What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTYTHREE**

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The Sol Halvorson series of DVD's, ‘Effective Servitor Control’, while made in the 90's and not always the most up to date or politically correct of the various slave training series on DVD, were all that was available at the local public library, so Robin eagerly checked out all five DVD's in the series.

Robin spent most of Friday and Saturday viewing the videos, skimming over the boring parts dealing with such things as servitor etiquette, intently watching the parts that dealt with ‘effective’ control techniques, and re-watching those parts that focused on dealing with slaves who were stubborn or balked at commands.

Robin, who had chosen to watch the series partly for prurient interest, had hoped that the series would include servitor nudity. It did not. But in the end Robin didn't care; he felt he had learned a lot from the videos; and anyway he had a slave that was much better looking than any slave in the videos, and who was kept naked all the time.

The fact that Robin's cock was hard after he had finished watching the series was not the reason he decided that this was the day he had to go to the warehouse and finally get what he wanted. No, Robin knew that he had to act today because of Sol Halvorson's exhortation; "If you have a slave who doesn't want to do something that you order him to do, you are showing him no kindness by letting it slide and putting off dealing with the situation for another day. All you are telling a slave by being lenient is that `he can get his way if he pouts long and hard enough’!”

Robin felt that all of the slave handling and control techniques that were demonstrated in the video made sense to him, and he intended to use them today!

He gathered a few servitor control tools that were supplied by the state when he was presented with Lucas's indenturement order. The control tools had never been used. And until he watched the videos Robin didn't really know what many of them were for or how to use them. Mr. Timmons classes and personal coaching sessions had all dealt more with overseer/servitor relationships rather than with physical control.

The servitor control tools came with a neat carrying case. Robin put the tools in their carrying case and placed the case in his Hyundai Accent GL, the car he was given on his 16th birthday by his father. Robin had at first been ashamed of his Hyundai. He didn't understand why his father had given him just about the cheapest car sold in the United States. Robin was one of the richest and most privileged kids in the city, and though he was not ostentatious, the car almost screamed, ‘My parents don't have any money!’

But when, later in the same year, Robin's father gave him the gift of his brother as his personal slave, indentured and registered into the most expensive and exclusive servitor category, Robin started driving his Hyundai without embarrassment. He came to realize, as his father had always taught him, that one should have no reservations about spending big money on the truly important things of life, such as slaves and food. If one felt one should scrimp in some areas, then scrimp, instead, on the purely utilitarian items of life.

When Robin put the key in the ignition, he paused and wondered; perhaps he should get some beer to help himself to relax and be less nervous. But he decided against it, he needed to do what he was about to do. He didn't need to make excuses for himself or try to hide from what he was about to do.
What he was about to do was his right! And besides, he was so horny he figured that beer would only cause him to lose his sexual edge.

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The ‘Jument Servitor Group Counseling/Retreat Session’, which Lucas attended, made a bigger impression on Lucas than he had at first realized, for it forced him to confront his situation. Lucas knew all along, since being indentured, that he was not being treated like an ordinary slave. But he now knew for certain that the servitor system did indeed consider ‘drudge jument’ servitorship to be a legitimate, beneficial, and important part of the overall fabric of the National Social Services Agency, and as such any claims he would ever attempt to make that he was being treated unfairly or inhumanely would simply be passed off as basic ignorance on his part.

Lucas was restless to find happiness. In recollecting his recent experiences, Lucas knew, but found it hard to admit, that the advice Chad, from Servitor Freedom International, had been offering him about accepting subservience as a way to a peaceful existence, actually did create a unique feeling within himself. But it was a feeling he was afraid of; it was too unlike feelings he had ever before experienced it was too emotional, too physical, surprisingly intense, too sensual, and almost forbidden; giving off very dark feelings that seemed to promise glory, the way fleeting thoughts of incest had made him feel when he was a younger free boy.

Once such feelings of subservience would start to well up within Lucas as he tested them out on such people as Mr. Jackson and Peter Sterling, Lucas would back away, fearing that he would lose control of himself and be turned into some kind of slave animal.

But life, Lucas, reasoned, should not be this way; so dreary and hopeless that he had to try and manufacture ways to be happy. He could no more be happy doing the things that used to make him happy; swimming in a big clear lake, partying with friends, and having fun with girls. How could it be that his life had been taken away, that he was in fact kept naked, tethered, tracked, and trollied, in a warehouse in the 21st Century?

Lucas's thoughts stirred his anger once again, and he made his way to his computer, determined to shake things up. He was going to register a protest such as the world had never before heard from a slave. He made his way to his computer, brought it to life, and started to type his thoughts down in a text document.

As he typed he heard a door open, and someone entering his quarters. It was his brother, Robin, carrying a case. "Robin!"

Lucas put his computer to sleep as he stood up. The giant smile on Lucas's face immediately disarmed Robin, who was suddenly embarrassed at what he had planned to do. He quickly set the case containing the implements of control down at the entranceway. He would die if Lucas found out what was in the case.

Robin walked up to Lucas and Lucas gave him a big brother hug that was full of love. Robin could feel the love. As the brothers hugged, Robin could smell his older brother's sweet sweat. Robin loved his brother. Truly loved him. And he longed for him physically more than ever; he wanted to lick his big-brother arm pits, rub his big-brother chest, feel up his buttocks and ass crack, lick him all over, possess his cock, and fuck him so hard that both Lucas and he would enter into a magic land of eternal bliss.

The brothers sat and talked. Robin gave Lucas the latest news, "Dad has decided to buy Timothy and put him to work here in the warehouse. Timothy's father is so grateful to dad that dad made the decision. That way Uncle Hildebrand doesn't have to worry about Timothy ending up in some shitty position."

"Dad says that they've turned Timothy into a real nice and obedient slave, if you can believe it. He says Timothy is a totally different person."

Robin noted that Lucas looked somewhat worried, "Don't you worry about a thing. If Timothy does anything that is in the least bit inappropriate, just let me know. I assure you that Dad will have him out of here so fast poor Timothy won't know what hit him."

"Dad wants you to show him the ropes, teach him everything about the job. Dad figures that will take about two weeks. Then once Timothy is trained, you're coming home to live with us."

A giant smile played on the brother's faces. Lucas gave his brother Robin another quick hug.

Lucas wondered, "Where will Timothy be housed and sleep?"

"Here, with you, Lucas."

"But this trolley and tracking system doesn't allow one set of tethers to pass beyond the other. We will always have to be on the same side of each other."

Robin explained, "Timothy isn't going to tracked and trollied the way you are."

Lucas was surprised, "Why not?"

"He's a different kind of slave from you, bro. He's registered as a 'common domestic'."

Lucas felt humiliated; the punk Timothy had more rights as a slave than he did. "But he might try to run away."

"No Lucas, he can't do that. Unlike you, Timothy will be fitted with a collar that tracks his every move. The collar also contains built in electro-control, so they can bring him down with electric shocks in an instant if they need to."

The talk depressed Lucas.

And Robin, now, though not depressed, was upset and disappointed.

Although today clearly was not the day to ‘take’ his brother, Robin calmed himself by reminding himself of what he knew to be true; Lucas was his property, and that would never change; Lucas belonged totally to him; it was his right to possess Lucas totally and do whatever he wanted to him; Lucas would submit; and Lucas would one day be happier than he had ever been before in his life. Robin knew these things would all come true, even with the things he intended to do to Lucas, and the way he intended to make him live, once he got him back home.