What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART EIGHTTEEN**  
  
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Shortly after waking up on Saturday morning, Lucas began to feel queasy. This was the day Robin would be arriving with his servitor handler instructor, Aldous Gregory Timmons. Mr. Timmons was going to teach the two brothers ‘how to get comfortable with each other’.  
  
In recent weeks Lucas was prepared to start accepting his role as a subservient by using the   
techniques offered by his online counselor, Chad, from Servitor Freedom International. Chad had told Lucas many techniques he could use to get in touch with parts of his inner psyche that help control his reactions to being indentured.  
  
Chad had also sent Lucas many materials on the nature of subservience and on something called ‘that slave feeling’. Lucas read them and was interested in trying them. But the thought of doing sex with his younger brother was not only a turn off to him, it sickened him.   
  
Even though Lucas and Robin were raised in a liberal environment, there was nothing in Lucas's previous life that could lead him to easily accept such a thing as sex with a family member as being right and natural, and therefore it could never be considered, even remotely, okay. He and his friends made incest jokes frequently. Incest was the lowest and creepiest thing a hot straight guy could ever do.   
  
And when Lucas opened his email and saw mail from Robin, it added to his unease:

Lucas,

Mr. Timmons has asked me to inform you that he would like you to be freshly showered and shaved all over when we arrive this afternoon at 2. Thanks, and have a great morning!!

Robin  
  
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The 35-year old guard, Marius Michalski, assigned to the medic recovery bay where Timothy and six other newly indentured young men were recovering from their processing procedures, burst into the room angry, and shouted, "How many times do I have to tell you that there is to be NO talking!"  
  
The seven nude boys, strapped securely to their beds for three days, were afraid of Marius. He had in the past affixed toe screws to the right toes of all seven boys and made them wear the painful devices for half an hour as he lectured them on the importance of keeping silent at all times during their four months in training.  
  
And when he would be giving the strapped down boys each day their lessons in the fundamentals of servitor protocol, he would do things to the boys he felt weren't paying proper attention; such as pinching their noses and spitting into their mouths, pinching and twisting their scrotums, or forcing a punishment ‘lollipop’ into their mouths.  
  
Marius continued in a shouting voice, "Now I want you all to repeat after me”, “I am a servitor for the general good and well-being of my fellow citizens, and for this gift of indenturement which has been bestowed upon me, I, in return, surrender myself to total obedience!"  
  
The boys knew the chant well by now, for Marius would make them shout it out at least four times a day. All of the boys were looking forward to tomorrow morning, when they were told they would be released from sickbay and begin their physical training. Physical training couldn't be worse than facing daily threats from Marius Michalski.  
  
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Lucas was getting a drink of water in his little kitchen when his brother, Robin, and his servitor handler instructor, Aldous Gregory Timmons, arrived. Lucas stopped in mid drink, taken aback by the way the two were dressed. His brother and Mr. Timmons were dressed as if they were attending a wedding. Robin wore a formal jacket, slacks, a white shirt, black tie, cummerbund, shiny black shoes, and carried a bouquet. And his hair was slicked up. Lucas had never before seen Robin with slicked hair.  
  
Mr. Timmons, while not dressed up quite so formally, also wore a jacket and tie.  
  
Mr. Timmons approached Lucas with a big smile, reached his hand out towards Lucas and Lucas reached out his hand in return. But Mr. Timmons didn't grasp Lucas's hand, instead he grasped Lucas by his banded balls and gently began shaking them as if he were shaking a hand, "I am thrilled to meet you, Lucas. I have heard so many wonderful things about you. Your brother here thinks of you as one very special person."  
  
He continued shaking Lucas's balls as he spoke to Robin, "You have one high-end specimen on your hands, Robin!"  
  
Mr. Timmons released Lucas's balls and noticed Robin looking on in wonderment, so he explained, "It's common for friends and family members of drudge jument servitors to greet them in this way, and the jument is to respond to this greeting by placing his right hand on the shoulder of the person who is greeting him in this manner. It's a sign of respect society shows juments for the unique service and culture they bring to the servitor community."  
  
"I will be giving you some jument training manuals that include some of the common standard and expected behaviors of drudge juments, which is the category of mascot servitors to which Lucas has been assigned. That way, once he is properly trained, you can have a happy and balanced human pet on your hands."   
  
Mr. Timmons noticed Lucas looking at their clothes, "We're all dressed up, so we want you to be too! I brought you a bow tie for our session." Mr. Timmons took from his jacket pocket an elegant black and white bow tie, placed it around Lucas's neck, and carefully began tying it. It was obvious to Robin that Mr. Timmons was very comfortable with high fashion. Lucas stood quietly, feeling clammy as Mr. Timmons finished tying the bow.   
  
Mr. Timmons then took a small bottle of cologne from his jacket pocket and spoke to Lucas, "This is one of your colognes which Robin inherited when you were enslaved. He says this is the one that used to drive him wild when you would leave the house going out on a date. Mr. Timmons gave a light spray to Lucas's upper chest, put a hand on Lucas's shoulder and guided him to turn around, and then gave a quick spray to each one of his buttocks, "I'm sure Robin doesn't want you smelling like a little puppy dog on this special occasion."  
  
Lucas was more shocked at learning that his brother had been lusting after him for years, rather than by the fact that he was being perfumed for whore duty.  
  
Mr. Timmons, still smiling, was clearly enjoying himself, "Lucas, this is a special occasion, that is why I asked Robin to dress up. And he has also brought you flowers. It's just a sign from your brother that this is a very special moment for him, and he wants it to be for you, too."  
  
Robin fidgeted, and Mr. Timmons instructed him, "Why don't you find a vase for those flowers, then take them into the bedroom, while I unlock Lucas from the trolley system."  
  
Robin exited with the flowers, and Mr. Timmons unlocked the cords attached to Lucas's penis and nose rings. It was the first time Lucas was released from the trolley system since arriving at the warehouse. But he was not excited at being released at this moment. He had been beginning to see the trolley system as protection from a free public that he was having a hard time trusting any longer.  
  
Timothy returned, and Mr. Timmons spoke, "Now that we have Lucas all bow-tied and scented, I think we can begin. Lucas is looking pretty good right now, I would say!"   
  
Mr. Timmons began by unscrewing Lucas's nipple trainers, the tube-like devices that were attached to Lucas's nipples for the purpose of elongating them for aesthetic purposes. Once they were removed, Mr. Timmons gave a wolf whistle, and starting gently feeling and tugging them. "Wow, Robin, you've got yourself a couple of beauties here! Come and give them a feel. Don't be shy."  
  
Robin was comfortable with the request. Touching nipples is not a terribly invasive thing to do to someone, and besides, he had wanted to play with his older brother's nipples ever since he entered puberty.   
  
Robin's mouth opened in wonderment as he gently pinched and tugged his older brother's elongated nipples. Mr. Timmons asked, "Do they feel good?"  
  
Robin only nodded his response, as Mr. Timmons commented, "Looks like you got the hang of it! It's a beautiful thing, seeing a young groom feeling up his new bride's nipples and tits on his wedding night!"  
  
As Robin was beginning to get sexually aroused, Lucas was attempting to block out what was happening to him by closing his eyes. Mr. Timmons encouraged Robin, "Don't be afraid to get into it. A little nipple play is a great way to begin a sexing. Just think how good they are going to feel once you have your shirt off and you two are rubbing your chests together!"  
  
Mr. Timmons noticed Lucas's unease and attempted to comfort him, "Lucas, I want you to know that this is going to be a comfortable event for all of us. We are not going to be doing anything that you don't want us to do."  
  
Mr. Timmons removed his jacket and tie, and began unbuttoning his shirt. Robin, surprised, let go of Lucas's nipples. As Mr. Timmons removed his shirt, Robin felt his legs quiver at the sight of his instructor's fine physique. His chest, hairless, seemed to glisten in the warehouse lights.  
  
The shirtless Mr. Timmons approached Lucas and put a hand on his shoulder, "Your brother has given me full permission, Lucas, to work with you. And what I am trying to do here, today, is help you to get comfortable with several things. I want you to be comfortable with your status as a special category indentee. I want you to be comfortable with the bodies of males other than your own. And I want you and Robin to be comfortable with each other."  
  
Mr. Timmons began rubbing Lucas's back and addressed both Robin and Lucas, "Remember, you are no longer brothers in both the eyes of the law and of society in general. Lucas you belong to Robin now as his drudge jument. That means you must behave, follow, and obey him totally; and not unlike a dog to his master, you have no say over what goes on in your life. Robin will decide all things for you. You can have no secrets from Robin in any way, shape, or form. So you no longer have to be shy or embarrassed about anything that he does to you. You are his."  
  
"And Robin you need to think of Lucas as belonging to you in the same way that a wife belongs to her husband. You get to do with him whatever you want. His body belongs to you as a wife's belongs to her husband. It is a sacred thing."  
  
Mr. Timmons stopped rubbing Lucas's back and gently guided Lucas's face against his chest, "I want you to be comfortable, Lucas, being close to a man. Just relax. My chest isn't going to bite you."  
  
Lucas, trying to collect himself and not fall apart at what was going on, tried to think positively, `True, they are not hurting me. Mr. Timmons isn't treating me the way Timothy did. I am not afraid of him or my brother the way I was of Timothy or Mr. Jackson at times.'  
  
Mr. Timmons spread his arm a bit and gently guided Lucas's face so his nose was in his armpit. Robin, seeing Mr. Timmons' hairless armpit wished it could have been his face in there. Mr. Timmons spoke quietly to Lucas, "Attaboy! Just stay calm and try to relish the scent of a man. You're going to be one fine jument."   
  
Mr. Timmons held a hand against Lucas's face to keep it in place in his armpit, while with his other hand he found Lucas's buttocks and began to gently rub them. "All that we want to do here, Lucas, is to make you feel good. And in return we will feel good. Now is that so bad?"  
  
Robin was beginning to relax even if Lucas wasn't. The sight of Mr. Timmons gently holding Lucas's face in his armpit as he rubbed his brother's ass had the strange effect of drawing precum from his cock, even though his cock was still too shy to erect.   
  
Mr. Timmons took from his pants pocket a thick plastic ring that was almost an half-inch wide. He stretched it open very wide and slipped it over Lucas's entire sexual unit, and it cinched Lucas's unit in back of his cock and banded balls and made them stick out prominently.  
  
He then started rubbing Lucas's inner thighs, "Okay Lucas, we need you to throw us a nice big erection. You need to show us your slave rod at its biggest, brightest, and hardest."  
  
Lucas closed his eyes, unaware of why the rubbing of his thighs had caused his cock to engorge. And he was taken completely off guard when Mr. Timmons grasped his cock shaft and started to pump it. Lucas opened his eyes and watched, wondering how Mr. Timmons could get him hard while his mind was fighting the assault on his body with all his strength.  
  
The sight of Mr. Timmons treating his older brother like a big dumb slave animal excited Robin to the point that he was beginning to lose his sexual inhibitions. Seeing his older brother pumped hard by the shirtless Mr. Timmons was a revelation; not only because it was the first time he was seeing his brother's big bald erect cock up close, but because he was beginning to get an insight into how a real professional, experienced, slave handler digs right in and gets what he wants from a slave.  
  
Mr. Timmons stopped pumping when Lucas's huge cock was sticking straight up and purple-headed. The cinch made Lucas's cock stick out in an especially glorious display. Mr. Timmons was pleased, "Note, Robin, how the cinch brings everything forward into clear view. This is what you want of your jument; full display mode. You will eventually want to replace that rubber cinch with a brass cinch."  
  
Robin was wide-eyed and almost heavenly dazed, "Why is that, Mr. Timmons?"  
  
"Because brass looks good on livestock, but it looks even better on jument servitors. Makes the full-display mode especially pleasing."  
  
"What is `full-display' mode, Mr. Timmons?"  
  
"It's the way personal servitors, especially juments, are often kept, and almost always in the presence of guests. Once Lucas is brass cinched, you will want to teach him the special walks and poses he needs to assume in the presence of guests. He is to walk tall and erect, with his pelvis always in a forward position, with the cinch nicely pushing everything out and forward, so that his engorged cockhead and piss slit are on full display for you and your guests."  
  
Mr. Timmons saw Lucas looking down, "Lucas, you need to be proud that you have been selected for this service. Displaying yourself in such a manner, erect, with your purple knob head and piss slit thrust out and on full display for free people is a wondrous thing. You are saying to all who see you that you are proud to serve them. And it also lets them know that you are happy to be in the presence of free people."  
  
Robin asked what would happen if his slave were to lose his erection in the presence of guests. Mr. Timmons gently grasped Lucas's cock as he answered, "Oh, juments usually don't lose their erections once they are cinched, since they aren't allowed to ejaculate very often. The brass band does a good job of keeping them fully hard and on good display. But if he does deflate, he is no different than a raft; just grab his cock and give it a few pumps and he'll be good to go!"   
  
Mr. Timmons gave a brief pumping demonstration, but stopped when he realized that Lucas's cock did not need any more priming, and he didn't want him cumming.  
  
Mr. Timmons looked Lucas over as he kicked off his shoes and unbuckled his pants belt, "Lucas, don't be sullen. Stand tall, smile, and look proud!"  
  
Lucas straightened himself up, but there was no smile or pride showing in his expression.  
  
For Robin it was all too good to be true. Mr. Timmons was getting naked. And when he finally was completely naked, Mr. Timmons, without an ounce of inhibition, put his hands on his hips and thrust out his pelvis, "Okay Lucas, come over here and kneel down in front of me. I want you to get me as hard as you are using your hand."  
  
Lucas slowly walked over to Mr. Timmons and knelt down. Robin's mouth was open and he was breathing heavy at being in the live presence of his two favorite jack-off fantasy males, his brother and his slave-handler instructor.   
  
Lucas touched Mr. Timmons cock with some distaste, and tried to keep his head away from Mr. Timmons’ cock. Mr. Timmons ordered him, "Kneel up nice and straight. Don't be afraid to get your head near my dick. You'll be tasting it once you get me hard!"  
  
Lucas felt like crying, but Mr. Timmons was a pro at encouraging slaves to do the distasteful, "Attaboy, you're doing great. Now squeeze a little harder."  
  
Lucas squeezed harder, yet clearly was inhibited. Mr. Timmons tried to give him some perspective; "Lucas, you're shy about your lot because you aren't around other slaves. If you were on an estate where large numbers of juments were kept, you would realize that nudity is their standard apparel, that you are personal body servants who provide very special personal services for your masters, that your owners, masters, and overseers all delight in your nudity, and that the majority of your fellow juments are fiercely proud of their special status. So pretend now that you're in a barn full of drudge slaves like yourself, and you are your owner's prime piece. Think how if your owner were to ask you to get him hard, you would try really hard to not only win his favor, but also to impress your fellow slaves. So come on, show Robin and me that you are able to handle overseer cocks with pride and enthusiasm!"  
  
Lucas thought of the advice he was offered from Chad; to just accept what was happening, and to realize it probably was not so awful a thing he was being asked to do. And indeed, what was he was now undergoing was not as bad as being fazed, tazed, strapped, paddled, or whipped.   
  
Lucas found that it was an easy thing to get Mr. Timmons hard. And Mr. Timmons was not afraid to show off his big erection to both Lucas and Robin. Mr. Timmons put a hand on Lucas's head, "Okay buttercup, purse your lips for me and put them on my dick head, and gently suck at my piss slit."  
  
As Lucas tried to do the distasteful task as best he could, Mr. Timmons spoke, "Robin, while Lucas is getting acquainted with the taste of free-man cock, why don't you strip down and join me by getting naked, overseer style!"  
  
Robin was unsure, "Overseer style?"  
  
Mr. Timmons answered as he watched Lucas's tentative licking of his cock tip, "Overseer style means fully naked. It's the best way to get up close and personal while training your slave."  
  
Mr. Timmons instructed the slave, "Now get my entire cock head into your mouth, and keep it there as you fleck it with your tongue!"  
  
Robin started undressing, and fumbled with each piece, especially his wedding night cummerbund. He was like new grooms everywhere, nervously undressing for their brides on their wedding nights. Once he was fully naked, Mr. Timmons could see that even though he was fully aroused, Robin was still shy. He offered encouragement, "Stand tall Robin, and don't be afraid of showing off that proud junior overseer erection of yours. Assert yourself as a proud member of a very exclusive club; owner of a full service drudge jument mascot slave! You are in for a lifetime of fun!"  
  
Mr. Timmons pulled his cock out of Lucas's mouth, "Lucas, you may not have the greatest sucking technique just yet, but you have a magic mouth."  
  
Mr. Timmons looked at Robin, "You're going to love his mouth, Robin. It's got the real feel!"  
  
Mr. Timmons playfully waggled his cock at Lucas's nose, and continued speaking to Robin, "In fact, one of the problems with having a boy with ‘pussy mouth’, like Lucas, is that it makes it hard to use him for urinal duty."  
  
Robin grasped his teen erection, then scratched his balls, "Urinal duty, Mr. Timmons?"  
  
Mr. Timmons tugged his dick, "Yeah. Piss drinking. The problem is that once you stick your dick in his mouth to take a piss, you realize his mouth feels like a pussy, so then you go hard and can't piss. But, of course, it’s not really the worst problem a slave could have."   
  
Mr. Timmons laughed, but Robin wanted to know more, "Piss in his mouth?"  
  
Mr. Timmons answered as he rubbed his bulbous cock head gently on Lucas's cheek, "Urinal duty is pretty much expected service, these days, for all drudge juments. Say you're on your computer and you need to whiz. Just call Lucas over, have him kneel under your desk, whip it out, and he drinks it. But it's most handy when you're in bed at night; that way you can avoid those pesky nighttime trips to the bathroom. Just wake your slave, who will probably be in bed with you, and have him take your full load."  
  
Robin was dazed, "How do you teach him to do that?"  
  
"The good news is that it's actually pretty easy to teach a slave, even a proud straight boy like Lucas here, to be a successful piss drinker. But I don't want to get into that now, since we will be covering that in one of your special classes."  
  
"I'm not getting into any kind of detail on those kinds of things right now. What I'm doing here is trying to get you two boys accustomed to each other's raw, naked, bodies."  
  
"So Robin what I want you to do right now is just jack your dick a bit. Give it a few pumps to keep it super hard, and I want you to watch him, Lucas. Robin you need to shed any inhibitions around Lucas; there's no need for you to be a shy around Lucas any longer. He's just a slave. Even lower than a common slave; he's just a jument. Of course, I don't mean ‘lower’ in a bad way. But as a jument Lucas is sort of considered to be something like your pet, a mascot, or sidekick. So you certainly don't have to be afraid of expressing your sexuality in front of him in any way you desire."  
  
Robin bought it, and confidently started to jack his dick, as Mr. Timmons continued, "Good technique, Robin! Stand tall, thrust out your hips, and pump proudly for your jument! Watch him carefully, Lucas!"   
  
Mr. Timmons had Lucas stand up, and Lucas, sweating from shame and embarrassment, watched his younger brother pump his dick. He wanted to cry. Mr. Timmons put a comforting hand to Lucas's banded balls and gently rubbed them as he reassured him, "Lucas, try to relax. Nothing bad is going to happen here today. This is just a get-acquainted session. The really intimate stuff has to come between you two in private. Robin is spending tomorrow night here with you in your bed, and that's when you two boys can get into some real lovemaking. That'll kind of be your real wedding night! This is all just prep work for your big night."  
  
Robin continued pumping his dick as his eyes darted back and forth between Lucas's and Mr. Timmons' large man cocks; and he was completely over the fact that he had a small teen cock compared to his trainer and brother. He was beginning to lose himself, and when he gave a shudder, Mr. Timmons called out, "Okay, hold off there, you stud! I can see you have real overseer blood in you, but don't let it out yet. We want your first load going up Lucas's ass, not on the floor!"  
  
Mr. Timmons next instructed Robin to join him beside Lucas, "Robin, I want you to explore your brother's body with your hands. Go ahead. It's get acquainted time!"  
  
Robin began by touching his jument on the shoulder, and from there his hand traced Lucas entire torso. When he had finished the torso, Mr. Timmons encouraged him, "Go on, go a little lower. Explore what's down there. It's all yours!"  
  
Robin started feeling Lucas's lower legs and thighs, but quickly his hands found Lucas's banded balls. He played with them, and the smile on his face told his older brother that he was in ecstasy.   
  
When Robin's hands eventually found Lucas's erect cock, he was momentarily startled; his brother's cock felt like an alive, warm, sensual, separate entity apart from Lucas. Like a little, breathing, pet. The item of Robin's dreams was now in his hands, and it belonged to him.   
  
Lucas closed his eyes, Mr. Timmons put one hand on Robin's back and one on Lucas's back, and began rubbing. In silence he rubbed the two backs, as Robin, in marital bliss, explored the body of his new pet.   
  
Silence ruled the warehouse as Robin explored his new world. The silence was eventually broken by Mr. Timmons quietly asking, "Robin, do you want Lucas to be a multitasker?"  
  
Robin did not let go of Lucas's genitals as he asked, "Multitasker?"  
  
Mr. Timmons kept rubbing the two backs as he answered, "Say you have some friends over, and you're all having a good time, you're all horny, and you decide to bring in your slave and share him with your friends for a fun time. Would you like Lucas to be able to do more than just be bent over as you each fuck him? Would you like him to be able to suck cock as he gets fucked, as well as use his hands to jack off and massage your friends who aren't currently using one of his orifices?"  
  
"That would be great, Mr. Timmons!"  
  
"Okay, then let's give it a try!" Mr. Timmons had Lucas bend over a stool, and instructed the brothers, "Lucas, grab on tightly to the stool, and stick your ass up for Robin. Robin, lube up your cock and your brother's ass, and get in position behind him. When you're ready, Robin, I want you to slowly enter Lucas. And while Robin is getting ready, I am going to begin face-fucking Lucas."  
  
Mr. Timmons grabbed Lucas's head with both hands and guided his cock into his mouth. "Now Lucas, this is the standard face-fucking position. I'm going to be thrusting nice and slowly as you get used to being face porked. And because Robin wants to turn you into a `multitasker', while I'm face-fucking you I want you to take one of your hands and gently massage my balls."  
  
Lucas, sputtering and sobbing, did as ordered, as he felt his brother's fingers gently lubing his ass. Once Robin was ready to enter, Mr. Timmons provided guidance, "Now go in nice and slow!"  
  
The moment Robin had his dick up his brother's ass he gave a shudder. He was no longer himself. He froze at the miraculous sensation. Mr. Timmons tried to guide him, "Keep it slow, nothing too wild; like trying out a new car, trying to get comfortable with it before really letting it rip."  
  
Robin gave a slow thrust, his mouth was open, and Mr. Timmons complimented him, "That was a good one, Robin. Now move that cock around a bit in there and let your brother get a good feel of your overseer prick!"  
  
Mr. Timmons began fucking Lucas's face with more vigor, "Don't let go of my balls, you're brother wants you multitasking!"  
  
Robin suddenly stopped moving, his eyes squinted, his mouth opened wide, and he started a moan that got louder and louder. Mr. Timmons knew what was happening. He no longer had control. He was cumming. And his orgasm was lasting a long time.  
  
Mr. Timmons, watching young Robin cum, started face-fucking Lucas with full-force, senior-overseer, thrusts, and in no time he also started moaning. But being an instructor, he also instructed, "Okay Lucas, take it! Swallow every last drop!"  
  
Robin and Mr. Timmons were spent. But both men kept their cocks in Lucas's orifices. Mr. Timmons had Lucas suck all of his juice out. "Oh yeah, suck it all out, boy! Every last drop! I suspect your brother will be letting you suck out lots of such delicious cum meals from his man tube."   
  
Lucas stayed in position bent over the stool as Mr. Timmons and Robin got dressed. As his brother's cum leaked out of his asshole, Mr. Timmons spoke to Lucas, "I know, Lucas, you could be thinking that this has all been a bit cold and clinical, but we had to get things jump-started. Tomorrow night will be different. That's when the real lovemaking will begin. You two can then get all touchy-feely, lovey-dovey, smoochie-kissy, gushy-wushy, doing all kinds of fun stuff. And Robin is probably going to let you cum, so it'll be wonderful for the both of you!"  
  
Once Mr. Timmons was dressed, he went up to Lucas and reattached the track and trolley tethering lines to his nose ring and cock ring.  
  
Robin looked about Lucas's dwelling as Mr. Timmons got Lucas hooked up. Mr. Timmons nodded to Robin when he was finished with his task and turned to make his exit. Robin was about to follow his instructor, but paused, feeling a need to assert his authority and let Lucas know that he was not ashamed at what had happened, "Lucas, this place, especially your kitchen, is kind of messy. Have it all cleaned up by tomorrow night when I get here!"   
  
Lucas never before had felt so shamed, used, lost, and hopeless. In looking for some hope, he recalled the words of Chad, his counselor from Servitor Freedom International, "Just do what you're told. Hop to it immediately. It will help change your mindset from one of depression to one of activity." Lucas, looking down at the floor, took the advice and answered in a quiet voice, "Sir, Robin sir, yes sir!" He then immediately made his way to the kitchen and started gathering dirty dishes.   
  
Robin, surprised that his momentary display of overseer authority had paid off, was also moved. He watched his older slave brother working quickly as a result of his command, and he felt an overseer kind of responsibility. He went up to Lucas and put his hand on his shoulder, "This is wonderful. You are a good servant."  
  
The touch of Robin's hand on Lucas's shoulder sent a special, fleeting, warmth through both brothers. They didn't know what it was, but it gave a calm sensation that was most pleasing. Robin kept his hand on his brother's shoulder for almost a minute, as Mr. Timmons waited and watched the brothers from a distance.   
  
But once Mr. Timmons and Robin had exited the warehouse, Lucas pondered his harsh reality. He realized that he was now nothing more than the family dog. They came and sexually used him, like a whore, then simply tied him back up to his rigging system, as one ties a dog by its leash to a stake in the ground. They came and fucked him; and when it was over they tied him up, and turned and left.