|  |
| --- |
| What’s Going On, Dad?By Randall Austin**PART FOURTEEN**This story is erotic fiction meant for mature readers and should only be read by adults over the age of eighteen years old. Please do not use my stories without my permission and please forward all comments to randallaustin2011@hotmail.comRandall Austin’s Archive Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>Timothy had a hard night.  He couldn’t fall asleep.  And when he did doze off, he would be startled awake by dreams that frightened him.  In one dream he felt someone poking a tube down his throat that gagged him.  In another he was being pursued naked, and someone caught him by grabbing onto his balls. He looked at the clock.  It was 6:30 AM.  He had taken the previous day off by calling his boss, Mr. Jackson, and telling him he was sick.  But he really took off because he was afraid to go to work.  Afraid that he might be blamed for cuffing Lucas to the punishment frame overnight.   But Timothy felt better today.  More confident.  No one would take a slave’s word over a free boy like himself.  After all, his uncle owned the company and hired him.  He figured if he was in trouble, he would have heard about it by now.  So Timothy decided the best thing for him to do was to go to work as usual, showing a new confidence.  He would even arrive early, by about 20 minutes, to show everyone what a good worker he was. He got in the shower and started scrubbing himself.  Having successfully put his fears about being reprimanded aside, Timothy could concentrate on other things, like sex.  As he lathered up his body with his Axe shower gel his teen hard on finally returned, and he was glad.  It felt good having a big teen erection in the shower.  He thought about masturbating, but decided to put it off because he wanted to get to work earlier than usual today.   And putting off his jerking session would also help to keep himself all sexed up at work.  He loved being around his naked slave cousin.  He loved every time he had to deliver an order for shipment to Lucas’s quarters.  He loved seeing the hunky slave tethered to the floor by his slave dick, and to the ceiling by a cord that ran from his humiliating nose ring to a trolley system above.   As much as Timothy hated to have to go to work every day during his summer vacation, he was well aware that there were some definite perks to his job!  \*\*\*  Lucas, after having been given the previous day off by Mr. Jackson, had a rather calm morning.  He felt better about things.  Perhaps it was that now, having been discovered cuffed to a punishment frame, people would begin to believe him when he told them about any of Timothy’s transgressions. He was surprised when Mr. Jackson entered his work area just before his lunch break, accompanied by a young man carrying a black bag.  Mr. Jackson spoke, “Lucas, this is Noland Howell.  He is medical technician.  Your father wants him to remove your ear tags and bells.” Lucas nodded in greeting.  Noland asked Lucas to be seated, “This will just take a few seconds.”  Noland removed the ear bells, then applied an antiseptic and anesthetic to each ear, and with a special pliers, removed the staples holding the large yellow ear tags. Noland looked over his work, “There will be a little bleeding.  Wash your ears several times a day.  If there is any infection, let Mr. Jackson know.” Lucas thanked both the technician and Mr. Jackson. \*\*\* When Timothy returned to work after his lunch break, he was quite certain that he wasn’t in any trouble.  If Mr. Jackson were going to holler at him for cuffing Lucas down, he would have done so by now. As Timothy entered the shipping department towing a cart full of orders for Lucas to ship out, he was surprised to see Lucas without his ear tags or ear bells.  He called out, “Yo, slave.  Who took off your ear bells and tags?” Lucas was feeling strangely comfortable, for once, in front of Timothy, and thought for a moment before answering.  He decided to give Chad’s advice a try, if only for the fun of it.  “Timothy, sir, a medical technician removed them this morning, sir.” Timothy was more surprised by Lucas’s subservient tone than by his answer, “Who gave him permission to do that?” Lucas bowed his head, “Sir, Timothy, sir, Mr. Jackson escorted the medical technician here, and told me that my father had requested that my ear bells and ear tags be removed, sir.”   Timothy was confused, “How come you’re talking to me that way?” Lucas was surprised at the effect of being subservient in such a way; while it certainly wasn’t giving him any special ‘slave feeling’, he liked the way it caught Timothy off guard.  It was almost as if he were now controlling the situation, “Sir, Timothy, sir, I would never do such a thing, sir.  Sir, I am a slave, sir, and only a slave.  I respect my overseers, sir.  And you are a state certified Junior Servitor Handler sir, and therefore it is my duty to speak respectfully to you, sir.” At first Timothy liked being spoken to in such a way by his older slave cousin, but then he wondered, “Are you trying to mock me?” Lucas was enjoying this, “Sir, no sir.” Timothy took a threatening stance and a loud, accusatory, tone, “I think you’re trying to mock me!” Mr. Jackson entered the shipping department and heard Timothy’s tone.  He yelled, “Timothy, what are you doing?  What’s going on here?” Timothy, startled and embarrassed, had a worried look on his face, “Nothing, Mr. Jackson.  I was just delivering some packages for shipping to Lucas.” Mr. Jackson was firm, “I just heard you shouting at Lucas.  If you have a problem with Lucas’s behavior you are to report it to me!  Do you understand?” Timothy answered, embarrassed, “Yes, Mr. Jackson.” Timothy began unloading the packages on his cart.  Once Mr. Jackson was out of the room, Timothy voiced his disgust with his supervisor; “Fucking jerk!  I have had it with Mr. Jackson talking to me that way!  I’m reporting him to Uncle Gabriel!” \*\*\*  Four days later, before the morning work shift began, Robin entered Lucas’s bedroom.  Lucas was still in bed, and Robin went and sat on the bed.  “Good morning, Lucas.” Lucas greeted his younger brother.  Lucas was disenchanted.  He thought that after his latest assault by Timothy, where he was left cuffed to a punishment frame overnight, there would be some changes.  That Timothy would be reprimanded in some way, and that he would at least receive some words of support from his father and brother. His father did have his ear bells and ear tags removed, but now Lucas didn’t know if that was an effort to make up for his mistreatment at Timothy’s hands, or simply to prepare his ears for some new humiliation. And Robin, after the day he had Lucas oiled up and brought in his friends to view Lucas as if he were some prize farm animal, never once visited him. And now Robin was undoing Lucas’s nipple trainers.Robin spoke, “I want to see how these are coming along.” Once removed, both Robin and Lucas were surprised at what they saw; Lucas’s nipples were elongated.  Robin smiled, “Nice!” Without saying a word, Robin began reattaching the nipple trainers.  Lucas asked, “Robin, why are you doing this to me?” Robin looked down, “Because I like you, bro.  I want you to look good.” “Explain what you mean, Robin.” Robin hesitated, “I don’t know.”  There was a long pause, “I don’t know if I can explain, Lucas.  Next week Mr. Timmons is going to come with me and we’re all going to have a talk.” Lucas recalled the advice of Chad, “Thank you, Robin, sir, for at least saying that much.” Robin was taken aback, and Lucas was surprised once again at the reaction his obeisance received.  Robin reached out and patted Lucas on the shoulder, “I’ve been busy with my swim team after work, bro.  I hope to be spending a lot more time with you soon.” Lucas was glad for the visit, for he was lonely.  His obeisance, again, didn’t give him any special ‘slave feeling’, but it did result in a comforting response from his brother. \*\*\* The following morning, Timothy arrived at work dressed extra neatly.  And he had his hair styled with lots of extra product because he wanted to impress his boss.  He knocked on the door of his Uncle Gabriel’s office.  He heard his uncle call him in. “Thank you for letting me see you, Uncle Gabe.” Gabriel Thorne looked at Timothy, and had a hard time offering a greeting smile, “Yes, Timothy, what did you want to see me about?” “Uncle Gabe, I think Mr. Jackson has it in for me.” “Why do you say that, Timothy?” “Well, he talks to me in a way I think isn’t proper.  He’s, like, always got this accusatory tone when he talks to me.  It’s like he’s suspicious of me or something.” Mr. Thorne only nodded. Timothy continued, “And you know, Uncle Gabe, I think it is especially inappropriate for Mr. Jackson to address me in a loud and disrespectful voice when we’re around the slave.  I am, after all, a certified Junior Servitor Handler – I have my certificate in my locker – and it sends the wrong message to Lucas.” Mr. Thorne heard enough, “Okay, thanks for letting me know how you feel, Timothy.  I think you better get back to work.” Timothy was crushed and embarrassed.  It seemed as if his uncle wasn’t paying attention to anything he said, “Okay, Uncle Gabe.  Thank you.”  As Timothy made his way back to his workstation, he vented under his breath, “Gawwdammm Uncle Gabe is as dense as his slave son!  Nothin but a bunch of bastard losers around here!” Once he arrived back at his workstation, a workmate yelled out, “Wow Timothy, all slicked up!  You got a date with the forklift?”  The entire room of workers, except for Timothy, erupted into laughter.   Timothy only shook his head in disgust and mumbled,  “Uncle Gabe can take this job and shove it!  I’m telling dad I’m quitting!”  \*\*\* Robin and his friends, Jay and Conner, were sitting on the floor of his bedroom, drinking wine, and playing footsie with each other.  The three 16-year olds sexed each other on and off, and this evening it appeared to all three of them as if this would be their first three-way.  Jay and Robin already had their shirts off. Conner touched Jay’s crotch with his socked foot, “Man, you’re about ready to squirt?” Jay’s cell phone dinged that a message had arrived.  Jay, opened his phone, and Robin noticed that Jay’s phone’s home pic was a snapshot of Lucas he had taken while the three of them were watching the specially oiled-up Lucas from the viewing gallery of the warehouse. Robin commented, “I see you got a snap of my brother on your phone.” “Yeah, pretty hot!  You are sure one lucky fuck!” Conner smiled, “Yeah, fuck!  I’d give anything to have my older brother as my personal slave.  Sometimes at night I think of him fucking his wife and I just about drown in my cum.” Jay laughed, “So tell us, Robin, does Lucas give good head?” Conner joined in, “Yeah, is he still a nice tight fuck, or have you got him ragged out by now?” Robin shook his head, “Naw, I’ve never done anything with him yet.” “What the fuck you waiting for?” “Well, he’s my brother!” “He was your brother!  He ain’t anymore.”  Jay put his hand in his pants and fondled himself as he spoke, “I mean, I saw him at the warehouse.  You’ve got him rigged out like some goddamn ox.  You’ve dehumanized him.  Compared to what you’ve already done to him, is fucking him any worse?” “I didn’t do that stuff to him.  The social services authorities told my dad that that kind of rigging effectively replaces the standard servitor training course.  We’re not going to keep him like that forever.  He’s coming back home here eventually.” Conner spoke, “Well, I don’t know how you can keep your hands off of him.  And Jay told me your training his nipples so they get nice and big.  I bet he’s gonna be one hot cunt once they’re fully trained.” Robin laughed, “That’s my hope!” Jay shook his head, “I don’t get it.  You’re afraid or too shy to initiate sex with Lucas, yet you have no problem doing stuff to him to make him look pretty, like training his nipples, oiling him up, and putting lipstick on him.” Robin took a sip of his wine, and put his hand in his crotch as well, “My Senior Servitor Handler’s class instructor, Aldous Gregory Timmons, has been giving me advice.  He is the one who told me to get Lucas oiled up and have some friends join me in viewing him like that.  He is the one who told me to put nipple trainers on Lucas.  Mr. Timmons told me that just the way the track and trolley rigging works on Lucas’s subconscious to help him grasp the reality of his servitor condition, so getting Lucas prettied up in various ways will work on his subconscious to help him realize he is my personal service provider as well.” “But it’s still awkward getting started with that stuff.  That’s why Mr. Timmons is coming out at the end of next week to help Lucas and me get better ‘acquainted’.” Jay reached his hand into Robin’s trousers, “Well I think it’s about time the three of us get better acquainted as well!” The three boys stripped and quickly formed a sucking chain; Jay sucked Robin, Robin sucked Conner, and Conner sucked Jay.  And the thought that propelled their orgy was that of the beautiful sex-animal, Lucas, naked and oiled and rigged up at the warehouse.” |

To be continued…

For more of Randall Austin Stories, Please visit the Randall Austin Archive Group. While it does not yet contain all of Randall’s stories [it will eventually], it gathers the stories in one convenient location.

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>