What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART SEVENTEEN**

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The first thing Lucas saw every morning upon waking up was the cord that was attached to his snout ring and which led up to the ceiling's tracking system. It reminded him each morning, in dramatic fashion, that he was indeed a slave.

And when he would stretch out his arms and legs, the next thing he would notice every morning was that his morning erection was similarly ringed and had a cord attached to it, though the cord from his penis ring ran to the end of the bed and down to the floor.

And because the floor tracking system cord was taut, coiling and uncoiling as needed, it gave a good tug to his penis. Thus his morning erection was usually pulled and held in a position upright from his body.

All these things made Lucas wonder what kind of slave he was. He certainly was not a standard domestic servant; since they were not kept nude and tethered in the most humiliating fashion. Lucas knew that because he could not get straight answers from his father or overseer on `what was going on' with his indenturement, that he was some specialized class of slave. But he could not find out what it was.

Being tethered to a tracking system by cords running from one's nose and penis usually gives slaves a good reminder that they are not only being treated as tethered animals, but are probably considered as such.

And on top of that, every morning Lucas would be made well aware of the fact that he was considered an animal, a non-normal human, in a much more fundamental way; his arm and shoulder harness was set in such a way that his hands could get no closer than six inches to his sex unit.

On a day-to-day basis Lucas was additionally made well aware of his status every time a co-worker had to enter into his workstation. Lucas, after several months of enforced nudity, was used to, and usually unaware of, his nude condition. But every time a coworker had to come into his workstation, Lucas felt like a helpless, exposed, animal.

Even though Lucas's workstation was off limits to the majority of the warehouse workers (at his father's orders), there were still about eight individuals who needed regular access to the shipping department where Lucas worked.

Most of these individuals were somewhat used to Lucas's nudity, but whenever they came in and Lucas had an erection, it would make Lucas feel even more like a zoo animal. And Lucas was erect quite often throughout the workday since he had no ability to jack himself off on a regular basis.

Mr. Jackson, Lucas's chief on the job boss and overseer was used to seeing Lucas erect. But this morning when he walked into Lucas's bedroom, and Lucas was still on his bed with his giant erection sticking straight up, pulled taut by the cord running to the floor, even Mr. Jackson felt like he was intruding on Lucas's privacy.

He apologized, "I'm sorry, Lucas. I thought you were usually up by this time."

Lucas was, for the most part, quite comfortable being nude and even erect around Mr. Jackson, since he was, after all, his chief overseer. But being naked and erect in bed gave the whole thing a feel of his privacy being invaded.

But Mr. Jackson was savvy enough to handle the situation, giving off an air of ‘of course it's okay for naked slaves to be erect in front of me’, and he sat on the bed. "Lucas, I stopped by this morning because I wanted you to know that Peter Sterling will be taking over Timothy's duties until I find someone to fill the position. Are you comfortable with him?"

"Yes, thank you Mr. Jackson. I like Peter. He is always very nice to me. But aren't you going to save that position for Timothy if my father decides to buy him after his training?"

"I can't wait that long. I need Peter for other things. And I'm not sure if your father was serious about considering purchasing Timothy. I can tell you that your dad doesn't think too much of Timothy for the things he did to you."

"Really?"

Mr. Jackson was not surprised by Lucas's surprised reaction to the revelation, since he knew that Lucas's father was keeping himself somewhat removed from his enslaved son, and revealed very little to him. As an overseer in Gabriel Thorne's employ, Bronte Jackson felt he needed to follow Mr. Thorne's lead in dealing with Lucas and not reveal too much, "I am pretty sure that is the way he feels. I know your father doesn't let you in on much of what's going on, but he doesn't let me in on much, either. And it isn't proper for me to share the things your father has said to me in confidence. But I can tell you he was torn apart by those videos of Timothy doing that stuff to you."

Peter Sterling entered Lucas's bedroom. Lucas's erection was still sticking straight up. Peter apologized, "Oh! I am so sorry. I thought you would be awake by now. Very sorry."

Peter started to leave but Mr. Jackson stopped him, "No, that's okay, Peter. Come back in. I just told Lucas that you would be taking over Timothy's position, and he was pleased to hear it."

Peter smiled, "I am too. That's what I came to tell Lucas. I like working with you, Lucas." He looked at Lucas and smiled.

Lucas smiled in return. He thought it best to make no bones about his hard-to-ignore erection, since Peter now had the right to regular access of his workstation.

Lucas was beginning to learn that he was indeed a slave, and that some free people had a right to be around him. He was trying to get over his constant embarrassment at being seen naked by free people. Lucas tried to tell himself that he could have no secrets from his overseer and chief co-workers. Slaves get boners, and he was kept naked. So some people were going to get to see him all big-bonered whether he liked it or not.

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Timothy, along with six other freshly processed slave boys, was secured to a cot in the County's Servitor Processing Medic Bay. The boys were all naked and tied to the cots, but the temperature was kept comfortably high for those recovering from their processing procedures.

Timothy, like the other six boys, was traumatized more by the fact that he was now a slave, his life as he had known it had been taken away forever, than he was by all of the things that the processors had done to his body; most of his molars had been removed and replaced with a dental bit so that he could be used for drayage service; he had giant rings through his nose, ears, nipples, navel, and scrotum; he had ugly slave tattoos on his right shoulder and right buttock; he had been branded on the left buttock; and worst of all, his foreskin and been gathered and surgically stitched, and a small barbell pin went through the tip of the foreskin, keeping it permanently closed and preventing full erections.

A male nurse came and rubbed antiseptic lotion into all seven of the new slave boy’s cocks, as he urged them to try and avoid getting even the slightest erection in the next few days; "We want you boys to heal nicely so you can be valuable work assets for our state!"

Timothy, now a slave for slightly over 24 hours, spent most of the time he was awake crying to himself, just like the six other naked slaves tied down to their cots.

The male nurse returned an hour later with the new slave’s lunches. He untied each of the boy’s right hands and gave them what looked like a giant baby bottle with a big nipple. "This is what all of your meals will consist of for the next three weeks. Even when you're released from this recovery room in a few days we will continue with this special formula. It's designed to not only give you all the nutrients you need, but it will also help us to get all of you on the same shitting and pissing schedule. We have so many slaves in training that we try to calibrate things so that all of you boys shit and piss at the same times throughout the day. It's all about efficiency; we try to minimize all interruptions to your training schedule. We want you to be the best slaves that you can be."

One of the boys started to cry. The nurse asked what was wrong and the boy asked, "Why did they do this to my wiener? What is this thing?"

The nurse answered as he exited the room, "Now, now, don't you boys go worrying about that! It's just to help you young guys maintain focus on the things that you need to focus on."

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Lucas enjoyed his first workday with Peter Sterling more than he had any other day since he had been enslaved. Not only was Peter polite and caring, but also Lucas no longer had to worry about Timothy's temper tantrums.

At the end of the workday, Peter and Lucas chatted for a bit. Lucas offered Peter some grapes, and Peter, pleased by the invitation, said he would be happy to partake of some grapes with Lucas. Peter excused himself to get something from his car, and came back with a bottle of wine for them to share.

They opened the wine, sat at the table, drank wine, ate grapes, and talked about the warehouse job.

At one point Lucas got up to wash off some more grapes. When Lucas brought the grapes to the table, Peter noticed that Lucas was slightly erect. Peter wanted to offer help, "Lucas, I know that they have you hobbled at the arms. I just want you to know..."

Peter paused, then somewhat awkwardly began again, "Lucas, I don't much approve of slavery. But if there is ever anything I can do for you, please let me know."

"Thanks, Peter."

"Lucas, I don't just mean help you out with stuff you might need or want, but with that!" Peter nodded towards Lucas's groin.

Lucas nodded appreciatively. Lucas and Peter smiled at each other as they sipped their wine.

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Robin opened his email. There was mail from Aldous Gregory Timmons. Robin clicked the mail open and read:

Hi Robin,

This is just a reminder that this Saturday I am arriving at the warehouse at 2 PM for our session with your brother. It should go well. Remember to try and stay relaxed at all times. It's a very important thing we will be working on, and I want you to gain valuable lessons from it.

Before we meet, I need some personal information from you. You need to share with me everything that arouses you sexually. I want you tell me what turns you on about men, what turns you on about Lucas, and what specific things Lucas could do in your mind to make himself even hotter than he already is. I want to know your sexual fantasies, the things you think about as you jack yourself off.

I know that what I am asking for is terribly personal information, but you need to remember that Lucas is, in a real sense, your wife. His chief duty in life, now, is to serve you. That is why he was given to you. And if there is some small thing Lucas can do that will enhance your experience, then we need to get Lucas on board with your desires.

Because of the nature of this request you may not want to email your response, but instead hand it to me in printout form at our next class.

Thank you,

Aldous

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When Lucas woke up the following morning, he felt more content than he ever had since being enslaved.
As he passed through his kitchen on his way to his workstation, he noticed the empty bottle of wine and recalled the good time he had with Peter Sterling the previous evening. It was the first normal socializing he had done with a human being since being enslaved. And Peter seemed like he could become a real friend.

He grabbed an apple and started to eat it before heading out to begin his workday.

Mr. Jackson entered with Peter Sterling, and they both greeted Lucas. Mr. Jackson spoke, "Lucas, I wanted to let you know that today you and Peter would be working solely on the Boardman accounts, so you will need to be aware that you need to use the special SPUP postal codes."

Lucas thanked Mr. Jackson and smiled at Peter. As Mr. Jackson was about to exit he noticed the empty bottle of wine, "Where did this bottle come from? Did you have wine, Lucas?"

"Yes sir."

"You know that you are strictly forbidden from partaking of alcoholic beverages. I am very sorry that you did this."

Peter jumped in, "I'm sorry, Mr. Jackson. I brought the wine and invited Lucas to join me. I had no idea he wasn't supposed to have wine."

Mr. Jackson raised his hand, "That's okay, Peter, you did nothing wrong. You were unaware of Lucas's servitor restrictions. But Lucas knows the policy!"

Lucas explained, "Mr. Jackson, sir, I know that I am not allowed to drink on my own. But I didn't know what to do because Peter brought it. I was unsure."

Mr. Jackson understood, "I see. But you should have called me and had that clarified. I now have no choice but to give you a strapping. We need to make sure that the off-limits policy on alcohol really gets through to you."

Peter pleaded, "Oh Mr. Jackson, please, no. It was my fault."

"No Peter, it was not your fault. Lucas is a special category slave, and his father, on the advice of the state servitor advisory board, wants to go by the book on all servitor handling policies."

Mr. Jackson looked at Lucas, "It's punishment time for you, Lucas. Twenty-four swats. Now do I need to secure you to the punishment frame, or do you think you can take your punishment like a man slave, and not be jumping all about like a little boy slave?"

Lucas felt like crying and did not respond. Mr. Jackson asked again, "Tell me Lucas, are you going to be bucking and yipping like a puppy being potty trained, or do you think you can just bend over and stay in place while I do to you what I have to do?"

Lucas nodded that he could take his punishment without being tied to the punishment frame. Mr. Jackson grabbed the prison strap and had Lucas lean over a stool.

Peter, embarrassed by what was about to happen to Lucas, turned to leave. Mr. Jackson stopped him, "That's all right, Peter, you can stay. This won't take long."

With the first blow Peter flinched more than Lucas. Mr. Jackson noticed Peter's unease and explained, "You'll get used to this, Peter."

"No I won't, Mr. Jackson. I just don't agree with treating a person like this."

Mr. Jackson gave the second swat, Lucas moaned, and Mr. Jackson spoke some more to Peter, "I think you need to realize that Lucas is not a person in the usual sense. He is a special category of slave, as you may have noticed. He is what's classified as a ‘drudge jument’ servitor."

Mr. Jackson gave a very hard third swat, and the pain of it was lessened somewhat by Lucas's paying very close attention to what Mr. Jackson was saying.

"Such slaves used to be called, and still are quite frequently, such things as ‘animal boys’, ‘hog boys’, ‘monkey boys’, or ‘ponies’. The idea is that they are considered and treated more as pack animals, beasts of burdens, than as regular slaves. And if they are to be employed domestically, as Mr. Thorne eventually intends to do with Lucas, then they are treated rather like mascots or family pets."

Lucas did not feel the next three swats; he was absorbed by what Mr. Jackson was telling Peter. As was the usual case, Lucas was finding out more about his condition, how he was considered, and what was planned for him, from what he overheard others saying rather than from what he was told directly.

Lucas, as a `drudge jument servitor', apparently had no need to be informed about his fate. Just like an animal, what would happen to him, what would be done to him, would be whatever his owners and overseers wanted to have happen.

Mr. Jackson gave two more blows, then paused and continued to clarify things for Peter; "Drudge juments are usually, just like Lucas, kept naked at all times. They usually are never allowed to masturbate so that they are sporting erections most of the time. It's all part of emphasizing that they are not to be considered like the rest of us. Keeping them naked helps those who come in contact with them realize that they are not quite human statused, and thus helps them to keep a certain distance."

"Owners typically treat drudge juments sort of like pets or mascots. It's not demeaning and should not be thought of as demeaning treatment. It is simply a special category. Such slaves are treated, usually, rather special, just like the family dog. There is nothing wrong with that, it is really nothing more than a recategorizing of a person's status."

Mr. Jackson paused in his explanation to deliver a few more blows of the prison strap. Lucas yelped, was eager to hear more, and Mr. Jackson did not disappoint; "One of the reasons drudge juments are usually kept naked is that owners often do unusual things to their bodies and like to show them off. Some of the more common things done to them is to have their foreskins sliced to form a double flap; have their ears either notched or surgically fixed so they stick out in a cute, Dumbo, kind of way; have their penises docked so they have playful little stubs; and have them butt plugged with various animal type tails."

"If they do allow them to wear clothes, it’s usually in some kind of costume, often outlandish; in revealing tights, dressed as bell boys or janitors, dressed up in girl clothes, and so on. But mainly such slaves are kept bare all the time so they can be on display."

"As you can see, Mr. Thorne and Robin have already started to modify Lucas's body somewhat for display purposes. That's why they have him fitted with nipple trainers."

Peter asked, "What are those for anyway? A lot of us have wondered what those things are on Lucas's nipples."

Mr. Jackson gave his answer between swats, "Those were entirely Robin's decision. Robin told his servitor advisor that he was into big nipples on guys, so the advisor recommended these nipple trainers. They create those elongated nipples you see on some male fashion models. Since Lucas is basically going to be Robin's wife for the rest of his life, Robin decided to give them a try."

Once the strapping was completed, Lucas, dazed and in pain, started to sniffle. Mr. Jackson surprised Lucas by grabbing him and giving him a genuinely affectionate hug, "I'm really proud of you, Lucas. You took your punishment like a real man slave and not like a little boy slave. I can tell that you are becoming a real slave, and I believe you are really beginning to learn your lessons. Come on, Lucas; give Peter and me a big smile!"

Lucas felt strange; the hug felt good, and he was proud that he was complimented by Mr. Jackson. He smiled, and the smile was unforced.

What was especially strange to Lucas was that rather than being embarrassed at having to be paddled in front of Peter Sterling, he was glad that Peter could be there and hear Mr. Jackson's nice compliment on how well he took his beating. And he didn't care that after his paddling he had a great big beaming slave erection.

Mr. Jackson noted the erection, told Peter that erections were common after punishment sessions, and asked Peter if he would be willing to lotion Lucas's butt. Peter nodded, and Mr. Jackson gave him a tube of Paddlederm, a special antiseptic lotion for the behinds of freshly punished slaves.

Mr. Jackson left, Peter threw an arm around Lucas's shoulders, and walked him to his bed. Lucas reclined on the bed, and Peter squirted some lotion on Lucas's butt and started to rub it in.

As he lotioned Lucas, Lucas turned slightly to his side, and Peter could not help but notice his big-tipped erection. Mesmerized, Peter grasped Lucas's erection with his fist, and kept rubbing his behind. Lucas slowly began thrusting into Peter's fist.

It was quiet in the room except for heavy breathing from Lucas as he humped Peter's fist. And when Lucas began to shoot his load of animal sperm, Peter tightened his fist and kept lotioning the drudge jument's ass.

About a minute after the great cumming, Peter stopped rubbing Lucas's butt, released the animal's cock from his grip, and kissed the beast gently and affectionately on its shoulder.

Peter exited the bedroom without saying a word.

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That evening, Lucas, confused, frustrated, and depressed over the things he had learned, went on line to find support. He contacted his friend Chad, from Servitor Freedom International. Lucas and Chad ended up chatting for almost two hours, and Lucas did indeed find support and comfort in the words of the counselor from Servitor Freedom International.

One bit of advice from Chad stuck in Lucas's memory, and he realized that perhaps it was time to take Chad's advice: "Remember Lucas, if you continue to live as you have been, hoping to be free, not accepting the way society now looks at you, your life is going to be a living hell. However, if you submit, accept subservience, and accept that your family and the world wants to see you as their beloved mascot rather than as a beloved son and brother, things will improve greatly. And if you succeed in finding the truly subservient part of your nature, and are able to reach out and actually grasp ‘that slave feeling’, your life will become heaven on earth."

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