What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART ELEVEN**

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Lucas awoke sad and depressed; the previous evening was a traumatic one for him.  He was alone in his room after his work shift, at 8 PM, when his cousin Timothy came to the warehouse, along with two of his friends, and they amused themselves with him in various ways.

Fourteen days had passed since Timothy’s previous assault, in which he butt-plugged and raped Lucas.  Lucas had reported it, but no one ever said a word to Lucas, in follow-up, regarding his accusations against Timothy.

The first thing that Timothy and his friends did to Lucas, after ordering him to stand up and spread his arms and legs, was to simply gawk at the naked slave, while they laughed, teased, and made fun of his condition: a naked animal slave for life - tethered, hobbled, ringed, tagged, and belled like a farm animal.

The taunts were painful enough for Lucas, for they only served to bring home his true condition: “Wow, a real, naked, lifer slave, just like in the movies!”  “He’s tied to the floor by his cock, and to the ceiling by his nose! “Such pretty bells on your tits and ears!”  “Mule boy hasn’t been allowed to jerk off his cock in over two months!”  “Hey straight boy, you must be pretty horny.  I bet you wouldn’t mind now if we homos jacked your dick.  Why don’t you beg for it, naked boy!”  “Let’s make the pig boy dance for us and get his bells jingling!”

But more painful were the physical torments they inflicted on him.  Timothy came with a “fazer”, a servant control device that emits a mild electric shock that gives the recipient a nauseous feeling, as if they were about to throw up.  Its use by Junior Servitor Handlers is prohibited by law, but Lucas did not know that.  Timothy took great delight in showing his friends how easily he could get Lucas to do anything he asked by applying the fazer to his arm or thigh.  With the fazer in hand, Timothy made Lucas do humiliating muscle boy flexing poses; made him run in place, ordering him to bring his knees up high with each step; and finally made him do a duck walk about the warehouse, with his hands held behind his head.

The boys also took turns playfully spanking the frightened slave, and feeling up his well-defined body and genitals.  Lucas could smell alcohol on the breath of his tormentors.

The boys’ fun ended abruptly when they heard a large semi truck slow down in the area, causing Timothy to fear that some late night delivery was being made to the warehouse.  Timothy and his friends hurriedly exited the warehouse through a door at the opposite end of the loading dock.

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When later in the morning, Robin visited Lucas in his room, Lucas was unsure of whether or not he should bring up the previous evening’s assault by Timothy and his friends.  Lucas had decided that it would be better to first contact Slave Freedom International about his plight.  He worried that bringing up another assault would not only result in no action being taken on his behalf, like the last time he reported on Timothy, and instead get him branded as a slave complainer or troublemaker.  He sensed that Mr. Jackson was already suspicious of him, and would be quick to take away any privileges he currently enjoyed through the allowance of his father, such as his computer and Internet access.

Robin invited Lucas to sit down with him on Lucas’s bedroom couch.  When they sat down together, Robin wanted to hug his brother and tell him he loved him.  But he could not do that.  Even though he “owned” his brother, he could not do that.  He did not want to ‘creep out’ his brother.

But the truth was, Robin owned his older brother.  Owned Lucas as if Lucas were a car.  He could do with it, Lucas, as he wanted.

Robin began quietly, unsure of how to say what he wanted to say, “Luke, bro, I want you to know that I care very much about you, and want you to be happy.”

Lucas answered just as quietly, “That’s what dad has been saying to me all along, yet he went and took my life away: he had me enslaved for life.”

Robin shook his head, “No, bro.  Slavery is hard when you are new to it, but after awhile you will become…”

Lucas interrupted his younger brother, “How in the hell do you know that!  I’ve been chained down here for almost three months.  And it is getting harder as each day passes, and I can’t take any more!  If you cared about me, you would be doing everything you can to get me out of here.”

“Luke, don’t raise your voice to me.  I did not enslave you.  I only know what I am learning in my Senior Servitor Handler’s class.  They tell me that it gets easier on you lifers once you accept your status.  But I also know that you are not going to be here forever.  You are coming home in a year or two.”

Lucas sneered, “Fuckin great!”

Robin was frustrated that Lucas was depressed and couldn’t help raise his spirits.  He tried, “Lucas, things are going to get better.  I am your friend, believe me.”

Robin paused a bit, bit his lip, and then continued, “I’ve scheduled an appointment for us with my Senior Servitor Handler’s class instructor, Aldous Gregory Timmons.  It will help us.”

Lucas wondered, “What will he do?”

“He will help us become better acquainted with each other, bro.”

Lucas was even more curious, “Better acquainted?  What are you talking about?”

Robin wanted to give a love pat to his brother, but did not do so because the conversation was getting awkward, “He will help us get more comfortable being around each other.  We need to connect with each other, Luke.  We need to relax around each other.”

Lucas, though not sensing what Robin was talking about, was nevertheless moved by Robin’s earnestness, and could sense his younger brother’s unease.  For the first time since his enslavement, he felt genuine warmth towards his younger brother.

Lucas nodded appreciatively, and finally Robin felt comfortable enough to put his arm around his older brother.  They sat together, thusly, for several minutes.

When Robin eventually realized that he needed to get back to work, he gave his brother a squeeze, “Everything is going to be great, Lucas.  I am going to make sure of that!”

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Five hours later, after Lucas’s chat with his younger brother, Lucas’s senior overseer, Bronte Jackson, entered Lucas’s workstation.  He called out, “Boy, get over here!”

Lucas went up to Mr. Jackson; Mr. Jackson grabbed Lucas by his banded balls and led him into the shower room by his balls.

Mr. Jackson guided Lucas to the medicine cabinet, and then removed the tracking bells from Lucas’s tits, “Your brother wants these removed.”

Lucas was elated.  His younger brother really did care about him.

Mr. Jackson took out two three-inch square bandages and pasted them onto Lucas’s nipples.

Next Mr. Jackson took out two strange looking tubes from his jacket pocket, positioned them over Lucas’s nipple bandages, and started to turn the top half of each of the nipple devices.  As he turned the top half of the devices, a suction was formed that drew up Lucas’s nipples into the tube-like devices.  Lucas let out a yelp at one point when his flesh was pinched.

Mr. Jackson tried to calm him, “Take it easy, boy!  I’m just getting you fitted with nipple trainers.”

“What are you talking about?”

These two suction tubes will pull out your nipples and train them to be nice and perky!”

“Why are you doing this to me?”

Mr. Jackson continued turning the nipple screws until they achieved maximum suction, “I’m not doing this to you.  This is what your brother ordered.  He wants you all “muscle-boy and perky-nippled”.  These tubes, after two or three months, will get your nipples all nicely perky and titty-like.”

“This is crazy.  Call my brother!  Get them off, now!”

Mr. Jackson ignored Lucas’s desperate tone, “Take it easy, boy.  This is what your brother ordered.  He wants you nice and big-titted!  He wants you super-nippled like those Italian fashion models.”

Lucas did not know what or who to believe after yet another indignity had been visited upon him.  He broke down weeping, “Please, Mr. Jackson, can you tell me why my brother would be doing this to me?  He just told me, earlier today, that he cared about me.  What is going on?”

Mr. Jackson paused, looked Lucas over, and decided he was not paid enough in his job, as warehouse overseer, to have to be the one to break really bad news to any slave under his watch.  He ignored Lucas’s questions, turned, and exited.

To be continued…

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