the corral  
and called us over.  He called Chad first and Chad  
knew what to do.  He bent over, and BB stuck a nozzle  
up his hole and slowly turned the water on.  BB was  
gentle with Chad.  He then had Chad stand up and walk  
over to a ditch and squat.  When Chad finished his  
dumping, he walked back over to BB and BB cleaned up  
his rear area with a hose.  Keith and Loren lined up  
for their enemas.  As BB was hosing them off I noticed  
all of my friends and Andy had taken stools next to  
each other and were watching us get our enemas as they  
chatted excitedly.  Lang and Weston arrived and gave  
beers to everyone.  
  
Weston explained that it was common for herders, the  
overseer who wielded the whips for the slaves in  
competition, when they gamed among themselves to get  
naked for the games, wearing nothing but jackboots and  
the whip they held in their hands.  He explained that  
when he was alone with and training his three boys he  
frequently was naked except for boots and his whip.   
"It gives the best freedom of motion for good arm and  
leg movement and quick and precise whip snaps."  
  
BB called me over.  As I bent over I saw my three  
friends chatting and smiling, but the whole time they  
kept their eyes on me as I got my enema, squatted and  
took a dump, and got hosed off, like an animal being  
readied for the games.  
As I was getting flushed out, with all eyes on me, I  
heard Andy ask Lang if I had ever been ‘bitched’.   
Lang said that I hadn't, and Weston said he wouldn't  
mind "doing the honors."  Perry asked what being  
‘bitched’ meant.  Everyone, including Tony and Eric,  
laughed, without answering him.  
  
After BB and RS gave themselves enemas, BB got to work  
hobbling and harnessing all of us.  The hobbles were  
an 11 inch, somewhat flexible, plastic knee spreader  
bar which cuffed to our legs right above the ankles.   
It kept our legs spread apart.  It made all of us  
slaves look different from the free boys, and we could  
only move awkwardly.  The harness was a set of leather  
straps which went about our chest and had D rings in  
the back; it also had two free hanging straps in the  
front which one grabbed onto when one was pulling a  
load.  When we were all hobbled and harnessed Andy  
shouted at us to form a line according to our height,  
with Chad the shortest in front, me fourth from the  
front, and BB the tallest at the rear.  When we all  
started walking to find out places I heard Tony,  
Perry, and Lang, chuckling.  
  
Tony asked, "Why the funny hobbles?"  Weston answered  
that since his was a small corral, the hobbles made up  
for our exertions in the relatively small space.  
  
Weston called out to us, "Okay, I want you boys to  
start trotting about the perimeter of the corral for a  
warm-up.  Keep yourselves moving at a fair clip, and  
keep a distance of 4 feet from the slave in front of  
you.  Keep your elbows at shoulder level and punch the  
air alternately with each fist with every step you  
take.  If the trotting formation looks sloppy, I'll be  
in there with my whip to clean up your act!"  
  
We started out slowly and soon got up to a trotting  
pace.  Our trot excited the spectators, for the moment  
we started moving in formation they engaged in excited  
comments and laughter.  It was awkward running with  
our legs spread, punching the air with each step.  And  
with our harnesses we looked like beasts of burden.   
We looked ridiculous, and I felt even more ridiculous.  
  
Lang shouted out, "Billy, I know you're new to this,   
but get your air punch in sync with the slave in front  
of you!"  Everyone watched me correct my punch, as I  
did my leg-spread-wide trotting.  We circled the  
corral for the entire length of time it took my  
friends and the slavers to finish their first bottle  
of beer.  At least it warmed us up.  As Weston handed  
out seconds on the beers he shouted at us to stop and  
rest.  He then addressed his three boys, "You are free  
to talk now.  But keep it all game related."  
  
The three boys formed off slightly by themselves and  
talked to each other in almost whispers.  BB told me I  
was free to get a drink of water at the spigot any  
time I wanted.  I thanked him and went to the spigot.   
Weston's three boys were finishing taking a drink, and  
I felt sorry for them.  Wondering if they would talk  
to me now, I asked them how they were doing.  All  
three of them said they were doing okay.  Chad and  
Keith appeared to be, if not enjoying, occupying  
themselves in a somewhat positive way by the games  
about to take place.  When I indicated their oldest  
brother looking sullen, Keith said, "Loren is really  
missing his girlfriend."    
  
In the middle of the corral were large rectangular  
concrete slabs in four different sizes, each with  
chains attached.  We were instructed by Weston to go  
and stand by the second smallest slabs, about 3 feet  
long, and two feet high and deep.  All three slavers,  
each now wearing gaming boots and carrying the long  
and precise gaming whips, entered the corral as we  
took our places.  All three slavers quickly secured  
the chains from each of our concrete slabs to our  
harnesses.  Lang instructed me how to use the two  
front puller straps on my harness to pull the weight.  
  
Andy gave the rules for the first round; "Four  
minutes.  This is a warm-up race between you slaves.   
See who can pull the weight the greatest distance in  
four minutes.  When I say ‘go’ you pull with all your  
might.  Because we have no favorites in this game, we  
all will be prodding each of you as if you were our  
man.  We have no favorites."  
  
Andy shouted "Go" and we all started tugging.  The  
slab was almost immovable.  With our opening strains  
we were all able to move it only about a quarter inch  
at best.  I heard and saw Weston snap Loren on the  
shoulder.  He involuntarily heaved and in a spurt  
pulled the slab almost a foot.  Andy snapped RS on the  
ass and in spurt of energy pulled his slab almost 2  
feet.  
  
Lang snapped little Chad, he yelped, and his  
adrenaline-forced pull moved his slab a foot and a  
half.  Weston snapped me on the shoulder, I screamed,  
and found myself amazed that I had in an instant  
pulled my slab two feet.  Clearly the whip works.  I  
strained all the harder to avoid the whip, but Lang  
came behind me and snapped my ass with his whip.  I  
screamed and pulled my slab another foot.  My friends  
hooted and hollered and called out my name, and Tony  
said, "You're winning Billy!"  
  
At one point BB stumbled and fell, and when he was  
down Weston snapped his back fiercely about three  
times with his whip.  BB screamed and quickly got back  
up, sporting a granite hard erection.  
  
The three slavers went down the line prodding us on,  
snapping each and every one of us on our shoulders,  
backs, asses, legs, and arms.     
  
Finally Tony shouted out, "Time!"  They had made Tony  
the timekeeper.  Keith won the round, and Weston went  
up to him, put his head in his hands, smiled, and  
said, "Keith, am I ever proud of you.  There's going  
to be a reward for you tonight on your bed."  
  
We were unchained and allowed to rest and water  
ourselves, while the slavers went and chatted with my  
friends.  My friends appeared to really have enjoyed  
the first round.  Tony asked Weston why he beat BB  
when he was down.  Weston explained, "Oh, let me  
explain that.  If you're new to this it could look  
like some form of cruelty, but it's not at all.   
Whipping a slave when he's down in a game is sort of a  
punctuation mark, like saying, ‘Good try!’  In no way  
was I beating BB because I was mad at him or thought  
he wasn't giving me his all.  Beating slaves when  
they're down is all just a part of the gaming culture,  
and it's something I have always enjoyed doing."  
  
Lang pointed out that there were six slaves, and six  
free men, so he wondered if my friends would like to  
participate.  They were all laughing and having such a  
friendly time with the slavers that I was not  
surprised that they all said they would like to try  
it.  Apparently they were not aware that the snap of  
the whip on a slave's body is truly mightily painful.   
Weston went and got each of my friends a gaming whip.  
  
When all the free men entered the corral carrying  
their whips I looked at my friends, but they would not  
make eye contact with me.  
  
Andy asked my friends if any of them had ever used the  
whips on slaves before.  When they answered that they  
had never held a whip before Andy said, "I don't care  
what you do with it, but just make sure you don't hit  
my slaves on their genitals.  That is not permitted."   
My friends nodded.  Tony, Eric, and Perry all started  
taking practice swats on the ground.  Tony playfully  
whipped Perry on his trousered leg and Perry screamed  
out loud, "Fuck goddammit man, that hurt!"  Tony  
apologized, but all Perry could say was, "Holy fuckin  
shit man, am I ever fuckin sore!"  
  
The slavers were amused.  Weston called out, "Okay  
overseers, choose your slave.  Because this is my  
corral I get first pick.  I take Billy."  
  
Eric chose little Chad, Tony took BB, and Perry took  
Loren.  Lang took RS, and Andy ended up with Keith.   
Tony wanted to know if he could be handicapped since  
he was keeping time.  Everyone laughed at his request.  
Each overseer attached the chains of the largest  
slabs to their slave's harness.  
  
Weston filled in my friends on a few basic rules of  
gaming.  "This is a 15 minute round.  The best  
strategy early on is to encourage the slave to do his  
best with as few whip strokes and as mild strokes as  
possible.  The reason is that once Tony calls out the  
‘three minutes left’ signal, beatings tend to get  
pretty fast, fierce, raw, vicious, and competitive.   
Remember especially in those last minutes to find  
fresh flesh.  If there is any blood drawn on any part  
of the slave's body from the whip stings, you are  
disqualified."  
  
"Also, we usually game naked for this round.  It's too  
cold to get naked today, but I say we pull out our dicks.  
It gets the testosterone flowing, and makes for a  
hotter game.  You boys want to join us and do this the  
way men do it?"  Weston and Andy unzipped and pulled  
out their dicks.  Perry looked at Tony, shrugged, and  
said, "Why not?  This is cool!"  As Lang took his dick  
out he said, "Get the balls out, too!"    
  
Tony, Perry, and Eric, smiling, unzipped and pulled  
out their dicks and balls.  Perry gave his dick a  
waggle, and let out a lascivious, "Yeeeaaaaahhh!"  All  
the slavers were laughing and waggling and shaking  
their dicks as they got behind us slaves.  
  
When the slavers were all lined up behind us, Weston  
said, "Fuck man, do I ever love this!  Let's get this  
show on the road.  Are we all ready?"  
  
Tony gave the go and we slaves all started pulling.   
The slavers gave verbal warnings, and my friends  
followed their lead.  Tony called out to BB, "Wiggle  
that ass some more, boy.  I wanna see that slab move  
in the next 30 seconds or I'm going to give it a nice  
big kiss!"  
  
Weston complimented Tony and warned me as well,  
"Billy, I'm giving you 15 seconds to make some headway  
here!"  I struggled and was able to pull it about an  
inch.  "Good.  Now keep that up."  
  
It was only after the first two minutes when I heard  
the first whip snap.  Eric sliced Chad's back.  Chad  
screamed and pulled his slab a bit.  Perry followed  
suit on Loren and got similar results.  
  
The whipping increased, as did our exertions and  
sweating.  Eric was whipping Chad almost once every 20  
seconds, and Weston cautioned Eric.   Chad was crying  
through the exertions.    
  
When Weston's whip hit my back I screamed and jumped,  
pulling my slab a good foot.  As miserable as I was I  
was hard as granite, but it was all hidden in my  
chastity belt.  Suddenly Weston whipped me hard on the  
shoulder, I screamed, jumped, and fell on my side.  I  
saw Weston's dick hard and tight and poking straight  
up.  And all the overseers in back of us slaves were  
hard as rocks as well.  Eric, my Eric, was huge, and  
was beating little Chad with a slight smile on his face.  
Weston looked at me looking at the overseers, and  
came up to me and fiercely whipped my back four times.  
I screamed and covered myself with my arms.  He  
screamed back at me, "Get up shit boy!  Pull your  
goddamn load!"  I got up, and he snapped my ass and I  
jumped and pulled.    
  
Weston warned Eric to let up on the ferocity of his  
whip strokes.  Eric did for a few moments.  When he  
started up with swatting again, one fierce slice  
across little Chad's back caused a few droplets of  
blood to appear.  Weston noticed and told Eric that he  
was disqualified, that he wouldn't be able to claim  
victory in this match, but that if he wanted to stay  
in the match just for sport he could. Eric decided to  
stay in the match.  Weston told Eric to not whip Chad  
any more on the back, but to limit it to his ass and  
legs.  
  
When Tony called out, "Three minutes left", the  
beatings began in earnest.  Lang shouted at RS as he  
beat him, once every 15 seconds, "Let's move it,  
dumbass!  Let's move it!"    
  
Weston stung my legs with rapid-fire strokes and I  
briefly took the lead.  "Hey shitboy, if we don't win  
this pull I'm going to make you suffer!  I'm going to  
stick something very big up that asshole of yours!"  
  
My mind was a blur in the noise of the shouting,  
obscenities, whip cracks, and my stinging flesh, when  
Tony shouted "Time!"  We were told to stop in our  
positions.  Shouts indicated that Lang and RS had won  
the round.  
  
I didn't realize what was happening.  Weston came up  
behind me and removed the slab chains from my harness.  
He had me kneel down with my head on the ground, and  
my ass sticking up high.  He spat into his hand, lubed  
up his penis, and was trying to shove it up my hole  
before I realized what was going on.  I started crying  
as he tried to shove it in.  His slaps to my buttocks  
made me cry out loud.    
  
Tony was standing jacking off as BB knelt in back of  
him licking out his asshole with his slave tongue.   
Perry had a kneeling Loren giving him a blowjob.  Andy  
was fucking a bawling Keith.  Lang was reclining on  
the ground jacking as RS slurped out his armpits.  And  
Eric was jacking off furiously to the screams of  
little Chad, whose tits he pinched and squeezed in  
order to bring out the boy's cries of pain that fed  
his lust.  
  
Weston banged me furiously, "Oh yeah Billy!  What a  
hot fuck you are!"  He shouted out loud moans of  
pleasure as he came.  When he pulled out I curled up  
on the ground.  As I lay there I realized everyone  
else, slaves and overseers, were all sprawled out,  
exhausted, on the ground as well.    
  
Except Eric, who ran out of the corral as he zipped up  
his trousers.  I sat up.  Everyone else remained  
sprawled out.  Some were quietly chatting.  I got up,  
walked out of the corral, and ran after Eric.  I  
called out to him and told him to stop.  He did.  When  
I reached him I went and stood in front of him, put my  
hands on his shoulders, and was about to ask, "What in  
the hell were you doing?"  But instead I took my right  
hand and slapped him in the face as hard as I could.   
He didn't move.  I slapped him again.  He didn't move.  
I walked over to a picnic table and sat down, put my  
arms on the table, my head in my arms, and wept. 