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| What’s Going On, Dad?  By Randall Austin  **PART SEVEN**  This story is erotic fiction meant for mature readers and should only be read by adults over the age of eighteen years old. Please do not use my stories without my permission and please forward all comments to [randallaustin2011@hotmail.com](mailto:randallaustin2011@hotmail.com)  Randall Austin’s Archive Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>  After four hours of being strapped into a steel wheelchair in an unknown place, while naked, booted, and blindfolded, Lucas was relieved to hear doors opening and someone approaching.    Lucas sensed someone approaching, and called out, “Who’s there?”    There was no answer, but the unknown person approached Lucas from behind, and undid his blindfold.  When it came off, the first thing Lucas noticed was that that his ringed penis had a cord attached to it, and the other end of the cord was attached to some kind of track work on the floor of the building.    The unknown one put a hand on Lucas’s shoulder and spoke, “Son”.    Mr. Thorne started to undo the straps that secured Lucas to the wheelchair as Lucas, relieved, called out, “Oh Daddy, what’s going on?”    Lucas’s father didn’t answer, but instead concentrated on releasing Lucas from the wheelchair.  Lucas looked about the room, a room that looked very much like a medical bay of a veterinary clinic or zoo hospital.    “What is this place, Dad?”    “This is your new home son, at least for the next couple of years.”    Mr. Thorne put a hand out for Lucas to grasp, and helped to pull him into a standing position.  He then took a key to the waist strap that held in position the painful butt plug his son was wearing, knelt down and slowly started to pull it out.    Once it was out, Lucas sighed in relief, and Mr. Thorne asked, “Does that feel better?”    “Oh gawd yes!”    Relieved at last to be with his son, Mr. Thorne put an arm around his son and guided him, slowly, to start walking.    Lucas’s nose ring was in an upright position, and when he looked to the ceiling, he noticed that a cord attached to his nose ring went up to an overhead trolley system on the ceiling of the building.    Mr. Thorne led his son to an adjacent room, as Lucas noted the tracking system to which he was secured: he was attached to a track in the floor by a cord attached to his penis ring, and he was attached to a trolley and pulley system on the ceiling of the building by a cord attached to his nose ring.    The many questions he was eager to ask were all put on hold by the warm feeling, a warm feeling at last, of having his father’s arms around him, gently guiding him.    The next room they entered was a small kitchen pantry area, and after that they entered a room with a desk and a bed and a love seat.  Mr. Thorne explained: “This is your new room son.  Later today I will be bringing your computer and many of your other belongings.”    “What is this place, Dad?  Why am I here?”    Mr. Thorne turned on the desk lamp, which emitted a warm glow to the room, and then guided his son to the love seat and invited him to sit down next to him.    Mr. Thorne put an arm around his son.  When Lucas sat down his penis and scrotum got scrunched up, and thus were quite obvious, “Can I have some clothes, Dad?”    Mr. Thorne did a gentle nod of his head indicating that Lucas could not have some clothes.  “Son, your behavior in recent years has been troubling.  When I had you take those personality evaluation tests several months ago, the results were sent to a state analyst, and the results were troubling to me: they indicated that you were very likely to reoffend.  Son, the thought of having you end up in prison was too painful for me to ponder.  So I thought long and hard about what would be best for our family.  And I decided, Lucas, to have you enslaved – for life.”    A pained expression came over Lucas, as he struggled with his emotions.    Mr. Thorne continued, “Son, you were officially enslaved 5 weeks ago.  Those two state parole agents who were working with and on you for the past several weeks were doing so on behalf of the State Social Services System.  My advisor at Social Services told me it would be best for you if I didn’t tell you of your status until the purchase of this, my new warehouse, was completed, because this is where you will be housed for the next couple of years.”    Lucas, horrified, started crying, “You lied to me, Dad.  You out rightly lied to me.  You said you would never have a son of yours enslaved!”    Mr. Thorne hugged his son tightly, “Lucas, I did not lie.  The last couple of hours, before I came here, I spent with your brother, Robin.  He cried out loud when I told him that I had you enslaved for life and was very angry with me.  He called me a liar.  But I explained: what I told you several times was that I would never consider selling you into servitude.  And I didn’t.  I did not sell you, I have made no profit on you, and I never will sell you for the rest of your life.  You see, Lucas, you are now our family slave.  You are now the slave of Robin and me.  And you will be so forever.”    Lucas cried out loud, unbelieving, as Mr. Thorne continued to hug him tightly, “I love you son, that’s why I did this.  My love is the only reason.”    Mr. Thorne gently patted Lucas’s face, “And I have ensured you will always be our family slave.  When I die you will become the property of Robin, and he is not legally permitted to sell you.  If something should happen to Robin, you will then become the property of Uncle Hildebrand.  And if he should die, you would then become the property of his son, Timothy.  And should something happen to Timothy, you would then be the property of the state, which would rent you out only for domestic service.”    Through his tears Lucas wondered, “If I am a family slave, then why am I here.”    “Son, I bought this warehouse specifically with you in mind.  As you know, I was in need of more warehouse space, and this place came up for sale at the same time the State was asking me to consider putting you up for indenturement.  This warehouse was previously a facility that was staffed by a large slave population.  And whenever there is a situation where there are lots of slaves, and relatively few overseers, the track and trolley system, to which you are now attached by your nose and penis rings, is a handy and humane way to control the slave population.”    Lucas was sarcastic, “What’s so humane about rigging me up like an animal?”    “Yes, let me explain.  Unlike the previous owner of this warehouse, you will be my only slave working here.  But remember, you are a slave now, and there are a lot of things you will need to learn about proper behavior.  During the first few years of your enslavement, I want you to get accustomed to a disciplined work environment.  You have to learn to work hard and be obedient.  This way, all hooked up to the track and trolley, I figured your overseers won’t have to discipline you very often, since you won’t be able to get into too much trouble.  I want you to get your training on the job, away from home.  Then once I feel you are behaving properly and have accepted your status, I will have you come home and be our ‘at home’ domestic.”    “Now because Mr. Jackson, my warehouse foreman, your brother Robin, and cousin Timothy will be your chief overseers, I want them having to keep an eye on you be their full time jobs.  That’s why the track and trolley system.  This way you can only be at the work stations you’re supposed to be at, doing the things you’re supposed to be doing.  We can rig the trolley system so that it only allows you to go where we want you to go.  And the reason this is a humane system for a new slave, it means you won’t be tempted to sneak off where you aren’t supposed to, thus saving your hide from beating.”    Lucas looked frightened, “Beating?  You’re going to let Mr. Jackson beat me?”    “Not just Mr. Jackson, son.  Robin too.”    Lucas was aghast, “Dad, that ain’t right!”    “Lucas, listen to me.  I wouldn’t let your brother and cousin have control over you if they weren’t prepared.  This was all planned ahead of time.  I had both your brother and Timothy enrolled in a handler’s class weeks ago.  They, of course, didn’t know about it until just a couple of hours ago, and their evening classes begin this coming Monday.  Timothy is just getting a junior handler’s permit, so he won’t be allowed to administer any kind of discipline.  But I enrolled Robin in the Level D program, and at that level he will learn a wide range of control and discipline techniques.”    Lucas only shook his head and repeated, “None of this is right, Dad!”    “Son, the way I see it is this track and trolley system will help you learn about being a slave without having to go through some degrading county-run slave training program.”    Lucas shook his head in contempt, “If you care about ‘degrading’, then why I am I kept naked with my balls banded like some farm animal?”    “I know it’s hard right now, son, but believe it or not, the banded balls are for humane reasons too.  It’s one of the latest techniques in humane servant control.  Let’s say you’re having a bad day on the job, and you’re angry and swearing, or something like that.  With your balls banded, and you naked, your balls are readily available for your overseers.  All Mr. Jackson or Robin would have to do to get you to calm down is come up to you and cup your balls.  They wouldn’t actually squeeze them unless you continued to be defiant.  It’s been found that just grabbing a slave by the balls is enough to calm a slave down and get him behaving properly.  So what your banded balls are designed to do is to actually prevent you from having to get your balls squeezed, or some more serious punishment.  Your balls are banded so they can be easily grasped, and that grasping alone usually gets a slave behaving properly.”    Lucas wasn’t sure what to make of such an answer.  Would he really ever need to be disciplined by his brother or Mr. Jackson in such a humiliating fashion?  But he was still angry, “If you care about degrading, why did you have rings put through my nipples?”    Mr. Thorne playfully patted Lucas’s shoulder, “That’s going to be for Mr. Jackson or Robin to decide.  Warehouse slaves are often kept belled by their nipple rings.  That way a certain pattern or rhythm to the tingling of the bells lets your overseers know if you’re keeping busy.  If they don’t hear them, they’ll know they might then need to look and see what you’re up to.”    “But I consider Robin to be your chief overseer for now, and if he wants your nipple rings removed, they will be removed.”    Lucas was disgusted, “It ain’t right that Robin has such control over me!”    Lucas made a kicking motion with his leg, “And why these yellow ear tags?”    “We have no choice there, son.  The state demands those of servitors who are not residing at their permanent residence.  I have our home address listed as your permanent residence.  Your yellow ear tags come off when you return home in a couple of years.”    “It’s all degrading, Dad.  It ain’t right they make slaves wear ridiculous looking ear tags.”    “Son such tags are only meant to protect you.”    “And, Dad, why is there an operating table out there?”    “Don’t worry about that son.  That was used for surgery by the previous owner who had as many as sixty slaves working in this warehouse.  There will be no surgery performed on you son, but I am going to keep the table there, because I think it will handy for Robin to use when he’s bathing and shaving you, wants to decorate your body, or get your body all nice and oiled up – for various things like that.”    Mr. Thorne spoke reassuringly, “You’ll get used to all of it, son.”    “No I won’t, Dad!  Why am I hobbled like this so that I can’t touch my own dick?”    “Son, that’s going to be something for Robin to decide, whether or not you are allowed sexual release.”    Lucas was horrified, “For Robin?  Why would he be the one to decide such a thing?”    Mr. Thorne pulled Lucas close to him so their bodies were tight against each other’s.    “Lucas, I need to let you know a little bit more about the mode of service to which I had you indentured.  Son, you are now the family slave.  You are registered as a personal domestic servant.  Being a personal domestic servant entails several things, son, and this might embarrass you son, but you’re certainly old enough to face the facts of life.”    “Before coming here I had a talk with your brother about your enslavement.  He did not know anything about this before today.  He loves you, and was overjoyed to hear that you will be a daily part of our lives for the rest of your life.”    “Now as you may know, “personal service” is often an important part of a young slaves duties.  Lucas, I know you love your brother.  And you know that he is gay, and you have always accepted that and supported him.”    “After this summer Robin will be busy with college studies, and, as you know, the compulsion for young men to hook up with anyone available for quick sex can have devastating consequences.  There is so much risk of disease out there.”    Lucas, uneasy, tried to shift his body.    Mr. Thorne held Lucas tightly, “Son, your brother loves you.  And during the past five weeks he has been your major caretaker, and as such you have pretty much already had to give up your privacy to him.  And as you know son, the giving up of personal privacy is a normal thing for servants to have to endure.”    “I have been observing Robin in recent weeks, both as he was treating you and monitoring you, and as he watched as the parole agents performed their body modifications on you.  And all I can say is that I know your brother is very attracted to you, and very turned on by you.”  Lucas shook his head, “Dad, he’s my brother.”    “Not quite so, at least legally.  Your status as a slave predominates your bloodline status.  Thus, a union of two family members, one of whom is a slave, is no longer considered incestuous.”    “Dad, what are you saying?”    “I am saying that right now Robin is processing what I told him, the same thing I am telling you right now, and he is trying to come to terms with it.  But it is quite probable, Lucas, that Robin will eventually be approaching you for his personal service needs.”    “Dad, you’re saying that I’m supposed to have sex with Robin?”    “Son, I don’t know how or if Robin will use you for personal care.  But I do want you to know that sort of as a gift to Robin, as he starts out his college studies, I have made you available to him if he so desires.”    Lucas shook his head, white-faced, with his mouth open in disbelief.  Mr. Thorne continued, “When I told him all of this, Robin was as quiet as a mouse.  So I am sure he is dealing with many conflicting feelings right now.”    “But son, don’t worry!  What is important right now is that Robin and I love you more than ever, and you belong to us!  And what you are doing for Robin and me, in giving up your life to serve us, is something for which we will be eternally grateful.  And we plan on treating you like royalty from now on!”    Lucas was angry, “Royalty?  Having me naked, balls banded and exposed so I can be controlled by them, and tethered to the ceiling and floor by my nose and cock!  That’s royal treatment?  What I am is Robin’s cum dump for the rest of my life!”    Mr. Thorne was shocked.  “Lucas, honey, don’t ever say that!  Listen to me.  You need to know that when a servant submits to its master for sexual purposes, it is a sacred union.  It is no different than a young bride offering her body to her new husband, it is held as sacred in the eyes of all.  When a woman spreads her legs for her husband so that he might enjoy and penetrate her, it is a sacred act: so it is for a slave who submits his body for his master’s pleasure.”    “Robin is now your master.  And whether he keeps you just for himself, or lets Timothy use you, or any of his friends, it is the same.  It is a sacred work you will be performing in submitting to them.”    Mr. Thorne and his son sat in silence.  Mr. Thorne was pleased that Lucas was no longer crying, and was possibly even beginning to accept his status.  He wanted to offer reassurance, “Son, I am going to leave now, and I will be back in a few hours with your computer and some more of your things.  I will also bring Robin along.  I know that he is very concerned about you and will probably want to see you.  He loves you, son.”    “Son, while I am gone, please feel free to explore the place.  The trolley is currently set to give you access to about 2000 feet of warehouse space.   In the next room is a refrigerator with food, and the cupboards are stocked.  Please feel free to help yourself.  Or you may just want to recline on your bed.  The overhead tracking/pulley system allows you to recline.  But the tether to your penis ring will not allow you to go any higher than four feet above the ground, so you can’t use ladders or climb very high on anything.”    Mr. Thorne kissed his son on the cheek.  Whispered “I love you, son”, and left.  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