What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART FIVE**  
  
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In the early morning, on his bed, under the blankets, Robin’s hand found his penis, and he began slowly fondling and stroking his teen boner.

Today was the day the two agents from the State Parole Agency would be arriving to treat Lucas.  Images flew across Robin’s young mind as he jacked: the green-eyed and smooth complexioned Aaron strapping Lucas’s ass as if it were the most important task in the world; Lucas’s jumping and bucking during his strapping, as he was held firmly in place by the strong, fit, blue-eyed, long-lashed, younger but taller of the two agents, Tyrone.

Aaron and Tyrone appeared as proud gods to Robin, in their neat suit like uniforms.  Their images cycled through his brain as he shot a load of cum and moaned in ecstasy.

Yet, now that the orgasm had subsided, there was something that troubled Robin.  Even though thoughts of Aaron and Tyrone kept Robin’s cock hard for much of the week, Robin did care about his brother, and the two parole agents were doing things to Lucas’s body each week that were beginning to raise sinister suspicions in Robin’s mind.

Robin didn’t know what was going on.  He had asked his father more than once, but he received the same answer Lucas got when he would ask his father what was going on: “It’s all just a part of being on parole.”

Lucas, also freshly awake on his bed, planned exactly what he intended to say to his father and the two state parole agents.  Lucas recalled what the judge had told him during sentencing, and he intended to quote the judge’s words, and on that authority make his demands to his father and the agents.  They could not refuse his request.

As the day progressed, Lucas continued to steel his resolve to be firm in action, even as his younger brother, Robin, as much as he was concerned about what was being done to Lucas, continued to steel up his reserves of cum.

Once the parole agents rang the doorbell, Robin went and fetched Lucas.  As Robin and Lucas followed his father and the agents into his father’s office, Robin tried to take in the agents’ manly scents.  Manly or not, the scent Robin took in was a combination of leather, fabric softener, hair dressing, and the plastic covering of their portable procedures table.

In the office, Aaron immediately began opening up the portable procedures table that he had carried into the office, as Tyrone opened up his implements bag.

Mr. Thorne complimented the two agents, “Gentlemen, I want to thank you both for your thorough professionalism during your visits.  You do very hard work, and you do it well.  And I think you have made all of this as easy as possible for all of us, including Lucas.”

Both agents flashed giant toothy smiles.  Aaron was the first to respond, “And we want to thank you.  During these difficult proceedings, you have not interfered or questioned our work, nor some of the painful options we chose to employ in order to control your son.”

Tyrone put out his hand and Mr. Thorne responded in kind, and they shook hands.  Tyrone was ebullient, “In the field of corrections, we see far too few parents as understanding as you of the difficult choices we have to make on an hourly basis.  It has been a pleasure being your son’s parole agent.”

Tyrone looked at Lucas, and ordered him in a quiet voice, the voice he had been trained to use when making such a request, “Okay son, we need you to disrobe completely.”

As the agents waited for Lucas to begin undressing, Lucas, nervous but with a firm voice, began: “I have a request to make.  Judge Adam Turner made this statement at my sentencing.  I have a copy of his statement, provided by my lawyer, in my personal belongings, and I wish to act upon it.  Judge Turner said that I had an option of serving my time on parole at either a state facility or at my father’s home.  He said that at any time I was free to request where I served my time on parole.  At the time of sentencing I voluntarily chose to serve my time on parole at my father’s house.  But now I wish to change that.  I want to be transferred to a state facility.  I feel I would be more comfortable around other guys my age who are on parole, and to be able to see what they are submitted to.  I feel confused by what is going on and I want to be in an environment where I can best accept the sentence given to me.”

Lucas was sweating.  He did his prepared speech perfectly.  He had rehearsed it all week.  He spoke the words in a clear and deliberate manner, and once he had finished, he realized he was sweating from nervousness.  But he had made his speech.  It was clear.

It was only in the mid-assessment of how well he had delivered his speech that he realized that he was being held with his arms behind his back by Tyrone, while Aaron was unbuttoning his shirt and unzipping his trousers.

He was being stripped naked by the two state parole agents - two agents who had completely ignored his plea.  He shouted out frantically, “Did you not hear what I just said?”

Parole agents are trained strippers.  They know how to read what their partner is doing: if one is unbuttoning a convict’s shirt, the other knows to hold the convicts arms behind his back; if one is removing a convict’s shoes, the other knows to take hold of the convict’s ballsack; if one is pinching a convict’s nose, the other knows to grab a mouth gag and insert it.

The agents had Lucas stripped bare in no time.  As they removed his shoulder and leg hobbles, and his chastity pouch, Robin could not believe the front row seat he had to this spectacle.  The way the agents were treating Lucas, not even giving any kind of answer to his request, had Robin concerned for his brother.  He wondered how could they ignore such a request?

But at the same time, the frightening aspects of the scene only added to the erotic intensity of the situation for Robin.  He did not understand why the two agents who so terrified and humiliated his brother so captivated him in a way that seemed almost forbidden.

Once Lucas’s hobbles were removed, the agents placed him on his back on the procedures table, and began strapping him to the table with straps that were attached to the table.  They ran a strap across his body on his chest, just above the nipples; they ran one across his mid region, in line with his belly button; and straps across both his upper and lower legs.

They also cuffed his hands to the sides of the procedures table.  When Lucas began hollering at his father to have him released, Tyrone went up to him, pinched his nose, and put a ball gag in his mouth.  He secured it in place with a strap around the head.

Lucas couldn’t believe it.  His thoughts were wild, “They gagged me!   They simply ignored the law and gagged me.  What are they going to do to me?”

Tyrone put a comforting hand on Lucas’s forehead, “Okay big fella, you just calm down and relax.  I’m sorry I had to gag you, but it’s for your own good.  We’re here to help you.”

As Lucas bucked against his bindings, Aaron calmly applied antiseptic to Lucas’s nipples, selected his piercing needle, and proceeded to pierce the tits of Lucas.  Lucas screamed and cried.  The piercing needle was a rather wide gauge, and Lucas’s screams matched the needle’s gauge in amplitude.  Robin was beginning to get somewhat uncomfortable with the proceedings.

Aaron fitted the two pierced nipples with two large gauge rings, two inches in diameter.  Mr. Thorne and Robin were surprised by their size.

When Aaron next took an antiseptic swab to Lucas’s nasal septum, Lucas shook his head wildly, and screamed into his ball gag, “No, no, not my nose!”  No, Dad, stop them. Dad, please stop them.”  No one could really understand what Lucas was trying to say.

Aaron offered comfort, “Okay, calm down now.  I’m going to be using an anesthetic for all of your remaining procedures.”

Mr. Thorne, although he hated to see his son bound and gagged, was grateful for the ball gag.  It kept him from having to answer all of Lucas’s futile questions.

As Aaron applied the anesthetic and selected the proper gauge septum punch, he ignored the loud protests of the naked parolee.  He put the punch to Lucas’s septum, squeezed the handles, and blood flowed freely.  He staunched the bleeding with antiseptic swabs, and emplaced a thick gauge, three-inch diameter, nose ring.  The obscenely huge nose ring lay across Lucas’s lips, as he wept.

Robin noticed that the more extreme and frightening the procedure that was performed on Lucas, the more his dick would tingle of its own accord.  He had a fleeting thought that the agents might grab him and do the same things to him.  Robin was now at a point where he found it uncomfortable to watch what they were doing to his brother, but he could not leave the room.

Except for Lucas’s crying out, there was silence in the room as Tyrone tended to swabbing Lucas’s freshly pierced tits and nose, and Aaron took an especially large antiseptic swab, and warned Lucas, “This is going to sting a little bit.”

Aaron grabbed Lucas’s penis, pulled back the foreskin, and covered the entire head of Lucas’s penis with the antiseptic cloth.  More from fear than from the sting of the alcohol, Lucas hollered into his gag, “Dad, help me.  What’s going on, Dad?”  Again, no one could understand the parolee.

Tyrone put his face close to Lucas’s face, “We have to do this to you, but you’re not going to feel a thing, little guy.  Aaron is going to use an anesthetic.”

As Aaron punched a hole through the head of Lucas’s cock, Tyrone put his face even closer to Lucas’s and continued to offer verbal support, “You can be proud of the big ring Aaron is going to fit you with.  Not many boys in the program have to get such a huge nifty ring put through the head of their dicks.”

And the ring was huge.  Although not an especially thick gauge, Lucas’s cock ring was almost 3 and one half inches in diameter. It’s size alone made its wearer look like a drudge animal.

As Aaron fitted the ring onto Lucas’s cock head, and sealed its ends into a permanent close, Mr. Thorne approached his son and put a comforting hand on his shoulder, “There, there, son.  Everything is going to be alright.”

Lucas was beyond protesting.  He simply cried. He was beyond being humiliated; he was defeated.

And it still wasn’t over for Lucas.  Aaron came up to him with two orange plastic tags, one inch by four inches.  He daubed the top of one of Aaron’s ears with anesthetic, placed the yellow tag against the ear, and stapled it on with an ear-tag staple gun.  Only when Aaron started anesthetizing the other ear did Lucas realize what had just been done to him.  He called out, “Oh gawd, no!” as Aaron stapled the second tag to his other ear.

Robin’s cock began slowly pulsing of its own volition. He had never before experienced such a thing.

Aaron examined the freshly ringed and tag parolee.  He put a hand on Lucas’s head and gently patted him, “These rings are rings of dignity.  You need to be proud of them, and accept them like a man!  You’re all ringed now, boy.  Make sure you live up to what’s expected of ringed and tagged boys.

Lucas had no idea what the agent was talking about.  No one had told him anything about being ringed.

To Robin, Lucas looked like a drudge animal getting ready to be shipped out in a railroad car: all decked out in nose, tit, and cock rings, and ear tagged to boot.  Robin thought that once they get Lucas shoulder hobbled, leg hobbled, and chastity pouched, he would be one very special sight to behold.

As the agents began unstrapping Lucas from the table, Tyrone warned him, “We don’t want to see any more defiant behavior, young man!  Do you hear me?”

There was no response from Lucas.  Aaron continued, “Because if we get any more of that defiant attitude from you, then you are going to get an ass strapping that will make the last one I had to give you seem like child’s play!”

Aaron removed the ball gag from Lucas’s mouth and loomed over him, almost as if he were hoping Lucas would give him some attitude.  But Lucas was too lost to protest any further.

Tyrone took out a new larger chastity pouch.  He addressed the room, “We’re fitting Lucas with an extra large chastity pouch this week.  It will easily keep Lucas’s penis head and ring free from any obstructions, and allow it to heal nicely, even if he should get an erection.  It is secured on the same was as his standard pouch, but because of its large size there is no way to conceal its presence under clothing.”

Once the chastity pouch was in place, Tyrone put the chest/shoulder/arm harness on Lucas, that effectively hobbled Lucas’s arms so that his shoulders couldn’t move any nearer than five inches toward his body.  The chest/shoulder/arm hobble was just about Robin’s favorite of all of Lucas’s straps, hobbles, rings, tags, plug, and pouch - for there seemed to be no purpose to it other than to humiliate its wearer.

Once Tyrone was satisfied that the shoulder hobble was set properly, he instructed Lucas to get dressed.  As Lucas followed orders, Tyrone addressed Mr. Thorne and Robin, “Remember, if you see any more behavior from Lucas such as we saw this morning, all you have to do is call the police, tell them you’re having problems with a parolee, and they will be here within minutes along with a control team from the State Parole Agency.  And that team, just like Aaron and me, will be more than capable of dealing with any kind of shit Lucas is giving you.”

Mr. Thorne responded quietly, “Thank you, gentlemen.  That is good to know.”

Lucas lowered his head.  He felt like he was considered as nothing more than low-life criminal scum.

Once Lucas was dressed, Aaron knelt in front of him and attached the two-foot long leg spreader bar to his ankle cuffs.

With Lucas was fully hobbled, Aaron went up to Mr. Thorne and Robin, and spoke, “Thank you again, gentlemen, for your cooperation.”

Aaron then put an arm on Mr. Thorne’s shoulder and lowered his voice, “Are you ready then, Mr. Thorne, to have us go ahead next week with our final session?”

Mr. Thorne nodded his head in the affirmative, “Yes gentlemen, everything is on schedule.  Let’s go ahead as planned.”

As Mr. Thorne escorted Aaron and Tyrone to the door, Robin remained with the sniffling Lucas.  He was embarrassed for his brother.  He wanted to offer some comfort, but he didn’t know how he could do that. He put a hand on Lucas shoulder and spoke, “Bro, let me help you back to your room.”

Lucas was grateful for the offer of comfort, and the two brothers made their way slowly to Lucas’s room.

To be continued…

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