What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART NINETEEN**  
  
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Robin and Lucas's honeymoon night together, the day after Mr. Timmons helped Robin and Lucas get comfortable and ‘better acquainted’ with each other, was a sad failure.  
  
When Robin arrived, carrying a wrapped gift and dressed like a young gentleman going out on a date, Lucas was in bed, lying on his stomach, covered in a blanket. When Robin sat on the bed and spoke to him, Lucas would not respond. When Robin gently touched him, Lucas would shove his hand away and pull the blanket tighter. When the frustrated Robin asked, "Lucas, what's the matter?", Lucas turned and roared at him in a voice Robin had never before heard from his brother, "Get away from me. Get out of my room. Don't you dare to touch me, you fucking pervert creep! I hate you! I hate dad!"   
  
Lucas then started crying, and soon Robin started crying. The boys cried out loud. After a couple of minutes Robin, still crying, stood up, collected the present he had for Lucas, and left Lucas alone.  
  
Robin, while frustrated that Lucas wasn't turning out to be the sex toy of his dreams, was more disturbed over Lucas's wellbeing. As soon as he arrived back at his home, Robin got on the phone with Aldous Gregory Timmons and told him what had happened.  
  
Mr. Timmons decided that Bronte Jackson, Lucas's chief warehouse overseer, needed to be in on the conversation and arranged a conference call with the three of them.  
  
Mr. Timmons immediately got to, what he believed, was the heart of the matter, "Tonight's episode tells me one thing very clearly. Yesterday Lucas did everything we asked because I was there. He knew that if he didn't do as I requested, I would respond with punishment. Lucas obviously believes he can pull shit on Robin because he thinks Robin wouldn't use physical means to motivate him. It's a simple solution; Robin, you have to begin showing Lucas that you will use any and every means available to you to get him to start obeying you."  
  
Robin spoke quietly, in a sad voice, "I think maybe it was wrong to enslave him. Maybe dad did the wrong thing. I worry about him. Lucas is very sad."  
  
Mr. Timmons responded with an unquiet voice, "Nonsense! Lucas's state file shows that he was an excellent candidate not only for general indenturement, but even for drudge jument servitorship. That means Lucas poses no threat of harming himself or anyone else. It means he is not depressed as he seems, that he is in control, and he is now controlling you, Robin. I guarantee you that there are several good reasons the state does such comprehensive psychological evaluations on servitor candidates, and one of them is to lend support to trainers and overseers in their handling of slaves, so they can take the corrective measures they need to take without having to worry about whether or not it will push the slave to the breaking point!"  
  
Mr. Timmons lowered his voice, "Robin, consider this; all slaves need a period of training where they are helped to see that their new lives need to take on new modes of behavior. Most often whips, paddles, and hobbles, are needed to help a slave adjust to his new world. If it's true for common domestic servants, then think how it's probably all the more true for drudge juments. Such servitorship always demands more training time, and more severe training methods. Robin, just face the facts. Beating a slave is not some evil thing. It works, it's effective, and it's the most expedient training route!"  
  
"Yesterday Lucas behaved and put up no fuss whatsoever because he knew if he didn't do as we commanded, I would have responded with summary and severe discipline. Lucas knows that you love him, and wouldn't hurt him. Therefore, we need to arrange a severe punishment session in which you, Robin, deliver a punishment session that Lucas will never forget!"  
  
Mr. Jackson commented, "Mr. Timmons, I appreciate your keeping me apprised of the situation, however I would remind you that I am Lucas's on the job supervisor and overseer. My job is to make sure he does his job. And right now Lucas is doing his job, and he is doing it very well. What you are discussing here is something out my reach, so whatever needs to happen has to be up to Robin and his father to decide. The track and trolley system we use on Lucas at the warehouse is an excellent way to get a slave to behave without having to go through an intense training course, but I'm not so sure the track and trolley system is effective training for such an exotic brand of servitorship as `drudge jument'."  
  
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When Timothy and the six other boys in his processing covey were released from the medic recovery bay, they had hoped it would be the last they would have to see of Marius Michalski, the 35-year old guard who seemed to delight in doing painful and humiliating things to them while they were strapped down to their cots.  
  
But unfortunately Marius was the covey's permanent cell guard when they were not in training. He would wake them each morning always with a surprise procedure; a loud bell, tugging on their infibulated cocks, cold water in the face, or nipple pinching. Every morning was a new surprise.   
  
During morning showers boys whose infibulated dicks were straining to erect had to take cold showers instead of the usual lukewarm shower.  
  
And in the evening, when the boys had finished their training for the day and were marched back to their cell, it was Marius who was there to greet them, berate them, and continue doing painful and humiliating things to them right up until bedtime.  
  
However, once the boys left their cell in the morning to begin servitor training, they had a hard time deciding on which was worse; the training regimen or Marius Michalski. In short, servitor training was the most horrible thing any one of the boys in the covey had ever had to endure in their young lives.  
  
On their third day of endurance training, the boys in Timothy's covey were harnessed up like horses and then hooked to a sled. Each boy had to load the other boys' sleds up with heavy boulders, and all of them were then made to pull the sleds around a large track. Two trainers oversaw the sled pulling, and throughout the day the trainers would gradually make the boys pull the sleds with even greater speed. It went on all day, with many different size and types of loads. The trainers knew how to work the boys to the limit before allowing breaks.   
  
But it was effective. The boys eventually made the most of it, laughing if one of them stumbled, or vying to see who would win the next lap.   
  
The guards were not sadistic, but only intent on building up the boys' endurance. The guards did use training whips to motivate the boys, but not unduly so. Most of the boys were flicked by the whip probably no more than three times throughout the day, but mainly the guards snapped the whips in the air to simply frighten the boys into picking up speed.  
  
The good news for the boys was that at the end of a typical day of endurance training, they were all too tired to be seriously intimidated by the antics of Marius Michalski.  
  
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On the afternoon following the conference call between Robin, Bronte Jackson, and Aldous Gregory Timmons, Mr. Jackson was unhappy that Mr. Timmons was at the warehouse and had Lucas affixed to a punishment frame without his permission.  
  
When Mr. Jackson and Peter entered Lucas's quarters, Lucas was on the frame, and Mr. Timmons was handing a whip to Robin. Mr. Jackson was direct, "Mr. Timmons, I really do not appreciate your being here without having checked in at the front desk! And I certainly can't afford to have the workday interrupted with any punishment procedure, and then possibly have Lucas in recovery for several days!"  
  
Mr. Timmons apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Jackson. Of course, I should have followed usual procedures. Because I was escorted by Robin, I didn't think I needed to follow the usual procedures. I did convince Robin that he needed to do this, but I should have planned this for the weekend. But I assure you, the whipping he is going to get, although it will be severe, will not put Lucas out of commission for any more than an hour or so."  
  
Mr. Jackson gave a grimace, "Well, since you've got him strung up, and you can assure me that Lucas won't be out for more than a few hours, I say go ahead. I can just have Lucas work overtime tonight to make up for the time he's off work now."  
  
Mr. Jackson nodded at Mr. Timmons, Mr. Timmons nodded at Robin, and Robin took his position in back of Lucas.   
  
Peter interrupted, "Robin, don't do this. He's your own brother! I thought you were a decent kid."  
  
Mr. Timmons immediately could see that Peter was simply among the unenlightened who believe that a little pain is wrong in motivating a slave, "Sir, perhaps you should step out of the room."  
  
"My name is Peter Sterling and I will NOT step out of this room! In fact I want Lucas released from that frame and you out of here!"  
  
Mr. Jackson spoke, "Peter, I'm sorry, but you need to leave this area now."  
  
"I will not leave! This cannot go on!"  
  
Mr. Jackson shook his head, "Peter, I'm afraid I have to order you to leave."  
  
"No, Mr. Jackson. Lucas is a good kid. But good or not you can't go treating a human being like this!"  
  
Mr. Jackson was frustrated, "Peter, I am ordering you out of this room. And if you do not leave, I have no choice but to dismiss you. I would hate to have to do that Peter. You are a great guy and a great worker. Please, just leave!"  
  
Peter's face was sad, "I will not leave!"  
  
There was silence in the room. Robin slowly handed the whip back to Mr. Timmons, and showed a rare resolve to the adults in the room, though it was not the kind of resolve Mr. Timmons wanted to hear. "I believe I know now how I can handle and train Lucas effectively, but I want to do it when I am alone with him. I am canceling this session. Thank you everyone for trying to help out in your own ways. I have learned something from each one of you here today."  
  
Mr. Timmons went up to Robin and spoke quietly with him as Mr. Jackson and Peter released Lucas from the punishment frame.   
  
Robin shook hands with Mr. Timmons, walked him to the exit, and went back to work.