 What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTYFOUR**  
  
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Robin and his friends, Jay and Conner, were, as they often did, sitting on the floor of Robin's bedroom, drinking wine, and playing their favorite game of footsie. The three 16-year olds had no trouble having fun in a room cluttered with remodeling and construction equipment.  
  
Conner wondered, "Robin, where or how do you always manage to get wine? Do you have a fake ID?"  
  
Robin shook his head to dismiss the question, "I don't want to talk about that?"  
  
Jay and Conner looked at each other with mock suspicious wide-eyed expressions.   
  
Changing the subject while looking about the room, Jay asked, "What's all the construction going on in here and throughout your house?"  
  
"Just a few changes needed to be made. Lucas is coming back home in a couple of weeks." Robin sipped his wine.  
  
Jay looked about, "Well, it looks like you're doing more than just painting Lucas's bedroom!"  
  
Conner did a sly smile, "Wait, isn't THIS room going to be Lucas's bedroom? After all, Lucas is now your wifey!"  
  
Robin shook his head amused. Conner added, "You lucky fuck!"  
  
Jay kept looking about, wondering, "So what is all this stuff? What's going on here Robin? It looks like a part of every room is torn up, and they're adding closets or something out in the hallway. And what is that big mess in your bathroom?"  
  
Robin found the questions unexpected, and he wasn't fully prepared to answer them, "Guys, it's just stuff that needs to be done. In case you don't know it, slaves require a lot of maintenance. There are laws about how they need to be housed. Think of all the things you would have to do if, say, you wanted to raise…," Robin searched for a word, "llamas."  
  
Everyone laughed.  
  
Robin continued, "No, I mean it. You just can't have a bunch of llamas running around in your yard. You have to have special shelter; large supplies of food, special equipment, special harnesses, any items that might be needed in more extreme situations, state approved dietary schedules, pre-approved access to servitor medical care, sanitation facilities, servitor stables, recreation pastures. It's a lot of work."  
  
Jay put his foot to Robin's crotch, "So is that all Lucas is to you, a llama?"  
  
"Don't be silly. I love him more than anything."  
  
Conner turned lascivious, "I bet you do! I don't know Lucas very well, but I can tell you that I am in love with him just by looking at him!" Conner stuck his tongue out and wagged it.  
  
Jay chided Conner, "Don't do that, tongues turn me on!"  
  
Conner stuck his tongue out even more. Jay stuck out his tongue in return, and waggled it as wildly as he could, as his foot continued touching Robin's crotch.  
  
Robin, turned on by the tonguing action, stuck his tongue out, leaned forward, and all three boys put their faces together and licked each other's tongues.  
  
Their wild tonguing and licking continued as the three young homos removed all of their clothing.  
  
Once they were all totally bare, Robin, Jay, and Connor quickly got into their favorite position, a sucking chain; Jay sucked Robin, Robin sucked Conner, and Conner sucked Jay. And the thought that propelled their orgy was, once again, the beautiful pack-animal, half man/half llama, Lucas.  
  
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Gabriel Thorne, Lucas's and Robin's father, gathered his brother, Hildebrand, Robin, and Mr. Jackson, in Lucas's work area to announce that Timothy had just arrived at the warehouse to begin his service as Mr. Thorne's new warehouse slave.  
  
In the weeks leading up to Timothy's arrival as a servitor at the warehouse, Lucas had often wondered what he would be like after his intensive training. When Timothy was eventually led into the warehouse shipping room, accompanied by two officers from the Social Services Agency, Lucas was surprised at what he saw; Timothy was looking fresh and healthy; his head had obviously been shaved at one point, but now his hair was being allowed to grow back; he was wearing grey and green slave slacks and shirt, and high quality matching sandals. He wore a collar, but it was thin and sleek like many modern collars, and almost looked like a piece of jewelry.  
  
Standing in the presence of Timothy only highlighted Lucas's lowlier slave status. Lucas was older than the 16-year old Timothy, yet Lucas was kept naked, like an animal. He had to keep his head and body shaved at Robin's orders. And if being kept naked and bald were not bad enough for an almost 21-year old male, Lucas's balls were banded like some farm animals; and cords running from his large nose and penis rings kept him attached to a trolley system on the ceiling, and a track system on the floor of the warehouse. The track and trolley system kept Lucas's movement limited to only the parts of the warehouse that his father and brother allowed him to go. Like some indoor family pet, Lucas was only allowed access to a few rooms allowed by his owners.  
  
In addition, Lucas was fitted with a state of the art servo-mechanical arm and shoulder harness that prevented him from touching his genitals.  
  
In Lucas's eyes, Timothy appeared as almost a free boy compared to himself.  
  
Gabriel spoke, "Welcome to the warehouse, Timothy. You're looking very good. Mr. Jackson, here, he is your boss, and he and Robin will be your chief overseers in the warehouse. Lucas will be instructing you in all of your duties here in the shipping department, showing you the ropes, and once he has you trained you will be taking over his job as head of the shipping department. We estimate the training will take about two weeks to get you fully up to speed. Then once you are ready to take over, Lucas will be moving back home with Robin and me."  
  
"But in the meantime, you will be living here with Lucas in his quarters. When we spoke over the last several days, I was quite convinced that you are now a changed person, and so there should be no problems with you two slaves sharing quarters. That will require, however, that you two share the same bed, but it is a very large bed so you two should be comfortable."  
  
Lucas shifted nervously.  
  
Timothy spoke, "Uncle Gabriel, sir, thank you, sir. Uncle Gabriel, sir, may I please say something, sir?"  
  
Gabriel nodded.  
  
"I want to thank you, Uncle Gabriel, for purchasing me, sir, and allowing me the privilege of serving among my own family and relatives. And I want to apologize to everyone, especially to Lucas, for the horrible crimes I have committed. I am truly sorry, sirs."  
  
Timothy looked sincerely at Lucas, "And to you, Brother Lucas, it is my greatest wish that you will accept my apology. I cannot begin to tell you how sorry I am for what I did to you."  
  
"And I want you to know, Brother Lucas, that I feel that I am not worthy to sleep on the same bed with you, so I insist that I be allowed to sleep on the floor while you are here."  
  
There was silence in the room as everyone pondered the new Timothy. It was certainly a sincere sounding apology, even Lucas thought so, and everyone in the room hoped it was sincere. Lucas spoke, "Timothy, you do not have to sleep on the floor."  
  
Timothy nodded his head, "Thank you, Brother Lucas. In training we were taught that servitors should address each other as `brother'. I address you as `brother', but I also feel as though we truly are brothers."  
  
Timothy looked at his father, then Gabriel, "Uncle Gabriel, sir, I also want to thank you for following up on the request I made to my father, that you allow me to have my infibulation ring removed. Last week I asked my father if he would ask you if it could be removed, and then today before I was transported here I was taken into the medic bay and the ring was removed. I was so surprised and pleased that I almost started crying as my ring was removed. Thank you so much, Uncle Gabriel, sir."  
  
Gabriel smiled, "You're welcome, Timothy. I saw no reason why we should keep you infibulated. After all, you're a growing boy!"  
  
Everyone in the room smiled, except Lucas. Once again the situation seemed unfair to him. Timothy was being allowed privileges that he was not. Lucas felt like a dumb beast of burden amidst the human beings in the room.  
  
Once the introductions were over, Timothy was asked to accompany his uncle and father into Gabriel's office so that all of the paper work could be finalized.  
  
No sooner had Timothy exited Lucas's workstation than Peter Sterling entered pushing a flat bed cart loaded with boxes, a large computer, and sports equipment, "Hi Lucas. Your dad asked me to bring Timothy's things in. Where do you want me to put them?"  
  
Lucas was surprised at all of the personal belongings Timothy was allowed to bring, and he had to think first before answering, "I suppose in the bedroom would be good."  
  
Peter wondered, "Okay, but there's a lot more, about four more cart loads of boxes. Do you think there will be enough room in there?"  
  
Lucas only nodded. For some reason the privileges Timothy was allowed were beginning to make him feel lowlier than he had ever felt before. He went to the kitchen sink to get a drink of water, but paused as he fought back tears of feeling worthless, helpless, and humiliated.   
  
Peter Sterling's innocent cheer did not help Lucas, "I think it will be good for you to have someone here with you. I must say, Timothy seems like a totally changed kid. I think it will work out for the both of you!"  
  
When Timothy finally did return to Lucas's work station, about half an hour later, his good cheer did seem to have a positive effect on Lucas, for it helped to dissolve any lingering fear Lucas had of being around Timothy.  
  
As Lucas began explaining the day-to-day procedures of the shipping department, he was struck by how intently Timothy was listening, asking relevant questions, and showing off an engaging and relaxed smile that Lucas had never before seen in Timothy.  
  
Timothy seemed like a different person to Lucas, and Lucas's spirits were considerably buoyed by being around him; until moments later when his father and Mr. Jackson suddenly entered the workstation accompanied by a woman in a lab coat and a special officer from the county Social Services Agency. The agent carried two large cases.  
  
Lucas's father spoke, "Lucas, Social Services is currently doing random evaluations on drudge juments. So these two agents just want to have a quick look at you."  
  
The male agent, in his mid 30's, was dressed in a suit that was unique; it resembled a typical dark blue business suit, except that the slacks had one two-inch wide black stripe going down the side of each leg.   
  
The male agent began opening one case, and it was a unique gadget that opened up and unfolded into an almost eight foot high, lightweight frame, with cuffs and cinches attached. As he did so, he explained, "Since most Social Service Agencies had to cut back, we no longer have a regular full time drudge jument department. So the feds ordered all agencies that had to cut back to organize regular spot checks on all registered drudge juments in their jurisdiction. This should just take a few minutes."  
  
The agent had Lucas step into the examination frame and attached his wrists to an overhead crossbar with attached wrist cuffs. Once his wrists were cuffed overhead, he spread Lucas's legs and attached each ankle to cuffs at the side of the examination frame. Once Lucas was cuffed by ankles and wrists, he turned a handle that began to raise the overhead cross bar. He kept raising Lucas's arms until Lucas had to stand on tiptoes with his legs spread wide.  
  
The agent explained, "I have to get your body taut so Dr. Phelps, here, can do an accurate assessment of such things as your body mass, fat, and musculature."  
  
The female agent got to work immediately checking out every inch of Lucas's flesh, while the male agent wrote his observations into a notebook.  
  
Lucas was once again reminded in a dramatic fashion that he was no longer considered a normal human being. They had him strung up like an animal for the slaughter. An intense feeling of shame and defeat rose up in Lucas, and it was highlighted when he happened to notice Timothy innocently watching the examination from a distance.  
  
As the physician examined Lucas's cock, it got hard. She asked, "How often do you have sex or masturbate?"  
  
Lucas didn't answer, so his father did; "I don't think he is currently having sex, and he is hobbled so he can't masturbate."  
  
The physician nodded as she squeezed Lucas's cock head to examine his piss slit.  
  
Lucas was not only strung up like an animal for the slaughter, but he was now rapidly growing erect in front of everyone as the physician examined his genitals. Lucas was now erect in front of everyone, just the way big dumb farm animals always get erect in front of everyone.   
  
Lucas was about to break down in tears of total despair, when he felt something strange that took his thoughts away from despair. It was a fleeting sensation, but it was new, strange, and powerful. It was almost as if his body could bear no more shame and humiliation, and was asking Lucas to take delight in being the lowest of the low. It no longer made any difference that a strange female was manipulating his genitals. But the feeling was nothing like sex, it was bigger, it was grander. It felt like a momentary surrender into ecstasy.   
  
Unfortunately the feeling, whatever it was, vanished almost instantly as Lucas heard the male agent talking to his father, "You have yourself one prime piece of meat here in this jument!"   
  
The physician concurred, "There should be no limit on what you can do with this one! He obviously is still not in full acceptance mode, but that should be coming as long as you continue to follow standard drudge jument handling guidelines."  
  
The examination was indeed over quickly; the agents folded up their exam frame, and were escorted out by Mr. Thorne.   
  
Mr. Jackson asked the slaves if everything was okay, and when he found out there were no problems, he left them alone so Lucas could continue the Timothy's orientation process.  
  
Lucas only wanted to crawl in a hole and escape his existence. He made his way to the sink, and started to pour himself some water.  
  
He was caught off guard when Timothy came up to him, "Wow, Lucas. Are you ever lucky!"  
  
"Lucky? I'm lucky?"  
  
"Yeah. You're a ‘drudge jument'. I sure wish I could be!"  
  
Lucas only had a look of wonder on his face, so Timothy explained, "One of the things we were taught in training was to understand that the majority of the people in the world would give almost anything to own a slave. So we are special. Everyone wants to own one of us. But ‘drudge juments', like you, are the most rarified, the most unique, and the most expensive of any slaves in the world. The entire world dreams of owning a slave in your category."  
  
"That's why you get such special care and treatment; regular exams, spot checks from special agents, special rigging. I would have given anything to be the center of attention the way you were just now, secured in that frame, and exposed for free people who care about you."  
  
"You envied me, Timothy?"  
  
Timothy was wide-eyed sincere, "Totally, dude!"   
  
Lucas squinted his eyes as if trying to see clearly, "You consider my being rigged up and leashed by my nose and dick privileged treatment?"  
  
Timothy was quite surprised that Lucas did not view his status as special, "This track and trolley system in the warehouse probably cost your dad about $80,000 to have it installed. That is special treatment in my mind. I sure wish I could be hooked up to it, on full-time naked display!"  
  
"Timothy, are you serious?"  
  
"I sure am, Brother Lucas! The way the agents had you splayed out so they could see every detail of your body. That is special attention. People looking at you and treating you so special! That's what free people like to do, take delight in owning slaves and showing them off. It's all good. And it feels good being on display for the people who are happy to own you. It's especially good once you accept it totally!"  
  
Timothy, by saying things Lucas had never before imagined, helped Lucas, once again, to take his mind off thoughts of depression.  
  
And once Lucas resumed showing Timothy his warehouse duties, the two slaves grew gradually even more comfortable together. And by the time the two slaves decided to make a fancy meal for themselves, Lucas realized he was having genuine fun with his younger cousin.   
  
Lucas could not get over the fact that Timothy seemed completely and sincerely happy with his lot as a warehouse slave. Over their evening meal Lucas asked Timothy why he appeared to be so content. Timothy was eager to explain; "I have learned so much about myself and life from my servitor training. It was hard, unbearably hard at first, and life seemed so unfair. But eventually all of the pieces of my life, what happened to me, how I was being treated, what I was learning and feeling, all began to make sense to me."  
  
"The four months I spent in intensive servitor training were like hell at first. We new slaves were whipped, strapped, and spanked constantly. We were called names and humiliated. My chief overseer, Marius Michalski used to call all of us `stupid losers' while he spanked us. And as he spanked us he would tell us to just accept what, who, and where we were and that if we did accept our lot we would start to not only feel better, but would eventually be happier than we ever had before."  
  
"The first months there, all of us new slaves would cry ourselves to sleep almost every night. They were forcing us to accept our servitude. One day as Mr. Michalski was spanking me, and I was kicking and screaming, he said, "You know why I call you a `stupid loser'? Because as a free boy that's what you are. But you know what? As a slave you are a winner. An absolute ace! Just accept that fact and you will be on top of the world!"  
  
"I began to see that a slave, by serving in love, serves all of humanity. What could be nobler than to give your life in service to others? By serving sincerely we help make the world a better place."  
  
"Once I accepted that I was a slave I began to feel so special, as I never had before. But I learned even more than that in training; I learned humility, for I have come to see that a slave is not a special kind of person; only the kind of person that all men ought to be."  
  
Lucas was silent, both impressed by Timothy's fervor and sincerity, and feeling guilty of his own skepticism; they really had little Timothy brainwashed.  
  
The two slaves not only enjoyed their meal, they enjoyed cleaning up afterwards, and talking about their younger days they shared together as free boys.  
  
When it came time for bed, Timothy was still insistent that he would sleep on the floor. It took Lucas the physical effort of pulling Timothy up off the floor to convince him that he did not want him sleeping on the floor.  
  
Lucas had a smile in his heart as he and Timothy bedded down on his bed. But only moments later he heard Timothy let out a sob, and asked him what was wrong.  
  
"Brother Lucas, I think this is the happiest moment in my life, to be here with you and to know that you like me and forgive me for the awful things that I did to you."   
  
Once Timothy spoke the words he began to cry. Lucas knew they were tears of joyful release and reached out an arm to offer a comforting embrace. Timothy in return put an arm around Lucas.  
  
Lucas whispered affectionately, "Brother Timothy, it's nice to have you here."  
  
Being called `brother' by Lucas was a thrilling moment for Timothy, and his almost 5-inch `monster' cock began to erect.  
  
Lucas felt Timothy's penis tip brush against his belly, and he also began to erect. But for some reason Lucas was happy, at last, to be erecting in the presence of another male.   
  
In the past Lucas would have felt erecting in the presence of another male, especially a relative, would have been a seriously perverse thing to do, but now he no longer cared. If a `normal' life was being denied to him, Lucas wondered why he should care anymore about things he once considered to be proper. Why should he try to maintain an image for a world that was no longer his? All of his former friends and acquaintances were out of his life. And those who were still in his life considered him to be something of a non-human, an object, more like a pet than a family member.   
  
Lucas's thoughts were interrupted by the hand of Timothy gently grasping his banded balls. Timothy whispered, "Lucas, forgive me. Tell me if you want me to stop."  
  
Lucas said nothing, but thought, "If the world was treating him like an animal, then fuck tradition and fuck things that free people regard as proper."  
  
Lucas responded to Timothy's request by reaching out his hand and grasping Timothy's penis. What Lucas was doing felt perverse, yet it also felt strangely delicious to him; naughty, dark, and forbidden.   
  
As Timothy gently stroked the shaft of Lucas's heavenly-huge penis, and as Lucas fingered Timothy's shaft, their heads moved closer together. The slaves' lips met and stayed pressed closed together. Finally Timothy kissed the lips of his idol slave, sucking in as much as he could of the jument's breath and tongue. Lucas returned the kiss, a kiss that to him was both forbidden and delicious.   
  
The common slave and drudge jument kissed each other long and hard. For the common slave the kiss climaxed a night of the purest and highest ecstasy; for the drudge jument the kiss delivered a calming assurance that the `something better' that he had so long hoped for might eventually appear.