What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART ONE**  
  
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16-year old Robin Thorne burst eagerly into his older brother’s room, “Lucas, dad wants to see you in his office.  Right now!”

Robin turned hastily and left, and Lucas was annoyed at being distracted from his online gaming activity.

When Lucas entered his father’s office, he was surprised to see two men in their 30’s seated, each dressed in suits and ties that had somewhat of a uniformed appearance to them, resembling the neat appearing Mormon young men who regularly knocked at the door of the Thorne household pitching the glories of Joseph Smith.

On the floor beside one of the suited men was what appeared to be a folded-up, portable, massage table.

Robin stood off to the side with his mouth formed in a half-open smile.

Mr. Gabriel Thorne stood up along with the two visitors and announced, “Here is my eldest son, Lucas, gentlemen.  He just celebrated his 20th birthday yesterday.”

Both suited men shook hands with Lucas and wished him a belated happy birthday.

Mr. Thorne and the two suited men sat back down, as Mr. Thorne spoke, “Lucas, I have some good news for you.  Since you have been feeling a little anxious since you were placed on probation for going on that joy ride in a stolen car with your friends, these two gentlemen from the State Parole Agency are here to help you get over your anxiety.”

Lucas was surprised, “How am I anxious Dad?  I don’t know that I am.”

“Son, you’ve been having fits of anger lately: raising your voice to your brother and me, not doing your chores, sneaking out of the house at night past your curfew.”

Lucas shook his head, “Dad, that’s not anxiety, I just get frustrated with all the rules.”

“That’s okay son, because these men are going to do something to you to help you calm down somewhat; relieve some of that stress you’re feeling.”

Lucas had a worried look on his face, “What are they going to do to me, Dad?”

Mr. Thorne paused a bit before speaking, “They are going to fit you with a comfort stop, son.  It’s a proven way of calming down young offenders.”

Lucas’s voice cracked, “What’s a “comfort stop”, Dad?”

Robin chimed in gleefully, “It’s a butt plug, bro.  They’re going to plug you up!”

Lucas shook his head, “I’m not letting anybody do that to me.”

Mr. Thorne held out a calming hand to his son, “Son, take it easy.  These gentlemen are here to help.  It really will help make you feel better about yourself.”

Lucas was defiant, “No way!  I’ll just take it out when they go!”

Mr. Thorne remained calm, “Lucas, the plug is held in place with a strap and waist band that is secured with a lock.  If you have to use the bathroom to do a “Number 2”, you will have to come to either Robin or me.  We will be the ones with the keys to your comfort stop.”

Lucas was about to walk out but the two suited gentlemen stood up, and one put a hand on Lucas’s shoulder and spoke, “This really is meant to help you, son.  You will find it relaxes you.”

Lucas gave a look of disgust to the suited man and removed his hand from his shoulder, “I am not your son!”

The other suited man stood up, and started to open up the massage table.  “I think we should just go ahead with the procedure.  Lucas, would you please remove your slacks and underwear, and hop up on this procedures table.”

Lucas looked as if he would start crying, “What’s going on, Dad?”

“Absolutely nothing, son.  We’re just trying to help you relax a bit.  So why don’t you just cooperate with the gentlemen, and remove your slacks.”

Lucas hesitated and one of the suited men approached him, “Let’s make it easy on yourself.  Start undressing.”

The tone of the man frightened Lucas.  He knew he probably had no choice.  Lucas spoke, “Dad, I don’t want Robin in here!”

Robin protested, “I wanna watch, Dad!  What difference does it make if I watch Lucas get plugged?  I’m going to be seeing him naked a lot now that he’s going to have to come to me if he wants to go to the bathroom.”

Mr. Thorne was understanding of Lucas’s embarrassment, “Robin, I think you should leave for now.  We want to make this as easy as possible on your brother.”

Robin left the room, mumbling an inaudible “shit” to himself.

When the two suited gentlemen approached Lucas he felt he should start undressing.  He kicked off his shoes, unbuckled his slacks and slid them off.  Lucas was left standing in fancy designer underwear, but he no longer felt like the super cool guy he imagined himself to be.  Suddenly, the fancy underwear only added to his humiliation: cool model types in fancy clothes and underwear don’t have to get their butts plugged up by state authorities.

Lucas almost found it a relief to get out of his embarrassing underwear.  He covered his genitals with his right hand as he sat on the massage table.  One of the suited men put a hand on Lucas’s shoulder and guided him to recline on his back, as the other suited man directed Lucas to bring up his folded legs to his chest and hold them in place with his hands grasping his ankles.

Mr. Thorne got his first good look at his son’s tackle in years, and admired his son’s endowment.

A soft rubber plug was lubed up and inserted slowly up Lucas’s rectum.  Tears welled up in Lucas’s eyes, as one of the suited men tried to comfort him, “That a boy, son.  Take it like a man.  We’re all just trying to help you.”

A thin belt was placed around Lucas’s waist, and from the rear back of the belt a single band went down and fitted over Lucas’s ass crack and perineum, and was secured in place by an adjustable ring that encircled the base of Lucas’s cock and balls.  Another cinch went from the ring about Lucas’s cock and balls and was secured to the front of the waist belt.

The cinch was locked in place with a key, and one of the suited men handed Mr. Thorne a set of the keys.  He joked with Mr. Thorne, “Now don’t lose those!”

Mr. Thorne laughed, “Good heavens!  That would be a problem, wouldn’t it!”

Lucas heard one of the suited men speak to his father, as they were about to take their leave, “Okay then, we’ll see you and Lucas next week at the same time.”

Lucas broke down and started to sob, “What’s going on, Dad?  Please tell me.”

Mr. Thorne nodded to the two suited men as they exited his office, and he approached his naked, sobbing, butt plugged, son.  “Nothing at all, son.  Nothing at all.  We’re just trying to help calm you down a bit.”

To be continued…

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