What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART NINE**  
  
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The first week of residing in his father’s warehouse as a tracked, trollied, and hobbled, family slave went easily, relatively, for Lucas.  His father let Lucas have the entire week off from having any heavy chores or responsibilities, in order to let Lucas get his new life sorted out.  Mr. Thorne allowed Lucas full access to the Internet and all social communication networks.  But to what degree Lucas shared his new status with his friends, his family did not know.

In any event, Mr. Thorne wasn’t really interested in how Lucas was dealing with his former circle of friends.  Mr. Thorne’s only hope was that Lucas would accept his status as a life term social servant without too much distress.

By the second week of his existence at the warehouse, Mr. Thorne had his warehouse foreman, Bronte Jackson, begin teaching Lucas his job at the warehouse, and the various duties and responsibilities connected with it.  Lucas had always liked Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Jackson treated Lucas in the same friendly way he had always treated Lucas before he was a lifer servant.

The third week of Lucas’s existence at the warehouse was the beginning of summer vacation for Robin and Timothy, and also the time when full production activity at Mr. Thorne’s new warehouse was set to begin.  Mr. Thorne imported 22 male employees from his other warehouses to work at the new warehouse.  Lucas’s job was to be responsible for all aspects of outgoing shipments from the warehouse, and, as such, the area he was allowed access to via his track and trolley hobbling system was somewhat apart from the main work activity at the warehouse.

But as word got out among the employees that there was now a booted and naked slave in the shipping department, who was hooked up to the track and trolley system, and who also happened to be the son of their boss, everyone was eager to get a look at the spectacle of a naked labor slave. Mr. Jackson kindly tried to stem the flow of gawkers to Lucas’s work quarters, but there really was little he could do, because all employees at the warehouse eventually did have real business to transact with the shipping department.

True to his word, Robin treated Lucas like a brother at the warehouse.  He didn’t do anything in his role as overseer to lord it over his older brother; and, indeed, often checked in on Lucas to see if there was anything he needed.

Lucas’s cousin, Timothy, however, clearly was relishing his new found authority as a Junior Servant Handler in training.  As a stock boy in the warehouse, Timothy frequently had to make deliveries of items intended for shipment to Lucas’s shipping department.

One morning when Timothy brought in several large stock items on a cart for shipping, he noticed that there was barely room to park them in the shipping department.  He approached Lucas, “Lucas, you need to have room available for my deliveries.  Why haven’t any of these items on pallet number 4 been shipped out yet?  They were supposed to go out yesterday!”

Lucas was taken aback by Timothy’s officious tone.  Timothy was, after all, his younger cousin, just sixteen years old, the same age as his brother, Robin.  “I wasn’t able to get them all out by the end of the shift yesterday.”

Timothy sneered, “Well too bad!  Your dad told Mr. Jackson that if you weren’t finished with getting the day’s orders out by the end of the shift at 5 PM, then you were to keep working until you get them all shipped out.”

Lucas was offended, “Timothy, I don’t think you should be using that tone with me.  I am, after all, your older cousin.”

Timothy raised his voice, “You WERE my cousin.  Now you’re a lifer slave; and I happen to have a temporary learner’s permit on me stating that I am in a Junior Handler’s Training Program.  That means you pay attention to me!”

Lucas thought it best to ignore Timothy, turned away to continue working, and dismissed Timothy with, “Whatever, dude!  I think you need to get back to your work station.”

Timothy rushed up to Lucas, grabbed him by the shoulder, and spun him around, “Don’t you fucking “whatever, dude” me!  Asshole!”

Timothy grabbed one of Lucas’s nipple rings, “I’m having you belled, slave!”

Lucas wondered, “Belled?”

“That’s right!  That’s what all your fucking rings are for: to hang bells on so we can hear whether or not you’re slacking on the job.  You’re getting belled, dude; I promise you!  I’m personally putting bells on both your nipple rings and attaching them to your ears!”

Lucas remembered his father’s words, “My dad says that what happens to me is up to Robin, and Robin told me that he would remove my shoulder hobble and nipple rings if I wanted him to do so.”

Timothy was thwarted.  He simply shook his head in disgust, stormed out of the shipping room, and headed towards Mr. Jackson’s office.

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Lucas was frustrated at the treatment he had just received from his cousin, Timothy.  He had always thought of Timothy as a nice kid, and he always had fun being around him in the past.

The event so unsettled Lucas, that in his confusion he felt a need to masturbate.  He needed to have a woman in order to feel like a man.  Lucas was, just before his enslavement, a young man who was just beginning to luxuriate in his ability in getting women interested in him.  Perhaps if he could see some pictures of naked women it would help to calm him down and end his frustration.

Once Lucas’s chastity pouch was removed and he was delivered to the warehouse, he still could not jack off because his hands remained hobbled in such a way that he could not touch his genitals.  His father had told him the decision on whether or not he would remain hobbled would be up to his brother, Robin.  Lucas was eager to see if Robin had yet been taught in his handler’s class how to adjust and remove the arm and shoulder hobble.

Lucas did cum once since his enslavement at the warehouse by humping the bed, but to him it was neither satisfying nor pleasurable.  It was not his style, and it hurt his penis and balls.

Lucas left his workstation and made his way to his warehouse bedroom.   He needed to see pictures of naked women.  He was frustrated.  He sat at his computer, turned it on, and pulled up his favorite folder of naked babes.  Lucas loved pictures of women with shaved pussies with their legs spread wide.

Naked slave that he was, Lucas’s dick was free to spring up without the interference of clothes.  The pictures of the women helped Lucas to forget his predicament and humiliating treatment by Timothy.  It felt so good seeing loads of naked babes that Lucas felt like he might just be able to pull off a hands-free ejaculation and orgasm.  Seeing all the naked babe pics helped Lucas to feel like a man again: he knew that if he had a chance, everyone of the babes in his porn collection would be drooling over him as much as he was over them.

One picture came up of a girl that reminded Lucas of a girl named Beth, the last woman he fucked before being put on parole and confined to his father’s house.  Beth had the same size and shaped pussy mound and lips as the gal in the photo.  It was working for Lucas: he was beginning to feel a throbbing in his perineum that reached the base of his cock.  Lucas felt like he just might be on the way to his first hands-free orgasm.

Bronte Jackson burst into his room, followed by Timothy.  Mr. Jackson was angry, “What are you doing?”

Timothy happily answered the question; “He’s looking at porn when he’s supposed to be working!  Look at that erection on him!  What a creep!”

Lucas jumped, startled, and tried to cover himself.  He was even angrier than he was humiliated at the intrusion and made it clear: “What the fuck are you doing?  Get the hell out of here!  This is my room.  Jesusfuckinchrist!  Give me some goddamn privacy!”

Mr. Jackson went up to Lucas, put his hand on Lucas’s shoulder as Lucas was frantically trying to shut down the images on his screen, “Leave your computer just as it is!  I want to check it out later.  But right now I want you to come along with us.  I need to give you a lesson in proper behavior!”

Lucas did not know what was up, but was so unnerved that he followed Mr. Jackson as Mr. Jackson pulled him by force into a standing position and led him out of his room.

Timothy followed Mr. Jackson and Lucas out of Lucas’s room with his arms folded in a smug and self-satisfied way.  This was turning out to be one of the most fun days ever in his young life.

The punishment was swift, but unforgettable for both Lucas and Timothy.  Mr. Jackson secured the totally stunned Lucas to one of two punishment frames that were located in Lucas’s shower room, which was also an operating/processing theater for the warehouse’s former slave population.

As Lucas was secured by his wrists, waist, and ankles, to the frame, he did not know what the frame was for, or what was about to happen to him.

But he was informed soon enough as Mr. Jackson swung the paddle hard and gave his ass the first swat, and explained: “You are NEVER to backtalk a free person!  Your only job is to work as ordered, and to be totally obedient in all matters.”

As Mr. Jackson administered the punishment, Timothy went in front of the punishment frame, so he could watch Lucas’s face.  He stood with his arms folded in smug way, and had a giant smile on his face the whole time.  Timothy loved the whole show, especially the way Lucas’s banded balls would swing wildly with each blow of the paddle.

The swats Lucas received were severe, and during his paddling he learned from Mr. Jackson that he would be beaten for any and every infraction.

As Mr. Jackson continued the paddling, he also informed Lucas of his duty and status: “Do you know why you’re booted, son?  Those are hard labor boots.  Slaves committed to a term of hard labor wear them.  Your father had you registered as a “Hard Labor Life Term Servitor”.  That means there is really no limit to how much you can be worked.  Your owner, your father, sets the limit, and what he has told me is that you are to have all of your assigned work completed by the end of the day. If it is not completed at the end of the workday, then you simply need to keep working until you complete it.  That’s why I haven’t been on your ass up to this time shouting at you and demanding that you work faster.   Because I don’t care how fast you work.  But if your work is not completed by the end of the shift, then you are to stay working until you do complete it.  And if I return here the following day and your work is not completed, then you will suffer the consequences!  And next time it won’t be just 22 strokes of the paddle, but 32!”

By the tenth swat Lucas was screaming.  And by the time the paddling was over, after 22 swats in all, Lucas was bawling like a baby!

When it was over, Mr. Jackson told Timothy to release Lucas from the punishment frame, and once Lucas was released, both boys were ordered to get back to work.

As Mr. Jackson was about to exit the punishment/shower/operating room, Timothy called out meekly, “Mr. Jackson.  Don’t leave.”

Mr. Jackson turned around and asked Timothy what he wanted.

“I’m afraid to be here alone with Lucas.  He might try to beat me up.”

Mr. Jackson approached the punishment frame, “I’m glad you didn’t hesitate to share your feelings, Timothy, because there is something you both need to learn.  You, Timothy, as a junior servitor handler, and you, Lucas, as a servitor: By state law, any physical assault on a free person by a slave automatically results in the severest of punishments: a bullwhipping.  Even if no harm comes to the person attacked, a bull whipping is mandatory.  The number of strokes is greater, of course, if the attacked person is injured.  It is such a horrific punishment, that if Lucas had earned such a whipping, I would not be able to deliver it.  I would have to call in a state agent to deliver the punishment.”

“All lifer slaves are required, as part of their training, to taste two strokes of the bullwhip so that they are never tempted to commit a violent act.  The feel of the bullwhip can never be forgotten, and helps to imprint a new slave’s servitor identity.”

“I am going to schedule Lucas’s taste of the whip session right now.  Since Lucas just received a pretty severe paddling, I’ll schedule the training whipping for next week – to give Lucas some time to recover from his paddling, and so he can be mentally prepared for the training session.”

Mr. Jackson watched Timothy uncuff Lucas from the punishment frame.  Lucas, still sniffling, rubbed the pain out of his butt.  Mr. Jackson spoke, “Now both of you boys, get back to work.”

“Lucas, I’m going into to your room and check out your computer and everything else you have in there.  I think your dad isn’t being helpful to you by letting you have the luxuries that belong to free boys.”

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At the end of the shift, Lucas still hadn’t completed shipping out all of the day’s orders.  So he kept working so that he wouldn’t have to be paddled tomorrow.

It was a pretty bad day for Lucas: coming to terms with the fact that people like Timothy, with whom he was formerly friendly, were going to be looking at and treating him differently from now on; caught masturbating by Mr. Jackson and Timothy; given a serious paddling by Mr. Jackson as Timothy watched; his ass was still very sore; aware that Mr. Jackson was probably going to try and convince his dad that he should not have a computer and any personal items; and that an appointment was being made for a state agent from Social Services to come and give him two strokes of the bullwhip.

The thought that such a thing as a bull whipping could be done to a human being sent shivers through Lucas’s being, and enshrouded him with gloom.

Lucas heard the door open, and was pleased to see his brother Robin entering.  Then Lucas noticed that Robin was being followed by Timothy.

Robin approached Lucas, “Lucas, I heard what happened today.  It wasn’t good.  The way you talked back to Timothy.”

Lucas was flustered, “You talked to Timothy, but you didn’t talk to me.  That’s not the way it was, bro.”

Robin shook his head, “No, I spoke with Mr. Jackson, ‘Luke’.  He told me everything.  So I’m going to go ahead and let Timothy bell you, Lucas.”

“No, Robin, please don’t let him do that!”

Robin explained, “I told Mr. Jackson what Timothy wanted, and he thought it would be a good idea.  Why don’t you have a seat, bro, so Timothy can get these bells on your tits and ears.”

Lucas was near tears, “Robin, you said you would treat me like a brother.  Please don’t let Timothy do this to me.”

“I am not doing anything that isn’t brotherly.  Mr. Jackson just thought this would be a good idea, and he is my boss, that’s all.  Now have a seat so Timothy can get to work on you.”

Lucas did not move.  Robin was annoyed that his brother wasn’t an instant obeyer: “Come on, bro.  Don’t be a shit.  Take a seat!”

Lucas still did not move, and Robin tried again, “Lucas, you’re a slave now, and you have to do what you’re told.  That’s what I was taught in my handler’s class.”

Lucas ignored the request, and turned as if he were about to get back to work.  Robin surprised Lucas by going up to him, reaching out his hand, and cupping his banded balls, “Now let’s go and take a seat, or else I’m going to squeeze these babies really hard!”

Robin was able to guide Lucas to a stool by his balls.  Timothy was impressed, “Wow, those banded balls really are a great way to control a slave!”

Once Lucas, defeated, was seated, Robin kept a hold on his balls as Timothy locked a two and a half inch narrow bell onto both of Lucas’s nipple rings.  Robin explained, “These bells are encased by an outer fiber shell, so they still ring really loudly and clearly even as they lay against your flesh.  That way we can hear if you’re moving around and keeping busy.”

Robin attached the bells to Lucas’s ears using small screw clasps that pinched the ear lobe.  Lucas let out a cry, and Robin explained, “Mr. Jackson said that they had to be screwed on tight, and that the initial pain would only last for a couple of hours.  He told me if you removed them, he would have your ears permanently pierced and belled.”

Timothy smiled and complimented Robin, “I think these ear bells go well with your yellow and orange ear tags.  They really mark you up as something special!”

Robin let go of his grip on his older brother’s banded balls, “Okay, get back to work!”

Lucas put his head down, and only looked bleak.  Robin encouraged him, “Come on Lucas, get back to work.  We want to hear what your bells sound like.”

Lucas didn’t move, overcome by depression.  Robin went up to him and once again cupped his banded balls, and spoke in a soft sing-song threatening voice, “Come on bro, get back to work, bro.  We want to hear your bells, bro.  Be a good boy, or I’m going to have to squeezy squeezy.”

Lucas stood up, and made his way back to his workstation.  As he walked his bells jingled loudly and clearly.  Robin and Timothy watched as Lucas went back to work.  They giggled at first.  But by the time they had seen and heard enough, and were making their way to the exit, they were laughing out loud.

To be continued…

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