**One Step Behind You**

Part Twelve

By Randall Austin

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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,
and 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.

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I sensed there was some notice of what went on back in
the corral, and after a couple of minutes I saw that
everyone was coming out of the corral and walking up
the pathway to where I was seated.  Lang approached
first and asked me what had just happened.  I replied
that nothing had happened.  Tony then asked Eric what
happened, and Lang interrupted him, "Tony, there is no
reason for a free man to be interrogated in such a
way.  Billy will tell us what happened."  They all
stood looking at me waiting for me to say something.
Andy said, "Well it looked to me like Billy slapped
Eric, twice."

Lang asked me if I had slapped Eric, and I, afraid of
pain, stumbled, "I, no, I was…"

Lang showed all what a direct disciplinarian he was,
"Well, obviously something is going on here.  I'm not
going to waste any more of my time fishing for
answers.  For that last wishy-washy answer you deserve
punishment.  Weston, have you got any work that needs
to be done?"

Weston pointed out 16 bales of hay along the pathway,
"These bales need to be returned to the corral.  I was
going to have my boys do it right now."

Lang held up a hand, "No need to have them do it.
Billy is going to do it right now, in his knee
hobbles, and in record time!"

Tony asked Lang how he intended to accomplish that.
Lang pulled some strange looking devices out of his
field pack and held them up for all to see, "I just
purchased these today from Gideon.  We're going to get
a chance to see if they work.  They're called
‘motivators’, and once I clip them on Billy's tits
they are going to stay on until he finishes moving all
of these hay bales back into the corral."  He clipped
and locked the motivators onto my tits.  They hurt
intensely, and I started jumping and moaning, "Get to
work moving those bales, little guy!  And don't try to
pull the motivators off; you'll just seriously tear
your flesh.  We'd hate to have you lose your tits.
I'm taking them off only when you have all of those
bales moved into the corral!"

The ‘motivators’ dug deep into my tits and surrounding
tissue, stinging like hornets, and I cried as I
scrambled as fast as I could to carry the 16 bales of
the hay into the corral.  After I had carried the
first bale into the corral and was hobbling back as
fast as I could to pick up another one, I noticed
everyone was lying around in the grass watching and
smiling at me hobble-walking and crying and trying to
move the bales as fast as I could.

Lang explained, "Those nipple clips should keep him
scurrying about carrying those bales as fast as he
possibly can.  Gideon told me the idea behind them is
that the slave thinks that by running as fast as he
can he will be able to get away from the pain."
Everyone laughed.

Perry laughed as well, and added, "Well, they seem to
be working.  Look at Billy going to town!"

Tony was amazed, "Fuck, look at him move!  I can't
believe that's our Billy!"

Weston, too, was impressed, "Shit, those babies really
work.  Look at our little guy scrambling to move those
bales!  He's kind of goofy looking in those hobbles,
but I've never seen him so purposeful.  I'm going to
get me some of those ‘motivators’ for my boys!"

Lang was satisfied, "Gideon was right.  They seem like
they really can turn the laziest-ass ambling slave
into a real workhorse.  Neat implements.  It feels
good making a purchase, for once, that seems like it
really will pay for itself in no time!"

By this time everyone was openly amused and laughing
at me scurrying about with my legs spread wide.  Not
only RS and BB, but also Weston's slaves were laughing
out loud at me.

Weston had RS remove the harnesses and hobbles from
himself and all the other slaves, as everyone
continued to enjoy the spectacle I presented.  Eric
went and sat at the bench I had been crying at along
with my other friends.  At first he was quiet and
pensive, but gradually he started chatting with Tony
and Perry and soon was smiling, laughing, chatting,
and cracking jokes along with everyone else.

Tony asked Lang if he and Perry, and maybe Eric too if
he was interested, could use me as their ‘domestic
entrant’ in the college weight pulling games.  Tony
explained that he didn't know a lot about slave games
on campus, but that the games today had seriously
stoked his interest and he would be interested in
getting into it if he could borrow me.  What he did
know was that the next campus competition extended
over a two-week period in February, that most slaves
in the games were not student owned, but were either
student's family slaves, or were borrowed or rented.

Lang expressed reservation but Tony seemed somewhat
knowledgeable; "One of my roommates is slave gamer.
Nine of the 14 days are spent in training, and the
games span a period of five days.  When the slaves are
not in training they are kept caged at all times, and
are under the direct supervision of the campus police,
who, believe me, keep all campus slaves on a very
short leash!  I commonly hear it said that slaves who
game tend to be more focused and obedient.  In slave
psychology class we learned that it was beneficial,
overall, for slaves to be gamed, since it added to
their self-esteem.  And you can be sure that the two
weeks spent in constant workout and gaming will help
keep Billy trim and taut.  It'll help him get rid of
any winter flab he accumulates.  And best of all,
Lang, if you come to the games you can be sure that
Perry and I will treat you like a king.  You'll have a
super time those five days on campus.  And, of course,
your name will be listed as Billy's owner in all
programs, articles, and notices."

Lang beamed, "Ooooh, I like that!"

Tony proceeded a little hesitantly, "For the games
themselves Billy would have to have his clamp removed,
since campus slaves are always gamed totally naked.
It's kind of the culture of college games.  And gamers
win the respect of chicks, as you can well imagine.
You know how babes are; they get off on seeing a guy
making his slave perform to the utmost.  All those
straining muscles really impress the chicks.  Turns
them on, makes them think the gamers are heroes the
way they are able to make slaves no bigger than
themselves pull those humongous weights by just
wielding the whip in a skillful way.  But naked, they
gotta be naked.  The campus police will make sure the
clamp is put right back on after each round."

Lang agreed, "I don't have any problem with Billy
being gamed naked. The entire idea sounds wonderful,
and I look forward to my time with all of you in
February.  And I also think you are right; it will be
good for Billy.  He'll have fun!"

At one point as everyone watched me moving bales Eric
rubbed his cheek.  I heard Tony ask, "Come on Eric,
tell me what happened between you and Billy.  It'll be
between just you and me."  I wanted to hang around and
listen, but the pain in my breast was severe, so I
kept scrambling to get all the bales moved.

When I finally finished moving the last of the bales I
hobbled over to Lang and he removed the tit clips.  My
eyes were red from crying, and I started to massage my
breasts.  Lang just watched me in silence.  When the
pain was somewhat soothed, and I put my arms to my
sides, Lang shook his head at me; "Billy, Eric just
told Tony what happened, and Tony told me."

Lang asked Weston where he could ‘string me up’ for a
whipping, and Weston pointed out a set of bars right
off the pathway that looked almost like a children's
playground swing set.  Lang led me by my shoulder over
to the whipping frame and Weston removed my harness
and knee hobbles, and then secured me to the frame
with my arms cuffed wide apart above my head, and my
legs cuffed and similarly stretched as wide as they
could with me still able to support myself with my
legs.

When Weston had me strung up Lang came up to me and
hugged me, and said, "Billy. I have no choice but do
what I'm about to do.  Pennsylvania law mandates that
an assault on a free citizen demands a level two
punishment.  Why did you do it Billy?  Why did you go
and slap your best friend repeatedly on the face?
Look Billy, you simply have to get to the state of
mind, the level of acceptance, where you are not
affected by whatever free men say or do.  And you
certainly can't react in anger to anything they do!"

Weston came up to me, hugged me tight, and spoke
quietly into my ear, "Billy.  Damn!  I hate to see
this.  I love you so!  I know what you're going
through.  But let me tell you something.  I hate to
have to be the one to tell you this.   You're a smart
guy so I thought you would have picked up on this
without having to be told.  But what do you care any
longer what Perry, Tony, or Eric thinks of you?  Do
you think these three guys think of you as their
friend?  Slaves don't have friends.  They don't; they
have gawkers.  Do you think these three guys really
care about you?  They only came out to visit you at
Lang's in order to gawk, to see if you were
‘adjusting’, how you've accepted your lot, gather
fodder for bar conversations with their buddies. And
seeing you doubtless makes them feel good about
themselves.  Helps them to better appreciate their
free status.  You can be sure that when they were
driving over here they were joking about your
situation, your tattoos and penis ring, wondering if
you've accepted your lot, wondering how many spankings
you have to get every week.  Making jokes about how
you once were a hot shot A-student, and now you're
just a cocksucking slave.  They don't care about you
anymore, they know you can't do stuff together
anymore.  Billy, they're just here to gawk.  I know
it, Lang knows it, and they know it.  I think you know
it too.  So why in the hell would you react in such a
way to them as to get yourself strung up here on the
whipping frame?  And let me tell you this also; the
fact that you slapped Eric just made their day."
When Weston finished speaking, he continued to hold me
quietly.  The man I had once loved, and then came to
despise, I was now starting to love again.  I needed
someone to love so desperately.

When Weston broke his embrace and walked over to help
Lang select his punishment implements, Perry and Tony
came over to me.  Perhaps thinking it was some sort of
pre-whipping protocol Tony hugged me, "I love you,
man!  Fuck!  This sucks.  Just know I'm here for you,
dude!"

Perry hugged me next, "I love you Billy.  Sorry about
this.  Wish I could stop it!"   I didn't say anything.
I was numb with despair and fear.  I was either
afraid or unsure of all the people I knew who were
gathering around me to watch me get a whipping.  I was
afraid of the other slaves.  I was afraid of being
alive.

Lang, armed with several implements, came and stood in
back of me, as everyone took positions in front of me
so they could see my face as I got punished.  Before
Lang laid the first crack of the paddle across my ass
RS was already broadly smiling in anticipation and
slightly fluffing his cock.  By the time Lang had
delivered three strokes of the paddle, and was
changing to a tawse, all the spectators were watching
wide eyed, mouth-opened, and tenting in their jeans.
Weston and Tony brushed their hands across their
crotches.

I have learned during my years of enslavement that
when free men are around slaves, their natural
lubricity is heightened.  And especially during
punishment time a free male's preponderance towards
lechery comes to the fore.  Guys, who among peers
would never touch their crotches or intimate that they
so much as masturbated, feel free to do anything they
want when around slaves.  The feeling that free men
can do anything around slaves and get away with it is
what has most frequently made my life as a slave hell.
Lang came closer to me to work the tawse over my back.
He covered my entire back, and I yipped, squealed,
and yelped as he swatted away at my back.  By the end
of the tawsing portion of my punishment all of the
spectators had their dicks out and were slowly tugging
away.  Andy's three slaves couldn't get at their
cocks, but they too were gawking wide-eyed and
open-mouthed.

Lang next took up the flip whip, and when he landed
the first blow across the backs of my upper legs I
bucked so much I thought I had loosened the whipping
frame from its foundation.  Perry was thrilled, "Wow
Lang, you really know how to whip a slave's ass!"
Andy was jacking furiously, "Man, I love seeing a
slave getting an ass taming!"
Lang nodded and his second crack had his whip curling
around my upper thigh and stinging me in my ass crack.
I did a hysterical scream.  Weston was curious, "How
in the hell did you do that Lang?  I never heard Billy
yelp like that before."

"It's a special stroke I use on whining slaves.  I
really like to let whiner boy slaves like Billy get it
real good in the ass crack.  It feels good!"

Weston came and stood right in front of me, and with
his left hand he squeezed my right nipple as he jacked
with his right hand.  Tony moved right in front of me
and followed suit.  He grabbed my left nipple with his
left hand and increased the tempo of his stroking.
Both of their mouths were wide open, they were
breathing fast and heavy, sweat was on their brows,
and they stared intently into my teary eyes with their
open mouths broken into lust smiles, trying to drink
up the anguish they saw to fuel their lust.

Eric was standing furthest away from me, in back of
the others, but he was the first to cum.  He kept
watching and stroking as his remaining sperm dribbled
out.

Lang next lashed me with two successive blows to my
upper legs, each of which allowed the whip to snarl
and strike me in the front legs.  I was crying
hysterically, and screamed for Lang to stop.  He did
not but continued slicing the whip across my back.
Then suddenly, in the desperate throes of pain I
decided that I really was a worthless-ass,
disobedient, slave, and shouted, "I'm sorry Lang, I'm
sorry Eric, I'm sorry everyone.  I have been a shit.
I'm a lousy slave, please stop!  Forgive me!  I want
to be all you want me to be!  Help me!"

At that Weston and Tony both shot giant wads which hit
me on my chastity pants.  And that was followed
shortly after by moans of pleasure from Andy, Perry,
BB, and RS.  Lang, seeing that everyone had done their
business, laid on one more powerful stroke of the whip
to my ass, then stopped the punishment.  There was
only silence and heavy breathing as Lang gathered the
punishment tools and hung them back on the punishment
frame.  I was bawling loudly.  Weston, with his dick
still hanging out of his trousers came up to me and
released me from the frame.

I was about to slump to the ground, but Weston
embraced me tightly.  Having just had sexual release,
he spoke to me in that low moaning voice one uses
after having sex, "Sweet Billy, that compliance you
just displayed right now is what Lang and I want to
see in you.  Continue in that mode and you'll be on
easy street.  Oh Billy, I'm so happy for you, because
if you mean what you just shouted out right now, about
wanting to be all that we want you to be, then you've
got it made.  That's all we ask!  And that means
whippings like this will probably be a rare, rare,
thing."

Weston's words were a soothing balm to me, and I
started to cry anew, not from pain, but from the
comfort I was feeling in Weston's embrace, and his
words that promised easier days ahead if I remained in
my compliant mode.  I was ready to accept Lang and
Weston at their word.  Weston then took his right arm
from his embrace and shook his flaccid penis.  As he
did so he looked at me, inviting me to look at it.  I
did.  He smiled, stuffed his cock back in his
trousers, zipped up, and kissed me on the cheek.

All six of us slaves were ordered to get dressed as
the free men started bidding their farewells to each
other.  I was somewhat sullen and off by myself as I
dressed, and was surprised when RS came up behind me
and put his hand on my shoulder, "Take care Billy!  It
was nice meeting you."  I thanked him, and he
continued.  "I used to be like you, Billy.  I was in
graduate school when I was enslaved.  My first years
were hell.  But the moment I accepted my lot, just
went with the flow, accepted my new carefree, even if
heavily controlled lifestyle, I started to actually be
happier at times than I ever was before."  I shook
hands with him and we parted.

My three friends insisted on coming up to me and
saying "goodbye", as if all was well with the world.
And when Tony said he looked forward to gaming me in
February, a momentary flash of anger from the depths
of my being was stifled when I thought of the whip on
my back, and the wisdom of the whip overruled, and I
found it, amazingly, easy to say to him, and with a
smile, "Oh, I do too!  I hope I can do you proud!"
When Tony heard me say that he was genuinely pleased
and hugged me long and hard.  Perry embraced me next,
"I don't care how you do.  Just having you around will
be great!"

Eric came up to me next and put out his hand, and
again my momentary flash of seething anger gave way to
my new found slave humor, "Thank you sir", I said as I
grasped his hand, then embraced him.  I needed to
embrace him, to feel him.  My desire to ask him if he
enjoyed getting his rocks off just now while he
watched another human being get tortured gave way to
my new slave caution, which told me I no longer needed
to ask the question.  But the question, nonetheless,
hung in the silence between us as sure as the
afternoon sun.  After a moment Eric began to whisper
in my ear, "Billy.  Billy.  I just want you to know…
I really…"  He never finished his statement.  We
broke our embrace and he walked away.

Lang came up to me, smiling broadly, put his hand on
my shoulder, and we walked to his car.  As I opened
the door of his car for him to get into the driver's
seat he tousled my hair and said proudly, "Little guy!
You are something!  I think my little slave has
finally found his stride."  He pinched my cheek, "Get
in the car you little scamp!"  He was treating me, as
usual, like a 10-year-old kid, but this time it was
feeling good to me.  As we drove off I don't know what
got into me, but I started crying, "Lang, I never ever
want to upset you again.  I just want to serve you
like an A-1 slave."  Lang reached over and pinched my
ear, then grabbed my arm and put it to his crotch,
"Give me a little gentle kneading action through my
trousers."  I started rubbing his unit through his
slacks and he hardened instantly, "Atta girl!  Oooh,
that feels good!  Oh man, I can hardly wait until we
get home and those pretty little lips of yours go down
on me."  He moaned as I kneaded, and asked, "Do you
like sucking your owner off?  Does it make you proud
that you can make me feel so good with your
cocksucking?"

I nodded 'yes', and leaned back in the seat, playing
with my owner's trousered package as he drove us home.
How lucky I was to have such a tall handsome, Nordic
blond for an owner.  In my fantasies as a free boy I
used to dream of having such a man as my stern daddy.
If I could fully let go of my pride and face reality,
I would find that my new reality was, in fact, the
very stuff of my adolescent dreams.