What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART EIGHT**

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Several hours later, after leaving his enslaved son, Lucas, alone in his new warehouse to get comfortable with his new surroundings, and to sort of allow him to get his thoughts settled and sorted out, Mr. Thorne arrived with his free son, Robin.  Mr. Thorne carried a large box of supplies, and Robin carried Lucas’s computer.

Mr. Thorne addressed his two sons; “I’m going to leave you two boys alone.  I know you both love each other very much and probably want to spend time together.  I will be in my office.”

Mr. Thorne left the two brothers, and Robin went up to Lucas, hugged him tightly, and started crying, “I’m so sorry, bro.  It ain’t right what dad did to you, ‘Luke’.  It ain’t right.”

Lucas broke down, and together the brothers cried long and hard as they maintained their embrace.

Lucas indicated the love seat, and as they made their way to have a seat, Robin, walking behind Lucas, examined the track and trolley system to which Lucas was tethered by his nose and cock rings.  It gave Robin the shivers, but it also fascinated him.  His brother could only go where the trolley and track allowed him.

The two brothers sat next to each other, and Robin threw his arm across the back of the love seat, grabbed Lucas by the shoulder, and pulled him close to himself.

Robin began quietly, “Bro, dad told me all about you and your new status, and about my new status.  I just want you to know, ‘Luke’, you are nothing to me but my older brother, who I look up to and respect, and there ain’t nothing that’s ever gonna change that!”

Lucas felt his brother’s warm feelings toward him, “Thanks Robin.”

Robin squeezed Lucas’s shoulder, “Dad’s making me get some kind of advanced handler’s permit, but nothing’s gonna change, bro.  I certainly ain’t gonna treat you like some dumb ass slave, treat you crappy, and punish you and shit.”

“There’s no way that when I’m working here during the summer that I’m gonna be on your ass the whole time, snapping my fingers, making you do stuff!  Fuck that man!  As far as I’m concerned, nothing has changed between us, bro.”

Lucas was comforted, “I really appreciate hearing that, Robin.  I didn’t think you’d ever treat me bad, but I just didn’t know what to expect given the way dad has turned my world upside down.”

Robin continued in his comforting mode, “And regarding all that personal service stuff, forget that shit, bro, cause I sure in the hell ain’t ever gonna do stuff like that to my own brother.”

Lucas nodded and was relieved to hear Robin’s words.

Robin continued, “Yeah, bro!  As far as I am concerned you are my older brother still.  I have always looked up to you, and always will.  In fact, bro, you’re the one who needs to tell me if I’m slacking on the job, not the other way around!”

The brothers sat together, saying nothing, just feeling the love they had for each other.  Robin couldn’t help but notice his older brother’s scrunched up dick, with a cord running from its ringed cock head down to the floor track.  His older brother was tethered to a track in the floor like some dumb animal.  Tethered by his dick!  And it was a dick that hadn’t been allowed to shoot cum in almost five weeks, and therefore was looking especially plumped up, as were his two balls.

Robin tried to not look at his brother with lustful eyes, but the plump cock and balls he was now staring at were no longer, in reality, his brother’s cock and balls, but were a slave’s cock and balls – the cock and balls of a slave who belonged to him!  His brother was now his.  His to play with.  Robin now owned his brother.

Robin spoke in an effort to force his mind away from thoughts of sexually controlling his older brother: “Lucas, if there is any good in all of this, it’s that you and me are going to be together forever.  The state may call you a slave, but I do not.  You are my brother, and I am going to treat you like my brother.”

As Robin spoke, he examined the way Lucas’s snout ring was pulled into an upright position, by the cord that was attached to it from the overhead trolley system.  Seeing his brother hobbled and controlled in such a way, along with his tit rings, ear tags, and work boots, sent a vibration of pleasure through Robin’s body that he could not comprehend.  He loved his brother, and wondered why he would he get a feeling of delight in seeing him so hobbled and controlled.

Lucas broke Robin’s concentration of his hobbles and rings, “Dude, dad said that it was up to you to decide whether or not my shoulder and arm harness comes off.  I’m wondering if you would take it off.  They have it set so I can’t hold my dick while I piss.”

Robin couldn’t help his brother: “Lucas, I don’t know how that thing works yet, and I don’t have the special key that undoes the settings.  Dad told me that they would be covering your arm and shoulder hobble in my first class on Monday.  They’re gonna teach me how it works.  Once I learn how it works, I’ll be happy to remove it.”

Lucas smiled, “Thanks so much, Robin.  I knew I had a real friend in you.”

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Robin and his cousin Timothy were driven to their first handler’s classes by Timothy’s father.  Once they arrived at the county’s Social Services Administration building, they each headed to separate classrooms.

Mr. Thorne had enrolled Timothy into the Junior Handler’s class, while he enrolled his son, Robin, into the most advanced handler’s class, the Level D program.

From the moment Robin entered the classroom, he was impressed with what he saw.  The other students, all about his age, were obviously from privileged backgrounds.  They were expensively dressed, neatly groomed, and as is common with the children of wealthy, slave holding, families, they were secure and confident in their bearing.

And when the class instructor, Aldous Gregory Timmons, entered the room, Robin was transfixed.  Mr. Timmons, 29 years old, dressed in a rugged yet casual fashion, topped off with totally cool sport jacket and mildly whacky tie, was the kind of guy all young boys looked up to.  With his hair slightly spiked, a wristband made of copper and steel flashing as he gestured, he had all of the females in the class breathless within seconds of his personal introduction.

Robin, paying strict attention to every word Mr. Timmons spoke, did a regular check every thirty seconds of Mr. Timmons’ crotch area.  Mr. Timmons’ casual dress slacks concealed details of his sexual equipment, but a bulge was prominent enough to let Robin know that his instructor was imposingly cocked.

And the voice of Mr. Timmons had a sweet resonance that made Robin wish he had such an angelic tone.  Robin hung on to every word of his instructor: “Remember class: the key to effective servitor control is in keeping your eyes on the goal that YOU want achieved.”

“If the goal or task you want from your slave has not been met in the timeframe set for the task, then pay no attention whatsoever to any excuses the slave has to offer.  The words of a slave are not a part of the construct of servitor control!  The servitor construct allows, indeed demands, only one thing: obedience!  If goals are not met in a timely fashion, then there is only one just and humane response: summary discipline!”

“And by ‘summary’ I mean “summary”!  Take the slave by total surprise and secure him to a punishment frame as swiftly as possible, and administer the highest grade punishment for the given offence allowable by law!”

“Do not be swayed by tears and pleas and promises to behave in the future!  The slave is not your friend!  If you spare him the tawse, the whip, or the banded ball ‘full squeeze’, then you are hurting your slave!  If you love your slave, you will punish your slave for wrongdoings.”

By the end of the class, Robin had never sweated so much from excitement in his life.  Robin knew that he had an impressive dick for a sixteen-year old kid: five inches.  But as the class ended and students were exiting, Robin remained seated and tried to get his dick to deflate: his boner felt like it had to be at least a foot long.

To be continued…

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