**One Step Behind You**

Part Fourteen

By Randall Austin

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The drive to the punishment house was not pleasant. Tony  
and Perry let me know that they were pissed.  They had  
called Lang to see if their team captain for the  
February slave games could meet with me sometime  
during the Winter Holiday vacation break, and Lang  
then asked them if they would baby-sit me for two  
days.  They figured they had to say "Yes" to that as  
sort of a favor to Lang for letting them use me in the  
slave games.  But then, on top of that, Lang asked  
them if they would now drive me to Punishment House,   
stay with me during the punishment session, and bring  
me back afterwards.  I had never seen Tony so upset;  
"Needless to say, we felt put upon.  Just so much  
fucking trouble!  Perry and I had other plans for this  
afternoon."   
  
Tony sat in the backseat with me during the drive so  
he could make sure I wasn't playing with my dick.  He  
wanted to rub it in, "How you doing now that you no  
longer get to jerk?  I bet you just want to tug on  
that thing real bad, don't you?"  Perry looked back  
from the driver's seat and smiled at Tony, as I  
answered, "No sir."  
  
Tony continued, "We learned about guys like you in  
slave psychology class.  With some guys, once  
enslaved, various behavior patterns emerge which may  
have been repressed due to societal pressure.  In your  
case, you probably were always a chronic masturbator,   
but once you were enslaved your true colors emerged  
and you became, basically, the little jackin' pig boy  
you always were inside.  So poor Lang didn't have any  
choice but to go ahead and get you clamped."  
  
Perry didn't care, "Well, so much the better for us.   
Because according to Hogan having a single penis  
clamped compulsive masturbator on our team is like  
having three extra players on our team."  
  
Tony nodded and continued, "With individuals like  
Billy it is probably for the good of everyone that he  
was enslaved, because if he ever got married his  
marriage probably wouldn't have lasted once his wife  
caught on to his masturbatory obsession.  That is if  
he's even straight."  Tony looked sincerely at me,  
"And rumor has it, Billy, that you're gay.  And if  
that's the case, well then I still love you as a best  
friend, but I think homos are better off enslaved."  
  
"And so does society", Added Perry.  
  
Tony continued to vent his frustration, "So why are  
you always getting into trouble.  Is it true like they  
say that you slaves just get defiant for the sake of  
attention?  Let me tell you, if you get out of hand or  
embarrass us in any way at the slave games we've been  
told to just contact the campus police.  If you intend  
to take advantage of our good natures, you better  
realize right now that it’s not going to work.  Perry  
and I will be just too busy in training for the games,   
and we won't have time to put up with any slave shit."  
  
The comments and attitudes of my two former friends  
somehow did not surprise me in the least, as I thought  
to myself, ‘Fuck you both!’  
  
Tony was feeling the need to boss me, "Okay, Billy, why  
don't you sit up nice and tall for your drive to  
Punishment House."  I sat up tall for Tony and Perry.   
"That's a good boy.  I heard Lang tell you to take  
your punishment like a man."  
Perry commented, "I hear that the majority of the  
disciplinarians over at Punishment House are high  
school dropouts.  Billy, how did it feel last time you  
were at Punishment House getting bossed around by a  
bunch of school dropouts?  How did that make you feel,   
scholarship boy?"  
  
Up until this moment I had never realized that Perry  
and Tony might have been jealous of me getting a  
scholarship while they did not.  But, of course, it  
had never occurred to me either, that my two best  
friends in high school were in that class of people  
who supported a slave society by their very nature and  
instinct; who liked lording it over other human  
beings; who enjoyed watching other human beings  
suffer and seemed to believe that if the government  
said something was right and good, then by golly, it  
was right and good.  In short, they were in that large  
group of people, about one half of the general  
population, who will shed sentimental tears when the  
national anthem of this great slavery loving nation is  
played, but who have no qualms whatsoever about  
kicking a dog, killing a spider, and dumping leftover  
paint in the local stream.  
  
The Punishment House was a division of the Clarion County  
Slave Control Center, a utilitarian looking building  
near the courthouse.  There were no large signs  
telling the world what went on inside, but once Tony  
drove the car into a garage entrance marked  
‘Deliveries’, there were plenty of signs directing  
traffic to the proper drop off point.  Tony drove his  
car to a station marked ‘Punishment House’ and told  
the guard in the station he was dropping off Billy  
Garneau and that he and Perry wished to be present as  
observers.  The guard got on his mobile and in a  
second two guards came out of the facility to our car.  
The station guard told Tony to unlock the door on my  
side of the car and the officers came around to meet  
me.  As the guards pulled me out of the car, Tony  
shouted, "Go to it, Tiger!" and another guard told  
Perry where to park his car and where to enter.    
At the check-in desk, after a reading of my collar ad  
ID, I was issued a large yellow ear-tag which was  
attached to my ear with a clasp.  I was then led into  
a large collection room where already about sixty  
slaves, all with big dangling yellow ear-tags, were  
waiting.  The slaves were dressed in a variety of  
ways; some in street clothes, some in smocks, and  
some, like me, in tan slave shorts and tunic.  The  
guards told me to wait, and not talk to any of the  
other slaves.  
  
I knew the routine and after a few minutes a group of  
five disciplinarians, along with head disciplinarian,   
the dashing Tom Lattimore, entered the room.  The  
disciplinarians were dressed in black slacks, with a  
shiny deep black silken stripe which ran the length of  
each outer side of the leg, black boots, crisply  
pressed steel grey shirts, black tie, and matching  
Punishment House insignia silver cuff links and tie  
clasp.  The head disciplinarian, Thomas Lattimore, was  
dressed in the same outfit, only he wore a black  
jacket over the outfit, which had white ranking  
stripes on the front.  The disciplinarians sported a  
variety of hairstyles, but all were neatly groomed.   
  
Tom counted out fifty male slaves and the  
disciplinarians led us down one of the long  
corridors to a door marked "Punishment Room #4".  As  
uneasy as I was, I couldn't help thinking, once again,   
of how handsome Tom Lattimore was.  He was even more  
striking dressed in his classy uniform than he was  
dressed in civilian clothes at my party.   
  
We entered room #4, and like the other room I was in  
at my first visit to Punishment House, it was a large  
room with grey walls, and five rows of 50 gurneys, 10  
to a row.  Each gurney was outfitted with restraining  
straps and storage compartments underneath.    
  
All of the slaves in our group were in their twenties  
and thirties.  We were shivering even though the room  
was not cold.  Tom stood in front of us and told us to  
stand in a row, side by side, and then he addressed  
us; "Welcome, boys, to Punishment House.  I know a  
couple of your owners very well, and I even know a few  
of you.  Now I know this place has a frightening name  
and reputation.  So for those of you who are here for  
the first time, let me familiarize you with what we do  
here.  This is a not a training facility.  If your  
owner doesn't like the way you curtsy, or thinks you  
move too slowly, or have an attitude problem, we don't  
work to correct those or any other problem  
specifically.  What we do here at Punishment House is  
to make sure that you have a very uncomfortable time  
here.  Whether your owner has signed you up for one  
hour or 48 hours, our job is to get you thinking about  
behaving."  
  
"Now, this is not a torture house, nor is it a pain  
house.  The idea behind Punishment House is to give  
your owners a place to send you where you can think  
about your options.  A place where they can send you  
while they cool off or you cool off.  It's a place  
where you can decide to do something about specific  
failures of yours that displease your owners.  Your  
owner may have sent you here because you served him  
from the right side at dinner when he wanted to be  
served from the left side.  We are not going to train  
you to serve from the left side.  But what we do here  
is intended to make you think twice when serving, Let  
me make sure I got this right and am serving him from  
the proper side so I don't have to get sent back to  
Punishment House."  
  
"In the end, all of you are here for one reason.  You  
are here because you tried to act like us free boys.   
And you can't do that, because you are slaves.  You  
simply have to do what we free boys tell you to do. I  
don't know why it takes so many of you slaves so long  
to learn that."  All of the free boy disciplinarians  
were standing at attention during Tom's speech.  They  
may be high school dropouts, but they at least were  
behaving in a way that was not displeasing to society.  
  
Tom continued, "All of you boys here in this room  
should be very ashamed of yourselves.  When I look at  
you standing here side by side I don't simply see 50  
male slaves the way most people would.  I just see a  
large mass of man/boy flesh that isn’t being  
productive.  I see wasted dollars. Income that is not  
being generated, tasks not being accomplished, or  
services not being provided, because you decided to  
behave in some way that slaves are not supposed to  
act.  You had to go and try and act like us free boys.  
Your owners doubtless told you to do something, and  
you decided not do it when asked, or do it your own  
way, or talked back.  But you as slaves cannot do  
that.  You have to do what your owners tell you. When  
your owners give a command, you have to scurry.  That  
is what is expected of slaves. When we free boys tell  
you to do something, you better scurry to it!  You are  
slaves, and that is what you have to do!"  
  
"And by your actions you have not only let your owners  
down, but you have let down our society as well.  For  
the slave system to be successful it requires that  
each one of you do your part.  Each of you has a  
responsibility to work as hard as you can at making  
the slave system a success for this great nation of  
ours.  Do what is ordered of you.  Our new economy is  
built on your dedication to service.  We cannot have  
the system thwarted by you suddenly deciding you want  
to take it easy, or doing things on your own good  
time.  You have to do what we free boys tell you do."  
  
"Well, I think I've said enough, and maybe now you can  
begin to see that we folks who work here at Punishment  
House are not a bunch of meanies.  We're just doing  
our jobs, doing what we are supposed to be doing,   
unlike all of you.  Okay, it's time for you slaves to  
get buck horn-dog naked so my boys and I can get to  
work on you!  You are each to go and stand next to one  
of the gurneys, and you will notice underneath each  
gurney is a wire basket.  Set the basket on the floor  
in front of you and remove every item of clothing,   
including any jewelry or collars or bracelets that are  
removable, and put them in the basket.  When you are  
completely stripped, put the basket back under the  
gurney and hop up on the gurney and recline on your  
backs."  
  
At that moment a door on the other side of the room  
opened, and a guard led in about 15 observers.  I  
noticed Tony and Perry in the group. Tony and Perry  
like several other of the observers, had hit the  
vending machines before coming in to watch us get  
disciplined, and they each had a bag of peanuts and a  
can of iced tea.  
  
Stripping for punishment is more humiliating then  
stripping for serving, or for being displayed, or for  
purposes of sex.  Stripping for punishment lets  
everyone see what a naughty boy looks like all over.   
Naked naughty boys show off all of their naughty parts  
on their naughty bodies.  And naked naughty boys  
present lots of flesh, and the more flesh surfaces  
presented for punishment, the better.  
  
The observers in the room were free people; they were  
good people, so they didn't have to strip.  But they  
got to watch us bad boy slaves strip.  And that is  
what I know Tony and Perry were thinking, that we  
slaves were bad boys and they were good boys.  It was  
right and good that we were being made to strip.  
  
Perry and Tony were whispering excitedly to each other  
as they watched us strip, as were the other observers.  
  
One slave boy balked at taking off his undies, and one  
of the disciplinarians shouted out a verbal prod,  
"What are you trying to hide?  You don't want us to  
see your ‘little boy’?” The disciplinarians and  
observers laughed.  
  
By the time my undies came off, I could hear that I  
was not the only cock-belled slave.  I heard the  
tinkling of several other wiener bells. Nor was I the  
only slave with tattoos.  Many slaves had tattoos.   
But many slaves had things I didn't have.  Most of  
them had brands on their rumps.  Many were tit ringed,   
several were nose ringed. Several had permanent leg or arm  
irons.  We all had collars.    
  
Once we were all reclining naked on the gurneys one  
disciplinarian went to each gurney and quickly  
strapped us down with secure straps going firmly  
around our arms, legs, neck, and midsection.  
  
Each of the remaining disciplinarians went to a  
strapped down slave, opened the storage unit  
underneath the gurney, and started securing punishment  
devices to various parts of the slave's body.  Soon  
moans of pain and discomfort filled the room as every  
part of the slave's body was fitted with various  
devices.  The observers were very curious, and wanted  
to come closer and watch, so Tom signaled for them  
that it would be okay for the observers to come and  
walk about the gurneys, or go stand next to the slave  
they had accompanied.  The fittings of the punishment  
devices went quickly, and soon all of us slaves were  
writhing in pain.  
  
Tom Lattimore addressed the observers; "When you strap  
a naked slave boy to the gurney he quickly realizes  
that he's finally going to get the discipline he  
deserves.  And there's no way out of it for him;  
strapped down and wiggling like a fish out of water,  
trying to flail his arms, thrusting his hips, his  
little dickie waggling.  But on the gurney he soon  
settles down because he finally realizes he has no  
choice; he's got to take whatever we dish out! There's  
no way out of it this time."  
  
Tony and Perry came up to me, and seeing all the  
things attached to my body, Perry whistled, "Wow,   
tough!"  Tom passed my gurney and Tony asked what all  
the things were that were attached to my body.  Tom  
smiled and came over, happy to provide information.   
Tom shook hands with Tony and Perry as they introduced  
themselves.  Tom looked at me and said, "Hi Billy.   
How are Mr. Falkenberg and Lang doing?"  I grimaced  
out, "They're okay."  
  
Tom nodded, looked at Tony and Perry, then me, "Let me  
point out to you the things that get put on a naughty  
naked slave boy strapped down to a gurney here at  
Punishment House."  As he pointed out each item  
attached to my body, he named it; "Head clasp, hair  
tugs, ear lobe clamps, neck yoke, cheek hooks, nose  
scissors, tongue gripe, jaw clamp, elbow tethers,  
bicep cinch-halters, armpit pin cushion, chest brick,  
tit pinchers, penis choke, cock root grapnel, glands  
muzzle, frenum pin, scrotum anchor, butt spreader,  
anal plug, inner thigh mandibulator, knee pinion,  
ankle vice, feet tacks, finger, thumb, and toe screws,  
and, what you can't see, he's reclining on a  
plasti-fiber pin cushion."    
  
Tony and Perry watched me twitch uncomfortably as they  
ate their peanuts.  The disciplinarians gathered at a  
coffee urn, poured themselves coffee, and casually  
chatted with each other as they monitored the room.  
  
There we were; fifty slaves, naked, and strapped to  
gurneys.  Being made to feel pain because our owners  
were unhappy with us.  Fifty naked and naughty slave  
boys who need to learn obedience.  Fifty slaves  
feeling pain because we had stepped out of line.   
Fifty slaves spending our day in torment, while our  
owners were at the golf course, while our  
disciplinarian sipped coffee and did crossword  
puzzles, while our former friends watched, or were in  
school, on holiday, or fucked their girlfriends.   
Fifty slave boys who were learning they had better  
start obeying if they didn't want to come back here.   
Fifty slave boys who envied almost any free person  
they saw.  Fifty slave boys at the mercy of a  
rosy-cheeked head disciplinarian who enjoyed his job,   
and who would stroll among the gurneys, observing the  
writhing and uncomfortable slave boys.  A head  
disciplinarian content with his lot, and satisfied  
that he was doing his part to help us become better  
slaves.  Fifty slaves who looked into the handsome  
face of Thomas Lattimore as he looked down on them,   
and gave pleading looks to him.  Looks that begged to  
be given some relief from discomfort.  But our  
disciplinarian only gazed back, impassive.  
  
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Tony and Perry arrived at noon on Thursday along with  
Roy Garter and Hogan Rosenberry. In introductions to  
Lang it was explained that Hogan was the group's team  
captain for the slave games, and that the success of  
the pulling contests depended in large part on how  
well each player knew the team's slave.  Tony praised  
Hogan; "Hogan has been giving us tons of valuable  
information on controlling slaves during the games."  
  
Hogan responded, "I think we're all going to make a  
great team, we have Roy and me, two experienced  
drivers, two new drivers, you guys, who are very eager  
to learn every angle of slave gaming, and have a  
competitive spirit and want very much to win.  And  
finally we have what I am told is one very smart  
drudge who is fit, compliant, able, and  
quick-stepping.  We should do very well, indeed."   
  
When Hogan turned to meet me, he said "Hi Billy", but  
he didn't reach out to shake my hand.  
  
Lang explained that he was running late and had to  
leave to pick up his dad, and told Tony and Perry to  
take very good care of me.  He showed them the cabinet  
where the punishment implements were kept.  "I know  
this must seem to you boys who don't deal with slaves  
every day to be, on the surface at least, kind of  
medieval.  But it's the kind of thing that has to be  
done if you want a functioning, compliant, slave."    
  
Tony gushed, "Man, in no way do I think you are  
medieval.  Far from it!  You are totally cool.   
‘Enlightened’ is what I would call you."  
  
Lang smiled, "Why thank you, Tony.  I like to think  
that I am.  A slave is like one of those airline  
passenger jets.  Those things do amazing things, but  
they need an overwhelming amount of support and  
maintenance to function.  A slave is the same way.   
Just look at Billy now.  He's happy and obedient, the  
two things one ideally wants in a slave.  But the only  
reason he is, is because of just such things as you  
find in this cabinet.  Slaves need plenty of  
‘maintenance’ to remind them to be good boys."   
  
Tony wondered about whether he and Perry could use me  
for ‘stuff’, and Lang soon had Tony stammering,   
regretting that he dared to bring such a thing up,   
even in a roundabout way.  One thing those uninitiated  
in slave culture perhaps don't know is that no slaver  
is ever going to confide with non-intimates about  
their sexual exploitation of slaves.  Did Tony  
actually think that Lang, a straight man, would relate  
to the four of them, "Oh sure, boys, practically every  
day I have Billy lick my pits, play with my tits, and  
fondle my balls, before he sucks me off.  Why don't  
you boys go ahead and use Billy in the same way as I  
do."  Lang, feigning a communication barrier, was  
making Tony squirm as revenge for his audacity and  
ignorance in daring to ask such a favor.  And I was  
enjoying it immensely.    
  
When Lang completed showing Tony and Perry the  
essentials of my care, he went off to pack some  
things.  Hogan was eager to get down to business;  
"Billy looks good so far, but why don't we have Billy  
get buck naked so that we can all get to know what  
we'll be working with.  After all, we're going to be  
gaming him naked, and we need to see which parts of  
him work and which don't, learn where his tender spots  
are, the spots on a given slave's body that are  
especially sensitive to pain.  The tender spots are  
different on every slave, and the only way we can find  
them out is by trial and error."   
  
As I took off my clothes, Hogan continued, "At some  
point in his pre-game training at school we'll hitch  
Billy up to the calibrator, and get a more scientific  
read out on where his soft spots are.  It's a unique  
system.  We lay Billy out and use small whips and  
cover every part of his body.  The machines record  
with pinpoint accuracy the decibel level of his  
reactions to whip stimulus on each part of his body.   
We run him through it about 10 times during the  
training period, and then by averaging all of the  
readouts we can get a pretty accurate picture of  
Billy's ‘power points’, those prime areas that if you  
whip them, you are certain of getting a major  
adrenaline exertion.  And, of course, it's that  
adrenaline exertion, and only that, which is capable  
of pulling those humongous slave weights."  
  
"And from that same calibration record we sketch out a  
game plan on Billy's body to see what parts of Billy's  
body should serve as whipping, or contact points,   
during the three stages of each pulling tournament. A  
single match is divided into three segments.  In the  
first segment you want to whip points on his body that  
will get him to pull with all his might, and which  
don't require great whip force.  Then you gradually  
want to increase pressure of the whip strokes in phase  
two of the game to bring the slave up to speed.  The  
final three minutes of the game are where you go at  
Billy's power points at full strength.  But you have  
to be very judicious in how much skin you break and  
blood you draw during the fierce whipping that takes  
place at this stage.  If you tear up the flesh too  
much during this stage your slave may not be good for  
any further rounds.  It is only during the last, the  
final climactic round, that full force can be used.   
Most of the slaves are pretty bloody after this final  
round, but it makes no difference because the games  
are over and the slave can heal."  
  
By this time I was stripped naked except for my  
chastity garment.  
"Holy Shit!" exclaimed Roy, and "Hallelujah!" screamed  
Hogan as the two experienced gamers high-fived.  Hogan  
was ecstatic, "Jeeze, Tony, why didn't you tell me  
Billy was penis clamped?  This is super!  Penis  
clamped slaves have a super edge!"  Roy and Hogan  
continued to whoop it up excitedly.  Hogan shouted for  
Lang, "Lang, I have a feeling your slave is going to  
do some pretty amazing stuff for us in the games.  In  
fact, I have no doubt that he will!"   
  
Lang came down to see what the commotion was all  
about, and seemed pleased to hear that Hogan was  
giving me a good assessment.  Hogan wanted to get down  
to business, "Can we get that clamp off so we check  
him out?"  
  
Lang nodded, exited, and came back a short time later  
with the key to my penis clamp, and handed it to Tony;  
"Make sure this clamp gets back on him as soon as you  
guys are finished checking him out.  And when that  
clamp is off don't you dare let Billy masturbate or  
out of your sight for so much as one second. If he  
needs to use the bathroom one of you guys has to  
accompany him.  He has been behaving like an angel  
since I got him clamped over a month ago, and I don't  
want to risk wasting a single drop of his  
good-behavior energy towards a selfish release."  
  
Tony gave Lang the thumbs up, "You got it Lang!   
Billy's cock is going to be nothing but a piss spigot  
while he is in our hands!"  
  
Tony came up to me, figured out how to unlock the  
penis clamp, and when it came off he was unprepared  
for the inner parts; a cock sheath, a cock root ring,  
penis and ball straps, a molded plasti-screen genital  
guard, molded thigh O rings, and erection control  
bands for both the cock head and the shaft.  Roy said,  
"Fuck, that looks complicated!"  Hogan told everyone  
not to worry, that he was familiar with Billy's model  
penis clamp because he usually clamped all the slaves  
he gamed with at least two weeks before a tournament,   
so he was familiar with a wide variety of penis  
clamps.    
  
Hogan came forward and helped Tony removed all the  
pieces of the clamp.  As their hands touched me I  
could not control my erection which shot up with a  
speed I had never before seen it do.  Hogan almost  
jumped backwards, "Whoa!"  Tony shouted, "Easy there,   
big fella!"  Everyone laughed.  
  
Lang smiled, "Wow!  Look at that thing.  I think  
abstinence has made Billy's waggler grow a couple of  
inches!"  
  
Roy was pleased, "This is good for team morale. I  
assure you, when the chicks in the stands see our  
entrant horned up like the Apollo moon rocket; we are  
going to be hearing some pretty loud cheers of  
support!  That noise from the crowd, all the screams  
and cheers, really gets us drivers worked up and gets  
us fucking stoked!"   
  
Lang seemed pleased with Hogan's hopes for me, but he  
had to leave to pick up his dad at the office, and  
from there they were going to spend a night at their  
vacation home.  As he left he again warned Tony and  
Perry to take very good care of me.  
  
As soon as Lang left, Roy suggested that they get some  
beer and put me through a few preliminary trials.   
Perry did the beer run while Hogan, Roy, and Perry  
talked about how excited they were to have me to game.  
  
When Perry returned with the beers the guys all took  
seats in big easy chairs in the living room, and told  
me to stand in the middle of the room.  Hogan sort of  
took control of the proceedings, "All right Billy, if  
you would, I'd like you stand nice and tall and at  
attention right here in the middle of the room, and I  
want you tell us all a little bit about yourself, how  
you're feeling right now, what your hopes are, and  
your thoughts about us being here and assessing you."  
  
I actually expected treatment that would make me  
angry, and I was quite prepared to control my anger,   
but I must remark that I was nowhere prepared for  
being questioned in such a pompous manner by a college  
sports jock who was my age.  But I maintained my calm,  
"Sirs, I am feeling excited about the games, and I  
hope we win the games.  And I am happy to be assessed  
if it will help our team to win."  
  
Everyone sipped their beers and smiled, pleased, at  
each other.  Tony asked, "Billy, do you harbor any  
resentment towards Perry and me, since we are free  
college boys, and you're now going to be our game  
boy?"  
  
"No, not at all Tony."  
  
He continued, "Billy, do you envy us free boys?"  
  
"No sir."  
  
"Would you like a beer?"  
  
"Yes sir."  
  
"Too bad!  You can't have one!"  The four free boys  
laughed and took more swallows of their beer.  Tony  
was winning Hogan over with his ability to verbally  
taunt slaves.  Hogan asked my friends why Lang had me  
penis clamped.  
  
Tony answered, "Because he's a homo pig boy compulsive  
masturbator!"  
  
Hogan sipped his beer and smiled, "Well I don't care  
if he's straight or homo, because as long as we've got  
a clamped, girly-pretty, compulsive, pig-boy,   
masturbator with a steel hard-on the size of Milwaukee  
on our team, we are in clover!"  
  
Roy added his insight, "You know how it is, Hogan;   
when we draw blood on the pretty boy types the chicks  
turn into tigers!"  He grabbed his crotch, "Oh man,   
the babes are going to be lining up to party on our  
rods!"  
  
Perry and Tony were gulping their brews, "Fuck!  Why  
didn't we get into slave gaming sooner?"  
  
Roy added, "That's nothing.  You should see the crowd  
react when we pull out the ‘butt barbs’.”    
  
“Butt barbs!” hooted Perry.  "What are those?"  
  
Hogan was surprised at my friends' ignorance, "Fuck  
man, I really need to fill you guys in how the games  
work."  Hogan took a big sip of beer before he began,  
"You need to know the format of the tournament.   
College slave tournaments are modeled a good bit in  
overall form on the bullfights of Spain.  In the  
Preliminary Phase of the games the slaves are all  
marched out into the ring, naked, led by a tether to  
their nose rings, which is held by the team captain.   
Along side each of the captains walks the other three  
team members, that will be you two guys, and Roy. The  
slaves are usually decorated with colorful paper  
wreaths, a headdress, and jewelry.  The gamers are  
dressed in their traditional uniforms, which consists  
of spiked shoes, which can be used to kick a slave in  
the ass, gaming shorts and gaming vests.  At this  
stage we do one complete walk around of the ring to  
the cheers of the crowd.  It's a real proud moment for  
the slaves, knowing they are the objects of so much  
attention."  
  
"In the First Stage the team leaders, those are the  
gamers who rank just below the team captain, (and that  
will be determined by tryouts in the nine days of  
training before the games begin) come out with their  
slaves, who by this time are divested of all their  
decorations and are totally nude.  The gamers carry  
with them their tall and slender ‘harpy whips’ and  
‘slave lances’, or ‘butt barbs’, and the goal of the  
First Stage is to provoke the slaves into a real  
gaming spirit.  This is usually done by taunting the  
slaves with the whips, making them jump around by  
snapping the whip at their feet and legs, and through  
verbal assaults.  The whole goal of the First Stage is  
to get the slaves' adrenaline flowing, and that is  
usually accomplished for certain once the leaders  
start jabbing the slaves in their asses with the  
lances. The leaders are sort of like the picadors in a  
bullfight, who jab the bulls with banderillas to get  
the bulls angry. The lances are similar to the  
banderillas used on bulls during a bullfight.   They  
are basically a very sharp hypodermic type injection  
needle on the end of the stick.  They have an  
adjustable stop guard that can be set at a quarter,   
half-inch and three-quarter inch length.  Each leader  
has to decide what depth of needle plunge is needed to  
motivate their slave.  But once the leaders start  
jabbing the slaves in their asses with the lances both  
the crowd and the slaves go wild.  It's a totally hot  
part of the game."    
  
"The second stage of the game is the actual set of  
weight pulling matches.  There are eight rounds per  
day for the five-day period.  We each get to wield the  
whip and drive Billy during a match twice a day."   
  
"The final stage is the playoff round between the two  
leading teams of the day."    
  
Tony's beer was mellowing him out, "God, this is  
beautiful man.  How we are being reunited with our old  
best pal Billy.  It's just a really special thing."  
  
The beer was taking its effect on all of the free  
boys, and Hogan and Roy had the sense to take their  
leave while they could still drive home.  
  
After farewells and the exits, a glassy eyed Perry  
came up to me and hugged me, "Billy, I love you man!   
I fuckin love ya man!"  He embraced me hard and  
squeezed me.  I could feel his hardon against my leg.   
I was amused, though wary, so I said, "I love you too,   
Perry."  He gently started doing a swaying humping of  
the sort a guy would do to while slow dancing with his  
gal in the privacy of their apartment.  He was drunk,   
I was horny, and so I let him.  I noticed a cell phone in  
his back pocket, so I pulled it out and tossed it onto  
Lang's small pillow saturated couch, which no one ever  
sat on.  The phone hit a pillow, and sank into the  
folds of the couch.   
  
Tony came from the bathroom and joined us, putting his  
arms around the both of us.  He rubbed me on my behind  
like I was a mascot. "This is our boy, our little  
Billy, with the naughty behind."  Perry had his eyes  
closed and was swaying and grinding to some unheard  
music, and moaned, "Can our little Billy recite a  
slave mantra for us?"  
  
I was hard and possibly about to get my rocks off, so  
I recited a mantra, "By rendering service to my owner,   
and rendering service to my owner's friends, I render  
myself the highest service of all."  Perry moaned,  
"Ooooh, that was nice, Billy."  
  
I wanted to go on gyrating, but I didn't want my  
‘friends’ to get out of the party mood.  As I broke  
away, Perry said, "Where you going little guy?"  I  
told him I would be right back as he and Tony kept  
doing a slow dance.  I soon came back with beers for  
the both of them.  They both had momentarily forgot  
about beer, but were obviously happy to be reminded of  
its existence, as they chugged them down.  
  
Eventually I led them to the couch, and sat with them  
until they both stretched out and fell asleep.  I got  
the chastity belt key from the coffee table and  
Perry's cell phone from the couch, put on some shorts,   
and went into the back yard and called my youngest  
brother, Timothy, and told him our conversation was  
very confidential, and that I needed him this very  
night to get me a list of supplies, and to have a copy  
of a key made for me.    
  
Timothy was over within an hour, we met in a  
pre-arranged, dark, unlit, part of the Falkenberg's  
yard, and I gave him the key to my penis clamp for  
him to copy, and a list of critical items.  I told him  
that I probably would not be able to meet him when he  
returned with the requested items, but pointed out to  
him some property dividing shrubbery where he was to  
place the items.  
  
Later that evening I found all of the items which I  
had requested of my brother in the bushes.  I brought  
them into the house and hid them.  Then, while my baby  
sitters snored in the living room, I went to my room,   
pulled up a pile of porn from the Internet, and jacked  
off three times in a row.    
  
I went to bed and slept wonderfully.  When I went down  
in the morning, Tony and Perry were still snoring off  
their beer.  I made breakfast.  They eventually woke  
up, ate breakfast, and noticed only a couple of hours  
later that my penis clamp was still on the coffee  
table.  They were upset when they realized that they  
were responsible for me having my penis all to myself  
for the night, and asked why I didn't ask them to put  
it back on.  I told them that when they tried to refit  
me with my penis clamp, they couldn't find the key,   
and that we had all spent a good amount of time  
looking for the key, and that they had fallen asleep  
before it was found.  
  
Hearing this, they both became frantic as they  
searched for the key.  "Shit!  Lang will be furious!"  
Hollered Perry.  Tony was angry, "I suppose you were  
jackin-off all night long!"  I said, "No. Perry  
jacked me off while you sucked him off. Then you  
ordered me to suck you off, but you were too drunk to  
get your clothes off, and eventually just fell  
asleep."  
  
They both were silent, clearly angry with themselves,   
each other, and the world as they rushed around trying  
to deal with what I had just told them.  They didn't  
talk to each other for almost the entire day.  
  
When Lang and Mr. Falkenberg returned home and  
realized that my baby sitters had gotten dead drunk,   
and lost the key to my penis clamp, they were both,   
indeed, furious.  Lang ordered me to start looking for  
the key along with Tony and Perry.  Tony and Perry  
were very worried over upsetting Lang, and even seem  
to be terrified of him.  As they rushed around looking  
for the key they made lame excuses for themselves.   
Lang scoffed at them.    
  
I surreptitiously placed the key on the phone table,   
and soon Perry found it.  He gave it to Lang, and  
Lang, relieved, had a few words to say, "I am very  
glad for this episode.  You boys clearly have no idea  
how much a slave like Billy is worth.  And I certainly  
am not going to put him in your charge ever again.   
Needless to say, Billy will not be available to you  
for the college slave games."  
  
Tony and Perry were crushed.  They stammered, they  
made excuses, and Perry almost cried.  They openly  
worried what Hogan would say about them in public.   
Lang watched them bumble.  Mr. Falkenberg led them to  
the door, "You two useless turds had better watch out,   
because I don't think you're going to get far in  
life!"  He slammed the door, and addressed Lang in the  
angriest tone I had ever heard from him, "What in the  
hell made you think those two boozers were fit  
guardians for Billy?  You should be ashamed of  
yourself!"  
  
Mr. Falkenberg came over to me, hugged me, and said,  
"God, if we ever lost you, little Billy, I would be  
heartsick."   He patted me on the back of the head,   
and said, magnanimously, "Billy, after all you have  
been through at the hands of those two drunks, I'm not  
going to put the penis clamp back on you until  
tomorrow.  I want you to go to your room and have some  
fun!"  
  
My eyes started to tear up, "No, Mr. Falkenberg.   
Please, put the clamp back on me.  I want all of my  
energy focused on serving only you and Lang.  Please,   
don't tempt me to masturbate.  I want to be a good  
boy.  Please lock me back up."  
  
Mr. Falkenberg was overcome, "Oh my God, Lang, what a  
slave we have in Billy!  Let's get our precious boy  
locked up."  As Mr. Falkenberg and Lang locked me up  
in my penis clamp I never felt so loved, happy,   
hopeful, and triumphant. 