**One Step Behind You**

Part Thirteen

By Randall Austin

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Ever since I was first enslaved I have come to dread  
the holidays with the Falkenberg’s.  Everything the  
Falkenberg’s do and everything they have me do at  
holiday time I find especially annoying, demeaning,   
and embarrassing.  It seemed this year the holiday  
season not only once again got off to a bad start, but  
it even started one week earlier than usual.  It was  
December 18th, and I was painting and applying holiday  
decorations to the windows in the Falkenberg’s  
favorite reading and sitting room while Lang, his dad,  
and Weston read the newspaper.  
  
I was applying stencils, paper decorations, and doing  
small brush painting detail work to the windows.  At  
one point I knocked over a small paper cup full of  
blue watercolor that I had sitting on the sill, and it  
ran down the wall.  Mr. Falkenberg peaked from behind  
his newspaper and said, "Oh Oh!  You better hurry up  
and clean that off before it stains!"  I had to stifle  
my frustration and anger when I said, "Yes, Mr.   
Falkenberg. I know that."   
  
As I rushed to clean up the mess I heard Mr.   
Falkenberg ask Lang and Weston if I was being  
sarcastic.  As I was wiping up the last of the mess  
Mr. Falkenberg asked me if I was intending to get into  
another holiday ‘mood’ the way I did over the last two  
holiday seasons, and ruin his Christmas party once  
again.  The ‘new’ me (the me weary of punishment and  
willing to say anything that I think my owners want to  
hear) answered, "Oh not at all Mr. Falkenberg.  I  
realize now that I was really unpleasant and behaving  
in a most improper and immature way the last two  
years.  I was in a new life, was missing my family,   
and I was having a hard time adjusting.  I intend this  
year to do all that I can do to make this the best  
holiday for you and Lang, ever!"  
  
Mr. Falkenberg beamed, "Gosh, you are right Lang.   
Since we got Billy penis-clamped he has been a new  
person.  Billy, I was almost beginning to miss having  
to punish you so often.  But of course, I do have to  
punish you now for spilling that paint.  So why don't  
you just take off your clothes and come over here  
beside me."  
  
I took off my clothes and went and stood next to Mr.   
Falkenberg.  He fumbled for the key ring in his  
pocket, pulled it out, found the clamp key, and  
unlocked my chastity belt.  He pulled it and all the  
accessories off, laid them beside his chair, and  
patted his lap, "Okay you little Christmas elf, get  
over my lap."  
  
I got over his lap, Lang and Weston put their  
newspapers down to watch, and Mr. Falkenberg began  
spanking me.  "I'm sorry I have to do this, because  
you have been such a little ace since we locked up  
your wiener."  And the results of my clamping showed;  
feeling Mr. Falkenberg's leg against my cock, and my  
cock rubbing against it, provided the first  
stimulation to my dick in the three weeks since I had  
been clamped, and I got hard as a rock, and felt like  
I would come if the spanking continued on too long.   
Mr. Falkenberg immediately caught what was going on  
and stopped spanking, "I think you better stand up  
Billy!"  I got off of his lap, stood up, and he stood  
up beside me.  He pulled my hands in back of me and  
held them in place with his left hand, and with his  
right hand he resumed smacking my buttocks.  My dick  
waggled precum in copious amounts as he spanked me,   
and Lang and Weston were smiling and greatly amused.  
  
When he stopped spanking I was teary eyed and  
embarrassed.  Mr. Falkenberg sat back down and he,   
Lang, and Weston, continued to study me and my big  
erection.  
  
Lang spoke up, "Dad, just look at the boner on him!  I  
think that alone is going to ensure that our Christmas  
party this year is going to be the biggest success  
ever."  Mr. Falkenberg nodded in agreement, and  
Weston, curious, asked how my erection would ensure a  
successful Christmas party.  
  
Lang then proceeded to tell Weston about the  
Falkenberg's annual tradition of having their slave  
dress up as a Christmas elf for the big family  
Christmas party. "Ever since I was a child dad would  
have the family slave dress up as an elf for the  
family Christmas party.  The slave would serve the  
guests as usual, but dressed in a cute brown and green  
elf costume, which including an elf hat and elf boots  
with long pointed curly toe tips.  The kids love the  
family elf.  But there is a big secret to the costume  
that all the adults, and only the adults, know about.   
The flap in front of the elf's crotch is loose, and  
can be lifted up.  So every year dad and his friends,   
and in the years since I have been an adult, dad and  
I, paint the slave's dick in some very colorful, cute,   
way.  And so on the invitation to the party it is  
mentioned that gifts made to the family slave should  
be cash only, and these can be deposited to the slave  
by lifting the flap in front of his trousers and  
dropping them into a pocket inside his trousers.  So  
it has become a family tradition; when an adult gets  
the slave alone, they pull up his crotch flap, get to  
see what an elf's dick looks like, and then they stuff  
the money in a special pocket sewn into the inside of  
the elf costume.  And of course, it is always the big  
hit of the party, because every year we try to make  
the dick look as silly as possible.  It's just an old  
fun-time family tradition which comes from Sweden.   
All slaves in Sweden get their elf dicks painted at  
Christmas time."  
  
Weston was transported, "Oh, that is such a wonderful  
custom!  You gotta love those Swedes!"  
  
Lang continued, "But why I think this year will be an  
especially big hit is because little Billy's dick is  
going to be concrete hard the whole time from not  
having been able to jack off, and already I'm thinking  
of how I can paint an erect dick in really funny ways  
that one can't paint a flaccid dick."  As Lang  
continued to fill Weston in on family traditions, Mr.   
Falkenberg called me to his chair and put the chastity  
belt back on me.  
  
"Anyway, for his first two Christmases here Billy was  
something of a sourpuss.  Even though the cash gifts  
are his to keep and spend on whatever he wants, Billy  
was totally embarrassed about the whole thing, way too  
serious, his free-boy pride was wounded, he refused to  
get into the party nature of the event, and he even  
made many of our guests feel bad about lifting his  
crotch patch and looking at his penis."  
  
Weston frowned, "Oh, that was too bad" and continued  
looking at me with a smile on his face.  
  
Lang nodded, "Yes, it was.  All of our former slaves  
just loved playing the goofy little elf with the  
painted penis to amuse the guests.  The children love  
the costume, the adults are crazy about what's inside  
the crotch flap, and everyone always has a laughing  
good time.  But not Mr. Serious, here!  Oh no!  He was  
sulking, sullen, teary-eyed, sniveling, and  
cantankerous.  So, once the party began and we saw  
what an asshole Billy was being, dad took him out to  
the punishment shed and whipped the shit out of him;   
but that turned out to be a big mistake.  There was  
then no way our little elf could get back into good  
party spirits, even if he had the acting skills of  
Olivier."  
"And last year, when we saw that Billy was going to be  
once again a rather sour elf, I suggested to dad that  
we let Billy drink in order to relax himself.  So we  
did, and let him have all the wine he wanted.   
Unfortunately, we didn't realize he hadn't eaten all  
day; he was so busy in helping out with all the last  
minute party preparations.  At one point we noticed he  
was missing, and when we finally found him he was  
asleep on a guest bed, and we simply couldn't rouse  
him."  
  
Mr. Falkenberg laughed out loud at the recollection of  
Christmases past, and said, "It's impossible not to  
love the little guy.  Especially since that costume  
fitted him like a glove.  A picture of little Billy in  
his elf costume, which we took last year before the  
party began, is on the Christmas cards we sent out  
this year.  You should be getting yours soon."  
  
"What an imp!" laughed Weston, and then he leaned over  
and whispered into Lang's ear.  Lang smiled, nodded,   
and hit Weston on the back.  A few moments later,  
Weston folded up his newspaper, set it down, got out  
of his easy chair, and came up to me.  He put his hand  
on my shoulder and smiled at me, "Billy, come along  
with me."  I asked him if I should get dressed first,   
and he shook his head "no".  He walked ahead, looked  
back, crooked his finger at me, and walked off towards  
a guest room.  
  
I entered the room with him.  He hugged me rather  
tenderly, then began taking off his clothes.  "Seeing  
you get a whumping from Mr. Falkenberg and the way you  
were crying got me worked up.  I don't have a steady  
girl friend right now, so, if you don't mind, I could  
use a little help."  When he was naked he looked me in  
the eye, smiled, and waggled his dick in his hand.   
"Get down there and meet Thor."  I knelt down and took  
Thor in my hand.  Weston commanded me to talk to  
'him'.  He kept waggling it in my face as it erected.  
  
"Say ‘Hi’ to Thor."  I said, "Hello Thor".  Weston  
spoke in a quiet voice, "Billy, Thor is an individual  
worthy of respect.  Take a good look at him.  Go on!   
Get your face right next to him.  Atta boy!  Now isn't  
Thor a beauty?  You know what?  Thor has more rights  
and freedoms than you do.  He is a free man's prick,   
and you're a slave boy with a slave boy's prick.  So  
show a little respect.  Go on!"  
  
As I put my lips to his prick head, Weston moaned; "Oh  
Billy.  You have no idea how much I've looked forward  
to having you suck me off while you are clamped up.   
It's just a really neat feeling. Here you are Billy,   
just 21 years old, and your cock and balls are in the  
slammer.  Your little prick, your best pal for most of  
your life, the one you hung out with the most when you  
were alone, is now out of your life for good.  Your  
owner has the key."  
  
As I kept sucking, Weston kept moaning; "Billy, you  
don't know how much it turns me on to see you clamped  
up, knowing you can't jack off any more.  And that's  
the way it should be Billy.  A little slave like you  
shouldn't be feeling the good things we free boys  
feel.  You are so beautiful down there, on your knees,   
sucking away.  Oh man, this is so hot.  Having a one  
hundred percent, fully compliant, fully behaving,   
penis-clamped slave sucking you off is a treat equaled  
by few other things on earth.  Totally awesome."   
  
Weston pulled his super hard cock out, waggled it  
around, rubbed and slapped it across my face a few  
times, reminded me one more time that Thor had more  
freedoms than I did, and then jabbed Thor back into my  
mouth. "Okay now Billy-boy, suck a little harder and  
go down deeper."   As I started sucking and slurping  
he moaned, "I'll tell you a big secret that only  
clamped slave boys learn.  If you suck hard enough and  
show enough love, you can feel the same thing as the  
person you're sucking can feel.  It's true.  I've had  
slave boys tell me that."  I wanted to believe that  
and started sucking as hard as I could.  Weston moaned  
and spasmed in pleasure, and quickly pulled out.  He  
breathed heavy, caught his breath, and said he didn't  
want to cum just yet, and ordered me to get on the bed  
and lay down on my belly, "It's time for me to fuck  
the little Christmas elf."  
  
Weston knelt on the bed and straddled me; "I so  
enjoyed the porking I gave you when you gamed at my  
house, that I told Lang I simply needed another go at  
it.  He is such a generous guy.  He told me to bring  
you in here and let Thor work you over."  Once Weston  
got lubed up he started easing his cock into my hole,  
"Okay Thor, you're going up the little elf's ass.  Let  
me know what you find up there!"   
  
Once Weston was in he stretched himself comfortable  
out across my back and held on to my shoulders, "So  
you're going to be the little elf this year at the  
Christmas party.  That must be so cute, with everyone  
all dressed up, the guys in their dress clothes, shiny  
shoes, Christmas sweaters, and their hair combed  
fancy, all looking hot and holiday happy, and you in  
an elf costume with an elf cap and boots, and a loose  
peepee flap, and all the dressed up boys making sport  
of you in front of their girlfriends."  
  
He did a few gentle pumping strokes of his hips,   
bringing him to full hardness, "Man, what a fuckin  
juicy hole you've got!"  He squeezed my shoulders and  
sides, "What a fuckable, squeezable, pleasure pup you  
are!"  He thrust his hips gently, fully controlling  
his pleasure, "Fucking you Billy feels so good!  Can  
you feel my free prick probing your very unfree ass?   
Can you feel my dick tip probing around in your  
pleasure palace?"  He thrust some more, and my own  
dick was oozing tons of sex juice, yet could feel no  
stimulus with any outside agent, constrained as it was  
in the chastity guard.  "How it turns me on that you  
are such a hot fuck, yet you can't get your own rocks  
off; that you gave up your selfish pleasure so that  
you could be a super compliant slave."  He started  
pumping his hips with a slow regular motion.  "What a  
hot slave you are.  And you will remain a hot slave  
for the rest of your life, because if you don't Lang,   
his dad, and I will be there one step behind you to  
give you a spanking.  You'll be getting regular  
spankings from all of us for the rest of your life."  
  
He started pumping harder, "Oh Billy, this feels  
sooooo godddamn fuckin fine!  I am a free man, that's  
why I get to feel this good!  You are a slave, that's  
why you will never be able to feel the way I am  
feeling ever again.  Do you envy me Billy?  Do you  
want to be free like me?  Do you want to be able to  
play with your dick the way we free boys do, whenever  
we want?"  
  
He grabbed me tight, his hip thrusts were firm and  
deep, and our bodies became sweat locked as he brought  
himself near to a climax, "Fucking penis clamped boys  
is just something I have always enjoyed doing, but  
fucking a penis clamped boy who just happens to be one  
of my best friends is awesome!"  His thrusts grew more  
rapid; he licked the side of my face and my ear,   
started moaning, thrust harder and faster, and soon  
brought himself to a climax that seemed to go for two  
minutes.  When it was over he remained on top of me,   
and his dick remained inside of me.  He whispered in  
my ear, "Oh Billy!  Thank you, little guy!  This was  
one of the hottest fucks I've ever had.  Lang is so  
damn lucky to have you.  I wish I could actually  
afford to buy you from Lang.  You're a super cool guy.  
I love you dude.  Please, take good, good, care of  
yourself."  Weston gently pulled himself out of me,   
got off the bed, ordered me to wipe his sweat off with  
a towel, and then started to get dressed.  "You want  
to have a beer with me before I leave?"  
  
I told him I thought Lang was waiting to see me, so it  
would be best if I didn't.  We walked out together  
back into the reading room.  Lang was still there,  
"Thank you Lang for your hospitality!  Lang, I'm not  
kidding you; you simply have to start fucking this  
boy.  You don't know what you are missing."  Weston  
started tousling my hair, "Billy is such a great  
little guy, and he's got one hot ass on him!"  Lang  
smiled, "Yeah, he's a sweetie, isn't he!"  Lang told  
me I was covered in sweat and ordered me to take a  
shower, and then to get to work on sanding the  
hardwood floors in the recreation room, which I was in  
the process of remodeling.  
  
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Ed Morgan was the Falkenberg's good friend, a  
professional slave investment advisor, and slave  
placement specialist.  He would visit us and stay for  
dinner about once every five months, and, among other  
things, would counsel the Falkenberg’s on the status of  
the current slave market, how their current slave  
rated in the overall economy, and inform them of the  
hottest new investment options. Mr. Morgan would also  
offer the Falkenberg’s his professional assessment on  
my physical development and quality of service.  I  
sensed the Falkenberg’s really were not interested in  
getting into slave investing too heavily, so as  
frightening as Mr. Morgan's suggestions on what to do  
with me often were, I always felt confident the  
Falkenberg’s were not about to reinvest me.  
He usually would always end up his presentation by  
letting them know that they had gotten me at a rather  
good price, and they could be assured that my resale  
value would be quite more than what they had paid for  
me.  But after I was tattooed with "Property of Enar  
and Lang Falkenberg across my shoulder, Mr. Morgan  
stopped offering such aggressive investment options  
for me, and offered more practical ways for the  
Falkenberg’s to make money off of me.  
  
"I know you two have made a commitment to Billy, got  
him tatted and all.  But I just thought I would pass  
this along for your info.  As you know, I have always  
felt Billy was not ideally suited to being a display  
domestic.  And I must tell you; now that he is  
tattooed with your name I feel that even more  
strongly.  I just feel like you folks are wasting  
Billy."   
"One option for you is the cross-cultural market.   
Right now the Hispanic community in Florida is  
aggressively seeking white boy slaves.  They're  
snapping them up like peanuts for almost whatever  
price you're asking.  I believe you could get almost  
half again for what you paid for Billy.  I kid you  
not!"  
  
Mr. Falkenberg and Lang glanced at each other with  
expressions of surprise and delight.  "Another hot  
cross cultural market right now is in Jamaica.  The  
Jamaican ruling elite is paying exorbitant prices for  
young American white boys.  As amazing as this sounds,   
you could probably get more than double for Billy.  It  
really is something you need to consider, as this is a  
relatively small market that looks like it will be  
saturated within a few months."  Then looking at me  
Mr. Morgan said, "Billy, if you are sold to the  
Jamaicans you can be sure every inch of your body will  
be tattooed.  Those Jamaicans are really into  
tattooing white boys, let me tell you!"  
  
Mr. Morgan was pleased that his audience was  
interested, "But since I know you folks are kind of  
settling in as family with Billy, and seem to be happy  
with the way things are going, I still feel as though  
I need to offer you one more bit of advice.  This is  
just my professional opinion, of course, and is in no  
way intended as any sort of criticism of your taste.   
I've said it before to you two, and I'll say it again,   
but Billy is not the right kind of boy for what you  
are using him for, as a "nude domestic".  Sure,   
everyone likes to watch naked male slaves in service  
mode.  Let's face it, we all enjoy watching other guys  
having to scurry around and serve guests naked.  Who  
doesn't enjoy eyeing the chicks as they ogle a slave  
boy's jiggling dick?  But let's face the facts.  Billy  
is cute, has the advantage of youth, but he's not  
prime display or fashion material.  You'd never find  
someone like Billy in an ad in an Italian fashion  
magazine."  
  
"The trend these days is to use Billy types in draft  
service, and get hard cash back on your investment.   
Do you know how much you could be making off of Billy  
if you sent him to, say, Lehrman's Foundry, at the  
outskirts of town?  Because it is a fiendish job, it  
pays damn well.  It's where all the boys who don't go  
to college want to get a job so they can afford a  
fancy car in no time.  You could send Billy there and  
have him bringing in at least 55 thousand a year,   
maybe as high as 65 if he works overtime.  There  
really is no other comparable investment that brings  
that kind of annual return.

Think about it; Billy is young.  He could be bringing  
in that kind of cash for you for at least the next  
twenty years, probably as long as the next thirty."  
  
"If you want a naked slave, you can still have him do  
that on weekends.  But you are wasting him, letting  
him amble around here doing housework, watching TV,   
wasting all that time on the computer.  I just hate to  
see you two guys missing out on such an opportunity. I  
say put him to work, where he belongs.  Most kids go  
to college these days, so the foundry is really  
hurting for worker lugs.  I often recommend Lehrman's  
foundry to my clients, and I could have a full time  
position lined up for Billy probably as soon as  
Monday. Billy is draft material, not show material.   
If you sent him to a brothel he is the kind of kid  
that would get a lot of takers because of his youth,   
but no one would be willing to pay top dollar for him  
sexually. That is unless he has some really special  
skills in that area, but I have no idea.  Have you  
ever had him rated?"    
  
The Falkenberg’s nodded in the negative, and Ed said,  
"I'd be happy to give him a test run and evaluate him  
for you."   Mr. Falkenberg answered, "Well, I think  
Lang and I would be foolish not to take you up on your  
kind offer.  I like the foundry idea a lot, but who  
knows, maybe Billy could generate even more income in  
another area.  It seems unlikely Billy would have any  
special sexual servicing tool, but who knows?  We'd be  
foolish not to explore all options.  Just what do you  
need for this evaluation?  You are welcome to use the  
guest room here for your evaluation."  
  
"I just need some lube, a short whip, and an  
electro-shock slave prod."  
  
Lang asked what the whip and prod were for.  
  
"Good heavens!  You two really are naïve.  If Billy  
has a really tight hole, a flip of the whip on the ass  
or back causes the hole to spasm open.  Once you've  
got your dick into a tight-holed slave, by whipping  
the slave you can get a nice pulsing sensation on your  
rod that feels great while you're fucking the slave up  
the ass.  Really tight holed slaves are best for the  
‘whip fuck’, which brings in top dollars from  
connoisseurs.  And the prod offers another real  
special treat; while you're fucking a slave if you  
touch the slave's buttocks with the prod, the slave  
gets a real wallop, but by the time the current  
reaches your dick all you get is a super delightful  
throbbing sensation.  It creates orgasms from another  
planet!"    
  
"I see," said both of the Falkenberg’s as they  
thoughtfully rubbed their chins.  
  
Ed continued, "For a full evaluation I like the slave  
tarted out."  He then addressed me, "Billy, I want you  
to go rouge your cheeks, put on some lipstick, tease  
your eyelashes, use a pencil to extend your brow,  
slick up your hair, powder your ass, and douse your  
tits and genitals in cologne.  When I enter the guest  
room I want you reclining on the bed with your mouth  
open and your tongue out and making 'come hither'  
motions."  
  
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Even though Ed got his rocks off quite satisfactorily,   
I could tell he was prejudiced against me.  I didn't  
do very well on Ed's sexual evaluation.  He came out  
angry and told the Falkenberg’s I was hopeless.  He  
asked the Falkenberg’s what they wanted to do, and Mr.   
Falkenberg said that the matter was under evaluation,   
and he and Lang would get back to him on their  
decision.  Ed seemed to not want to hear of any  
delays, "Just remember, I believe I could have Billy  
set up with a position at the foundry starting Monday  
morning on the 7am shift.  I can arrange to have the  
slave ‘Labor Transport Service’ pick Billy up at 6am  
each morning.  It's time for Billy to start earning  
you some cold hard cash!  One word of caution though;  
foundry work is very labor intensive and is,  
relatively, a high risk environment, so you will  
definitely want to take out a heftier insurance policy  
on him."    
  
Then Ed spoke to me, "Billy, if your owners do decide  
to put you to work at the foundry, let me save you a  
little trouble.  A lot of slave boys like you, when  
inserted to offsite labor, get the idea that they can  
do crappy work and get fired.  Let me tell you  
something.  Slaves cannot be fired.  A slow moving or  
unproductive slave is simply whipped.  At Lehrman's  
Foundry about one third of the work force are slaves.   
Both the bosses and the free men employees out at  
Lehrman's carry whips and use them on the slaves if  
needed.  The leather coveralls you will be wearing at  
the foundry are easily unsnapped to reveal your back,   
buttocks, and legs.  They are coveralls designed  
specifically for slaves.  And all the free boys out at  
Lehman's are experts at unsnapping the covering from  
the part they want to whip.  You do what you're told  
out there!  Be respectful to all of your bosses and  
freemen coworkers."  
  
By the time I left the room to go take a shower and  
wash off the makeup which Mr. Morgan made me put on  
for his evaluation, I was very depressed.  As I  
stepped out of the shower and was toweling myself dry,   
Lang entered the bathroom. "Billy, I just got a call  
from Brother Michael.  He wanted to know if I would be  
willing to loan you out next weekend as a volunteer  
helping him remodel a rectory at a sister parish in  
Troy, New York.  It would be just the two of you up in  
Troy for the weekend.  I told him that it would be  
okay, and that, of course, you would be very happy to  
help out."  
  
I was so depressed after being used by Mr. Morgan for  
his sexual perversions that I lost it.  I exploded at  
Lang, "I am so fucking goddamn tired of being raped by  
perverts.  I am not going with Brother Michael and you  
can't make me go!  You're always telling me how I am  
‘family’.  Well, family don't let other members of the  
family get tortured and raped by perverts.  You say  
I'm family and can come and talk to you anytime I want  
to about anything, but every time that I do you tell  
me to stop whining.  But if I keep talking and try to  
make my point, you give me a warning, and before I  
know it you're whipping my ass!  I am so fucking  
tired of being tortured!"    
  
I started crying uncontrollably and sank to the floor.  
Lang stood above me for a while, and then sat down on the  
toilet seat while I wept.  
His cell phone rang.  He talked for a bit and it  
sounded like he was making plans to have someone  
baby-sit for me next week while he and Mr. Falkenberg  
made a brief trip to their vacation home.  Then I  
heard him ask, "Would you and Perry be able to  
accompany Billy to Punishment House? Yes, now…  
Great! I'm sending him there for a six-hour session,   
but you wouldn't have to stay there the whole time.   
You could just observe for a while, if you'd like…  
Thanks.  Billy is ready and waiting for your arrival."  
  
Lang hung up and explained, "Tony just called and  
asked if next week he and Perry, and the captain of  
the gaming team you're going to be pulling for, could  
come over, and you and the team captain could get  
acquainted.  They were only able to come on Thursday,   
so I asked him if he and Perry would be willing to  
baby-sit you at that time until the following evening,   
since that is when Dad and I are going to Hampton.   
That way we wouldn't have to kennel you.  They kindly  
agreed.  And so then I asked them if they would drive  
you to Punishment House just now, and they both  
sounded like they would be more than happy to  
accompany you there, perhaps also offer you a little  
comfort."  
  
He stood up, walked out of the bathroom, and started  
dialing Punishment House to make an appointment for  
me.  I ran after Lang, caught up with him, and hugged  
him.  "Lang, please.  You can't send me there!  It's  
not right!  You know it's not right!"  
  
Lang asked me why it was not right.  I told him  
because I loved him and Mr. Falkenberg, and I was  
wrong to lose my temper, and that they, in fact, do  
listen to me if I have a serious complaint, and that I  
was very sorry for shouting and losing my temper.   
Lang tousled my hair, and walked to a chair in the  
hallway, sat down, took out the key to my penis clamp,   
unlocked it, and took it off, "This needs to come off  
for Punishment House."  As he dialed the Punishment House,   
he spread his legs, and hit his right leg with his  
hand indicating for me to sit in his lap.  
  
While I sat naked in his lap he smiled at me as he  
talked to the receptionist at Punishment House.  He  
made a two-hour appointment for me.  When he hung up I  
was so relieved that I was only being sent for a  
two-hour punishment session that I started crying. I  
told him I was sorry for so totally losing it, and  
that I deserved what he was doing!  He loved to make  
me feel guilty, "Now, do you still want to say that I  
do not listen to you?"  I shook my head, ‘no’.  He  
continued, "I believe what you tell me about Ed and  
Brother Michael, and I expect you to watch out for  
yourself and report to me all behavior that upsets  
you.  I am sending you to Punishment House for only  
one reason; I really believe that it will help you  
control your tongue the next time you want to blurt  
out some lie about your owners in the heat of  
emotion."  
  
He kept looking at me and told me he was going to  
close his eyes, and he wanted me to French kiss him so  
he could see if my French kissing felt like a woman's.  
He closed his eyes and I put my lips to his.  He  
opened his mouth and I darted my tongue into his  
mouth.  He started moaning.  He backed away and said,  
"Fuck, that feels like the real thing!  Do it some  
more!"  He put our mouths back together.  When my  
tongue felt his and they again started dancing  
together, my dick went rock hard.  His eyes were still  
closed, so I let my right hand find the top of my cock  
and I started tugging it.  I worked Lang's tongue all  
I could to keep his thoughts occupied, but from my  
jingling cock bell he knew what I was doing, and his  
hand moved to my hand and pulled it away from my dick.  
  
"Oh Billy, that is too wild.  I need to get off.  He  
stood up and pulled down his pants, sat back down, and  
pushed me down on my knees in front of him.  I  
immediately started sucking him off full force.  He  
was worried that Tony and Perry would arrive and  
interrupt us, so he told me to go faster. I bobbed my  
head up and down in a sucking action as fast as I  
could.  "If you don't get me off before they arrive I  
WILL sign you for six hours at Punishment House!"   
Lang, who was never very vocal during sex, couldn't  
control himself and started shouting as he came,  
"Holy-fucking-hallelujah!"  He shot what seemed like a  
half cup of semen down my throat and as I sucked the  
last of it out, the doorbell rang.  He pulled my head  
towards his and kissed me on the cheek, "You fucking  
golden mouth sweetie!  Go and put on some shorts,   
shirt, and sandals.  And don't be a sissy at  
Punishment House.  Take your punishment like a man!   
You know you have it coming, but you also know it will  
do you good!"     
  
As I was slipping on my shorts the doorbell rang  
again.  As Lang walked over to answer it he asked,  
"Are you aware that your friends, Tony and Perry, are  
assholes?"