What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART THIRTEEN**  
  
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Bronte Jackson’s phone rang at 9:15 AM, Thursday morning.  Bronte, seated at his warehouse office desk, saw in the warehouse phone system’s caller ID that the call was from his first assistant foreman, Sam Paulson, and decided he had better take it.

“Bronte, what in the hell.  Why aren’t you answering any of your emails?”

Bronte logged into his office email as he spoke, “I’ve been giving top priority to the Hunter Construction bid.  What’s up?”

Before Sam could answer, Bronte already had an idea of what was on from the subject headings of all the morning’s emails in his inbox.

Sam answered, “As soon as I got in today at 8 AM I got a call from Chet in Finance saying that Shipping wasn’t responding to email orders.  Since you allow limited access to that department because that’s where Mr. Thorne’s son is housed, I didn’t want to go in there without your clearance.”

Mr. Jackson was concerned, “You should have called me sooner!  Meet me over at Shipping.”

Mr. Jackson fumbled with his keys as he hurried to the shipping department.  Sam was already at the entrance waiting.  They entered the reception area and Mr. Jackson called out, “Lucas!”

There was no response, so the two foremen made their way down the hallway to the shower room.  In the shower room they saw Lucas secured to the punishment frame in a bent over position.  Mr. Jackson rushed to Lucas, “Lucas. Are you okay?”

Lucas woke up from his light sleep and started crying, as Mr. Jackson asked, “Who did this to you?”

As Mr. Jackson and Sam started undoing the ankle and wrist cuffs that secured Lucas to the frame, Lucas responded, “Timothy.”

Mr. Jackson wondered, “When did he do this?”

“Last night, about eight o’clock.”

Mr. Jackson was shocked, “He left you vulnerable like this for over twelve hours?   Why did he do this?”

“He said he was going to fuck me, but then he heard a noise in the next room and rushed out.”

Mr. Jackson put an arm about Lucas and started leading him to his bedroom, as he asked Sam, “Is Timothy here today?”

“No, Bronte.  He called in sick.”

Mr. Jackson stopped and instructed Sam, “Get Timothy’s father, Hildebrand, on the phone, and have him come down here.”

Sam nodded and exited.  As Mr. Jackson led Lucas to his bedroom, he told him to take the day off, “I want you to rest.”

Lucas sat on his bed, and spoke quietly, “I’m calling the police.  This is the third time this has happened to me.”

Mr. Jackson patted Lucas on the shoulder, “It’s my duty as your overseer to report this to the proper authorities. There is no need for you to act on this.  I will do that for you.  I would like you to just take the day off and rest.  Let me know if there is anything I can do for you.”

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In Mr. Jackson’s office, Mr. Jackson, his assistant foreman, Sam Paulson, and Timothy’s father, Hildebrand Thorne, watched the security cam video of Timothy leading Lucas to the punishment frame, tying him down, and threatening to rape him.

Hildebrand defended his son, “It’s just all talk.  In the video Timothy doesn’t actually do anything to Lucas.”

Mr. Jackson shook his head, “No matter.  He left Lucas cuffed all night in a painful position to the frame.  And what if there were a fire?  Totally irresponsible behavior on Timothy’s part!”

Hildebrand nodded in the affirmative, “I agree, Mr. Jackson.  Immature behavior.  I will have a good talk with Timothy.  But what I think is really going on here is that Timothy was just pissed off about Lucas’s previous lie that Timothy had raped him, and Timothy was just trying to get a little harmless revenge by threatening to rape him.  I think when Timothy heard the noise and bolted, he wasn’t thinking clearly.  He was probably afraid that it would look like he really was going to rape Lucas, when all he was trying to do was do a little harmless payback scare.”

Sam looked at the ceiling, “How far back are the security cams backed up?”

Mr. Jackson answered, “Unfortunately, they are not backed up.  They loop every 48 hours.  Nothing is backed up after that.”

Hildebrand sought to end the situation, “Then it’s all over.  It’s simply Timothy’s word against Lucas’s.  I say we let the whole thing go, sit down with Lucas and Timothy, tell them to start acting like adults, and call the whole thing over.”

Mr. Jackson wondered how to proceed, and suggested that the three of them have a meeting with Gabriel Thorne, Lucas’s father and Hildebrand’s brother, to apprise him of the matter.

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Lucas, given the day off by Mr. Jackson, slept until noon after his lonely night cuffed to the punishment frame.

As he ate his breakfast, Lucas decided that this would be the perfect time to continue his chat with Chad from Servitor Freedom International.  He was most eager to find out what Chad was trying to tell him yesterday, before he was interrupted by Timothy.

Lucas was able to reconnect, via Servitor Freedom International’s chatline, with Chad, a Servitor Counselor.  Lucas explained to Chad why he had to shut down his computer in mid conversation.  They continued their online chat:

Chad – So Mr. Jackson let you have the day off!  It sounds to me like Mr. Jackson isn’t as unsympathetic as you had originally feared.

Lucas – I don’t trust anyone anymore.

Chad – I can understand that, Lucas.

Lucas – I would like to know what you were trying to tell me yesterday; why you were asking me to recall my life’s most humiliating moments.

Chad – Please be aware, Lucas, that once I tell you why I am asking you to recall your life’s most humiliating moments, you may be offended.  But what is especially important is that no matter how offended you may be, or how distasteful you may find the exercises I will ask you to perform, that you at least give them a try.  They can transform your life in an instant!

Lucas – Sure.  Anything beats being hooked up to a trolley system by cables attached to your nose and cock rings.

Chad – So in our chat that was interrupted, you recalled the two most humiliating events in your life; one was your mother catching you masturbating when you were twelve years old, with you surrounded by loads of pornographic images; and the other was recently, when your brother brought some of his friends into the viewing area of your work station, after having your body oiled and lips and cheeks painted, and they were viewing you as if you were some prize farm animal laboring in the field.

Lucas – Since our chat I have thought of a lot more embarrassing moments.

Chad – That is good Lucas, because I want you to recall as many of those moments as you possibly can, and I want you to carefully think about how you felt in those moments.  I want you to recall those feelings of shame and embarrassment, recall those feelings and try to grab on to that feeling, to attempt to understand that feeling of shame.  Think of how it makes you feel, and how those feelings make you want to run away and hide.

Lucas – I already know what shame and humiliation feel like.  It’s no great effort for me to recall the feeling.  I live with it every day.

Chad – That is good, Lucas.  Because I want you to use those feelings to help bring yourself to a very special place.

Lucas – What place is that?

Chad – It’s a place where you will find yourself happier than you have ever been before in your life.

Lucas – Thoughts alone can’t make me happy.

Chad – You are correct about that.  But what can make you happy are feelings so intense that they cause you to shiver at the very core of your being; shiver with feelings so unique and wonderfully intense that you could never have imagined such sensations existed.

Lucas – I doubt that.  What you describe sounds to me better than an orgasm, and I doubt if any such feelings exist.

Chad – You are wrong Lucas.

Lucas – What feeling are you talking about?

Chad – We have a special name for it.  We call it ‘that slave feeling’.  Slaves who experience it are probably the happiest people on earth.

Lucas – But how can that be?  I have never heard of such a feeling.

Chad – Well, it is not something spoken of very much among the non-servitor population, but I can tell you it is real.  And I will tell you that slaves I deal with who get to that place where they can grasp the feeling, describe it as being better than an orgasm.  And it doesn’t stop.  It just fills you with intense sensations throughout the day.

Lucas – This sounds like pop psychology, ‘feel good’, nonsense.

Chad – Well, Lucas, it is easy enough for you to test this and to find out if such a feeling actually exists within you.

Lucas – How do I do that?

Chad – I will tell you, Lucas, and this may be painful for you to even consider trying, but promise me that you will at least give this a try!

Lucas – I promise.

Chad – This is sort of a two-part process.  The first thing that I want you to do is to ponder some of your life’s most humiliating moments, and recall with as much detail as possible how they made you feel.  And I want you to let those feelings of shame and humiliation to talk to you.  Don’t run from them.  I want you to listen to those feelings, and accept the fact that perhaps those feelings are trying to tell you something.

Lucas – What are they possibly trying to tell me?

Chad – That perhaps you are a failure as a free person, that you were meant to be a slave, and that if you would only accept that fact, something magic would happen to you.

Lucas – This is crazy!

Chad – Hold on Lucas.  You promised me you would stay with me on this.  Be brave and listen to more of what I have to say.

Lucas – Okay, I’m here and listening, but skeptical.  Everybody has embarrassing stuff happen to them.

Chad – True enough, but not everyone ends up in the kind of situation you find yourself in; enslaved for life.  Remember, you grew up in your state, and you were probably aware that your state has some pretty stringent pro-slavery laws; yet you were careless enough to get yourself in the kind of trouble that got you enslaved for life.  There are thousands of guys your age out there who have not ended up enslaved like you - as a hard labor drudge, tethered to a trolley system by their cocks and noses.  The fact is, you ended up enslaved and they did not.  Perhaps you deserved it!  Consider that for a moment.  Let’s start with that fact.

Lucas – Okay, I accept that I was dumb enough to get enslaved.

Chad – Good.  The second part of this process is the experiment part, where you actually find out if ‘that slave feeling’ is real or not.  Here is what you have to do.  You may find it hard at first, but you must try it with whole-hearted sincerity.

Lucas – I am curious.

Chad – The next time one of your overseers gives you an order, you are to reply in utter sincerity in the following manner.  You are to thank them for the order, tell them you will happily perform the duty to the best of your ability, and ask them in how much time they would like the task performed. You are to be beautifully obsequious.  You are to present a most dutiful and obedient aspect.  And you must address your overseer formally and in complete deference.

Lucas – Like how?

Chad – I will give you an example.  Let me use your own brother Robin as an example, because it is probably more difficult for you to take an order from him than it is from your father or Mr. Jackson.

Lucas – That’s for sure!

Chad – So let’s say Robin comes to you and tells you that your living quarters are getting messy.  The test for you is to address him sincerely in the following manner; “Thank you very much, Robin, sir, for your order.  I will happily clean up my area as you ask, and I shall get to it immediately.  I shall try work as fast as possible, Robin, sir.  Thank you, Robin, sir, for helping me to be the best servant that I can be.”

Lucas – And then what’s going to happen?

Chad – Oh, something WILL happen if you have responded to your overseer in utter sincerity, I guarantee it!  Your overseer will be pleased, you will sense that your overseer is pleased with your response, and you will, probably for the first time in your life, feel a strange sensation.  And once you get used to behaving in such a way around your overseers, in just accepting that you need to be the best servant that you can be, you will soon sense that strange sensation stirring within you is something you can control; you can cause it to grow and intensify with the more obedience and deference you show to your overseers and masters.  It will ever blossom as long as you seek to serve to the best of your ability.  And eventually it will overwhelm you, overwhelm you with joy.

Lucas did not type a reply, so Chad continued his chat; Some slaves say that the slave feeling is nature herself rewarding them for giving their life to the service of others.  It is a feeling so intense that it will make your life seem not only very worthwhile, but wondrous, magical, and intensely beautiful.

Lucas – Wow!  I remember how as a kid when I was embarrassed or felt I had done something deserving of punishment, I would at some of those times get an erection.  Is that slave feeling connected to that?

Chad – I don’t know that, Lucas.  But it sounds to me like you will explore this a bit?

Lucas – I don’t know, Chad.  It seems pretty weird.  I will keep you posted.

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Bronte Jackson called his boss, Gabriel Thorne at his home, and told him what had happened to Lucas, how he was left tied to a punishment frame overnight by Timothy.  At Mr. Jackson’s request, Gabriel drove down to the warehouse for a meeting with his brother, Hildebrand, in Mr. Jackson’s office.  Also present in the office was Sam Paulson, Mr. Jackson’s assistant foreman.

Mr. Jackson spoke, “Gabriel, it is my duty to call the police and have them look into what happened here last night.  But your brother wants me to hold off doing that, and I’m not comfortable not reporting this incident to the police.”

Gabriel was objective, “Well, let’s watch the video from the surveillance cams.”

Once they had viewed the videos from the warehouse security cameras, a discussion ensued.  Hildebrand was not happy with Timothy’s behavior.

Mr. Jackson agreed, “Remember gentlemen, if Lucas is telling the truth, this is the third time he was assaulted by Timothy.”

Hildebrand was getting impatient, and gave his defense of Timothy, “Look Gabriel, Timothy and Lucas were always friends.  I think when Lucas made up that stuff about being raped the previous time, Timothy was just giving him a hard time, a little harmless payback fun.”

Gabriel was not convinced, “This is a serious matter, Hildebrand.”

Hildebrand agreed, “I certainly know that, Gabriel.  But unfortunately it’s just Lucas’s word against Timothy’s.  There is no way to know for sure.  Mr. Jackson says the surveillance cams only go back 48 hours and then re-loop.

Gabriel looked surprised that his warehouse foremen did not know about the backup system, “All the warehouse cams loop after 48 hours, but after 48 hours every surveillance cam is then saved to our system hard drive since I took ownership of this building.  Do you have the times and dates of the previous alleged assaults?”

The two foremen and Hildebrand were thrilled and pleased to hear the news of the backup system.  Gabriel led his brother and two foremen to his office, opened his security cam files, and entered the date and time of the first assault.

The video cams, from three angles, were just a tad grainy, but the sound was crystal clear; “Okay, straightboy, you’re getting plugged!”  “No one can hear you slaveboy, just you and me here!”  “Does this feel good?  You learning your lesson, animal boy?”  “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!”

Gabriel then entered the date of the second assault, and the gentlemen watched in silence as Timothy, with a fazer in hand, made Lucas perform humiliating acts; muscle boy flexing poses, running in place, forcing him to bring his knees up high with each step and duck walking about the warehouse with his hands held behind his head.  The video also showed Timothy and his friends taking turns spanking and sexually feeling-up the frightened slave.

There was silence in the room as Gabriel, stunned, closed down the video backup program on his computer.  Hildebrand put his head down and began to sob.  Mr. Jackson pulled a chair out and guided Hildebrand to have a seat.

Mr. Jackson waited for the right moment and spoke, “I am afraid, gentlemen, that I have no choice but to call the police, after viewing these acts of rape and torture committed against a defenseless being.”

Hildebrand spoke in a firm voice, “No, Mr. Jackson, you will not call the police on my son!”

The room was silent as Hildebrand stood up, “I will call the police myself.”

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Hildebrand Thorne spent the evening in his study, going over photos in the family album of his wife, and son, Timothy.  At 11 PM, he put the photo albums away, and walked to Timothy’s room and entered.  The light was out, the room was dark, and it appeared to Hildebrand that Timothy was asleep.  He walked up to Timothy’s bed, gently put his hand to his son’s shoulder, held it there as if offering some blessing, and then left the room, quietly closing the door behind him.

Timothy was not asleep, and heard his father quietly sobbing.  Timothy was afraid.  He feared something bad was happening.

He got out of his bed and knelt on the floor.  He folded his hands in prayer and closed his eyes, “Dear Geezus.  I don’t know too much about you, but I do know that you died, then woke from the dead, went out of your tomb, and then when you saw your shadow, you went up into heaven.  Please don’t let them come after me, dear Geezus.  I am not bad.  I do not do bad stuff.  I do all my work at the warehouse that I’m supposed to, even though Uncle Gabriel only pays me eight dollars an hour for doing that shit work.  I never did anything bad to Lucas, I was only helping him to be a better slave.  It says in the bible that slavery is a good thing.  I agree with that and simply wanted Lucas to know that as a slave he’s gotta do what he’s told.  Please Geezus.  Help me.  If you get me out of this I promise you I’ll give back that skateboard I stole from Mr. Geyser’s store.”

To be continued…

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