**One Step Behind You**

Part Fifteen - Conclusion

By Randall Austin

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Lang called me into the foyer to meet Mr. Glade Cohrs,   
of the Gay Businessmen's Association. Fat and  
limp-wristed, Mr. Cohrs "ohhed" with delight when he  
saw me, "He'll do marvelously!"  
  
Lang explained, "Billy, Dad and I are civic minded, so  
when Mr. Cohrs approached me to see if I would loan  
you for use in fundraising for his association next  
June during the Gay Pride Day festivities, I was happy  
to oblige."  
  
Mr. Cohrs was beaming with delight, "Billy, you're  
going to be our entrant for the slave kissing booth.   
Each year we send our loaned slave to the event  
dressed in a black maid outfit.  Billy, you will be  
wearing black panties, bra, and heels, along with one  
of those little short black aprons covering your cunty  
area."  
  
Lang wondered how much money the kissing booth draws  
in for the association.  Mr. Cohrs smiled, "You do the  
math.  A ten second kiss costs $10.  That same kiss  
with a little tongue action costs $25.  And for $50  
you get to French kiss the slave and slip your hand in  
his panties and feel him up.  And because Billy is a  
real cutey, we should have some long lines throughout  
the day.  What's interesting is that we have found  
that the more lipstick we put on our slave, the more  
people we have lining up to smooch with him."  
Mr. Lang led Mr. Cohrs to the door saying he was  
flattered that the association chose his slave, "How  
did you find out about Billy?"    
  
"Mr. Falkenberg and Billy always get their haircuts  
together at Kudry's Hair Salon.  Kudry himself  
suggested Billy to me."  
  
When Mr. Cohrs left, I walked out of the foyer angry  
and slammed the door behind me, and huffed, "fucking  
shit!"  
  
Mr. Falkenberg was seated in the living room as I  
walked into it from the foyer.  He got out of his  
chair in a hurry and reached over and grabbed me by  
the shoulder and quickly pulled me over to a chair.    
He sat down, pulled me over his lap, unbuttoned my  
spankers, pulled down the butt flap, and started  
spanking my naked buttocks as Lang entered the room.   
"I'll give you something to slam doors about, young  
man!"  Lang shouted out, "Good move, Dad!"  
  
As he continued to spank me he asked, "Do you intend  
to do any more of that swearing?"  "No" I screamed as  
I scissored my legs.  "Do you intend to watch your  
potty mouth from now on?"  "Yes" I screamed.  
  
Mr. Falkenberg was a strong man, and no spanking of  
his was ever a mild affair.  Before it was over I  
began sobbing my apology, "I was not thinking, I was  
acting like a stubborn free boy.  I don't ever want to  
think or act like a free boy again.  I want to be what  
you want me to be.  I love you Mr. Falkenberg, please  
don't spank me anymore."  
  
Lang, standing by watching, said, "Don't stop, Dad.   
Give him some more!"   
  
Mr. Falkenberg didn't stop.  I knew now, after over  
two years of being their slave, that groveling was  
what the Falkenberg’s wanted.  And when groveling  
didn't work, it was because they wanted something  
else; release.  
  
"Make him cry louder, Dad!"    
  
Mr. Falkenberg managed to make me do that, as he  
swatted as hard as he could.  I screamed, "Please, no  
more Mr. Falkenberg."  
  
Mr. Falkenberg was determined, "Slamming doors like a  
two year old!  What's gotten into you Billy?"  
  
Lang was beginning to tent in his trousers, "Lay it on  
really good Dad.  Let's not fool around here.  We know  
this has to be done.  The only reason slaves do what  
we tell them to do is because they know they get  
punished if they don't.  Billy seems to have forgotten  
that little lesson."  
  
Mr. Falkenberg was as determined as Lang, "You have to  
realize Billy that being a lifer slave is synonymous  
with obedience.  You don't have disobedience as an  
option anymore!"  
  
Lang's hardon tented the pleated creases of his dress  
slacks, "Billy, as long as you act like a naughty kid,  
you can expect plenty of naughty boy spankings.  Dad  
and I aren't playing games here.  We intend to work  
that ass of yours over for as often and as long as it  
takes!"  
  
"The audacity, the sheer audacity!"  Mr. Falkenberg  
focused all his smacks on my right globe to maximize  
the pain.  When he got me to scream at fever pitch, he  
stopped spanking and looked at Lang, "Okay Lang, I'll  
send Billy to your room in just a bit," thereby  
indicating he wanted to be left alone with me.   
  
Mr. Falkenberg was a no frills guy when it came to  
slave sex.  He indicated for me to kneel in front of  
his chair while he pulled his dick out.  Mr.  
Falkenberg was bigger and stronger than Lang, and so  
was his dick.  I liked it.  All Mr. Falkenberg ever  
wanted me to do was suck him off.  His only  
requirement was that I suck very hard.  Mr.  
Falkenberg, in his youth, was as hot in his own way as  
Lang is now.  And at 54 years of age he was still a  
good-looking guy.  Getting to suck my owner and his  
son off on a regular basis is the only benefit that  
comes with my job as a lifer slave, as far as I can  
tell.   
  
After I suck his cum out, Mr. Falkenberg likes me to  
keep my mouth on his cock until he goes soft.  And  
while he's deflating he rubs my head in gratitude.  It  
always feels good.  
  
When I got to Lang's room he was naked on the bed,  
rubbing his thighs.  When I approached him he put his  
hands in back of his head, and that's my signal for me  
to start licking out his pits.  When I do that he  
starts a slow jacking, then says "Okay" when it’s time  
for me to move to his firm Scandinavian chest and  
start nibbling his tits.  Working on Lang has always  
been a true act of love for me, even though he sees my  
service as being merely in the line of duty. Lang's  
body has been my major escape since being enslaved.   
Licking his tits this time, as usual, I can hardly  
wait until he gives me the okay to move down and start  
sucking him off.  
  
As I slurped him to a climax I thought how slamming  
doors does have its rewards.  Lang, too, rubs me on  
the head after a sucking.  Although his head rubbing  
feels a bit more like the rubbing of a genuine friend  
than Mr. Falkenberg's does.  As he rubbed my head I  
asked him if he would remove my penis clamp so I could  
jerk off.  He rubbed my head more firmly, "Little guy,  
you know I can't do that.  I love you too much to do  
that."  When Lang got up to hop into the shower, I got  
up and went to my room, took out my copy of my clamp  
key, removed my chastity belt, and stroked myself to a  
glorious climax.  
  
Afterwards I locked my penis clamp back on, did some  
more research on the Internet for the weekend I would  
be spending with Brother Michael, and then went down  
to ask Lang for permission to call Brother Michael.  
  
"Lang, since Brother Michael wants me to assist in  
remodeling the rectory, I think it would be helpful if  
I knew specifically what kinds of jobs I'll be doing  
so I know what kinds of clothes to bring, and so on."   
Lang praised my concern about being properly prepared,  
and he dialed Brother Michael, saying he wanted to  
confirm what time Brother Michael would be picking me  
up on Friday.  
  
Lang got a hold of Brother Michael and they chatted  
for a bit.  At one point it sounded as if Lang was  
hedging.  When they were finished, Lang gave me the  
phone and I asked Brother Michael for specifics so I could come  
prepared.  Brother Michael, too, praised me for being  
concerned and wanting to do a good job.  Brother  
Michael gave me very useful information.  I could  
tell he was eager to see me.  Little did he know I was  
even more eager to see him.  
  
When I hung up Lang told me that Brother Michael  
wanted to make sure that he had a key to my chastity  
belt.  When Lang asked why, Brother Michael said  
because we would be working with some hazardous  
materials, and the key was an emergency precaution in  
case he needed to clean me off of any material I  
accidentally got on myself.  When Lang told me this  
we both smiled, and he asked me if I wanted Brother  
Michael to have the key.  I thanked Lang for letting  
me make the decision, but told him I just wanted to  
try to get through the weekend peacefully, and that if  
Brother Michael wanted the key, he should let him have  
it.  But, if I was assaulted in an improper way, I  
would report it to Lang, and I would count on Lang to  
take action.  He agreed and came and hugged me.    
  
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Brother Michael picked me up Friday at noon.  He was  
scheduled to have me returned to my owners by Monday  
at 7 PM.  That would give him and the parish  
effectively three days of volunteer labor, for which  
Mr. Falkenberg and Lang would get full credit.  
  
When Brother Michael put my duffel bag in the back  
seat of the car, he commented on it being rather  
heavy.  I told him that Lang wanted me to make sure  
that I had everything I could possibly need to do a  
good job.  Brother Michael seemed pleased.    
  
Our drive out to Troy, New York, from Clarion,  
Pennsylvania, took about 6 hours.  For most of the  
drive Brother Michael acted like a decent human being.  
But as we neared New York he started acting a bit  
more deviant, like I was prey in his clutches, and he  
started to let me know that I had to do whatever he  
said.  
  
"Have you made a commitment to obedience, Billy?"  
  
"I have, Brother."  
  
"The bible exhorts you Billy, and all slaves, to be  
obedient to your masters.  Have you accepted the fact  
that you have to do whatever you are told for the rest  
of your life?"  
  
"Yes, I have Brother."  
  
"The last thing I want to have to do is punish you,  
Billy.  I don't want to hurt you, but sometimes the  
Lord commands it!"    
  
"I know, Brother."  I was getting scared.  
  
When we arrived in Troy, we went to the old St. Mark's  
rectory.  It was being remodeled room by room, and  
Brother Michael and I would be staying there for the  
entire three days.  One half of the main floor was  
completed and furnished.  Brother and I would be  
working on the second floor, doing sanding, paint  
stripping, painting, and some minor carpentry.  On  
Friday and Saturday Brother Michael was by my side  
nonstop.  Most of the time we worked together on the  
same tasks.  Apart from him using every chance he  
could to touch and pat me, he didn't do anything  
untoward.  
  
On Sunday morning I could tell he was particularly  
obsessive over me.  He started nitpicking my behavior  
at breakfast, and it continued all day long.  Around  
noon I was working on sanding a hard wood floor in one  
of the upper bedrooms when my legs knocked over a  
stool in back of me.  Brother rushed at me and pulled  
me up very cruelly by my ear.     
  
"Billy, I want you to take all of your clothes off."   
I took them off, frightened.  Brother Michael came up  
to me with a short flip whip and my chastity guard  
key, unlocked it, and took it off.  He ordered me to  
pick up the stool and to sit on it.  I did, and he  
walked in back of me and touched the skin of my back.   
"Billy, you have nice smooth skin.  I would hate to  
see this back marked up like the backs of so many  
common labor slaves.  But maybe that is what you need  
for getting careless.  For forgetting that you’re a  
slave, and that you have to be alert, active, and  
obedient at all times."  
  
There was silence, then he sliced the whip across my  
back.  I started crying.  "The lord commands you to  
accept your status with joy!"  Another slice.  I  
shrieked.  He stood silent in back of me; when my  
sobbing subsided I could hear him breathing heavy, and  
almost feel the heat of his lust.   
  
Then another slice of the whip, and I yelped.  "It is  
my duty to whip the errant slave!"  Another slice.  I  
could take no more, so I knew it was time for me to  
act.  I jumped off the stool and threw myself on my  
knees before Brother Michael and hugged him, "Brother  
Michael.  Please, no more.  I want to treat you  
special!"  I put my hand on his upper leg, next to his  
erection.   
  
The man who resorted to violence because he was unable  
to ask for or initiate sex, because every check and  
balance of his psychological makeup, brought on by all  
the years of his upbringing, told him it could not be,  
was suddenly confounded.  I rubbed his leg, he dropped  
the whip.  I ran my hand to his buttocks, and squeezed  
them.  He shuddered.  I grabbed his hand and started  
massaging it, he trembled.  I ran my hand down his  
inner thigh, he shivered and tears came from his eyes.  
  
I stood up and brought his hand to my balls.  I was  
inviting him to fondle the objects of his long held  
desire.  I whispered for him to go into the finished  
bedroom with me.  Inside I unbuttoned and unbuckled  
him.  He was in a trance.  When he was naked we  
hugged.

I led him to the bed and we coupled in an intense  
embrace.  I had him get on his belly; I knelt and  
straddled him, and started a slow massage.  He was  
moaning pleasure with my every touch.  I then  
whispered, "Brother, I brought something along with me  
to make this a very special time for us.  Just stay  
here."  
  
I came back with the secret bag I had hidden in all of  
my clothes and got back on the bed with Brother  
Michael.  I started massaging him again.  I was  
nervous.  If I failed in what I was about to do, I  
could get the death penalty in New York State.  I  
leaned to his neck and kissed and nibbled it, then  
brought his arms lovingly into the middle of his back.  
I talked sweetly to him as I reached into my bag,  
"I'm going to make you feel very good, Brother."  In a  
flash I brought the handcuffs out and snapped them on  
his wrists.  I did it!  The rest would be easy.   
Brother seemed unaware of what was going on until I  
slipped the ball gag in his mouth.  Over the gag, as a  
backup, I wrapped a scarf around his mouth to doubly  
secure the gag.    
  
I pulled him up off the bed and forced him into the  
thick-doored closet.  I brought him to the floor with  
a slight struggle and cuffed his angles together.  His  
ankles I secured to his bound wrists with lengths of  
chain.  I then chained him from his ankle and wrist  
cuffs to the pipes of the radiator.  
  
I quickly closed the thick doors of the closet, and  
rushed to my bag full of the rest of the supplies  
which Timothy had secured for me.  I dressed in the  
clothes I had brought, including a turtleneck shirt to  
cover my collar.  I took the $500 cash, and Brother  
Michael's driver license.  My original plan on  
searching the Internet for maps of the region was to  
walk, by back streets, the thirty miles from Troy, New  
York, to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and from there to  
take a bus to Boston.  But seeing Brother Michael's  
car keys, I thought, why not?  
I ended up driving the entire way right up to the  
Boston headquarters of Slave Amnesty.  
  
Massachusetts is one of the most fiercely anti-slavery  
states in the country.  When I presented myself at  
Slave Amnesty for asylum I was treated in a way I had  
truly forgotten; like a human being.  They checked my  
case, and were quite certain that when the judge heard  
my case in the morning I would be freed immediately  
without any additional jail time for my traffic  
violation.     
  
The Amnesty folks called the Troy Police Department,  
who on freeing Brother Michael let us know that  
Brother Michael was okay, and that Brother wanted us  
to know that I committed no violence against him.  
  
I spent the night in the county jail.  I called my  
family from jail, and they all were present for my  
hearing the next day.  Judge Adam Austriano pronounced  
me as having paid more than a sufficient price for my  
crime with my almost two and a half years of  
enslavement.  He said the extreme sentence of life  
enslavement I was given was typical of the injustice  
meted out by slave states eager to maintain a steady  
supply of slaves for the state coffers.  
  
After the trial, when I was once again a free man, my  
family and I went out to dinner.  I thanked Timothy  
again for what he did for me, and I was surprised by  
what he said.  "I didn't get that stuff for you.  When  
I got back home after picking up that key you wanted  
me to copy, I couldn't restart the car.  The battery  
died.  So I called your friend Eric and told him  
everything you needed, and how it all had to be very  
secret because you were going to try and escape.  I  
knew you two were the best of friends, and he hated  
slavery as much as you did.  So I knew your secret was  
good with him."  
  
Later that day I called Eric.  He cried when I told  
him I was a free man.  I told him he risked his life  
by helping a slave escape.  He said he knew that, and  
he wanted me to know that just because he got carried  
away a few times with the intoxication of power, that  
did not mean he was a supporter of slavery.  In fact  
it made him hate slavery more than ever.  He told me  
he was working with an anti-slavery group to free  
Weston's slaves.  I started to cry, "I thought I had  
lost my friend."  He cried too, and told me he loved  
me.  He plans on coming to visit me on his next break.  
  
Slave Amnesty was able to get me a scholarship to  
Boston University.  In my free time I volunteer with  
Slave Amnesty, and it was there I met another  
volunteer who has become a special friend of mine.  He  
also was a former slave, and we now share an apartment  
together.  
  
Brother Michael is now working in his church's  
ministry for gays.  Perry flunked out of college, and  
tried and failed to get a job at Punishment House.   
Tony was arrested once for drunken driving, and once  
for injuring a man in a bar fight.  He is on thin  
ground in Pennsylvania, with its ‘Three strikes,   
you're a slave!’ law.  
  
The Falkenberg’s, I have learned, sued Brother  
Michael's parish and were able to collect almost half  
of what they paid for me.  It wasn't anywhere near  
what I would have brought them if they had sold me to  
the Jamaicans.  
  
I had been conflicted about calling them, since I  
liked them, and in some strange way missed them.  I  
was surprised to get a letter from them, asking me to  
come and visit them.  The reason for their request I  
could not understand, but I was able to tell them that  
the Commonwealth of Boston had advised against such a  
visit on my part.  
  
Eric in his work for slave rights, visits the auction  
houses on a regular basis, and told me has seen the  
Falkenberg’s shopping for a slave.  He said that he  
heard them loudly commiserating that no slave could  
ever measure up to Billy.  
  
THE END