 What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTYTWO**  
  
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>

Among professionals in the Servitor/Social Services field, the ‘Kennelly-Mausburg Reaction’ is considered one of the most important tools of servitor control. It is similar to the well-known ‘Stockholm syndrome’, which is a psychological phenomenon wherein hostages express empathy and have positive feelings towards their captors. The ‘Kennelly-Mausburg Reaction’ differs from the ‘Stockholm syndrome’ in that it is a reaction frequently taught to slaves, and which slaves actively pursue in an attempt to come to agreeable terms of acceptance regarding their servitor status.  
  
In the early days of his indenturement in the warehouse, Lucas had no concept of trying to come to terms with his condition. All that he knew was that people he had formerly loved and trusted had taken his life away, and kept him naked, tracked, and trollied, in the most humiliating fashion imaginable. And no one seemed to care that on top of his lifelong indenturement he was now all alone in the world and in the warehouse and he had no friends. The fact that his former family and friends didn't seem to make a big deal out of his condition was beyond his comprehension.   
  
As time passed, Lucas began to see that his family did indeed still love him in a different and strange kind of way; that there were indeed laws that protected him from certain types of abuse; and that there seemed to be a system to the way he was being treated. But it was all confusing, because for the most part he was on his own, and had to take the initiative to find out what was going on. Lucas's main consolation came from believing he had a brother who still loved him, though in a way he wasn't quite sure of; from a few caring co-workers; and from a servitor rights organization and a counselor, Chad, who offered bits of advice that seemed to be truly helpful.  
  
The monthly, state-required, physical exam from a county-appointed physician confirmed for Lucas that even though he was tethered and often treated in a sub-human way, he was nevertheless considered a rather important commodity, at least financially. While the exams made Lucas feel like a ‘commodity’, the fact that he was considered important enough to be receiving such exams on a regular basis gave him, ironically, a feeling of being protected.  
  
Lucas was at his workstation filling out order forms with Peter Sterling when his father, Gabriel Thorne, and a county physician, Dr. Adam Hostler, entered the area. Peter was about to excuse himself, but his employer, Mr. Thorne, stopped him, "No need to leave Peter. This will only take a few minutes."  
  
Lucas noted that it was never the same doctor who examined him. Doctor Hostler was quick and thorough. Lucas felt like a horse as the doctor checked him, making him open his mouth, pulling his tongue, pulling his ears, pulling his cock, tugging his banded balls, removing his nipple trainers and checking his tits, looking in his ears, nose, piss slit, and asshole, with an imaging scope, and finally ordering Lucas, "Okay boy, I need you to jack yourself up into a nice big erection for me!"  
  
Mr. Thorne explained, "I'm sorry Doctor, we have him hobbled. He has free range of motion in every way except the shoulder/arm/chest filament-hobble prevent his hands from getting any closer than six-inches to his genitals."  
  
Doctor Hostler nodded, "No problem!" and started jacking Lucas. As he jacked the slave, Dr. Hostler complimented Mr. Thorne, "You've got a nice specimen here. It's generally a good idea to keep juments hobbled and trussed so they can't pollute themselves!"   
  
Peter, just by being present, felt like he was invading Lucas's privacy, but he could not remove his eyes from the sight of the doctor jacking off the hunk slave. He pretending to be busying himself with shipment reports; but Peter had the eyes of a homo, and furtively watched Lucas getting jacked up into an erection.  
  
Doctor Hostler spoke in a typical overseer condescending tone as he jacked Lucas, "Atta boy! Just stay calm. You're doing real good! You're a well bucked-out jument! Let's see how nice and big we can get this slave handle!"  
  
Once Doctor Hostler got Lucas’s purple-cockhead hard, he tested the slave sex pole for its resilience and durability. As he fingered the slave dick, he spoke to Gabriel, "Mr. Thorne, as you know the track and trolley system is a wonderful way to get a slave producing without having to go through a lengthy training process. But one thing such slaves miss out on is the group experience of realizing that they are not alone, that there are other guys just like them, in their demographic, going through the same things that they are. Therefore we recommend that you enroll Lucas in one of the County-offered servitor group counseling sessions. It's a 32-hour session, including a one-night sleepover, where he will get to be around other drudge juments in his age-range. It's a chance for them to learn more about themselves and society's expectations of them. It helps the boys feel good about themselves and see that they are not alone."  
  
Mr. Thorne smiled, "Why that sounds wonderful, Doctor Hostler! Sign him up!" Mr. Thorne looked at Peter, "Doesn't that sound wonderful, Peter?"  
  
Peter, his mouth dry at sight of Lucas's enormous erection being manipulated by the doctor, still managed to remain true to his ideals, "I don't know, Mr. Thorne. It could be. I just don't trust the Social Services System."  
  
Mr. Thorne then remembered that Peter was an anti-slavery nut, and ignored his comment.  
  
When Mr. Thorne and the doctor left, Peter didn't know how to graciously proceed with work, since Lucas's cock was still sticking straight up, with its bulbous cockhead looking like a delicious ice cream cone that needed to be slurped up. He asked quietly, "Do you want me to leave for a bit?"  
  
Lucas responded quietly, "What difference does it make? You've seen it all before? I can't help it Peter. I can't make it go down. I'm a naked animal! Look at it all you want!"  
  
Peter didn't know how to take Lucas's comment, and tears started rolling down his cheeks, "Lucas, I'll leave you alone for awhile."  
  
Lucas, feeling like he had hurt one of the most sympathetic people in his life, grabbed Peter by the shoulder, "Please don't go. I didn't mean to offend you. You are a good person. Please, stay here and let's work together."  
  
They worked together in peaceful silence. After more than ten minutes, Lucas's cock was not only not deflating, it was leaking precum.

Peter, in silence, sank to his knees, looked up at Lucas, saw that Lucas was not protesting, quietly took out his overseer keys from his pocket, and found the penis-ring key. Peter used the key that opened the two halves of the penis ring, so the entire ring and its attachment to the floor tracking cord could be removed from Lucas's penis piercing. Once removed, Peter put his lips to the giant slave cockhead. His lips engulfed the head; Lucas sighed. Peter's mouth then slowly engulfed most of the rod; Lucas moaned. Peter then started sucking, and Lucas shuddered hard and long. As Peter's head started to bob up and down on the slave shaft Lucas quietly moaned, "Oh gaawwd, thank you Peter. Thank you!"

Before Lucas could get many more ‘thank you's’ out, he started the long, low, moan of ecstasy. Peter swallowed every last drop of the beautiful Lucas's sex juice and kept sucking out as much as he could long after Lucas was totally dry.  
  
Lucas did not care that the good and gentle Peter was taking physical delight in his raw nakedness. He felt, instead, gratitude. Lucas touched Peter gently on the shoulder, as Peter kept his cock in his mouth with his eyes closed in a dreamy fashion, "Hey you. Wake up! Someone could come in and see us!"   
  
\*\*\*  
  
As Timothy climbed over the knee of Marius Michalski, the 35-year old cell guard of Timothy's covey of new teen slaves, he was almost looking forward to his spanking. In the past, Timothy, who by no standard, even remotely, could be considered an ‘intellectual’, had thought of Mr. Michalski as a meathead. But now Timothy, and most of the other slaves in his covey, looked up to Mr. Michalski as the one person who really cared about them and had all the answers to everything they ever wondered about.  
  
As Mr. Michalski spanked Timothy's bottom, Timothy called out his apology, "Sir, Mr. Michalski, sir, I am sorry sir! You were right, Mr. Michalski, sir! I did not smile a broad enough smile of gratitude when you ordered me to tidy up my ornament shelf."  
  
Mr. Michalski, once finished with the hand-spanking portion of the punishment, concluded the discipline session with ten strokes of the trainer strap.   
  
When it was over, Timothy, with tears in his eyes, hopped up and stood at attention in front of Mr. Michalski, "Mr. Michalski, sir, thank you sir!" Timothy had no qualms about the giant erection he was sporting before his dorm overseer. In fact, one advantage that naked teen slaves in training have over free boys is that they never have to worry about trying to hide their constant boners. The new slaves were all told it was a sign of health, and they should be proud if they got erect in front of free people.  
  
Timothy's cell mates all high-fived him as he made his way back to his bunk, admiring the way he took his spanking in a proud-slave manner, and the way his especially hard boner was bouncing about. They were all bonded as slaves, and they knew that they, as slaves, were a very special class of people.   
  
When the lights were out, Timothy, more than anything, wanted to jack off over his mental image of the strong, firm, yet caring, Mr. Michalski. Michalski might be a little brutish, but he only wanted all of the new boys to be good slaves. And Timothy, who now so much wanted to be a good slave himself, and wanted to please Mr. Michalski more than anything, managed to refrain from jacking off that evening. As he fell asleep that night, Timothy purposely kept his hands outside of the blankets, in the hopes that Mr. Michalski could see on the cell monitors that he was being a good slave and wasn't trying to sneak in any self-pleasuring.   
  
\*\*\*  
  
Lucas was happy to get out of the warehouse and attend the county-sponsored ‘Jument Servitor Group Counseling/Retreat Session’. But he was also skeptical. Lucas was well aware that the National Social Services Agency attempted at every turn to brainwash not only slaves, but also the public, into believing that social servitude was a benign and glorious lifestyle option.  
  
The 32-hour session, which included a one-night sleepover, was a specially designed retreat session for the county's new ‘drudge juments’ in training, who were not enrolled in any State-authorized training program, for the purpose of helping them to gain a broader view of their world. Because ‘drudge juments’ are so rare a category of slave, many counties throughout the country gave up state-sponsored training programs for them as a cost-cutting measure during the worldwide economic crisis.   
  
Most ‘drudge juments’ have thus been privately trained in recent years. While private training has its advantages, the disadvantages can weigh heavily on the new servitors, as they have no frame of reference for accurately evaluating their place in society. Thus many counties have attempted to address the problem by offering counseling/retreat sessions for newly enslaved juments.  
  
Most of the session took place in a large conference room where about 42 easy chairs were arranged in a large circle. The chairs were occupied by 37 newly enslaved drudge juments and five counselors. Discussions were held on various topics, with the focus of the discussions centering on what made a drudge jument different from the ordinary run of servitors.  
  
It was a setting that would have seemed surreal to Lucas just a little over 6 months ago; a large, modern, fully furnished, conference room, 5 counselors dressed in professional business attire, and 37 naked slaves ranging in age from 18 to 26, sitting around chatting as if it were no big deal that 37 of the conferees present were naked.   
  
Of course, none of the drudge juments were completely naked; almost all of them were ringed in the appropriate places so they could be tethered and secured as needed; many of them, like Lucas, were fitted with various harnesses and hobbles; five of the slaves had their genitals tucked away in chastity devices; several slaves sported colorful ear tags; several slaves, again like Lucas, had their balls banded; most of the slaves present had their genitals cinched so their units stuck out in a prominent forward position; half of the slaves were fitted with collars of various sizes and types; one slave was fitted with blinkers; three slaves, including Lucas, had their nipples fitted with ‘trainers’; and two of the slaves had monkey type tails sticking out of their butts and had to be given special chairs so they could sit comfortably.  
  
And there were body modifications among some of the slaves that Lucas couldn't help but notice; two slaves had the tops of their ears notched; two slaves had bisected foreskins; two slaves were penis docked, with penises half their normal size; several slaves were branded and/or tattooed; and one slave had ears that were surgically altered to stick out in a cute dumbo-like way.   
  
But the thing that struck Lucas most dramatically was that all of the juments were guys he would normally have taken to, for he considered them to be like himself: good looking ace-stud types with top of the line physiques.  
  
The counselors spent a lot of time talking about how ‘special’ juments were; "Whatever reason you are here, it's important that you realize someone thought you were very special. That someone could have been a creditor, a brokerage agent or firm, a family member, or a friend. All of you here are either super smart, especially pleasing to the eye, superbly personable, callipygously gifted, powerfully physiqued, or some combination of such attributes. But whatever the reason, you are here today because you were deemed to be a very special human being indeed!"  
  
The majority of the slaves in the room, to Lucas, seemed proud, or at least not ashamed, of where they were in life and how they were being treated. They seemed to not be bothered that they were a class of slaves who could be treated in extreme ways that the common run of domestic and hard labor servants could not be treated. Their dignity was to acknowledge that they no longer had control of their lives; control of their lives now belonged to free people; and the more they accepted their lot, the more attractive they became to society in general.  
  
Lucas noted that most of the other slaves seemed to accept the fact that free people truly wanted to see them naked, therefore it was right and good to try and please their appetites by keeping your legs spread wide when seated, or, when standing, by standing as tall as one could and proudly thrusting out hips and chest so that every part of yourself was on glorious display.  
  
It seemed to Lucas that the other slaves had no problem with the fact that they were basically pets on display, obviously chosen to be jument servitors because they were especially attractive.  
  
At the end of the session, Lucas was skeptical of the motives for the session and of the Social Services Agency in general.   
  
However, being naked with so many other male slaves was a new experience for Lucas. He had been kept naked in the warehouse. But being regimented with almost 40 other guys his age, even though he had not reached their level of acceptance and pride in their lot, gave Lucas a rare feeling of camaraderie; a sense that he wasn't alone in the world.