What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTYFIVE**

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Lucas woke up with a smile on his face; Timothy was licking out his asshole slowly and lovingly. A momentary bit of shame overtook Lucas, but he quickly dismissed it. Lucas was resolved; he no longer gave a fuck about the mores of free society. In fact, he was beginning to detest them.

Timothy's licking felt wonderful to Lucas, a beautiful feeling that he had never before experienced. It was something Lucas had always wanted to experience, but it was something he was never able to get any of his girlfriends to do, no matter how drunk they were.

When Timothy realized that Lucas was awake, he shoved his tongue even deeper into Lucas's hole, and reached out his arm and grasped Lucas's drudge jument cock. He toyed slowly with the enormous animal cock as his tongue sought out every crevice of the jument's asshole.

Lucas moaned in pleasure, and whispered, "Thank you, Brother Timothy."

Timothy, with no physical stimulation to his own penis, climaxed and shot his load at the same time as his hand and tongue ministrations brought Lucas to a heavy orgasm. Both sweaty slaves moaned and roared throughout their long, mutual, ejaculations.

The slaves showered together like little kids, and Lucas, for the first time since his indenturement, had forgotten his former life and was smiling and happy.

As the slaves finished eating breakfast and were about to get up from the table and start cleaning up the kitchen, Robin entered. "Good morning, boys."

Timothy stood at attention, "Good morning, Robin, sir!"

Lucas remained seated at the table, said "Hello", and dropped his smile.

Robin, approaching with a smile, snapped his fingers and said, "Hey Lucas, stand up!"

Lucas, reverting to his old thinking, didn't like the way Robin had referred to them as `boys', and he didn't like being snapped at by his younger brother.

Robin asked, "What's wrong, Lucas?" Lucas did not answer. Robin started to respond, "I was just going to--–", but stopped in mid-sentence. Frustrated, Robin shook his head and rushed out of the room.

Timothy had a worried look on his face, "Oh oh! I think you just pissed your brother off."

Lucas was upset, "I can't help it. The way he just called us `boys' and snapped his fingers at me, it isn't right! It makes me feel shitty."

"I think your brother came in here in a good mood. I think you misread him."

Lucas didn't respond, so Timothy dared to offer some advice, "I think your brother really is trying to help you. Relax and don't take little things like that personally. You need to get rid of your old ideas. Stop seeing Robin as your younger brother, and instead accept the fact that Robin just happens to be the person who has been given ownership of you. Just because Robin isn't some big football-playing older guy doesn't mean that you don't have to obey him. Stop seeing him as your little brother."

Lucas thought about it and quietly nodded, indicating to Timothy that he agreed with him.

Timothy continued, "You're never going to be happy again, Lucas, if you don't learn to submit. Just do it. It doesn't hurt. And once you do it you will feel good, and then when you see that you are making your master happy by submitting, the feeling intensifies."

A determined looking Robin, carrying several items, entered the room, and walked hurriedly towards Lucas. Lucas stood up. Robin extended a `personnel clutch' a device that holds a servant at bay within two large closable jaws, and allows a handler to gain full controlling leverage over servants larger than themselves and with the clutch grabbed Lucas by the folds of flesh on the left side of his midsection, and spun him around.
Robin commanded Lucas, "Bend over the table!"

Lucas did as ordered, and Robin spoke, "I never wanted to have to use a control tool like this on you, but if I have to, I will! One of the reasons I'm keeping you naked when we get you back home is just for such a reason, so that I can instantly control you if I have to. I don't want to do things this way, but I will do whatever is necessary to help you be happy. Do you hear what I'm saying?"

Lucas's younger brother was treating him like an animal, and in the eyes of the world it was okay. Lucas, following Timothy's advice, gave in, "Yes sir, I hear you, sir."

Robin released the clutch, and his hand on Lucas's back indicated that he wanted Lucas to remain in a bent over position.

Lucas suddenly and surprisingly, to himself, felt okay. His feelings of humiliation had vanished, and the strangely alluring sensation he felt in a couple of previous moments, returned.

Robin spoke, "I'm going to use something on you that has helped you before. I'm going to fit you with a comfort stop."

There was silence in the room as Robin lubed up the comfort stop, a butt plug, three and a half inches in length that is held in a place by an ass-crack strap that connects to a waist strap.

Timothy watched quietly, hoping that Lucas would continue to submit.

Robin slowly worked the plug up his big brother's hole. He made very slow fucking motions with the plug as he worked it all the way into the hole. As he did so, he spoke, "I'm just trying to calm you down, Lucas. Just accept this quietly and you will feel better."

The word `accept' registered with Lucas, and he decided to continue accepting, "Yes sir, Robin, sir."

The combined feeling of acceptance and the butt plug being worked up his ass gave Lucas a sensation that was not only alluring, but also forbidden. It was a feeling he recalled getting as a youngster, when one evening he watched his young female cousin showering through a bathroom window. He felt both very naughty and perverse taking in her naked body and photographing into his memory her smooth cunt and perky tits. He felt perverse, yet the sensation of pleasure was irresistible.

Once the comfort stop was in, Robin attached the waist strap and security strap to Lucas's body. Once finished he patted Lucas on the back, "Okay Lucas, you can stand up now."

Lucas stood up, with a giant erection. Robin gave the comfort stop key to Timothy, "Here is the key to the waist strap. Timothy, I want you to remove the comfort stop four hours from now."

Timothy nodded and smiled, "Yes sir, Robin, sir!"

Robin thanked him, and continued, "Let me tell you why I came here in the first place. I want to give you two something."

"I have seen the security cam videos of you two at night. I am glad you are both having fun. Timothy, I can't thank you enough for the way you are helping Lucas to relax, accept life as it is, submit, and grow up."

Robin handed some more keys to Timothy, "Here are the keys to Lucas's nipple trainers and to his penis ring. This ring actually opens the ring into two halves, and the ring and its attached floor cord can be completely removed. You can use these keys, Timothy, if you want to, at bedtime. If you think removing the ring and trainers would help you two to; you know, have more fun."

The strange sensation of pleasure that Lucas was feeling, coupled with both the knowledge that Robin seriously wanted him to be happy and have fun, and with the sexual feeling from his big erection, not only aided in further erasing Lucas's self consciousness at being erect from having to be comfort stopped by his younger brother, but added to the mystifying and alluring sensations of pleasure coursing through his body.

Lucas was feeling good, yet he was confused; he was still defiant inside, he was still somewhat embarrassed, or at least felt that he should be feeling more embarrassed and humiliated, yet he wasn't. Lucas was feeling many things, but the pleasure of the strange and the alluring led the way, and he spoke sincerely, "Sir, Robin, thank you, sir." He bowed his head in obeisance, almost unconsciously.

Robin went up to Lucas and gave him a big brotherly hug. Robin loved the feeling of his older brother's boner tight against his slacks. Lucas, lost in strange sensations, was now unaware of not only his big boner rubbing against Robin, but of what world he was in.

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As the workday progressed, and the strange feelings disappeared, Lucas's frustration with his life returned, but to a lesser degree than usual. He would get momentarily pissed that his brother had comfort-stopped him, but he was aware that he had experienced some feelings that were rather delightful, and wouldn't mind feeling them again. The feelings were addictive.

Lucas's confusion now became his chief concern, rather than his defiance.

But when, later in the day, his father entered his workstation, Lucas's defiance came to the fore, but he controlled it.

Gabriel spoke, "I wanted to see how you are doing, Lucas. Let's go and have a seat."

As Lucas and his father walked to Lucas's couch, Gabriel put a gently guiding hand on Lucas's back. It felt good to Lucas, but his father was the one who had done this to him, enslaved him like an animal, so Lucas was not going to let the good feeling feel good!

Once they were seated, Gabriel spoke, "Lucas, I just wanted you to know that I am so proud of you. Both Mr. Jackson and Robin have told me how well you are progressing, and what a great worker you are. I just want you to know, son, that I love you more than ever."

"You love me, Dad?"

"Of course. More than ever!"

"Dad, look at me. I am kept naked and tethered like an animal. You have allowed this. My life has been taken away, completely. Yet you say you love me. I have seen you for a total of maybe fifteen minutes since I was enslaved; you never visit me, and yet you say that you love me! What's going on, Dad? What's going on?"

"Dear, sweet, Lucas. I have stayed away from you all of these months precisely because I love you so much. Let me explain."

Lucas wanted there to be a good answer, so when his father placed his arm around his shoulder, Lucas was happy to let it remain.

Gabriel looked about the warehouse, and spoke, "Look about this place, son. This is a pretty big warehouse. And it's only one of several that I own and from which I run my business. My business, as you know, Lucas, has been very successful. The airline components I manufacture and sell are complicated things. I could never make an inboard flap actuator myself. Yet my company makes them, sells them, and they work. Work perfectly. I've never had a lawsuit because of one of our components failed."

"Son, the things we manufacture here only work because I hire experts in the field who know what they're doing. That's the best any of us can do, trust the best sources in a given field, the experts."

"As you know, Lucas, after you got into trouble with the law, it was the specialists at Social Services who told me that you would be an ideal candidate for indenturement. Now even though they were the specialists in our county on social servitude, I didn't just take their word for it. I researched it. I looked into how such determinations were made, and I looked into what they meant by `ideal candidate'."

"I was pleased to find out what being an `ideal candidate' entailed. In the specialists' determination, an ideal candidate, it turns out, is someone who would actually be happy in such a role."

"After your final evaluation by Social Services, when all of the test results were in, they had learned more and then suggested that you would probably be even better suited to a more specialized environment, such as that which drudge jument servitorship entails. The evaluators explained that not only would your normal `wanting to serve' tendency stand you in good stead as a drudge jument, but your need to be considered special would also serve you well. The way you always loved to show off, the special pride you always took in your body, the way you would spend hours trying to look your best, always neatly groomed, dressed, and scented, all indicated to the county evaluators that you would be an ideal candidate for a servitorship position that would offer you a highlighted life style."

"And so, son, I trusted the best experts in the field, as I always have. They convinced me that you would not only eventually be happy as a drudge jument, but happier than you could have ever imagined."

Lucas looked at his father, "Dad, look at me. I am naked, and I am not happy to be showing off in this way, like your experts said."

"I was skeptical, at first son. But look at what happened to Timothy. He used to be a violent punk, now look at him. He is not only obsessed with being the best servant he can be, but he is now a sweet and caring individual, and one of the happiest young men I have ever met."

"He was put into a standard servitor training program. It has been explained to me that because of the mental hurdles that understandably come up for such rarified service as jument servitorship, a gradual training is better for juments. The ideal training for the jument is where the jument sort of falls into acceptance. Once that happens, I have been assured, you will be happier than you have ever been in your entire life."

"Dad, look at me. I'm tethered to the floor and ceiling by rings in my body. How can even the experts expect anyone to be happy like this?"

"Because it happens all the time! Son, this is the 21st Century. Things are new. Society is evolving. There's nothing wrong with treating certain special people in a very special way. It's a new way of viewing people and our roles in society. You know me, son. I have always supported progressive causes. I have always been open to new worldviews. I have always sought out progressive views that are healthy and beneficial to all of society."

Lucas put his hands out to grasp his father's hand, "Dad, look at me! Do you think I will ever be happy living like this?"

Gabriel grasped Lucas's hands in return, "Son that is why I have been absent. I knew it would take a good bit of time for you to submit and find happiness. But it was too painful for me to be in your presence while you were in such turmoil. I feared I would have released you from servitude if I spent too much time around you. Seeing the way Timothy has been transformed has given me encouragement regarding your own situation. All I can say now is that the experts gave me a timeline of where you should be at this point, and based upon the words of your coworkers and overseers, you are exactly on schedule."

The conversation with his father eased Lucas's mind tremendously regarding his father. Lucas was convinced, at last, that his father loved him, despite his misguided action.

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Lucas, believing at last that his father still cared for him, was more relaxed than usual throughout the workday. When it was time for Timothy to remove Lucas's comfort stop, Timothy noted Lucas's improved demeanor.

Later, as Lucas and Timothy prepared and ate their evening meal, Lucas was able to pay closer attention to, and appreciate, Timothy's seeming delight in serving. Timothy was always asking Lucas if he could do anything for him. Tonight Lucas was able to view Timothy's servitude in a more objective light.

He paid attention to Timothy's endless questions, "Brother Lucas, can I refill your water glass?" "Brother Lucas, would you like more rice?" "Brother Lucas, is it warm enough in here for you?"

He asked Timothy about such behavior, why he did it. Timothy responded, "Because it is what I am supposed to do. And besides, it feels good!"

"How does it feel good, Timothy?"

"Something happens when I ask someone else if I can help them. It is a strange feeling. It feels good being subservient. It's a deep feeling. I tingle. I feel it all over. In my face, my ears, my chest, my arms and legs, my groin, my cock. I don't know what it is, but it makes me happy to be alive and serving."

Later that evening Timothy extended his love of service to new parts of Lucas's body. After Timothy removed Lucas's nipple trainers and cock ring, and started sucking on Lucas's beautiful, super perky, nipples, Timothy felt like he was in heaven.

And so did Lucas. Not only did the sucking feel good to Lucas, he liked the way his nipples now looked. He was proud of his new tits, and was happy that Timothy was so enthralled with them. Lucas stuck up his tits as Timothy worked on them, much to Timothy's delight. Lucas recalled that his girlfriends would kind of push their tits up against his face as he sucked on their nipples, and wondered if the wonderful way he was feeling was the same way his girlfriends felt as he sucked on their tits.

And when Timothy finally managed to engulf almost the entirety of Lucas's enormous cock in his mouth, tears of joy ran down his face.

Lucas, shedding his own tears, involuntarily bucked his hips, causing Timothy to gag. Lucas apologized, but Timothy told him not to worry, "Do whatever you have to do, Brother Lucas. It all feels good to me!"

As Lucas's jument jism shot down Timothy's throat, Timothy began to stroke himself. The two slaves, like animals in a barn, had lost themselves in each other's sweat, sperm, and tears.

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