 What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTY**  
  
This story is erotic fiction meant for mature readers and should only be read by adults over the age of eighteen years old. Please do not use my stories without my permission and please forward all comments to [randallaustin2011@hotmail.com](mailto:randallaustin2011@hotmail.com)

Randall Austin’s Archive Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>

The evening after Lucas was spared a whipping by his brother; he logged into the website of Servitor Freedom International and entered Chad DeMostropoulos's chat address.  
  
Once connected Lucas told Chad of how his brother, Robin, decided not to whip him after having been told by his handler trainer, Aldous Gregory Timmons, that it was something he needed to do as punishment for the way Lucas refused to follow his orders and for swearing at him.  
  
Chad could offer no reasons as to why Robin behaved the way he did, but he did try to help Lucas the best way he could; "Lucas, I think the reason you can't move ahead is because you are still living in fantasyland. That's why you are miserable. You are sitting around waiting for something to happen, for someone to come and free you. Listen, Lucas, it isn't going to happen. Consider this; if your own father and brother had you indentured, and as a drudge jument yet, and are keeping you naked, rigged up to a track and trolley system by your nose and cock in a giant warehouse, do you think anyone else can or is going to do anything for you? Remember, it is your own family members that had you placed where you are now. Don't expect anyone else other than your father and brother to make any changes in your life. "  
  
"You told me you tried some of my suggestions for getting into a new mode of acceptance, and you were pleased with the initial results. But even after having had some promising results by accepting your status, accepting subservience before your overseers, you have not followed through. And your original attempts were all half hearted, and I think you know that. You were toying with your overseers as much as you were being truly subservient. All I can do is repeat myself; if you seek to accept servitude in total honesty and sincerity, something magic will happen to you."  
  
"Also, you need to stop hanging on to your old identity, and see others in their new identity relative to you. You told me that you were repulsed by what Mr. Timmons and Robin did to you that afternoon when Mr. Timmons came to help you and Robin get comfortable with each other. You need to let your rightful overseers do whatever they want, and trust that they are not trying to harm you or do evil. They should be seen as people you should be happy to be around and serving. Do not view Robin as your brother, nor yourself as some kind of free, straight, stud. Get over it. You are a slave, Robin is your owner, and you are Robin's personal servant. Get over the idea that you are a straight free boy. You're not! You're a drudge jument. And you need to say to yourself, `This is great. I am in one of the most rarified categories of servitude.' So you no longer have to cling to your old free boy inhibitions! You're free now!"  
  
There was no response from Lucas. Chad then typed, "You have nothing to say?"  
  
Lucas responded, "Are you still located in Switzerland?"  
  
"Yes. Why do you ask?"  
  
"Your English is very good, like a native."  
  
"I visit the states a lot." Chad paused, frustrated that Lucas didn't respond to his advice. Then typed, "You need to move on to acceptance."  
  
"Thank you Chad, I'll see what I can do."  
  
Chad did not know if Lucas was being sarcastic.  
  
But then neither did Lucas.  
  
\*\*\*   
  
The following morning Bronte Jackson entered Lucas's area to give him his work orders as Lucas was eating breakfast. Lucas, having decided to sincerely accept his status in an attempt to end his depression, stood up and at attention, "Sir, Mr. Jackson, sir. Good morning, sir."  
  
"Good morning, Lucas."  
  
Mr. Jackson set a grocery bag on the table and smiled, "Lucas, how nice of you to offer such a proper greeting. I want you to know that the other day I told your father how proud I was of the way you were coming along, and what a good worker you are."  
  
"Thank you, Mr. Jackson, sir."  
  
"Please sit down and finish your breakfast. Here are your work orders."   
  
Mr. Jackson handed Lucas some papers and pointed to the bag, "I brought you a fresh basil plant. Your dad told me you like basil and I thought that it would be better than the dried stuff you have in your cupboard."  
  
Lucas was moved, and pursuing Chad's advice, he wanted to do something to consciously demonstrate his appreciation and to show Mr. Jackson that he was trying to be obedient and accept his place as a servitor. He got out of his chair, and then knelt down on both knees, "Mr. Jackson, sir. Thank you sir. I am moved."  
  
Mr. Jackson approached the kneeling Lucas and with both arms grabbed Lucas by the shoulders and pulled him to himself, "What a good boy you are! Lucas, I am so happy to see your spirits picking up! I am so proud of you!"  
  
Lucas didn't know why he was getting emotional over Mr. Jackson's praise, praise that was almost condescending, but tears rolled down his cheeks. Mr. Jackson saw the tears and kept the slave pulled tightly against his body. In silence Lucas kept his head against his overseer's belly.  
  
It felt good to Lucas being approved by Mr. Jackson. Lucas, still actively trying to adhere to Chad's advice, spoke, "Mr. Jackson, sir. I am so grateful. I am going to try and work extra hard today and clear up any backlogs."  
  
Mr. Jackson patted Lucas affectionately, "I know you will boy. I know you will!"  
  
When Mr. Jackson left, Lucas wiped his eyes, wondered why he felt such a calm, and also wondered why he had a boner.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
Later in the afternoon Peter Sterling entered Lucas's workstation with some packages for delivery. Lucas stopped what he was doing and went up to Peter. Buoyed by the strange and refreshing feeling he had by being subservient around Mr. Jackson, Lucas was interested in continuing following Chad's advice. He knelt before Peter, "Mr. Sterling, sir, I do not know how to thank you."  
  
Peter did not like it, "No, Lucas. I didn't do anything special. And stand up and don't address me like that. I am ‘Peter’."  
  
"No, Mr. Sterling sir. You saved me from a whipping."  
  
Peter was a true enemy of slavery, and did not like such servitor protocols, even though having the beautiful slave near his crotch gave him pause, "Lucas, you know me. Please stand up."  
  
Lucas stood up, following Peter's desire that he not behave in such a way around him.   
  
Peter was sincere, "If anyone ever tries to harm you, I want you to scream for me."  
  
Lucas was moved, said nothing, but put an arm on Peter's shoulder. Peter spoke, "After I saw that they had really intended to whip you like you were some kind of animal, I went home and did some looking up of things. I abhor slavery, but I really don't know much about the way the actual system works, and how things are categorized. I looked up your category, ‘drudge jument’, and I was shocked at what I found out."  
  
Peter was earnest in his hurt at what he had discovered, "They keep people like you as if you were animals. Human animals, human pets. Some people keep juments in cages in their living rooms, like animals in a zoo. They put exercise bars and swings and a pool so they can watch the slave as if he were some animal. It's disgusting!"  
  
Peter was near to tears as he continued, "I saw one situation where the owners kept the boy in special gloves so he couldn't use his hands, and had him in a brace so he could only be bent over, and had to walk on all fours like a dog, all the time. And they put a plug up his ass that had a dog-like tail sticking out of the end. They turned him into the family dog! It was horrible."  
  
"One family had one of their own brothers in a living room cage and he was being kept as a pet for his sisters!"  
  
Peter started to cry. Lucas hugged Peter. It felt good to both Peter and Lucas. They felt love and respect for each other.   
  
When they parted, Lucas noted a tenting in Peter's slacks. He was not surprised, since he had long suspected that Peter was a homo. But what surprised Lucas even more was that he also had a boner. Again.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
It was three days after Robin had called off Lucas's whipping when he first entered Lucas's quarters at the end of the workday. He was silent and apprehensive as he approached Lucas.   
  
Lucas, actually having had good experiences from following Chad's advice for the last few days, was happy to see his brother, because he knew that his brother was probably as upset and frustrated by both the ‘get acquainted’ and the ‘aborted whipping’ sessions as he was.  
  
Robin, carrying the same gift for Lucas that he had brought to the ‘get acquainted’ session, held it out for Lucas, "Here, Lucas, I want you to have this."  
  
Lucas did not reach to grasp the package, but instead he knelt down on both knees. "Robin, sir, I am very sorry for the way I have behaved. Please, Robin, sir, forgive me. I do not deserve a gift."  
  
Robin's apprehension turned to calm, "But I want you to have it."  
  
Lucas similarly found that any tension between Robin and himself was dissolving, perhaps simply because of the servitor protocol he was employing, "Thank you so much, Robin, sir. I want to sincerely show you that I feel I am not worthy. Please forgive me, and give the gift to me at another time; when you are happier with me."  
  
"But Lucas, it's the key."  
  
"The key?"  
  
"The key to your arm and shoulder harness that hobbles your arms. I want you to have it. I want to remove your arm hobble."  
  
Lucas, though near to tears and not understanding his feelings, was feeling something close to good.  
  
Robin pulled his brother up from his knees and walked him to his couch in the bedroom and they sat down together.  
  
Whatever the reason for the good feelings, Lucas was beginning to believe that there was something seriously true to the advice he had been getting from Chad of Servitor Freedom International. He continued, speaking quietly, "I am sorry Robin sir." Lucas knew what he next wanted to say, but paused to find courage. He was uncertain, but wanted to try the words out, "I acted badly. I am so sorry. Please, Robin, sir, punish me if you must."  
  
One part of Lucas felt strange saying such words, but another part felt a whirlwind like rush, as if some vortex was leading him into a new behavior.  
  
Robin put an arm tentatively around Lucas's shoulder, and Lucas then pulled Robin to him and enfolded him in his arms. Robin's head rested against Lucas's chest, looking straight down at Lucas's crotch. The silence in the room was accompanied for both brothers by a gently sweeping sensation; not unlike being in a boat on a calm lake under a clear sky.  
  
Lucas felt a strange, almost magical, kind of release from his fetters of servitude. It was not the intense, orgasmic, feeling Chad had described, but it was a feeling of immense calm, as if all of his concerns about his condition and his lost pride no longer mattered.  
  
Lucas felt subservient to his younger brother, but he now no longer automatically fought the feelings, but just let them be. Highlighting Lucas's subservience was the fact that his brother was staring right down at his fully exposed, ball banded, unit, and it was slowly beginning to rise.  
  
Strangest of all, Lucas didn't care. He didn't try to move Robin from the position he was holding him in, with his head against his chest. He no longer cared that he had no right to privacy before his younger brother.   
  
But Lucas did not know why he was growing hard in front his overseer brother. And he knew Robin was transfixed at the ‘flower’ that was blooming before his eyes. It kept getting bigger and bigger, and it almost frightened Robin in an intoxicating way. Once Lucas was fully erect, his purple, bulbous, cock head and gaping piss slit were just inches away from Robin's face.  
  
Lucas could hear Robin swallowing and breathing in excitement. Lucas, strangely to himself, no longer cared. He wanted his younger brother to get a good look. If his brother needed such a thing, then why not let him have it. A strange feeling began to stir within Lucas, and he wondered if it was because he simply hadn't been able to have any real sexual release since being enslaved, or whether this was the beginning of a rare kind of love; the love of a slave for his master.  
  
Lucas's erection didn't subside, but instead it twitched and seemed to be reaching out to Robin. Robin was breathless.  
  
Lucas didn't know what was happening, why he wasn't panicking, and why he could calmly think, "If this is what they want of me, then so be it." Lucas put his nose to Robin's hair, sniffed it, and asked in a whisper, "Bro, do you want to touch it?"  
  
Robin gave a few quiet shakes of his head, and slowly moved his hand to Lucas's slave shaft. He gently grasped the huge slave cock and it felt very warm, almost hot. It was alive – like a little creature with a life of its own. At last Robin was in possession of his brother. It felt to Robin as if he were holding his brother by his very soul.   
  
Robin gently squeezed his beloved brother's cock, and slowly began to pump it.   
  
The squeezing and pumping of his dick felt so delicious to Lucas, so vulnerable and sensitive to sensation and touch had he become, that he no longer thought about or cared that he was a slave being sexed by his own younger brother.  
  
Instead, Lucas started to moan, quietly but sustained, as his brother pumped him. He was heading towards a perfect climax and his brother was controlling it perfectly. As his moans grew in volume, and his hips started jerking in response, Robin moved his head closer to the beautiful cock animal and gazed into its eye.   
  
Robin knew that Lucas was about to explode, and moved his head away slightly, and three long ropes of cum shot out of Lucas cock and landed in Robin's hair. The remaining seven, progressively shorter, bursts of cum hit Robin on the forehead, nose, cheeks and lips. Robin's fist, still grasping Lucas cock, was soaked in cum.  
  
Robin, though he did not cum, needed as much time to come down from the high as did Lucas. Robin took a tissue and wiped the cum from his face, but did not try to wipe the cum out of his hair. Once he had his face wiped clean, Robin took more tissues and lovingly cleaned up all of the cum from Lucas's belly, thighs, cock, and balls.  
  
Robin, worrying that once Lucas had cum he would feel remorse, was concerned. He needing release very badly, but know it would be best to not go too far with Lucas today.   
  
Robin sat up and was not surprised to see tears in Lucas's eyes, for he thought they were tears of regret. But he was surprised when Lucas spoke,   
"Robin sir, my master, I thank you."  
  
Robin's smile could not begin to convey the huge smile that was in his heart. He gave his brother a hug, "I'm going to use your bathroom, and then I have to leave for handler's class. I'm going to be late."  
  
Robin, his heart fluttering, turned on the light in Lucas's bathroom. He smiled at himself in the mirror, and began to wipe the cum out of his hair. He couldn't get all of it out, and the cum gave off a slightly sweet, slightly acidic, musky odor. He liked it.  
  
So he wet his hair a bit, and then combed and styled his hair with the water/cum mixture. As he made his way out of the warehouse he thought what better way to attend slave-handler class than with your hair styled with your slave's cum.

\_\_.\_,\_.\_\_\_