What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART FOUR**  
  
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When the two gentlemen from the State Parole Agency left the Thorne household with their portable procedures table and implements bag, the freshly ass-strapped, hobbled, and ball-banded Lucas made his way back to his bedroom.

Robin eyed his older brother with a lust that seemed should be forbidden to him: he loved seeing his brother so humiliated.  His older brother was a doe-eyed, handsome, stud, but he had never before been sexually attracted to him.  Robin was almost as confused by his feelings as Lucas was over what was being done to him.

In his room, Lucas got on his bed, and found it frustrating that it was only with some difficulty, because of his arm and leg hobbles, that he could get himself under the covers.  He just wanted to pull the covers over his harnessed, hobbled, banded, and comfort-stopped body, and hide from the world.

As he lay wondering what was going on, he was determined that in the morning he, himself, would be contacting the State Parole Agency and find out what was going on.

He was also going to call a lawyer.  As far as Lucas understood, parolees could not be physically disciplined.  At least he was finding some release from his anxiety by having a plan of action.

Lucas was eventually able to fall asleep, and when he was awakened three hours later by Robin, he was surprised and pleased that he had been able to actually fall asleep and escape the horrors of his current situation.

Robin, afraid of sounding too eager at the duty he now had to perform, took a serious tone, “Luke, I have to remove that large butt plug, the tamer, and replace it with your regular active-duty stop.  Dad also wants me to get you all spiffed up because we’re going out to a restaurant and have dinner with Uncle Hildebrand and Cousin Timothy.”

Lucas was firm and dismissive, “Well too bad.  Tell dad I am not going with you two.  I hope you all have fun!”

Lucas then pulled the covers over his head and turned on his side.

Moments later, after having received Lucas’s message from Robin, Mr. Thorne entered Lucas’s room.  He sat on the bed, put a hand on Lucas’s blanket-covered shoulder, and spoke tenderly, “Lucas, honey, Robin told me you didn’t want to have dinner with us.  I really would like you to come.  My brother just offered to take us all out to dinner because I gave Timothy a job in the warehouse for the summer.  That’s all.”

Mr. Thorne paused a bit, trying to understand why Lucas would be reluctant to want to join them.  “Honey, you probably don’t want to go because you are embarrassed that you are on parole.  Lucas, they already know.  It was no big deal to them.  They know that guys your age sometime get into trouble with the law.  They understand.  They both like you.”

“Son, please come.  It could be a fun time for all of us.”

Lucas’s father’s sincere tone comforted Lucas, and he wondered if he wasn’t making too big of a deal out of all the things that were being done to him.  Perhaps he was being paranoid.  He was, after all, on parole.  And he had always thought of his father, before all of this, as a good man.   Lucas began to think that perhaps seeing his uncle and cousin could not only be a welcome change of pace from his anxiety, but actually a good time.   “Okay, Dad, I’ll go.”

Mr. Thorne patted Lucas on the back, “Thanks Lucas.  You’re a good kid, son!”

Lucas felt good as his father exited his room, and finally thought that perhaps he had been overreacting to everything. He was finally relieved, and thought, also, that perhaps his decisions to call the State Parole Agency and a lawyer were really not necessary.  His father loved him.  Why would he have doubted that?  Lucas felt, finally, that he needed to trust his father and stop acting like a punk.

And when Robin reentered the room, carrying some grooming supplies, Lucas almost felt as warmly towards his younger brother as he did before he was put on parole.  Robin was a good brother.  There was no reason to give him shit simply because he was carrying out orders from the State Parole Agency.

Robin smiled, “Bro, dad wants me to help you get all slicked up for our outing.  He knows how much you used to love getting all dressed up and super groomed to impress the ladies, so he told me he wanted me to get you decked out just the way you did in the past.  He wants you to be happy, bro.”

Lucas hesitated, “Oh, that’s okay, Robin.  I can wear whatever.  I don’t want fancy clothes.”

Robin insistent, “No, dad doesn’t want you dressed casual.  He told me specifically what I needed to do to you.”

Lucas smiled awkwardly, “But I can dress myself, Robin.”

Robin took a somewhat more assertive tone, “Come on Luke, just relax and let me do what I have to do.  We’re going to have a good time tonight.”

Lucas submitted as Robin pulled off his bedcovers, unstrapped his shoulder and arm harness, unlocked his waist strap that held in the “tamer”, and removed his ankle cuffs and hobbles.  He then had Lucas bend over the bed and slowly removed the “tamer”.  When it came out with a plop, Lucas gave a sigh of relief, and Robin asked, “Feel better, bro?”

Lucas nodded, and finally Robin removed the large chastity pouch from his brother’s groin.   He instructed, “Okay, bro, you need to hop in the shower and scrub up real good.  And you know that I have to be in the bathroom with you.”

Lucas asked Robin about the band about his balls that kept his balls separated from his cock and forced them to hang low: “Sorry, Luke, they have to stay on.”

Lucas’s cock was slightly plumped and erected from not having been able to masturbate for the last week, and as he stood showering as his younger brother watched he felt like a dumb farm animal: dumb farm animals are erect in front of people all the time.  Lucas felt like a monitored animal.

Once Lucas was finished showering and drying himself, Robin went up to him with deodorant, lifted up both of his arms, and applied the deodorant.  Lucas was reminded of the time he was arrested for car theft, joy-riding, and reckless endangerment, and the four days he had to spend in jail.  He recalled the humiliation of how all the inmates had to line up after their morning showers and have deodorant applied by an officer.

Next Robin reinserted Lucas’s active-duty comfort stop and the bands that locked it in place and the large chastity pouch, that easily encased Lucas’s by now slightly more engorged man cock.

When Robin handed him a pair of his designer undies to put on, Lucas moaned.  They reminded him of his former, as he imagined it, cool self.  Now they would only serve to highlight his subservient status.  But he put them on, and he put on the sleek black dress slacks Robin handed him.

Robin handed Lucas a pair of dress black socks, and his high-fashion shiny black shoes that made the handsome Lucas look like he was the greatest dancer in the world.

Next Robin put Lucas’s shoulder and arm harness back on, and set the hobble settings so that his elbows could not get any closer to his body than five inches.  Lucas questioned, “Can’t we keep those off for the restaurant?”

Robin was apologetic, and reminded Lucas that everything the two officers from the State Parole Agency put on him had to stay on him all the time.

When Robin came at Lucas holding a bottle of his favorite cologne, Lucas pleaded, “Please bro, no!”

As Robin sprayed Lucas’s chest with the scent, he explained, “Do this for dad.  He wants you all decked out the way you used to get when you would go out clubbing.”

Next Robin had Lucas get dressed in a designer tee, an elegant blue/white silk dress shirt, with a half matching darker blue/white silk tie, and ended it up with an elegant dress coat, that when it was purchased took Lucas’s credit card over the limit.

As Robin affixed the ankle cuffs and attached the spreader bar that would hobble Lucas’s gait, Lucas was beginning to regret going along with agreeing to go the restaurant.

When Robin ordered Lucas to sit on a stool so he could style his hair, Lucas began to protest, “Robin, don’t put that stuff in my hair.  It’s gonna make me look stupid.”

As Robin fixed Lucas’s hair, he answered, “These are all your hair products, bro.  Dad wants your hair all slicked up and shiny the way you always did it when you would go out clubbing.”

When Robin finally had his older brother all dressed up, fancy, and groomed, he walked behind him as they went out of the bedroom to meet their dad.  Robin was embarrassed for Lucas, as much as Lucas was for himself.  The hobbled arms and legs, and the obscenely large bulge in his slacks from his chastity pouch, coupled with his high fashion dress clothes, made Lucas look like a caricature of a cool guy.  The spectacle strangely and erotically fascinated Robin, but brought Lucas close to tears of humiliation.

The trip out to the restaurant, the meeting with his Uncle Hildebrand and Cousin Timothy at the restaurant were all painful for Lucas, because he felt like a fool.

The conversation was cordial, but Lucas couldn’t relax enough to enjoy himself.

And when the wine steward came with the wine and glasses, and everyone was allowed to have wine except Lucas, Lucas was hurt, and his subservient status was further highlighted.

And when the meal arrived, which Mr. Thorne had preordered, fancy, elegant, and expensive entrees went to everyone except Lucas.  He was given a bowl of oatmeal with raisins and nuts.  He put his hands to his head, looked down, and fought back tears.

His father tried to comfort him, “It’s what’s recommended for parolees at public dining venues, honey.  If you’re still hungry you can eat more when we get home.”

Diners at other tables furtively observed the elegantly dressed, yet hobbled and chastity pouched Lucas.  Throughout the evening Lucas caught others stealing glances at him and whispering to each other.

Hildebrand raised a glass to his brother, “Gabriel, I want to thank you for offering Timothy a job at your warehouse for the summer!”

Mr. Thorne smiled, “It’s my pleasure.  And since Robin will also be working there for the summer, it will be fun for the boys as well.”

Hildebrand wondered, “Will Lucas be working there as well?”

Mr. Thorne nodded, “Unfortunately, parolees are not allowed jobs in the private sector.”

Hildebrand looked at Lucas, but questioned Lucas’s father, “For how long will Lucas be on probation?”

“The court decides.  It will be anywhere from another 30 days to twelve more months.”

Hildebrand tried to offer comfort to his nephew, “That isn’t so bad, Lucas.  It will be over before you know it.”

Mr. Thorne commented, “Actually, I am working with a lawyer to try and have Lucas’s term of probation shortened.”

For the first time since he was paroled, Lucas felt a ray of hope, and asked, “Really, Dad?”

“That’s right, son.”

“Why didn’t you tell me that, Dad?”

“Son, I don’t want you to get your hopes up.  It isn’t a sure thing.”

Hildebrand smiled and did a mock sigh of relief, “Whew!  That’s good news.  For a while, given the way you got Lucas all decked out in hobbles and whatever that thing is that’s attached to his crotch, I thought you were getting ready to have the poor kid sold into slavery!”

Hildebrand and Timothy laughed, Lucas smiled, and Mr. Thorne was serious, “That’s nothing to joke about.  I would never consider selling one of my boys into a term of indenturement.  It’s the most reprehensible thing a parent can do to a child, in my opinion.”

Even though Lucas had suffered enough humiliations in one evening to last a lifetime, his father’s comment raised his spirits.  He even started to eat some of his oatmeal.

Timothy finally felt the mood was light enough so he could ask the question he was dying to ask, “Well what is that thing on Lucas’s crotch?”

Robin was eager to answer, “It’s a chastity pouch.  It’s a large hard rubber pouch and it’s got Luke’s cock and balls stuffed inside of it.  It’s locked on so he can’t jack off.”

Robin liked sharing such information, and was eager to share more, “They also got his ass butt-plugged.”

Lucas stopped eating and looked into his oatmeal bowl.

Hildebrand asked his brother, “Can they do that stuff to guys on parole?”

Gabriel nodded in the affirmative, but before he could say anything Robin gave out more information: “That’s not all.  They even gave him a naked ass strapping.  His two parole officers really gave it to him good.  You should have seen Lucas, trying to get away: bucking, hopping, swearing and screaming.  But those two officers knew what they were doing and they really gave Lucas a whumpin.  His ass was red for three days.  I should know: I’m the guy who has to take out his comfort stop, remove his dick pouch every day, and supervise his baths so he doesn’t jack off.”

Timothy was open-mouthed, and glad that the dining table hid his teen boner.

Lucas was once again mad at his family for allowing such indignities and for making them public with his Uncle and cousin; and wondered, when finally released from parole, if he would ever be able to live down the indignities he suffered.

But Lucas’s anger steeled him, and he was determined to rise again.  His pride, self esteem, and humanity had been rubbed in the dust.  He had been humiliated to what seemed to him the point of almost no return.  He made a hasty plan: next week when Tyrone and Aaron came for his treatment session, he was going to surprise everyone with a demand that they could not refuse, and would show them all that he was once again in control of his life.

To be continued…

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