**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?"