What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART FIFTEEN**  
  
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Robin, home from a hard day’s work at the warehouse, passed the laundry room on the way to his bedroom.  He stopped at what he saw.  Next to the washer and dryer was something new.  A molded stall, three walls, seven feet high, with a strange sink placed at the back wall; strange because the sink was lower than most sinks would normally be.

Robin examined the stall.  The sink looked pretty much like a normal sink, except that it had a somewhat rounded shape to it, something like a urinal.  And there was also attached to the sink a spray nozzle.  The sidewalls had D-rings attached from top to bottom.

Not being able to figure out what it was, Robin was about to continue on to his room when the doorbell rang.

Robin opened the door, and there was Timothy, “Hey, Robin.  Can I come in and chat for a bit?”

Robin nodded and led Timothy to his bedroom.  In Robin’s room Timothy took out some beers from his backpack and handed one to Robin.

“I’m stressed out, Robin.  I really hate my job.  Everyone treats me like shit.”

“Everyone?”

“Yes, everyone!  Even your dad.  I don’t mean to talk bad about Uncle Gabe, but I went to tell him about some of my concerns and he like hardly listened to me.”

Robin thought a bit, “Mmm, I know dad is pretty busy.  He was probably just preoccupied with work stuff.”

Timothy lowered his voice, “Robin, I hope you don’t believe any of that stuff that some people have said about me.”

Robin did not know what Timothy meant, and gave a puzzled look, “I haven’t heard anything.  What stuff?”

Realizing that Robin had probably not been apprised of Lucas’s complaints about his treatment of him, Timothy thought it best to drop the subject: “Oh, it was just a minor matter.  Nothing at all.  No big deal.  I shouldn’t have brought it up.”

The cousins drank their beer, sitting on the floor.  Timothy moved a bit closer to Robin.  “You know, Robin, I have always liked you.”

“I like you too, Timothy.”

“Wow, that is good to hear.  Because I’m kind of lonely right now.”  Timothy put a hand on Robin’s upper leg, “I mean, I always thought you were super cute.”

Robin was getting nervous, “Oh, I didn’t know you meant you liked me like that.”

“Yeah, you’re really hot.  I heard from Jay that you two and Conner really had a session here the other day.  I wouldn’t mind getting in on something like that!”

Timothy moved his body next to Robin’s and Robin stood up, “No, please, Timothy.  I am not interested.”

Timothy, who obviously had had a few beers before arriving at Robin’s wondered, “Why don’t you like me?  Is it because I don’t have thick lips like Jay, or long blond curls like Conner?”

Robin was concerned, “Please Timothy, don’t talk like this.  You will regret it.”

Timothy stood up and forced an embrace on Robin, “Come on, Robin.  Please let’s do it.  I need release man.  I need release.  I love you dude.”

Robin tried to back away, “Look Timothy, we’re cousins.  It’s not right!”

Timothy set his beer can down, “Cousins, fuck!  Why should you care that we’re related?  I mean, you’ll eventually be fucking your own brother!  That’s what’s sick!”

Timothy grabbed his backpack and ran out.

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Later that evening, as Robin and his father dined, Gabriel brought up something he had put off, “Robin, I walked into your room the other day when you had your friends over, and I caught you three on the floor.  I think you know what I saw you doing.”

Robin looked down embarrassed.  His father reassured him, “I was sorry to have walked in on you, but you three were so involved, none of you heard me enter, so I quietly backed away and closed the door.”

There was silence as Robin recalled Jay, Conner, and his naked sucking circle.  Gabriel continued, “Son, I hope you are being careful and know whether or not your partners are safe.  There is so much disease out there, Robin, that naturally I am concerned.”

“And, Robin, that is the reason I gave you Lucas.  Honey, I want you to start using him for all of your personal needs.”

Robin was more embarrassed at the prospect of having sex with his brother than he was by the fact that his dad had walked in on his naked orgy.  Eventually Robin explained that his Servitor Handler instructor, Mr. Timmons, would be coming out to the warehouse one evening in the week ahead to help him get things started with Lucas.

Gabriel was pleased, “Good, you need to start using Lucas.  The sooner we can get him used to all that’s required of him, the sooner he can come home.”

Robin smiled, “That will be good when he can come back home here, Dad.  He will probably be a lot more cheerful when he’s here and out of that hobble, and clothed again.”

“No, son.  Lucas is not going to be released from his hobbles or clothed once he’s home with us.  We need to keep him naked and hobbled, and under even tighter rein than he is now at the warehouse.”

Robin was surprised to hear this.  His father continued, “To that end, did you see the servitor stall I had installed in the laundry room?”

“I did, Dad.  What is that thing?”

“It’s a slave stall.  You know how animals such as cows are placed in stalls when they are in a barn.  Well, it’s kind of the same thing, but for a slave.  So this way we can quickly secure Lucas and get him out of the way.  Let’s say company has arrived unexpectedly and Lucas is being a problem to handle, this way we just secure him in the stall, and he can’t move.  But he can piss in the sink and drink water if he needs to while we have him locked out of the way.”

“The ‘servitor stall’ is sometimes called a ‘punishment stall’.  It’s handy for securing a slave for certain kinds of punishments that can get messy; it’s especially great for mouth washing a slave.  You lock him in there facing the sink; then you come up behind him and give his mouth a good soap washing.  But it’s also good for force feedings, or when you want your slave to suck on a punishment-pop, or if you want to give him a punishment enema.”

Once Mr. Thorne had finished his meal and left the table, Robin remained seated, his mouth dry from thinking about his older brother locked naked in a stall like a cow.

Robin’s mind could not let go of the image.  He imagined himself coming up behind the stalled and naked Lucas, his big slave butt gleaming and inviting, his ringed cock hanging over the sink.  Robin imagined himself naked, walking up behind Lucas with a bar of soap in his hand, reaching around and forcing Lucas to bite down on it as he moved his own unit against Lucas’s ass crack.

Robin shook his head to remove the shocking image.

Were such scenes actually going to be a reality in the home he grew up in?  A home where once he, Lucas, and his dad all loved one another as equals.  But now his brother had been turned into a slave; a slave that it seemed his father wanted to keep in a totally controlled and reigned in environment where Robin would be in full control of him.

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Peter Sterling, a long time employee of Gabriel Thorne, walked into the shipping department as Mr. Jackson, his supervisor, was giving Lucas a stern lecture; “You simply need to get a move on things.  You are far behind enough that I worry whether or not we will be able to get all of this out by the end of the shift.  I think it would be best if you held off your dinner break until you are caught up.”

“In fact, let me give you a warning.  If you are not caught up by the end of the shift tonight, I’m putting you on the punishment frame and you’re going to have a session with the prison strap!  Do you hear me?”

Lucas answered quietly, “Yes sir, Mr. Jackson, sir.”

Mr. Jackson softened up a bit, “Okay, I hope I won’t have to, but just make sure you do your best!”

Mr. Jackson turned to exit and saw Peter approaching with some papers in hand.  Mr. Jackson greeted Peter, and Peter spoke, “Hi, Mr. Jackson.  I need to get some signatures from Lucas on these orders.”

Peter paused a bit, then continued, “Mr. Jackson, I shouldn’t be saying this, but a lot of us feel this way; it’s just terrible the way Mr. Thorne is treating his son.”

“What’s so terrible about his treatment, Peter?”

“Well, he’s kept all naked and ringed, and hooked up to the floor and ceiling like that.  Left alone here at night.”

Lucas, less than twenty feet away could make out the conversation through the warehouse echo, and listened intently.

Mr. Jackson only smiled at Peter’s comments, as if to make light of his concerns, “Mr. Thorne has overheard a number of employees grumbling about the way Lucas is treated, but ignores their comments for good reason. Lucas is treated very well by US standards.  Mr. Thorne is not some inhumane slave driver.  Lucas is not over-worked, and he has plenty of free time.  He is on a diet of his own choosing.  He is allowed full Internet access with no strictures.  He is treated fairly in every way.”

“But Mr. Jackson, he’s kept naked, he can’t socialize, hobbled like an animal.  I suppose his father will ease up on him once Lucas returns home, but it is a pretty dreary life for him.”

Mr. Jackson was not moved, “He’s a slave and so those things are done to control him.  And you are wrong about Mr. Thorne easing up on him once his service at the warehouse is finished.  Mr. Thorne told me that he and Robin hope to keep Lucas naked and hobbled at home, and will employ physical discipline in controlling him on an active basis.  Mr. Thorne is even considering installing a track and trolley system in his own home to help keep Lucas under control.”

Mr. Jackson noted Peter looking rather bleak, so he smiled at him, “Look at the bright side; Lucas has a job for life, he doesn’t have to drive home and struggle with traffic, he’s got a cozy bedroom with everything he needs.”

Mr. Jackson laughed and patted Peter on the shoulder.  The laugh and pat made Peter think that perhaps things were not as severe as they seemed, and he took a lighter tone, “Yeah, you’re probably right.  Lucas probably spends the whole night jackin off.”

Mr. Jackson clarified, “Well that’s one thing Lucas can’t do; they have him hobbled-up with that shoulder and arm harness so he can’t reach his groin area with his hands.”

Peter was surprised, “You’ve gotta be shitting me!  How does he get his rocks off?”

Mr. Jackson explained, “That is entirely up to his brother, Robin.  Robin will be the one who either jacks Lucas off or lets Lucas jack himself off.”

Peter was stunned.  Mr. Jackson continued, “I know that Mr. Thorne favors various methods of enforced sexual abstinence to control slaves.  He told me just this morning that he had recently discussed with a state servitor advisor the possibly of having Lucas permanently infibulated and chastity caged.”

Peter was aghast, “Christ you gotta be kiddin me!”

“No, it’s not that rare a procedure for slaves to get their foreskin clamped shut.  It’ll give Robin pin-point control over his slave.”

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That evening the depressed Lucas chatted with his counselor, Chad, from Servitor Freedom International.

Chad – Were you surprised at the things you overheard Mr. Jackson telling Peter?

Lucas – Not really.  I guess it just made it clear to me that I am a slave, and my humiliating treatment is not going to change.

Chad – That is an important realization, Lucas.  It is common for new slaves to behave as you did.  First to feel overwhelmingly depressed; then to get indignant; then to contact some servitor rights organization; and then to finally realize that nothing is going to change.  To finally realize that regardless of how you are being treated, you are in fact now a slave, and nothing is going to change for you.  Ever!

Lucas – Why is that an important realization, Chad?

Chad – Because once you realize that your situation is not going to change, that you are indeed a slave for life, that is when something else can change; your feelings about your condition.

Lucas – ‘That slave feeling?’

Chad – That is right.  You can achieve it.

Lucas – I’ve tried it; it doesn’t work.

Chad – No, you have not tried it!  The times you told me about when you tried it, you were only half serious.  You were using it to get surprised reactions from Timothy and the others.  That was not cool.  You need to try it again, with the belief that it will help you, that it is the right thing to do.  It can change your life if you treat it seriously.

Lucas – I am skeptical.

Chad – Then promise me that the next time you get an order, no matter how distasteful the order or the command is to you, and no matter how distasteful the overseer giving you the order is to you, that you will submit in complete obeisance.  Promise me that you will try to completely resign yourself to the fact that you are a slave and your life’s sole duty is to serve the person or persons who are your overseers and masters.  Believe in it; believe in your submission and something wonderful will happen to you.

There was no response.

Chad – Lucas, promise me.

There was no response.

Chad – Please, promise me!

Lucas – I promise.