**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.