What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART TWELVE**  
  
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Five days after having been fitted with nipple trainers, Lucas had become used to them and was unaware of their presence, until he would pass a mirror and catch a glimpse of himself.  Then he would stare at himself, transfixed, and wonder what had become of the person he once was, and be forced to confront the fact that he was now, in fact, a lifer slave.  It usually ended up with him falling into a bout of depression, with that eventually being followed by a resolve to find a way to extricate himself from his servitor status.  (Nipple trainers are tubes that are affixed to the male breast and, through suction, draw out the nipples.  The prolonged effect of the daily wearing of nipple trainers has the effect of elongating the nipples.  They are used widely by models in the fashion industry.)

One such bout of depression was interrupted by the arrival of his Junior Handler certificated cousin, Timothy, carrying a bottle of mineral oil.  Timothy called out, “Yo, slave!  Get your ass over here!”

Lucas cringed at being addressed in such a way by a 16-year old punk.  Timothy removed the nipple trainers, and the protective bandages that covered Lucas’s nipples.  When the bandages were removed, Timothy gave out a whistle, “Wow, they really work!  A couple more weeks of wearing the trainers and you’ll have real girly nipples!”

Timothy admired Lucas’s chest, “Your brother, Robin, wants you to have nipples like a lady. He wants you all nippled up like a girl so he has some nice girl tits to play with as he fucks you.  You’re going to be your younger brother’s little bitch for life!”

Timothy poured some mineral oil in his hand and started rubbing the oil into Lucas’s chest.  He clearly was aroused as he massaged Lucas, and paid special attention to oiling up Lucas’s newly enlarged nipples.

Lucas asked why Timothy was oiling his chest.  “It’s not just your chest that I’m going to oil up.  I’m giving you a full-body oiling, including your head.  And after that, I’m putting lipstick on you and coloring your cheeks.  Robin’s orders!”

“Why does Robin want this done to me?”

“He told me not to tell you.  Besides, it’s no big deal.  I finally earned my Junior Servitor Handler’s permit, and in class I learned that lots of slaves in various kinds of jobs have to work naked and all oiled up.  Just like pigs!”

Timothy saved Lucas’s genitals last for their oiling, and he was fully erect by the time he began his work on them.  Timothy took his time oiling up Lucas’s balls and cock.

Lucas was about to break down in tears of frustration when the door to the shower room opened and Mr. Jackson entered.  Mr. Jackson saw what was going on and shouted at Timothy, “What in the hell are you doing?”

Timothy, startled and embarrassed, immediately jumped out of his arousal mode, “Mr. Jackson, Robin asked me to oil up Lucas.  He also wants me to put lipstick on him and rouge his cheeks.”

Mr. Jackson asked why, “Because Robin is having some of his friends drop by later this morning and he wants to show off his new slave.”

Mr. Jackson was losing patience with Timothy, who he suspected enjoyed lording it over the slave, “Listen to me, Timothy.  Let me warn you.  There is a fine line between merely tending to slaves and abuse.  Your position is not unlike a hospital aid worker.  You do get to tend to people in some intimate ways, but that does not give you a right to cross over that line!”

Timothy was eager to defend himself, “Mr. Jackson, Robin specifically asked me to make sure that Lucas’s tits, cock, and balls, were especially well oiled.  He wanted them real shiny and highlighted.  You can ask him, sir!”

Mr. Jackson was annoyed with Timothy, “Well alright, but don’t take much longer on this.  Both of you need to get back to work!”

Once Mr. Jackson was out of the room, Timothy sneered, “Jackson is such fuckin asshole!  I’m going to report him to your dad!  He has no right using such a tone of voice with me.  I’m now an overseer too!”

Timothy, his cock deflated, washed off his hands and left the room.

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On his lunch break, Lucas sought refuge in his bedroom.  At one point during his workday, just about one hour previous, he looked up to the viewing area, where guests and overseers can view the work area, and he saw Robin and two of his friends chatting and watching him.  He figured Robin’s two guests were probably gay, like Robin, and somehow that made it extra hard on him.  And he found it especially painful that Robin’s two guests were freely taking pics of him with their cell phones throughout their conversation with Robin.

It was profoundly humiliating to Lucas, but he was able to get it off his mind for the present because he was eager to check his email.  And he was excited when he opened his mail, for there was, indeed, a response from Servitor Freedom International, whom he had contacted for help regarding his indenturement.

He clicked on the message:

“Mr. Lucas Thorne,

We regret to inform you that Servitor Freedom International is unable to deploy available resources, both legal and physical, on your behalf at this time.  As you are, no doubt, aware, your state has some of the most stringent pro-indenturement laws in your country.  It is a sad fact that multiple misdemeanor offenses, even petty charges, can and do result in sentences of indenturement in your state.”

“Regarding your request for a rescue option, it is something we cannot offer at this time with our limited resources.  Your service environment cannot currently be classified as either extreme or abusive.  Since we must prioritize our resources, we therefore cannot send in rescue forces, given that there are so many others in much greater graver situations than your own throughout the world.  You currently enjoy safe and sanitary shelter; no limit on your food and its quality; you have full access to emergency police, fire, and medical care; and your work day is within humane guidelines, being never more than 9 hours per day.  The disciplinary session you received from your chief overseer, Bronte Jackson, was reasonable for the given offense.”

“Regarding your allegations of rape and torture at the hands of a Junior Handler, that is something for which we urge you to contact your local police.  If it happens, as you fear, that by registering a complaint of abuse, you will get into trouble with your owner and overseers, that is something you will have to risk.  If that does indeed happen, then please contact us again, and if we review your treatment as abusive and beyond the legal allowance, we will do all we can to intervene.”

“One thing we would seriously urge you to consider doing is going online and having a chat with one of our Servitor International counselors.  Our counselors have some pretty amazing tools and techniques at their disposal to help offer you a better, happier, life as a servitor.  Please follow the directions below to get to our chat line.  We have provided passwords for your easy access.  Please do not miss out on the opportunities for the help which we offer!”

Lucas closed his email and went back to work, doubly depressed.  Not only could Servitor International offer no assistance, but with Robin’s friends having snapped probably hundreds of shots of him, there was no guarantee that such pictures of him would not get into the public domain; pictures of him naked, rigged up to a floor and trolley tracking system by his nose and cock rings, ear-belled and tagged, ball-banded, fitted with nipple trainers, hobbled, and fully body oiled, along with painted lips and cheeks.

That evening, after showering and eating, Lucas sought refuge in pursuing Servitor Freedom International’s suggestion that he chat with one of their counselors.

He logged into their website, and entered the passwords provided in his email from Servitor Freedom International.  Soon enough he was pulled into chat by a counselor named Chad.

Chad – Hi Lucas.  Thank you for coming to chat.  My name is Chad DeMostropoulous.  You may have made one of the greatest decisions in your life by coming here tonight to chat with me.

Lucas – Hello Chad.

Chad – Lucas, I am a certified Servitor Counselor.  I have been with Servitor Freedom International for eleven years.  I am currently stationed in Switzerland.  I think that what I have to tell you could change your life.

Lucas – I am curious.

Chad – I know your story.  How one minute you were a normal kid, and the next moment you basically find that your life has been taken away from you.  It’s pretty awful.

Lucas – I know.  I can’t stand it anymore.  All I do is cry.  I spend all my time crying.

Chad – That is why it is soooo important that you stay on line and seriously listen to what I have to tell you.  It works for most people if only they will have the courage to try some of the things that I am about to suggest.

Lucas – Okay, I’m ready to try anything.

Chad – Lucas, it is very important that you be very honest with yourself and me here.  Very important.  I want you to think for a moment, and tell me what was the single most embarrassing thing that ever happened to you.  Something that was so embarrassing that you wanted to jump in a hole and bury yourself.  Perhaps it’s something so embarrassing that it’s too painful for you to recall it.

Lucas – No, that’s easy.  I will never forget it.  I wish I could get it out of my mind.

Chad – So tell me what it was.

Lucas – I was twelve years old, in my bedroom.  I was naked and had surrounded myself with all kinds of pictures of naked guys I had printed out from the Internet.  I was sprawled out on the floor jacking off and moaning like an animal when my mother entered the room.  She saw me jacking away, and surrounded by all those homo pictures.

Chad – Yeah, that’s an awful one.  But that is also a common one.  Something similar actually happened to me!  :)

Lucas – But it still pains me.

Chad – Believe me, I know how that it is…  Next, Lucas, I would like you to tell me the second most embarrassing thing that ever happened to you.  Again, please be totally honest.

Lucas – That’s easy as well.  It happened today.  My brother had me oiled up, and my lips and cheeks painted, and he brought some of his friends into the viewing area and they were gawking and taking pictures of me.  Pictures of me while I was all naked, oiled, and rigged up to this goddamn trolley system!

Chad – Okay, good.  Now Lucas, I am going to tell you something VERY important that you need to do.  You need to try what I am about to tell you.  It may be distasteful to you at first, but it could very well affect your happiness for the rest of your life.  It could very well be painful for you to even stay with me and hear all that I am about to tell you, but you must stay with me on this.  Will you promise me that you will at least give this a try?

Lucas started typing his reply when suddenly the door to his bedroom opened, and Timothy entered.  Lucas immediately hit the shut down key to his computer and stood up.  “What are you doing here?”

Timothy smiled, “Don’t talk to an overseer with that tone of voice, slave!  I’m here to sex you up!  Just gonna have a little fun with my little slaveboy, that’s all.”

Timothy went up to Lucas and sensuously grabbed him by his banded balls, “How are these stones hangin, slave?  Come along with me now.  I’m taking you into the fucking room.  I’m gonna fuck your ass silly and play with your girl tits.  You’re going to be my little bitch boy for the night.  Come along, Missy.”

Timothy led Lucas by his balls to the punishment frame, and with his other hand he rubbed his crotch as he led Lucas.

As Timothy secured Lucas to the frame by ankle and wrist cuffs, he leered; “Oh yeah, baby!  You’re going to be my ‘one and only’ for tonight!  You ready to receive my man-dick up your girly-cunt ass?”

As Timothy cranked the frame so that the top portion of the frame tilted and bent Lucas over into a fucking position, Timothy’s ‘man dick’ erected to its full four and a half inch teen glory.

Timothy, drooling at the sight of Lucas’s 20-year old bubble-butt ass held up nice and high, began rubbing Lucas’s ass and thighs with both hands.

He was about to unzip his trousers and unleash his monster teen cock when suddenly he heard the large warehouse door to the adjoining room screech open.  Timothy dropped everything and dashed for the nearest exit, swearing as he ran, “Jeesusfuckingawdamnnchrist!”

To be continued…

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