What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTYSIX**

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In the early morning Timothy was the first to waken, and he gently touched Lucas on the back of his neck and began rubbing, easing him out of sleep. "Good morning, Brother", Timothy whispered.

Lucas whispered in return, "Good morning, Brother Timothy." Lucas turned around to face Timothy, "Thanks for the massage."

"You're leaving in a few days, Lucas. I am going to miss you so much."

"I am going to miss you too, but Robin told me that you could visit often. And you can even spend the night over at our place on weekends."

Timothy smiled, "Robin is so nice to us!"

Lucas smiled, hardly agreeing one hundred percent with Timothy, "He tries."

"No Lucas, don't say that. We need to treat our overseers with respect. Think of how gentle Robin is with us. We should respect overseers who empathize, and not make fun of them or criticize them. Robin wants what's best for us, especially for you. He just doesn't know yet how to handle his authority over you. If I were your overseer, I would be terrified of you!"

Lucas scrunched his face, "Why do you say that?"

"You have such a powerful presence. You are so manly, yet so beautiful. When you were free you intimidated other males, and now that you're a slave, you still do. Robin is my age, and I know how he feels. There is something about you that seems to let people know that you're special. You have such a strong personality, and I think that's why they thought you should be a jument."

Timothy could sense that Lucas didn't like being reminded that he was a slave, especially a jument. He touched Lucas's arm, "We're slaves. That's what we are. We have to do what we are told to do. But if you just submit, it will feel good to you."

Lucas was silent. Timothy continued, "Lucas, words have power. Just speaking words of submission can free you. Whenever I say something as simple as `Yes sir!' to an overseer, I get a tingling in my dick like I'm going to get a hardon, but the slave feeling is even more powerful than a plain sexual feeling. It rushes throughout your body and makes you happy on top of everything."

Lucas responded, "I have sensed some of what you are saying. But I can only go so far with submitting."

"I used to feel the same way, Lucas. But I was literally beaten into submission. But it turned out to be a glorious event. Mr. Michalski was strapping my ass and kept saying, "Just tell me that you submit and want to be a good slave!" I wouldn't say it because I was defiant. But the strapping was hurting so much that I decide to say the words. I did, and I felt this weird special feeling. So I yelled out once again that `I submit and want to be the best slave I can be', and the feeling grew more intense. So I kept yelling it out, and each time the feeling got more and more intense. At that moment I knew I was a slave. But it was a happy moment. I became, in almost an instant, the happiest I had ever been in my entire life."

The two slaves remained on the bed, each thinking to themselves; Timothy thought of the wonder of being submissive, while Lucas wondered how Timothy could be so totally subservient.

After a while, Timothy changed the subject, but hesitantly, "Brother Lucas, I was wondering. We have been having sex. Robin told me that the one thing I was never to do to you was fuck you, but would you be willing to fuck me?"

Lucas winced, "No Timothy. I could never be fucked or fuck another guy. It is beyond anything I could ever imagine doing. It is something I will never do!"

Timothy was embarrassed, "I'm sorry if I offended you, Brother."

Lucas stretched out his arms and yawned, "You didn't. We better get up and get ready for work!"

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Just before Lucas's lunch break, Robin entered the shipping room workstation where Timothy and Lucas were loading boxes onto a pallet. He was about to address Lucas when Gabriel, his and Lucas's father, entered the room.

Robin called out, "Hello Dad!"

Gabriel approached, "How are all of you boys doing?"

Robin said he was "great", and Timothy replied, "Sir, Mr. Thorne, sir. I am very well, Mr. Thorne, sir."

Lucas nodded a hello to his father.

Gabriel smiled, "I wanted to know, Lucas, if you feel Robin knows all the ropes. It would be nice if he could take over starting on Monday, then you could come home."

"Yes, Dad. He should know everything by the weekend. There are just a few things I haven't yet covered with him."

Gabriel was beaming, "That's great! Just great!"

Robin smiled, "Dad, I'm glad you're here, because what I came to see Lucas about concerns you as well as Lucas."

Lucas and Gabriel were curious. Robin held up a letter, "I got this in the mail, from the county Social Services Agency. Dad, they want to pay you $3,500 if they can use Lucas in a photo-shoot for promotional materials regarding the drudge jument servitorship program. It's being produced by our county's agency, but it is going to be used in a national ad campaign. It would require a time commitment of three days from Lucas."

Gabriel asked to see the letter, read it, and then commented, "Robin, this letter is addressed to you, not me. Lucas is your slave, not mine. I had him registered with you listed as the sole owner. That was my gift to you. Lucas is yours. You make the decisions!" Gabriel nodded to emphasize his point, "And I say you would be foolish to pass up this moneymaking opportunity for yourself. Just remember, you're free to make money from Lucas's labors in any way you see fit."

"Remember, while juments are primarily a show and personal service species, that does not mean that you can't use Lucas just as one would use a common garden variety servant; put him out to labor to bring in a little extra cash for yourself as often as you would like."

Robin hugged his father, "Thanks Dad! You're the greatest!"

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Police officer Stewart Martell questioned Edward Franks, a well-known and mostly liked homeless person who hung out around the various retail stores on Bedford Avenue. "Where did you get all that cash, Ed?"

"I earned it, just the way you do, Stew."

"Come on, Ed. Just tell me what you've been up to? Who gave you that cash and why?"

"I don't have to tell you about my personal life and affairs."

"Ed, I'm not accusing you of anything, but there have been quite a few thefts around here lately. Just tell me how you earned your money and I won't have to take you into the station for questioning."

Ed folded his arms defiantly and smiled. Officer Martell then had no choice but to lead Mr. Franks to his cruiser and escort him into a back seat. Mr. Franks took a seat in the cruiser without incident.

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Mr. Jackson removed Lucas's nipple trainers and shoulder and arm harness, attached a leash to Lucas's cock ring, handed the leash to Robin, and Robin and Mr. Jackson led the leashed Lucas to Mr. Jackson's car.

Lucas's anger and frustration at being spoken about by his father as a `moneymaker' for Robin, and then being committed to the county's Social Services Agency photo-shoot without either his consent or input, left him, finally depressed. It emphasized for him that he was only a commodity. His family said they loved him, yet they continued to treat him like a farm animal.

Lucas was sullen on the trip to the Social Services Agency, though he admitted to himself that he was looking forward to doing something different. His unformed plan was to connect with any other juments he might meet, and then hopefully gather a network of juments who could then lead the cause against such a dehumanizing form of servitude as `drudge juments'.

But for Lucas the idea of networking took a back seat to the thought that he was somehow special enough to be desired for modeling purposes. Lucas's vanity was still thriving within him, even after many months of service that he found cruel, humiliating, and degrading in the extreme.

Once the trio arrived at the agency, they were led to the photo-shoot by Gladys Sharpton, a sleek black woman who treated Lucas in a most friendly and deferential manner, and had no qualms whatsoever about openly taking in the sight of his fully exposed drudge jument body.

Gladys escorted the trio into a large room, bustling with about twenty five people and five juments. Gladys called out, "Our sixth jument has arrived!"

Gladys led the trio to two men dressed casually in levis, and told Lucas that they would be his grooms.

The room was full of camera and lighting equipment. And it was also a room full of much activity. But Robin could concentrate on none of it. All he could notice were the five other juments. Like Lucas, they were naked, variously ringed and banded, most seemed to have had their nipples elongated with trainers just as Lucas had been. They were all beautiful, large cocked, perfect male specimens. The juments were in various stages of being made up and oiled. Robin noticed that three of the juments had hair on their head, each in a different style, and two of them were bald all over, just like Lucas.

Lucas noted the other juments as well. They were the kind of guys he liked hanging around. They were the kind of guys he used to click with in social venues when he was a free man. But Lucas noticed most all their demeanor; they seemed to be not only happy, but proud!

As the grooms started working on Lucas, Lucas was flattered that two obviously straight males were going over and treating every part of his body with such great care.

When one groom started applying makeup to Lucas's face, both grooms would step back after application intervals to assess their work. They were treating Lucas as if he were a piece of art. The grooms took pride in what they were doing, and were, indeed, trying to create a piece of art.

Once the juments were finished with their makeup and body oiling, they were introduced to each other. Lucas was happy to meet them, and again was struck by how relaxed, happy, proud, and handsome each of them appeared. Their smiles and friendliness brought a smile to Lucas's face as well, and allowed him to begin to relax.

And Lucas noted as well that everyone in the room, whether Social Services officials, cameramen, or groomers, when addressing a jument, not only treated them with great deference and respect, but seemed to genuinely admire them. Lucas was, in short, buoyed by the gracious treatment he was receiving.

A young Social Services intern entered the photo shoot room pushing a cart full of various beverages and ice. He went first to the juments and asked them what they would have. Most of the juments asked for water, but one jument asked for tomato juice and another for orange juice. Once the intern was finished serving the juments, he then started serving the rest of the people in the room.

Gladys went up to the gathered family members of the juments and told them they would have to leave once the photo session began. She told them today's session would be over at 6 PM, and the juments could then be picked up.

Once all of the family members and non-essential personnel were out of the room, the grooms went up to the juments and attached black, soft leather, cinches around the base of their cock and balls.

The cinches brought the juments units forward and up. Lucas noted that two other juments were ball banded, just like him. He was surprised to hear one of the non-ball banded juments say to a banded jument, "Brother, I wish I could be banded like that!"

The groomers then took mineral oil, lubed up the juments' cocks, and started jacking them into erections. One of them called out, "Okay juments; show us what you've got. Let's get as big, hard, and proud, as we can!"

The juments all smiled as the jacking began. Lucas noted that the other juments were completely at ease with being jacked up, and seemed to delight in it. Lucas, buoyed by the camaraderie of the other juments, and the fact that they were in no way bothered by the jacking being done to them, was able to relax and accept his jacking.

Once all the juments were shiny and hard, one of the photographers quickly put them into a random formation and called out, "Okay, let's see you all happy, big, and proud. Do your proudest pose! Stick your chests and pelvises out and high. Stick out your tits! Flex those muscles! Keep those boners purple-headed hard! Thrust out your hips like you mean it! That's the way! Good show!"

Cameras were snapping away as the juments posed. One cameraman sensed Lucas's restraint compared to the others and called out, "Come on Lucas, be proud of what you got. Give me your biggest smile and flex your muscles for me!"

Lucas did as ordered, and noting the other juments smiling at him good naturedly, began to smile himself. The juments all laughed. Lucas followed with tension relieving laughter, and soon everyone in the room was smiling as the beautiful, oiled, drudge juments went through their poses, sticking out their chests, as they kept their cocks and balls ever thrusted out and proudly erect.

Throughout the day, with each new pose, Lucas would be the one to offer some resistance, but was soon brought out of it by the good camaraderie among not only the juments themselves, but with the photo-shoot staff as well.

When the juments were fitted with butt plugs that held stylized tails in place for a series of shots of the six juments pulling a carriage, Lucas almost reverted to his defiant mode, but was quickly pulled out of it when one of the juments smiled at him, and said, "I like your serious look, Brother. You've got real class and style!"

By the end of the day's shoot, the juments all knew each other by name. And as they exchanged email addresses with each other, Lucas noted that even after the shoot, the other juments seemed to be not only proud individuals, but happy to be naked and exposed in front of free people.