What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART TWO**

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When Lucas woke up on Friday morning, the sinking feeling that he usually had on waking up and realizing he was comfort stopped and controlled like some kid in a reform school was even stronger than usual.  He knew that today was the day the two gentlemen from the State Parole Agency were coming back to visit.  Why they were coming back, or why they came in the first place, Lucas did not know.

Whenever Lucas would ask his father what was going on, his dad would only reply that nothing at all was going on: that the comfort stop was a common way of calming boys down who were institutionalized, and that it was also being used more and more on boys like him who were on probation.

Lucas also knew that soon he would have to go to his younger brother, Robin, and have him unlock his comfort stop so he could do his morning “business”.  Having to go to Robin for permission to take a shit had been the most humiliating part of the ordeal for Lucas, and many times he wanted to just beat the shit out of Robin for the way in which his younger brother was lording it over him and taunting him for being a loser.

But Lucas always refrained from having it out with his brother because he didn’t want to get into any more trouble with the law.

Eventually Lucas had to go and find his younger brother, who was sitting on the floor of his bedroom having a conversation with one of his friends.  It was humiliating for Lucas to have to unbuckle his slacks and reveal the waist strap that secured the comfort stop to Robin and his friend.  Lucas knew that Robin delighted in telling all of his friends that he was comfort stopped, and that he had the key to it and controlled when his older brother could take a shit.

With a wider and wickeder smile than usual Robin unlocked the waistband, proudly showing off the control he had over his older brother to his friend, who giggled like a little kid as he watched Lucas expose his waistband for his younger brother.

Once Lucas was unlocked, Robin smiled even more broadly, “When you’re finished taking a crap, call me.  Because I have to give you an enema!”

Lucas blurted, “No fucking way, asshole!”

Robin shook his head, “Whatever, dude!  All I know is that dad got a call from someone at the State Parole Agency and said you had to be cleaned out for today’s inspection.  Dad is off to a meeting, and he won’t be back until around the same time as the guys from the Parole Agency arrive.  But dad showed me the industrial size enema bag the State gave him, and gave me instructions on how to use it.  So I’m giving you an enema, bro!”

“Fuck you!” was all that Lucas could come up with.

Robin offered helpful advice, “I wouldn’t mess with the State Parole Agency, ‘Luke’.  You know how quickly parolees rack up demerit points for the slightest offense.  If I were you, I’d give me a holler when you’re done taking your crap so I can do what I was instructed to do.”

Lucas knew that Robin was right.  He had no choice.  He had to submit to being given an enema by his younger brother.

Normally Lucas would have been combative submitting to such a procedure administered by his brother, especially with one of Robin’s friends watching the whole thing.  But as Lucas reclined on the bed as Robin emptied the contents of the enema bag up his rectum, rather than protest, all Lucas could do was wonder what was going on: what was the State Parole Agency and his father up to?

Lucas’s anxiety did not abate for the entire day, and when finally at 4:30 in the afternoon he was summoned into his father’s office, he was determined to find out what was going on once and for all.

The same two gentlemen from the State Parole Agency as last time were in the office, dressed in the same dark suits, ties, polished shoes, and slicked hair, as last time.  Only this time his father introduced them to his son.  The younger man, appearing to be about 30, with blue eyes and long lashes was named Tyrone.  The older gentleman, appearing to be about 35, with green eyes and smooth complexion, was named Aaron.  They shook hands.

Before Lucas could ask any of his planned questions, Tyrone rubbed him on the head as if he were a child,

“Okay big fella, we need you to get out of your slacks and undies so we can get to work on you.”

The order, and the condescending way in which it was given, unnerved Lucas, and he lost most of his resolve.  He again felt afraid and lost.  All he could do was ask, “Why is Robin here?”

Tyrone answered, “Just as this past week, it’s likely Robin is going to be around the house more than your dad to unlock your comfort stop, and this week there will be a few new procedures that he will need to learn, so he needs to be here for this.”

Mr. Thorne questioned, “Robin, did you get the baby lotion and baby powder I asked you to purchase from the store?”

“Yes Dad.  They’re in the bathroom.”

Mr. Thorne instructed Robin to fetch them as Lucas removed his shoes, slacks, and undies.

By the time Lucas was bare from the waist down, Aaron had opened up the portable procedures table, Tyrone had opened up a case full of different sized comfort stops and placed them on Mr. Thorne’s desk, Robin had returned with the lotion and powder, and Lucas was more frightened than ever.

Robin noted how his brother was now as docile as a lamb as Tyrone guided Lucas into a reclining position on his back, with his legs pulled up to his chest and spread wide.

Tyrone unlocked the comfort stop strap and removed the comfort stop as everyone watched in silence.

Tyrone then picked up a much larger comfort stop from the desk with a bulbous end and held it up for all to see, “This comfort stop, which we call the “tamer”, is actually meant to cause a fair amount of discomfort to the parolee.”

“It’s important that as you insert it up the rectum, you do so slowly, and at the same time keep gently rotating it.”

Tyrone demonstrated the proper method of lubricating the “tamer”: “It has to be very well lubed.”

Mr. Thorne and Robin gathered closely around to watch Tyrone insert the “tamer”.

Within a few moments Lucas started to cry out, “Oh god, that hurts.  Dad, why are you doing this to me?”

Tyrone once again spoke to Lucas as if he were a child, “Take it easy, big fella!  I'll have it all the way up there in no time!”

Lucas cried out, “Oh Dad, it hurts.  It hurts!”

Mr. Thorne tried to offer comfort, “It’s for your own good, son.  It’s only for a little while.”

Tyrone explained, “That’s right, little guy.  It’s only going to be in for three hours.  Then Robin will remove it and replace it with your regular, active duty, comfort stop.”

Lucas pleaded, “Why?  Why are you trying to hurt me?”

Tyrone rubbed Lucas on the head, “We are not trying to hurt you.  We are helping you.  And you will understand very soon why we are replacing your regular stop with the “tamer”.

Once the stop was all the way in place, everyone was quiet for a moment and watched Lucas crying and sobbing on the table, with his knees drawn up to his chest and holding onto his ankles.  And they noted that his very exposed penis was now quite erected.

Robin’s penis was in a similar condition, and he was worried that his father and the two gentlemen from the Parole Agency would notice not only his erection, but hear his heavy, excited, breathing, which he could not cause to subside.

Lucas closed his eyes, hoping he could escape this humiliation by thinking of another time and place.  He believed the worst of it was over.  And when he felt the hands of Tyrone manipulating his cock and balls, he believed it was because he was about to secure the “tamer” in place and getting ready to lock the butt crack strap to his waist strap.

But instead he felt lotion being rubbed into his cock and balls.  He smelt it; it was baby lotion.  He opened his eyes, confused.  Tyrone addressed his father and brother, “It’s important to get the entire shaft of his penis and the entire area of his scrotum well-lotioned.”

Lucas was too confused to ask what was going on, and before he could form a question, Tyrone was sprinkling baby powder on his exposed, lotioned, private area.

Tyrone instructed, “Use lots of powder.  What you want is for the powder to be held on to the lotioned parts, so make sure you powder up the entire shaft of the penis, and every area of scrotum.”

Lucas felt the lotioning and powdering were the state’s way of humiliating him, and he put his head back down on the procedures table, closed his eyes, and continued sobbing.  Only when he felt a tight cinch about the base of his cock and balls, and heard Aaron exclaim, “That should put a stop to his masturbating!” did Lucas open his eyes and look down at his crotch.

He started to cry, “What is that thing?  Dad, what are they doing to me?”

Mr. Thorne attempted to calm his son, “Son, it’s a chastity pouch.  We want to help you, son, become a happier person.  I love you son.  This will help you.”

“How will this help me, Dad?”

“Son, your counselors’ feel that it is important that your libido be tamed.  They feel it needs to be directed to more positive endeavors, such as doing all that is expected of you: doing your chores; being on time for your meetings with your parole officer; not raising your voice when you’re upset; not being argumentative with your brother.”

“Dad, you can’t do this to someone who is paroled?”  Lucas’s voice broke, and he started to cry, “Dad, what’s going on?  Are you having me enslaved and putting me up for sale?”

Mr. Thorne went up to his naked son on the procedures table and put a comforting hand to his shoulder, “Lucas, I would never do such a thing!  How can you even say that?  What we are doing is trying to help you.”

Tyrone confirmed, “Lucas, you will find that once you are no longer allowed to pleasure yourself through masturbation that you gain a broader perspective on life.  Your father is right.  We are only trying to help you.  After a few days of having your genitals locked away you will feel more comfortable with yourself.”

Lucas, sobbing, looked down at his new genital pouch.  It wasn’t small or made of soft leather.  It was a case of hard rubber that was tightly cinched and locked about the base of his cock and balls.  It was, as far as chastity devices Lucas had seen, huge.  Lucas was embarrassed, “Dad, how can I go out with this.  Everyone will know.”

Aaron commented, “That’s right.  A large bulge in the pants is indeed a sign that someone has been chastity caged by the state.  It’s kind of like a prison uniform: a bit humiliating, but it’s part of the price one pays for being an offender.”

Tyrone addressed Mr. Thorne and Robin, “The pouch has piss hole, and the state of the art materials it is made from prevent any harmful bacteria from developing.  But it is recommended that it be removed at least once a week for cleaning of both the pouch and the wearer’s genital area.  But twice a week removal is standard, and what we recommend.”

Tyrone handed two chastity pouch keys to Mr. Thorne; “It is also recommended that when it is removed for Lucas to bathe himself, that one of you be present with Lucas while he washes himself.  Better still, if one of you actually washes his genital area.  And remember, use lots of baby lotion and baby powder to prevent drying and possible rashes!”

Lucas wept in defeat.  Tyrone affectionately cradled his head with his hands, “Son, I know you might find this a bit hard to take right now.  But in three hours your brother is going to remove the very large comfort stop that is now in place.  Once it is removed, and he fits you with your standard, active-duty, comfort stop, you will feel so relieved that having your genitals locked away in a pouch will seem like no big deal.  It’s a psychological technique we use to help keep boys calm who are undergoing chastity treatment.”

Lucas sobbed, “Dad, this isn’t legal!”

Mr. Thorne ignored his son’s comment as he led Tyrone and Aaron to the office door, “Thank you gentlemen.  Robin will see you to the door.  I will see you here next week at the same time.”

Tyrone offered advice, “Remember, Mr. Thorne and Robin, if Lucas has an erection when you remove the chastity pouch for bathing, make him stand in the shower and run cold water on him until it goes away!”

To be continued…

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