What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART SIXTEEN**  
  
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Timothy hated his job at the warehouse.  Not only were his superiors snubbing him, but even most of his coworkers seemed to be keeping him at arm’s length.

Timothy realized he had probably made an ass of himself the other day by going over to Robin’s house drunk and making a pass at him; but he rationalized that Robin really was, after all, nothing but a little homo jerk fuck, and the only thing he had going for himself was his rich dad.  Robin was now, in Timothy’s mind, nothing but a rich kid asshole, and no harm was done by his little drunken faux pas.

And though Robin was no longer worth the time of day to Timothy, he nevertheless was frustrated enough by the incident to feel the need to vent his frustration.  When he found an improperly completed shipment report from Lucas, Timothy had the pretext he needed for laying into the slave.

As he rushed to the shipping department, Timothy bumped into co-worker Peter Sterling.  Peter excused himself.  Timothy only sneered, “Watch where you’re going, asshole!”

As Timothy entered the shipping department he saw Lucas and called out, “Slave, I have had it with you!”

Lucas, startled, dropped a box.  Timothy had one more reason to be upset, and approached Lucas, “You fucking slave klutz!  What the fuck is wrong with you?  Do you know how much this shit is worth?  I’m writing you up for incompetent performance!”

Timothy, reveling in the fact that he as a 16-year old had authority over the 20-year old slave, grabbed Lucas by the ear and twisted it, as he shoved a shipping report in Lucas’s face, “Look at this goddamn report, cocksucker!  Now tell me why you signed it at the top instead of the bottom, where there is a clear indication for you to sign?”

Twisting his older cousin’s ear gave Timothy a boner, and the harder he twisted the slave’s ear, the harder grew his teen boner.  Lucas, frightened and in pain, let out a yell.

Suddenly a door to the shipping room opened, accompanied by a clanking sound.  Lucas, being forced into a bent over position by Timothy, saw several people enter, two of them dressed in jumpsuits and pushing a large flatbed cart with a six-foot steel cross attached.  Timothy, lost in his enjoyment of harassing the slave, continued tormenting Lucas, forcing him almost completely down to the floor by his ear.

Mr. Jackson yelled, “Timothy, what’s going on?”

Timothy immediately stopped what he was doing, and slowly turned around as he tried to think up an excuse, “I’m sorry Mr. Jackson if I got carried away, but Lucas dropped a valuable package and I take stuff like that personally because I really care about my uncle’s business.”

Timothy looked a bit to his left and saw that it wasn’t just Mr. Jackson who had entered the room, but was in fact a small army of people approaching him; his father, his Uncle Gabriel, Robin, Peter Sterling, a few other warehouse employees, a man in a business suit, two men in blue uniforms, one man in a black uniform, a police officer with a determined looking German Shepard, and some young men in jumpsuits pushing a cart with a cross anchored in the middle.

The two men in blue uniforms went up to Timothy and stood on either side of him, as the man in the business suit read aloud from a clipboard of papers, “Timothy Milhous Thorne, the State Social Services Review Board, based on evidence provided the state, has tried and found you guilty of two counts of violent sexual abuse, and one count of deadly assault, and has therefore sentenced you to a life-long term of indentured servitude.”

Timothy shouted, “Dad, why is everyone believing what Lucas said?  He made all that stuff up!”

“Son, there was videotaped evidence of all the assaults, from three different cameras, from three different angles.  It was the most painful thing I ever witnessed.”

Timothy was breathless, but still tried to defend himself, “I didn’t do any ‘deadly assault’, Dad!”

“Son, you tortured your cousin with a fazer.”

Timothy turned pale.  One of the men in blue spoke to Timothy, “Okay slave, we are going to take you to the state training facility where you will spend the next four months in intensive servitor training.  But our first stop will be the processing center, where we will get you all fixed and rigged up as a lifer servant; therefore we need you to remove all of your clothing.”

Timothy, lost and not responding to the man’s request could no longer make out the faces of those who were gathered around.  The sinking feeling of shame and loss quickly overwhelmed Timothy.  He stood there helpless as the two men in blue began undressing him.  He did not struggle.

One of the men in blue knelt down and removed Timothy’s shoes, as the other unbuckled his trousers and pulled them down.  Timothy meekly pleaded, “Don’t undress me here.”

One of the men in blue responded, “You’re a slave now, kid.  It no longer makes any difference if anyone sees you naked.”

Once Timothy realized that only his white briefs preserved him from naked slavedom, his self-preservation mode returned.  And when one of the men in blue quickly snipped off his briefs with a pair of scissors, Timothy realized he needed to act now.  He bolted, naked, towards the large warehouse double doors to the outside.

The German Shepherd barked and chased after Timothy, followed by the man in the black uniform. The dog ran in front of Timothy, causing Timothy to stumble slightly, as the fit, young, and tall man in black caught up and reached a hand between Timothy’s legs, and snagged him by his balls.  Timothy fell with a yell, and the man in black picked him up like a baby in his arms and carried him back to his fate.

The black uniformed gentleman sat on a stool, pulled Timothy over his lap, and began strapping Timothy’s ass with the slave strap; a short and wide strap of black leather made specifically for the asses of slaves in training.

The black uniformed gentleman didn’t stop strapping after five swats, even though Timothy was bawling and pleading.  He didn’t stop after ten swats, by which time Timothy was screaming.  He didn’t stop after fifteen swats, by which time Timothy was squealing piteously.  He didn’t stop after twenty swats by which time Timothy was choking and heaving on his sputum.  Finally, after the twenty forth swat the strapper asked the new slave, “This is what will happen to you if you disobey in any way.  Are you ready to start obeying?”

The bawling Timothy shouted out, “Yes, yes.  Please stop!”

The strapper called out to his subduction team, “Okay, let’s get him on the cross!”

The strapper man in the black uniform carried Timothy to the cart and ordered him, “Stand with your back against that T-frame, and stretch out your arms and align them with the crossbar.”

Timothy sniffling, dazed, his teen boner vanished and leaving only a little boy peepee stub, did as ordered.  The jumpsuited boys hopped on the cart and lashed Timothy’s arms to the crossbar with rubber cords.  They secured the cords very tightly, and as the cords pinched Timothy’s flesh, Timothy let out a yell.

Timothy’s father, Hildebrand called out to the jumpsuited team, “That’s too tight!”

The jumpsuited boys ignored the comment, but the police officer spoke to Hildebrand, “Mr. Thorne, I did tell you that perhaps it would be best if you weren’t present for your son’s subduction.”

The officer explained, “Timothy is going to be processed while on the cross.  They will be wheeling him on that cart from one processing station to another, with him secured to the cross.  He is due for quite a few procedures, and several of the procedures he is set to receive are fearfully painful.  Therefore it’s quite important that he be securely bound to the cross.”

Timothy let out a pitiful cry, “No Daddy, no!  Don’t let them take me away!”

One of the jumpsuited boys warned the new slave, “Keep it quiet kid, or else you’re going to get a ball squeezing!”

Peter Sterling was curious and asked what kinds of procedures Timothy would be receiving.

The officer wasn’t sure, but the man in the black uniform was happy to explain, “All lifer, hard-labor, drudges in our state are subjected to the same set of procedures; they are tattooed on the right shoulder and right buttock; branded on the left buttock; super-ringed through the nose, nipples, ears, navel, scrotum, and the head of the penis; several teeth are extracted - the second upper molars, and the first and second lower molars are all removed; a permanent back-mouth bit is emplaced in the mouth for drayage service purposes; and all new boy slaves are permanently infibulated.”

Timothy let out a loud and most desperate sounding yell.  One of the jumpsuited boys pinched Timothy’s nose to get him to open his mouth, as the other jumpsuiter placed a ball gag into his mouth.  Straps attached to the ball gag were secured about Timothy’s head.  It was a unique ball gag, for affixed to the ball portion that stuck out of the slave’s mouth was an eleven-inch tube.  It looked like a pipe was sticking straight out of Timothy’s mouth.

One of the floor employees asked, “What’s that big tube for?”

One of the jumpsuited boys answered from the cart as he checked to make sure the ball gag was secure, “It’s a handle.  We use it to pull this cart and cross around on the processing floor.”

Peter Sterling wondered, “Is he going to be in any shape to get trained as a slave after going through all those procedures?”

The man in the black uniform answered, “Oh no.  He is going to be in a hell of a lot of pain, and is going to need several days to heal.  We keep the freshly processed boys secured in tubs full of a special soothing saline solution that aids in the healing process.”

One of the employees wondered, “And then do you begin teaching them how to be good-mannered slaves?”

The tall, handsome, man in the black uniform shook his head, “Oh no.  The teaching of slave protocol doesn’t begin until after about two months into training.  For the first two months the new boys spend all of their time in endurance training.  We hook them up to such things as giant hamster wheels and make them run all day; we harness them up and have them pull progressively heavier loads.  After two months of hauling sleds full of boulders the boys are as strong as horses!”

Through his ball gag Timothy let out a desperate sound, as tears streaked down his face.  His father tried to offer comfort, “Don’t you worry, Timothy.  Once your training is completed, the state gives me first bidding rights.  While I could never afford to purchase you, your Uncle Gabriel has kindly offered to purchase you if he feels your training has been successful.  If Uncle Gabriel feels you have been truly turned into a pliant, pleasant, quick-stepping, and obedient servant, he has agreed to purchase you and put you to work here at the warehouse!”

Timothy started bawling uncontrollably as his cock started to erect.  One of the men in blue explained the phenomenon to the lay assembly, “What you see here is fairly common in the newly enslaved.  Once it sinks in that they are now lifer slaves, their cocks start to erect.  It’s almost as if the body of the newly enslaved is desperately trying to pump some pleasure back into their lives.”

Once the jumpsuited boys had Timothy tightly affixed to the cross, one of the boys attached a leash to a D-ring that was attached to the end of the tube sticking out of Timothy’s ball gag.  He gave it a tug and the cart started to move.  He called out to the men in blue and black uniforms, “We’re good to go!”

The German Shepherd barked happily, and the entire subduction team started to make their exit, with one of the jumpsuited boys pulling on the leash that led to the tube sticking out of Timothy’s mouth.

As the cart bearing the cross to which Timothy was secured exited the warehouse, Gabriel patted Hildebrand on the shoulder, “The worst of it is over.”

Hildebrand nodded as tears flowed down his face.

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It was both a strangely comforting and strangely sobering day for Lucas.  On one hand, he was finally assured that there are indeed laws in place that protect slaves from abuse.  But in witnessing the total subjugation of Timothy, the extreme transformation from cocky free kid to totally controlled lifer slave, Lucas realized that society was quite serious about keeping slaves in their place.  Thus he realized that his lot, as it currently was, was probably never going to change for the better.

Lucas realized that his father and brother probably did still love him as a family member; but he was nevertheless a slave, and should expect to be treated like a slave, and be expected to behave like a slave, for the rest of his life.