What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART THREE**

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Being forced to undergo “chastity treatment”, as the state labels it, is one of the most humiliating things a young man in the prime of life can possibly experience.  And with no sexual relief possible, all one can do is think of the fun your friends are having with their dicks: putting their cock in between their girlfriends tits; getting sucked off; fucking pussy and ass; and just plain two-times-a-day jacking-off fun.

Mr. Thorne felt that Lucas being forced to undergo bathing supervision, and then having his genitals baby lotioned and powdered before being refitted with the chastity pouch, was having the effect of making Lucas more submissive.  Or maybe it was just that Lucas was so fatigued by the humiliation he was undergoing, that he no longer had as much energy as he used to, to be combative.

Robin noticed something of a change in Lucas the first time he started to lotion up his private parts after having supervised his shower.  His older brother offered almost no resistance as he laid on the bed with his spread out legs.  Perhaps it just felt so good having his dick touched that Lucas didn’t do his usual complaining.

The only time Lucas was his old self was when he asked Robin, once again, what was really going on with all of the things the Parole Agency was doing to him.  Robin was honest.  “I’ve asked dad what this is all about, and he told me this is all stuff that they are allowed to do to guys on parole to help them make sure they follow the guidelines of the program.  That’s all I know, Luke.  I trust dad.  I don’t think there’s anything ‘going on’.”

On Friday morning Lucas woke up once again feeling anxious and like a super-controlled prisoner, and horny as hell.  As Robin unlocked the strap that secured Lucas’s comfort stop in position, so Lucas could take his morning shit, Lucas asked his younger brother if he would remove his chastity pouch.  “Sorry ‘Luke’.  I’m not allowed to do that except two times a week for your shower.  They don’t want you jacking off, and I know that’s probably what you want to do right now.”

Lucas was humiliated, and wished he hadn’t asked the favor of his brother, since it only gave his younger brother the pleasure of turning down his very personal request.

As Robin slowly removed the comfort stop from his brother’s asshole, he told Lucas that he had to give him another enema before the two gentlemen from the State Parole Agency arrived.  “Since they want you deep cleaned, it probably means they plan on fitting you with the “tamer” again.”

Lucas, for no specific reason, started crying; he wept the whole time he sat on the pot taking his shit, wept the whole time Robin gave him his enema, and continued sobbing as Robin refitted him with the comfort stop and locked it on.

Robin tried to offer comfort, but Lucas replied, “I don’t feel like a human being anymore.  What are they doing to me?”

When Tyrone and Aaron arrived from the State Parole Agency with their uniform-like dark suits, shirts, ties, shiny shoes, and gelled hair, they treated Lucas more condescendingly than ever, “How’s our little tiger doing today?”  “You’ve been behaving yourself?”  When they both put out their hands to shake Lucas’ hand, Lucas did not put out his hand in return.

Aaron and Tyrone got right to work opening up the portable procedures table, and taking items out of the large implements case they carried.

Tyrone touched Lucas on the shoulder, “Okay little fella, we need you to get reform-school naked!”

When Lucas made a face, Tyrone explained, “That means you get total balls naked, just like boys in reform school have to get when they get an ass strapping.”

Lucas did not like being lumped in with the guys who are sent to reform school.  He wasn’t a bad kid the way reform school boys were bad.  With a look of disgust Lucas stripped down as Tyrone, Aaron, Robin, and his father watched him.

Once he was naked except for his large genital pouch and the waistband that held his comfort stop in place, Aaron unlocked and removed the chastity pouch, “Let’s free the little guy up!”  Lucas’s cock, once freed from the pouch, hung free and plump.

Aaron smiled, “The baby powder and oil on your dick make you smell like a baby.  That’s good.  It helps remind guys like you that childish behavior will only end up getting you treated like a baby.”

Tyrone instructed, “Okay, son.  I need you to get up on the procedures table and kneel on it, with your head on the table, your legs spread wide, and your ass sticking up nice and high so I can have total access to your ass and balls.  We’re gonna do some ball work on you.”

As Lucas was guided into a kneeling position on the table by Tyrone and Aaron, who made sure his ass was sticking out high and proud, he once again felt a strange non-human feeling, that he was being controlled in even the most private regions of his being.  He felt like some farm animal being manipulated with no control of his own.  He felt like he might start crying uncontrollably.  In such a humiliating position, afraid of what was about to be done to him, and with no other recourse, he let out an involuntary plea, “DAD!”

Mr. Thorne was moved, “It’s okay Lucas. We’re only doing this because we want to help you.  I love you, son.”

Lucas pleaded like a child, “Please Dad, don’t let them hurt me.”

Tyrone spoke as he unlocked the strap holding in Lucas’s comfort stop, “You’re father is correct.  We are only trying to help you.  There may be a little discomfort with some of the procedures we perform, but we are not trying to hurt you.  In fact, just the opposite is true: we are here to help you.”

Tyrone removed Lucas’s regular comfort stop and selected the same large, bulbous headed comfort stop as last time.  He lubed it up, “Okay Lucas, I am going to reintroduce you to your little friend from last week, the “tamer”.

Lucas cried out, “No Dad.  Please don’t let him do that.”

Aaron explained, “The discomfort this stop causes will have a salutary effect on you in the long run.  It is going to be a little painful, and it is going to be kept locked in for three hours.  After three hours your brother will remove it and replace it with your regular, active-duty, comfort stop.”

Mr. Thorne was pleased and spoke to Robin, “That’s great.  That means you will be able remove it just before you two boys and I leave to meet your Uncle Hildebrand and Cousin Timothy.”

A new indignity hit Lucas unprepared: he did NOT want to meet his Uncle Hildebrand and his son.  Lucas yelled out, “I don’t want to meet them, Dad!”

Tyrone stopped Lucas’s yelling by patting him on the back, “Okay son.  Let’s keep it down.  I can’t have you fidgeting while I insert the ‘tamer’.”

Tyrone began inserting the “tamer” into Lucas’s asshole.  He gently rotated it as he pushed it in.  Lucas howled out, “Oh man, please stop!  It hurts so much!”

Tyrone kept working the “tamer” in and put a hand on Lucas’s back, “We’re half way up there, tiger!  Just hang on tight, you can do it!”

Once the ‘tamer’ was in place, Tyrone pulled an item out of implements bag.  He went and stood in back of the kneeling Lucas, who kept his head on the table with his ass sticking up high, as he breathed heavily while letting out an occasional sob.  Tyrone had full clear access to Lucas’s behind.

Tyrone, with both hands, grabbed both of Lucas’s balls and started to gently knead them along with his entire ball sack, stretching the sack as he freed the balls.  Lucas whimpered.

Aaron comforted Lucas by putting a hand on his head, “You just keep your head down, soldier.  This will be over before you know it.”

Robin, who knew no more than Lucas did about what was going on or what was about to happen, was actually somewhat concerned about what they were planning on doing to Lucas’s balls.  The fearful uncertainty, coupled with the sexual tension that arose out of Lucas’s subjugation, caused Robin to get a bone-hard erection which he did not want – but over which he had no control.

Aaron went and stood next to Tyrone, and without instructions grabbed Lucas’s cock, and manipulated it as much as possible to keep the balls away from it, as Tyrone took a one-inch wide band of a clear elastic material, stretched it wide open with a bull bander type device, and placed it over Lucas’s ball sack, above the balls and below the cock.  He released the handles slowly and the thick plastic, semi-elastic, band was in place about Lucas’s scrotal sack.

Aaron stood back, examined his work: a thick clear plastic, one-inch wide band, that kept Lucas’s balls clearly separated from his penis, and encouraged his ball sack to hang low.  He addressed Lucas, “There boy!  We have you ball banded now.”

Only then did the discomfort of the band and the realization of what had been done to him hit Lucas, and he called out once again, “Dad, what are they doing to me?  Make them take it off.  It hurts Dad!”

Aaron put a hand on Lucas’s rump, as if he were a farm animal, “Okay boy.  Take it easy.  It’s just another standard procedure designed to integrate with your chastity pouch, and comfort stop.  All for the sole purpose of making you a happier boy.  Once your brother removes the ‘tamer’ from your rear end and replaces it with your regular comfort stop, in three hours, you will be so relieved that you won’t any longer be aware that we’ve got you ball-banded.”

Lucas cried out, “Why?  What’s the purpose of doing such a thing to me?”

Aaron patted Lucas’s rump as he spoke, “Just calm down, big fella!  No reason to get all upset.  Ball-banding helps to keep boys like you docile.”

Aaron waited a bit to see if Lucas was listening, then continued, “Ball banding helps to redirect your senses.  Just as the chastity pouch gives you access to more energy, the scrotal band, by serving to mark your servile status as one in a reform program, will better help you to direct all that extra energy towards more positive ends.  It will help guide you to the realization that you need to accept the reform we offer: total reform.”

Lucas had had he enough: “Well fuck you both!”  He jumped off the procedures table with his banded ball sack swinging wildly.  “None of what you’re doing to me is right, you two goddamn motherfuckin homos!”

In a flash Tyrone grabbed the naked Lucas tightly by the shoulders and pulled him so close to him that their crotches and noses were touching.  Tyrone’s grasp was so firm and intense, that Lucas was taken aback.

Tyrone gave a nod to Aaron, who grabbed a reform school strap from the implements bag, stood behind Lucas, and began fiercely strapping the angry boy’s ass.

Lucas screamed and howled.  He swore.  He tried to buck away, but Tyrone was a trained inmate controller and knew how to securely subdue boys for a stand-up position ass strapping.

Lucas broke down into outright howling, screams, and cried out, “Dad, they have no right.  This is not legal.  I’m gonna sue all of you motherfuckers, including you too Dad if you don’t stop them.”

The strapping soon had Lucas’s behind a bitter red.  Robin ran out of the room.  He could take no more.  His father believed his sensitive younger son could not take seeing his brother take the strap.

Robin ran to a nearby bathroom, kept the door slightly ajar so he could hear his brother’s screams, took out his cock, and furiously started jackin.  He shot his load within 60 seconds.

When Tyrone gave the signal for Aaron to stop the ass strapping, he kept the weeping Lucas in his arms, still holding his body close to his.  But only now his tight embrace seemed like an embrace of comfort to Lucas.  Lucas’s tears made a large wet spot on Tyrone’s suit coat.

Lucas accepted the embrace, for it felt good.  Perhaps, he wondered, Tyrone could be the one to get him out of his predicament, since the pleas to his father never resulted in any action.

Lucas allowed himself to believe such a train of thought.  It felt warm and good in Tyrone’s arms.  Tyrone was a good man.  Tyrone was a kind man.  And with their crotches and noses touching each others’, Tyrone’s embrace was even sending waves of euphoria throughout Lucas’s ass-strapped body.

Such was Lucas’s momentary transport into euphoria that he didn’t notice Robin reenter the room, and his father go up to him and put an arm around his shoulder to comfort his younger son who was so distressed by the violence that he had to leave the room.

Lucas remained lost in Tyrone’s arms, and so he was surprised when Tyrone addressed everyone in the room, even as he still hugged Lucas tightly, “Because of that demonstration of unacceptable behavior by Lucas, it is my recommendation that we go ahead and do another procedure on Lucas, the one that we were first going to do next week.”

Mr. Thorne nodded, “That’s okay with me.  You know what’s best.  Do whatever you have to do.”

Lucas’s euphoria instantly turned to ice.  He felt betrayed and was deeply wounded and hurting.  He could only stand stunned and frozen as Aaron quickly gathered a bunch of straps, rods, and cuffs from the implements bag.

With Lucas still in the standing position, Tyrone and Aaron fitted him with a shoulder harness that attached, by means of straps, to broad cuffs about his upper arms.  Special cords going from the harness to the arm cuffs made it so that he could not bring his upper arms any closer than 5 inches to his body.

Next they attached a thick cuff to each of his ankles, locked them, and attached between them a two-foot wide leg-spreader rod that would force him to walk with an awkward hobbled gait with his legs spread wide.

Aaron and Tyrone managed to get Lucas arm and leg hobbled within three minutes.  So quickly, in fact, that the stunned Lucas did not hear Tyrone’s command that he do a demonstration walk for them.

Only when Aaron gave a swat of the reform school strap to his ass, did the naked parolee hear what Tyrone was saying, “Come on boy.  Start walking for us.  I want to make sure that we have your hobbles correctly calibrated.”

As the tearful Lucas did his walk, Robin would have given anything to have been able to video what he saw: his naked, weeping, red-assed, butt-plugged, ball-banded, brother walking down the hallway with his legs spread wide, causing his banded balls to swing wildly, and his upper arms held away from his body, making him look like a goofy, hard-labor, drudge animal.

Robin’s cock was hard again, but so blown away was he by the spectacle of his profoundly humiliated brother, that he did not care.  It was the hottest thing Robin had ever seen: his hotshot, handsome, older brother humiliated to the point of no return.

As Tyrone refitted Lucas with the chastity pouch, Aaron made arrangements with Mr. Thorne, “Okay, next week, same time.  Remember, since Lucas had two week’s procedures done on him today, we are now one week ahead of schedule.”

Mr. Thorne nodded, “You are right.  Thanks for reminding me.”

To be continued…

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