What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART TEN**  
  
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Lucas awoke earlier than usual on the day after his brother allowed his cousin, Timothy, to bell him.  On his way back to his room from his shower/toilet/operating/punishment room, after he had taken his morning piss, he caught a glimpse of himself in a full-length mirror.  He stopped, looked at himself, and walked up to the mirror.

He stared long and hard at what he saw.  His family, his father and brother, had stolen his life and turned him into a ringed, belled, tethered, hobbled, trollied, and tagged, animal.  A beast of burden.  And in the most humiliating fashion: he was tethered by a cord that ran from his penis ring to a track in the floor, and overhead by a cord that ran from his large nose ring to an overhead trolley system.

He no longer could go for walks, play ball, go out, drink, have fun, meet and play with women.  His family ignored his past, and thought it suitable to turn him into a lifer hard-labor slave, confined, for a few years at least, to a grim warehouse.

As he stared at the incredible sight before him he began to cry.  And he began to wonder more than ever how his father could do such a thing to him, and how his brother could allow his cousin Timothy to humiliate him even further by affixing bells to his nipples and ears.

He could not understand.  But as he gazed at himself he came to the realization that such dehumanization was unacceptable.  He had to act to get back his life, since no one else, apparently, would or could.

He stopped his crying as he made a decision: he would let the sight before him fuel his determination to free himself.  His first thought was to contact servitor rights organizations.  But he knew he would have to act quickly, since Mr. Jackson, his chief overseer, was in the process of contacting his father with the suggestion that he no longer be allowed access to a computer, things from his past, and contact with the outside world.

As Lucas found hope in making plans to free himself, he heard someone approach.  It was his brother, Robin, who greeted him in a friendly manner, and said he wanted to talk with him before the workday began.

They sat together in the love seat in Lucas’s room.  Robin wanted to put an arm around his brother, but could not because he knew such a gesture would seem false to Lucas, after he had allowed their cousin, Timothy, to bell him up like a plough horse.

Robin put his head down and rubbed his hands as he spoke, “Lucas, I know you must hate me.  When Mr. Jackson told me what had happened between you and Timothy, and told me that it would be good for you to have you belled, I protested.  But Mr. Jackson said I needed to act like an overseer, that he would tell dad that I wasn’t overseer material, and that I needed to grow up.”

“I’m sorry, bro.  I really love you.  I want to help you, but Mr. Jackson is getting on my case and being all hard-assed that I follow proper overseer protocol.”

Lucas wanted to believe his brother, but he had suffered too much in the last month to believe a hundred percent what Robin was saying.

Robin did love his brother, once.  He now was no longer certain whether or not he should continue to do so, since his handler’s class was teaching him that effective servitor handling demanded personal detachment from the slave under one’s control.  He was confused.

But Robin was not confused about his physical attraction to his brother: he had always lusted after Lucas.  Many times he had positioned himself at just the right moment to catch glimpses of Lucas in various states of undress or nudity.  But now, incredibly, his brother belonged to him in the fullest way possible.  But Robin had no way to grasp what that would eventually entail.

And Robin sat next to his enslaved brother, the issue of Lucas as his “personal” servant came to dominate his mind, as he glanced at his seated, handsome, brother’s large, scrunched-up, ringed and tethered cock.  He wanted to touch it, yet he had to keep looking away.  It surely could not be true that he had a right to reach out and touch it and play with it and lick it, and make Lucas do the same thing to his cock.

Robin was as uncertain of what Lucas’s enslavement would ultimately mean to him, just as much as Lucas was uncertain about what path he should follow to protest his life term indenturement.

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As usual, the moment Robin’s handler’s class instructor, Aldous Gregory Timmons, entered the classroom, Robin was transfixed.  Today Mr. Timmons was dressed in designer cargo pants, with a white stripe going down the sides of the legs.  And as was common, today Mr. Timmons had his hair styled in a new way, with just the front hairs spiked upwards, and the rest of it styled to be slightly unkempt.  And today, dressed in his cargo pants, Mr. Timmons’ crotch bulge looked larger than usual to Robin.

“Class, there is something that happens to every enslaved person eventually: they develop an ‘us – them’ mentality.  They see free people as “them”.  They behave differently around us.  They are on their guard.  And that ‘us – them’ thinking is a good thing, actually.  And you, class, should do the same thing: regard the slave population as “them”.”

“Effective servitor control demands that handlers, overseers, and trainers, keep a certain distance from the enslaved.  It is the only way you can be an effective handler.”

“I want to use a rather crude analogy here, and I shall explain.  You need to think of slaves as being like dogs.  Now I do NOT mean that slaves are not human beings, and should be treated in an inhumane way.  But let me continue with the dog analogy.  You know how dogs are; we all love them.  But if the dog pisses on the floor, he needs to get his ass whapped with a rolled up newspaper.  He learns, he stops his unwelcome behavior, and thus he becomes even more loveable to you.  No one likes whapping their dog’s ass, but that is what works.  That’s the way they learn.  It’s the exact same thing with slaves.  The more you instruct them and guide them into proper and acceptable servitor behavior, the more they will see you as a benign master.”

“People enslaved after the age of 18 are pretty much full of expectations about how life will go, but once enslaved, that construct of life is out the window, and if they hold on to their old expectations, they are not living in reality.  Slaves need to accept a completely new paradigm of existence, and that can only be accomplished through your distancing yourself from them, and through the use of strict disciplinary codes rigorously applied.  It is important for you to know that for slaves to accept the fact that their lives have changed completely is something that usually can only be instilled by a determined course of physical discipline.”

“The physical disciplining of slaves in order to help them accept their new life reality is truly an act of “tough love”.  Don’t be afraid to use the whip, strap, or paddle, on your slave.  In fact, it is your duty to do so as a member of the slave handler community.  You are failing society’s expectations of you if you see a slave engaged in errant behavior, and do nothing about it!”

Robin usually ended up with a boner by the end of his handler’s class.  Today Robin’s little teen cock was so big that it was aching.  But he needed it to go down in a hurry, because he wanted to ask Mr. Timmons a personal question before he left the classroom.

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Three days after belling Lucas, Timothy entered Lucas’s quarters after the rest of the warehouse staff had left.  He carried a bag, and called out to Lucas, “Hey slaveboy!  How ya doing?”

Lucas tensed up, but did not answer.  Timothy approached him, “How would you like it if I gave you a butt plugging?  Would that teach you some proper slave manners?  Don’t you know slaveboys have to answer questions asked them by their overseers?”

Timothy put his hand to Lucas’s chest and rubbed it lasciviously, as he licked his upper lip, “I think I need to teach you some manners boy.”  Timothy grabbed Lucas by his banded balls and started to lead him to the shower/punishment room, “Come along with me, animal boy.  You gotta learn an important lesson.”

Lucas was afraid to protest, he didn’t want to get Timothy riled up, and hoped that he was just trying to make him nervous; just being a punk kid.

Timothy led Lucas to the same punishment frame to which Mr. Jackson had secured him for his paddling.  Once he cuffed Lucas’s wrist, Lucas protested, “Tim, you have no right, no authority to do anything to me!  Release me, now!”

Timothy laughed, as he finished securing Lucas to the frame.  The frame was adjustable, and Timothy moved the top portion of the frame so Timothy was bent at the waist, and his ass was fully exposed.  Timothy fetched a large black dildo from his bag, and lubed it up.  He put the head of the dildo to Lucas’s asshole, “Okay, straightboy, you’re getting plugged!”

Timothy worked the dildo slowly all the way up Lucas’s ass as Lucas called out for help.  “No one can hear you slaveboy, just you and me here!”

Timothy slowly worked the dildo in and out of Lucas’s behind, “Does this feel good?  You learning your lesson, animal boy?”

Timothy, hard in his pants, pressed his crotch against Lucas’s leg, and reached one hand under Lucas and played with his belled tit.  “Listen to the carol of the bells, slaveboy.  Does it feel good?  Huh?  Would you like me to jack off your mule dick?”

Timothy was out of control: he let down his pants, lubed his cock, removed the dildo, and replaced it with his own four and a half inch teen dick.  He pumped furiously, “Oh yeah, Lucas, baby!  You like my monster cock up your ass?  You’re no longer a straight boy now, are you?  Your ass is mine!”

Timothy shot his load with a couple of yells.  He quickly pulled up his pants, released Lucas from the frame, and ran out.

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Robin approached Mr. Timmons as he was packing his brief case.  “Mr. Timmons, I was wondering if I could ask you a personal question?”

“Sure Robin.  What is it?”

“Sir, I was hoping I could talk to you in private.”

Mr. Timmons agreed, and led Robin to his office.  Mr. Timmons noted Robin’s nervousness, and asked him if he would be more comfortable sitting with him on the couch.  Robin answered in the affirmative, and they sat down together on the couch.

Robin was having a hard time looking at Mr. Timmons, but he managed, “Mr. Timmons, this is quite personal, and also kind of embarrassing.  I hope I am not out of line here.”

Mr. Timmons patted Robin on the leg, “Feel free to say or ask anything.  I’m sure it’s nothing I haven’t heard before.”

“Sir, I am in this class because I have recently been given a slave.”

“I remember you telling me that, Robin, when you signed in for the first class session.”

“Mr. Timmons, sir, my slave is registered as a personal slave.  And that means I can use him for some personal needs.”

Mr. Timmons nodded, “Of course.  That is what a personal slave is.”

“Mr. Timmons, the slave is my older brother.”

Mr. Timmons finished Robins question for him, “And you want to know how to initiate personal service without it being awkward for the both of you?”

Robin breathed a sigh of release, and smiled sheepishly as he nodded at Mr. Timmons.

“Robin, there really is only one way to handle this, and it can be somewhat of a more raw experience than you would like it to be.   Remember what I said in class about the importance of treating your slave much like you would a dog.  You simply have to take the bull by the horns, and not worry what he thinks of the whole thing.  When you whap your dog with a newspaper do you really care what your dog thinks?  No, of course not, because you want to help him become a good dog.”

Robin didn’t know what to say.  Mr. Timmons put his hand on Robin’s shoulder, “If you would like, I’d be happy to show you how it’s done.  When you feel you are ready, just let me know.  I will be happy to come over because it is a rather difficult breaking the ice, so to speak.  I’ll get down and dirty with the slave, then afterwards you can try it yourself, and I’ll be there to guide you.”

The thought of Mr. Timmons doing such a thing, the feel of his hand on his shoulder, and the scent of his cologne had Robin sweating.  He thanked Mr. Timmons profusely for offering to help, and said he would send him a list of possible dates.  Robin wanted to get out of Mr. Timmons’ office quickly, before his boner returned to full mast.

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Hildebrand Thorne entered his son’s bedroom without knocking.  “Timothy, I just got a disturbing call from your Uncle Gabriel.  Son, he said that Lucas called him and told him that you had sexually assaulted him.  Lucas said that you secured him to a punishment frame, used a dildo on him, then fucked him.”

Timothy stammered in embarrassment, “Dad, I did not!”

“Son, this is a serious matter.  Raping a slave is not allowed.  It’s the same as raping a free person, and it is property theft.”

Timothy raised his voice, “Dad, that Lucas is just making stuff up.  I never did that stuff, honest, Dad.  Lucas is making that shit up because he is pissed at me because Robin let me be the one to put bells on him!”

“Well, I just wanted to warn you.  Gabriel didn’t seem too concerned about it, but as a young handler you need to show extra responsibility around slaves.”

“I will let Gabriel know that you didn’t do such a thing.  I didn’t think you would ever do such a thing.  It’s not the Timothy I know.  Lucas is going to be in for some serious punishment for lying.”

Timothy, nervous over the possible consequences of what he had done, held up a hand to prevent his dad from exiting the room, “Dad, would you please tell Uncle Gabriel to not punish Lucas.  Tell him I understand that Lucas just made up that story out of frustration, because I belled him.  Tell him to please forget the whole thing.”

Hildebrand went up to Timothy and rubbed him on the head, “What a wonderful, generous, kind-hearted, son you are, Timothy.  I am so proud of you.  I will tell Gabriel what you requested.”

When Hildebrand left Timothy’s room, Timothy was sweating from shame and embarrassment.

To be continued…

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