 What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTYSEVEN**  
  
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Robin was excited. When he had asked Mr. Timmons if he could chat with him after class, Mr. Timmons told him that he was not available then, but he would be able to drop by Robin's house the following evening.  
  
Having Mr. Timmons over to his house excited Robin. It seemed to Robin that having Mr. Timmons over to his house would offer him a more personal connection with his very sexy servitor-handler instructor.   
  
Robin scrubbed himself up real neatly, put on some cool clothes, gelled his hair, and even put on a little of Lucas's cologne.  
  
Robin was surprised to see, when he opened the door to let Mr. Timmons into the house, that Mr. Timmons was also dressed and groomed up as if he were on a date, wearing a tie and jacket. Although Robin did not automatically assume that Mr. Timmons was all spiffed up just for him, although it was tempting for Robin to believe that he was. Robin knew that for Mr. Timmons, getting all dressed up was normal for him. After all, he was an important guy who had a big social life, and was a budding community leader.  
  
As Robin led Mr. Timmons to his room on the second floor, Mr. Timmons commented on the house, "Wow Robin. This is some house you live in! It's beautiful. But it's not a house, it's a mansion!"  
  
Once in the bedroom, Mr. Timmons looked out the window and saw a swimming pool and a large yard, "That's quite a yard; it looks like it must be at least a couple of acres."  
  
Robin took out a bottle of wine and began opening it, "You are close. We have two and a half acres!"  
  
"Who keeps it looking so well maintained?"  
  
Robin handed a glass of wine to Mr. Timmons, "Right now we have a gardening service. But when Lucas moves in, he will be responsible for the maintenance of the yard and the house."  
  
Mr. Timmons noted some left over construction materials scattered about the house, "It looks like you're getting ready for him to arrive."  
  
"Yes, we expect to be able to move Lucas here in just a few days."  
  
Robin invited Mr. Timmons to sit with him on the floor, "I hope you don't mind sitting on the floor with me, Mr. Timmons?"  
  
"No, not at all Robin. It's kind of fun sitting on the floor and chatting."  
  
Mr. Timmons looked at his glass of wine, "Is your dad okay with you drinking wine?"  
  
Robin spoke quickly, "Sure, no problem."  
  
Mr. Timmons bit his lip, and then asked, "Does he mind you drinking such an expensive wine from his cellar?"  
  
Robin again answered quickly and somewhat nervously, "Sure. He doesn't care."  
  
Mr. Timmons sensed Robin was somewhat uneasy with the wine questions, and moved the conversation in a different direction, "So what's on your mind, Robin? How can I help you?"  
  
"Mr. Timmons, when I deal with Lucas, especially if I have to correct him or call him on something, and certainly when I have to punish him, I always feel awkward. It feels weird to me to be exercising any kind of authority over my older brother. In fact, I even get embarrassed when I have to do it."  
  
Mr. Timmons was quick to answer, "Robin, you need to get rid of any preconceived notions of what an overseer looks like or how an overseer is supposed to behave. You have more authority over Lucas than someone like Mr. Jackson, or even a state authorized overseer such as myself. He is yours, and it makes no difference what your age is. It's not uncommon for children to own or have control over slaves much older than themselves."  
  
"Also, please stop thinking of overseers as big, tough, brawny, cop-like, guys. The vast majority of overseers and slave owners are like you; neat, sensitive, caring, individuals who love their slaves."  
  
"You are an overseer not because of any physical or personal traits, but because the law states that you are one! That is all there is to an overseer. You have the full support of the legal system behind you. If you want to act tough and mean, go ahead. But if you want to be yourself, please do, for that is what the most effective servitor overseers do!"  
  
"Slaves can see through any posturing or phony facades on the part of their overseers. They should be able to do so, for that is what they spend most of their day thinking about; their overseers. They are constantly wondering what their overseer's think of them, wonder how they will react to something they have done, constantly trying to find out the latest gossip about their personal lives. Just know, that you will become, in no time, the very center of Lucas's life. You WILL become his obsession!"  
  
"So stop worrying about what Lucas is going to think of you when you have to punish him. Instead, Lucas needs to learn that he is the one who needs to be concerned, very much concerned over what you think of him!"  
  
"I think that Lucas must have learned by now that the full weight of the Social Service system supports you in any control efforts that you may need to offer him, and any resistance Lucas offers you is only going to result in a painful behind."  
  
With hardly a pause, Mr. Timmons continued his counsel, "And please remember this Robin; if you do have to dish out a little painful corporal punishment to Lucas, remember that pain is an effective tool in helping servitors accept their status as submissives. Lucas would probably be a happy submissive by now if you had been more liberal with the tawse and strap during his term of service at the warehouse."  
  
"So my advice to you is not worry about how foolish you feel ordering Lucas around. You are the one who calls the shots. Indeed, you are legally required to keep your slave under control. If you ever do feel awkward ordering Lucas around or punishing him, just don't worry about it. It's understandable that you feel such a way, Lucas is your older brother, and you are a loving, sensitive kid. But just because you are loving, caring, and sensitive, doesn't mean that you can't take on the responsibilities that have been handed to you."  
  
Robin nodded, smiling, "Thanks, Mr. Timmons. That was really helpful for me to hear. It all sounds good to me. I think from now on I will not be worrying about or concerned about the things I had been concerned and worried about."  
  
Mr. Timmons and Robin each sipped their wine, and looked smilingly at each other. Robin began again, this time somewhat sheepishly, "Mr. Timmons, I am also wondering about how to proceed with …" Robin paused a bit, "You know, how to go about sexing Lucas. It was okay when you were with me, but I just can't imagine starting anything on my own with Lucas."  
  
Mr. Timmons smiled, "Do you want me to demonstrate, Robin?"  
  
"Demonstrate? Sure, Mr. Timmons!"  
  
Mr. Timmons moved next to Robin on the floor, "Robin, I want you to pretend you're a slave who resists my advances."  
  
Robin gave a laugh, "Okay, Mr. Timmons."  
  
"I want to give you a slave name for this, what should I call you? How about something cute, like `Bunny'?"  
  
Robin laughed, "Okay, just call me Bunny!"  
  
Robin and Mr. Timmons each took a sip of wine, and then set their glasses down.   
  
Mr. Timmons put a hand on Robin’s thigh, "Hey you little Bunny boy, it's time for us to have a little fun."  
  
Robin, his dick hardening, nevertheless role-played, "Please, Mr. Timmons, sir, no. Don't touch me like this! I don't want to do anything with you. Please leave me alone."  
  
"Come on Bunny. Let's get your clothes off so I can get at all of your controls! It's time to have some fun!"  
  
"No, Mr. Timmons, please no. I can't do this."  
  
"Bunny, I'm in no mood to waste time. You have one of the hottest cocks I've ever seen, and the fact is, it belongs to me! I need release, and I need it now! You either strip down slave-naked right now, or else you're getting a paddling!"  
  
Robin, still role-playing, attempted to stand up and move away. Mr. Timmons grabbed him, pulled him up along with himself, sat on the bed and pulled Robin over his lap. He immediately started spanking Robin with hard swats.  
  
Robin, hard and embarrassed, yelled, "Ouch, shit! That hurt!"  
  
Mr. Timmons continued the spanking, "You ready to take your clothes off, little slave boy?"  
  
Robin's throat was dry and his dick pre-cumming as Mr. Timmons gave him another round of swats.  
  
Robin, too sexually aroused, could no longer play the game and hopped off of Mr. Timmons lap. Robin was embarrassed by his erection that he knew would not be going down soon, so he quickly sat back down on the floor, further removed from Mr. Timmons, in an effort to hide the tenting of his slacks.  
  
Mr. Timmons, smiling broadly, sat back down on the floor and reached for his wine.  
  
After a bit, Mr. Timmons spoke, "There's no need to be embarrassed, Robin." He put a hand on Robin's shoulder and gave him a quick kiss to his cheek. Robin felt like he could cum at any moment.  
  
Mr. Timmons, not wanting to embarrass Robin by calling attention to his arousal, continued his lesson, "So the thing with sexing your slave is no different than giving orders to or punishing your slave; just do whatever you want to do or need to do, and don't worry one bit about what the slave may be thinking of you. Just go ahead and get what you want! And if you feel awkward doing what you're doing, just ignore it. You're the master, after all."   
  
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For Lucas, the second day of the photo shoot ended up being more rewarding and fun than the first day. It was for Lucas the happiest day he had experienced since being enslaved. Lucas found the camaraderie between and among the juments and the photo shoot staff exhilarating.   
  
And he realized that he shared with the other juments something of an exhibitionist streak. By the end of the second day of the photo session Lucas was not only not embarrassed about being naked around a bunch of other slaves and free people, but he enjoyed being considered something special enough that he would be asked to model.  
  
At the end of the day's photo session, Robin arrived in his Hyundai Accent GL to pick Lucas up and return him to the warehouse. On the drive back to the warehouse Robin asked many questions about the photo shoot, and was pleased to find out that Lucas was enjoying the experience.  
  
At the warehouse Robin and Lucas greeted Timothy, who was preparing supper for himself and Lucas.   
  
As Robin fitted Lucas with his arm and shoulder harness/hobble, and reattached the cords from the floor and ceiling tracks to Lucas's nose and penis rings, he reminded Lucas that work was piling up during his absence at the warehouse, and after tomorrow's photo shoot, he wanted him to try and catch up with everything on the day after tomorrow.  
  
Lucas was miffed at the way Robin took away his high from the photo shoot by bringing up the warehouse work schedule, and telling him he would have to catch up on missed shipments as soon as possible. He responded by shaking his head in disgust with an angry "Whatever!"   
  
Robin had had enough of Lucas's intransigence, and taking his cue from the advice offered by Mr. Timmons, he did not try to do a he-man type overseer threatening bluff. Instead, he simply stated calmly, "That does it, Lucas. I don't want any more attitude like that. Bend over that stool and stick your ass out. I'm going to get a strap!"  
  
Robin exited, and when he was out of the room, Timothy warned Lucas, "You better get into position, Lucas. Don't rile him anymore. He's your overseer and your behavior was not appropriate."  
  
Lucas, aware that he had created a situation and not wanting to escalate it, took the positioned he was ordered to take; and when Robin returned, he was happy to see it, "Okay, good Lucas. But I still have to do this!"  
  
Robin began strapping Lucas's ass as hard as he could. He no longer cared if in the eyes of Lucas he was perceived as a young kid who was trying to look tough. He was doing, finally, what he was supposed to be doing.  
  
Lucas would let out occasional yells as he took his strapping. As he took his punishment, Lucas thought of the five juments from the photo shoot, and he imagined they all had to get punished as well. The thought of the other five juments having to get punished in humiliating fashions somehow managed to ease Lucas's defiance. Soon, such thoughts finally encouraged Lucas to admit defeat and call out, "Robin sir, please stop, sir. I am sorry. I did wrong sir."  
  
That was enough for Robin; he stopped the strapping and put a hand on Lucas's back, "Okay. It's over now, Lucas. I'm sorry I had to do that."  
  
Robin turned to leave, but paused when he noticed that Lucas was still leaning over the stool. "Lucas, you can stand up now."  
  
Lucas did not stand. Robin was not sure what was going on, and offered, rather awkwardly, "You two have a nice evening!"  
  
Lucas still did not stand, so Timothy went up to Lucas to see if anything was wrong, and coaxed him up into a standing position. Lucas was hesitant at first, and when he finally began to straighten out both Timothy and Robin could see why he was hesitating; Lucas's giant drudge jument animal dick was harder than either one of them had ever seen it before.  
  
Robin, too young to fully understand the relationship of sexual feelings to domination and subjugation, wondered if Lucas was feeling the same wild feeling he had experienced when Mr. Timmons spanked him during their play acting lesson/session. Robin did not know why he was aroused from the spanking he had received from Mr. Timmons, but he knew that, in the end, that whatever pain he had experienced from it was far surpassed by the pleasure.  
  
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At the start of the last day of the photo shoot, the director, producer, photographers, photo technicians, and other juments, all gathered around Lucas and examined his buttocks with their clearly visible red marks from Robin's strapping.   
  
The director explained that makeup could easily cover the blemishes; but the producer had another idea; "I like it! Let's use makeup all right, but let's use it to enhance the strap marks. I think this could be one super marketing ploy. All slaves need the occasional beating. By having one of the juments in the group shots with clearly visible strap marks on his ass, we will be sending a message that will broaden their appeal. A lot of folks are afraid of investing in juments not just because of their cost, but because the concept of jument servitorship is foreign to them. By showing that juments have to get ass strapped just like every other slave, we are letting people begin to think that just maybe juments aren't that all different to handle than regular slaves."  
  
The director and photographers congratulated the producer on his brilliant idea. One photographer added, "These marketing shots of a jument with strap marks could go viral overnight!"  
  
A technician added, "The strap marks make Lucas look so cute and vulnerable that every woman with a rich husband is going to be begging for a jument!"  
  
Everyone was laughing and happy. Lucas, who had arrived at the photo shoot unaware that he even had red marks on his ass, was thrilled to be the center of attention.  
  
At lunch break, the juments were very popular with the entire photo shoot staff, and their table was quickly filled up by those curious to learn the details of Lucas's strapping.   
  
Lucas was somewhat embarrassed to answer the questions, but he did, "My owner is my younger brother and he thought I was showing a bad attitude when he gave me a work order."  
  
A jument by the name of Sebastian asked how long the beating lasted, and Lucas answered, "Maybe about two minutes. No more than three. But there were no breaks, he just kept strapping me. But when I told him I was sorry, he stopped immediately and told me I was good, and that he was sorry he had to do that to me."  
  
The blond spike-haired jument known as Spot called out, "That sounds like you have a wonderful, compassionate, master!"  
  
Lucas responded, "But he called me `boy'. I find that hard to take."  
  
The sleek black haired jument who went by his first and middle names, Marc Sidney, answered, "But that's what we are. `Boys' is what we are called. I think it's hot being called `boy' by free men."  
  
Lucas found the responses and comments interesting, and asked the other juments if they ever had to get spanked and strapped. Everyone in the room laughed out loud, but none as loud and boisterously as the other juments.  
  
Sebastian shouted and laughed, "Do we ever have to get spanked and strapped? Is the pope Catholic?"  
  
Cornelius, a hairless jument with black eyebrows answered, "I get paddled at least twice a week."  
  
Marc Sidney volunteered, "My owner doesn't paddle me, but you see this ring in my navel? He instead locks me to the wall by this ring for hours at a time if I misstep."  
  
For Lucas, personally, the over-lunch convivial conversation was now addressing serious issues, and he looked at all of his fellow juments as he asked, "Why do you put up with such treatment?"  
  
The photo shoot staff quickly realized that Lucas was clearly a jument who was having acceptance issues, and stayed out of the conversation.  
  
The proud and quiet jument, Dodge was the first to answer, "There is nothing to put up with. It is who we are. It is a glorious thing to serve. And if I am to be punished, I am grateful because it means I deserve it!"   
  
Spot joined in, "Lucas, we are only punished because we are special. Do you know how many jument servitors there are in the United States?"  
  
Lucas had no idea, but a cameraman volunteered, "I heard there were no more than 200 per state. So I guess that means there are about no more than 10,000 nationwide. And if the US slave population is currently at 1.5% of the population that means that with over 310 million people, 4 and a half million are slaves. So juments are but .2% of the slave population! I would say that makes you all very very special people!"  
  
Once the photo shoot resumed in the afternoon, Lucas found himself thoroughly and completely enjoying being a model. Such a good time was he having with the other juments, men like himself in many ways, that his nude condition seemed the most natural condition in the world.  
  
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When Robin arrived home from his workday at the warehouse, he checked out the progress of the construction work being done on the house in preparation for Lucas's return home. He was excited to see that the work was almost completed.  
  
As he checked out the changes to his upstairs bathroom, his father, Gabriel, who also had just arrived home from the office, tapped on the open door to Robin's bedroom, "Robin, hello."  
  
"Good evening, Dad."  
  
"Son, I received a summons for you to appear tomorrow before an informal hearing at the court house. It's nothing serious; the judge just wants to ask you about a Mr. Franks. He was brought in for questioning on suspicion of theft. It appears there were a string of burglaries in the area where he hangs out, and he was found with a pile of cash equaling what was reported stolen."  
  
Robin did a `weird!' gesture with his face by cocking his head and scrunching his nose, "I don't know such a person, Dad."  
  
"Mr. Franks told the police, only after being `brought in' for questioning, that he had received the money from you."  
  
Robin was confused, "Dad, I don't know anyone by the name of Franks."  
  
Gabriel was relieved, "I'm sure you're not involved, son. The police just want to verify that you didn't give him the money."  
  
"How long will it take, Dad?"  
  
"Just a few minutes son. Mr. Franks is some homeless man, and the court needs to hear you confirm that you didn't give him any money so they can proceed to charge him with theft."  
  
Suddenly it struck Robin that he may know the Mr. Franks being referred to, "What else did he say, Dad?"  
  
"Something about doing favors for you. That's all I know about it, son."   
  
Robin broke into a cold sweat as Mr. Thorne continued, "We will be taking Lucas along with us."  
  
"Why is that Dad?"  
  
"I will tell you. It's important advice so remember it! Whenever you are summoned before a court, a judge, a review panel, a hearing, or event where you are being questioned, reviewed, and possibly judged, always dress up! Do all you can to look your best, for it shows that you care about yourself enough that you probably would not be the type of person to ever engage in reckless behavior."  
  
"And also do whatever else you can to show that you are a responsible and upstanding citizen. In your case, you are important and special enough to not only own a drudge jument servitor, but you have also received both junior and senior servitor handler accreditation, and will be completing your advanced accreditation in just a few weeks. Such things impress people. Believe me!"   
  
"Our appointment is at 1 PM, so we can go down to the courthouse from the warehouse right after your noon lunch break. Make sure you take some dress clothes to work so you can change into them before we leave the warehouse for our court appointment."  
  
When Gabriel left the room, Robin, now cold, clammy, and afraid, closed his bedroom door and spent the next hours researching the laws regarding crime and punishment involving juveniles.   
  
What Robin found out was that Mr. Franks' activity could possibly be construed as a ‘misdemeanor’ in the legal system; not too serious a matter. But what he himself could possibly be found guilty of was even slighter, nothing more than a ‘regulatory offense’. Regulatory offenses are, in effect, official admonitions; and thus, for Robin, there was no longer any need for him to worry about the possibility of him ending up with a police record, and/or of him having to do ‘community good-works’ time.  
  
After his research and comforting findings, Robin was able to go to bed and fall into a most satisfying and comforting sleep.