What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTYEIGHT**

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For the outing to the courthouse, Robin brought a set of Lucas's dress clothing. It was the first time Lucas was allowed to get dressed since he was emplaced at the warehouse.

During the drive out to the courthouse, `Smudge' Hawkins, Gabriel Thorne's faithful legal advisor, counseled Robin, "Remember the purpose of this hearing is simply to get a comment from you that you did not give any cash to Mr. Franks. That way the court will be cleared to handle the case regarding Mr. Franks in any way they choose."

Robin asked, "What will happen to Mr. Franks if I say that I didn't give him any money."

"He would then probably be found guilty of the burglaries. He will probably get some jail time, possibly for a rather lengthy term. But it's a good thing to get a few convictions on the records of the homeless. That way communities are better able to control the homeless population."

Robin was dismayed to find out that Mr. Franks would be doing jail time if he lied to the judge and said that he did not give him any money.

Lucas, seated next to Robin in the back seat of their father's car, could see that Robin was not himself. He sensed that Robin was guilty of something.

For Lucas, the idea of Robin possibly being in trouble with the law was intriguing. Lucas was not by nature a vindictive person. He both liked and disliked Robin. Lucas knew that Robin was not responsible for his enslavement, but nevertheless he was not always happy with the way Robin treated him.

But seeing how forlorn and worried his younger brother appeared, affected Lucas, and he gave Robin a love pat and a smile as they drove to the courthouse.

At the courthouse Mr. Thorne, his sons, and Mr. Hawkins, were summoned on schedule into the hearing chamber of Judge Adam Cordova.

The question from Judge Cordova was immediate and direct, "Robin Thorne, on the evening of June 4 Edward Franks was detained for questioning on suspicion of burglary. He stated that he did not commit any of the burglaries for which he was suspected, and that the $450 he had on his person was in fact given to him by you earlier that evening at 6 PM."

Robin was sweating, "Judge Cordova, I don't remember. I often give money to street people."

Judge Cordova was now suspicious of Robin, "When one gives money to the needy on the street, one usually doesn't give amounts in the area of $450. Mr. Franks has stated that you gave him the money as payment for purchasing alcohol, usually wine, for you. And he has also stated that you have paid him for such services on three previous occasions. He said that you usually don't give him cash every time he purchases alcohol for you, but that you usually surprise him with a large pile of cash after he has purchased alcohol for you several times."

Robin was afraid and embarrassed, and began to stammer an answer. Smudge Hawkins stopped Robin immediately and whispered to Robin and his father, "Robin, be careful. If you did in fact pay an adult to purchase alcohol for you that is a misdemeanor in this state. It would be a bad mark on your record, and it could carry a stiff penalty."

There was silence as Robin's father stared at him intently, and Robin stifled a need to cry.

Judge Cordova wanted to get things over with quickly, "Mr. Thorne, would you please answer the question. Did you give Mr. Franks $450 as a reward for the times he purchased alcohol for you at your request?"

Robin collected himself, and spoke, "Yes, Judge Cordova. I gave Mr. Franks the $450."

Edward Franks, moved by Robin's honesty, started to shed some tears.

Judge Cordova was also moved. "Mr. Gabriel Thorne, I understand the man standing next to Robin is your indentured son, Lucas, who is owned by Robin. May I question him?"

"You may, your honor."

"Lucas Thorne, how are you today?"

"I am okay, Judge Cordova."

"Lucas, would you please tell me what kind of owner your brother is… Does he treat you fairly?"

Lucas didn't understand the reason for the question, but answered, "Yes."

"Has Robin ever subjected you to any treatment that was inhumane or degrading merely for sport?"

"I often feel degraded being the kind of servant I am, but Robin has never treated me in such a way."

The judge nodded, quickly reviewed the report on his desk, and spoke, "Robin Thorne, it is a misdemeanor for a minor to pay an adult to purchase alcohol; and Edward Franks, it is a felony for an adult to purchase alcohol for a minor. However, I am dismissing the charges for both of you, but noting the offenses in your respective records, and issuing a warning to both of you."

"Edward Franks, you have been through enough with the charges of burglary, and I see in your record that you have enrolled yourself in the St. Simon `New Day' self help program. I wish you good luck in that endeavor, and warn you that the next time you are brought in for such a charge, the consequences for you will be serious."

Mr. Franks nodded his understanding.

The judge continued without pausing, "Robin Thorne, you displayed admirable courage in your honesty in this situation. Along with your brother's good comments on your character, the fact that Mr. Franks is currently homeless argues all the more compellingly on your behalf for dismissal of the charges against you. From now on, remember that just being a minor in possession of alcohol is a criminal offense. So you are on warning, and I am ordering you to enter an alcohol awareness program."

The drive home from the courthouse was quiet and subdued. Once Gabriel dropped Smudge off at his home, the drive was even quieter.

Once they arrived at the warehouse, Mr. Thorne gave orders, "Robin, get Lucas stripped and hook him up to the track and trolley rails. Then you get your pants and undies off and bend over Lucas's punishment frame. And Lucas, once he's on the frame I want you to cuff his ankles and wrists down. Robin is getting a whumping he won't soon forget!"

Robin, feeling like a little kid, lost all control and started bawling, "No, Dad, please! Don't spank me. Please Dad. I'm so sorry! Please, no
Dad! Don't do this!"

"Robin, believe me when I tell you that I consider your behavior today before the judge to have been not only admirable, but heroic. In fact, I'm prouder of you now than I have ever been before. You told the truth when you knew it could possibly have gotten you indentured for several months."

"But I do intend, now, to address the issue of your alcohol consumption, of your deceit, the waste, the damage you did to yourself, the trouble you could have gotten yourself into while inebriated."

As Mr. Thorne turned to get the prison strap, he repeated his orders, "Robin, get Lucas stripped and hooked up, and then get your pants off and lay over the punishment frame!"

Robin looked miserable as he watched Lucas undress himself. As Robin hooked Lucas's nose and penis rings to the trolley and track cords, Lucas felt for his younger brother. He suddenly liked him a lot more than he ever had before, for the way he was honest in defense of a homeless man. Honest when he knew the consequences of honesty could have been very bad for him.

Timothy, working in the area, overheard the conversation, but did not stop work to gawk at the situation.

Robin walked to the frame, and first undressed once he was at the frame, keeping his backside to Lucas and Timothy.

Lucas cuffed Robin down as ordered.

Mr. Thorne returned shortly with the large prison strap and got immediately down to business. Robin was screaming out loud after the second of Mr. Thorne's quite ferocious blows.

Robin's ass reddened quickly, as his yells increased in intensity. His nose was seriously running as he writhed on the punishment frame. The strap marks were turning raw, and when parts of Robin's ass looked in danger of bleeding, Mr. Thorne carefully directed his blows to other parts of Robin's rump.

Timothy watched Robin's strapping from the sidelines. He watched the beating with the eyes of a slave. Beatings were a part of a slave's life, and he admired the fairness of the Social Services system, where fair-minded overseers beat their errant free sons, even if that son happened to be a certified slave owner and handler.

Timothy's penis tingled with a delightful glow, not because Timothy enjoyed seeing Robin being punished, but because as a well-trained slave he had fully accepted the fact that slave dicks tingled at the sight of appropriate displays of a master's authority.

Lucas watched the beating as well. He had never been beaten so seriously, or even ever witnessed such a serious strapping. He pitied his brother.

Once there was no more room on Robin's ass to strap without risking tearing the skin, Mr. Thorne finished up his beating by directing four blows to each side of Robin's legs.

Mr. Thorne examined Robin's ass, and instructed his sons, "Lucas, uncuff Robin from the frame. I want both of you back at work in half an hour!"

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At the end of the workday, Peter Sterling approached Lucas at his workstation. Lucas was closing up his work area, and Peter offered to help.

"Lucas, I found out that you are leaving the warehouse in a few days. You're going home. I am going to miss you. Very much." Peter smiled warmly at the handsome, naked, drudge jument.

Lucas did a sad smile, "I will miss you too, Peter."

Lucas's time at the warehouse as a chained, naked, slave, though only about one year's time, seemed to Lucas as if it had been several years. The limited environment to which Lucas had been subjected caused him to pay close attention to the people he came in contact with. He observed carefully their every behavior, and like most slaves, he learned which people he interacted with were good people; people he could trust. In Lucas's eyes, Peter Sterling was a prince of a human being.

"Lucas, I want you to know that if you ever need anything, please contact me. Lucas, I have been reading about servitude, especially about the kind you are, a drudge jument. Jument's are basically considered to be human pets. I'm not kidding. They have jument shows where owners parade their juments around on leashes, just like dogs are paraded at dog shows. They give awards to the best of show. They make them perform stunts, tricks, and dance."

Peter's voice sounded like he might break down and cry. "It's horrible, Lucas. I want you to know that if things ever get bad for you, really bad, and you can take no more, I want you to contact me. I will rescue you!"

"You would do that for me Peter? You would do that and risk being enslaved yourself, possibly for life?"

"Yes, I believe that is my duty. I hate slavery so much. I would gladly break into your home when your family is away, cut off your harness, and drive you to Canada."

There were tears in Peter's eyes. Lucas, was deeply moved, and put his hand on Peter's shoulder, and started to gently rub it. He moved in front of Peter, and put his hand on Peter's other shoulder, and squeezed him.

Peter looked in Lucas's eyes, and smiled. They stared long and lovingly at each other. Lucas pulled Peter closer to him and ran his hands down Peter's sides, found Peter's belt, and started to unbuckle it.

Peter whispered, "Lucas no."

Lucas ignored Peter. Lucas, who knew Peter very well, knew that Peter admired him physically, very much.

Peter whispered again, "You don't have to do this."

Lucas slowly sank to his knees and undid Peter's buckle, buttons, and zipper, and slowly peeled down his pants. The whole time Peter's free-man cock erected.

Lucas pulled Peter's boxers down and looked closely at his friend's dick. He examined it with interest, and with a growing desire, and slowly put his lips to the shafthead. Peter moaned in delight.

Lucas slowly got comfortable with sucking a dick, and proceeded to suck Peter off, slowly, not entirely certain if he was sucking in the right way.

Lucas did not have to spend too much time analyzing technique, for soon Peter started the moan that precedes a satisfying release.

Lucas kept up his slow sucking pace, and soon Peter started to ejaculate. And it did not stop. Peter had a lot of love juice to give up. Lucas had to let most of Peter's sperm dribble down the side of his face, as he was currently not the most accomplished cock sucker and cum swallower.

When it was over, and Peter had his pants back on and zipped up and buckled, Lucas was happy with himself for having given Peter so much pleasure. As they looked at each other before parting, Lucas knew he had a real friend in Peter Sterling.

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Over dinner Lucas told Timothy about what Peter Sterling had told him about drudge juments; that they were basically human pets, usually kept naked to highlight their total subservience and unusual status.

Timothy tried to put things in perspective for Lucas, "Lucas, in reality we servants are all naked slaves kept for our owner's pleasure. Sure, I wear clothes more than you do, but your dad can come in here and make me get naked and do anything he wants to with me."

"In fact, you are probably never going to be used for labor on a regular basis, certainly not for hard labor. That would be a waste for what your dad had to pay the Federal Social Services Agency to have you indentured. You're only a jument because you are, let's face it, one fucking hottie. Your body and face are perfect. You know I have a hard time keeping my eyes off of you, but I try to because I love you and don't want to make you uneasy."

Lucas smiled, "That's okay Timothy. You are really nice, and I am going to miss having you around. You can look at me all you want. I'm flattered."

"I have already told you that I wish I could be a jument, and I was serious about that. I hear you juments have easy lives, but I would just like to be a jument because that means everybody would admire me. I guess I always wanted to be on the stage, and be admired. I always wished that I were as beautiful as you."

Timothy laughed, then continued, "But not only are you probably going to have an easy life, but I've heard what happened at the courthouse, about how Robin didn't lie to save his ass. What that tells me is that Robin is a special person, and so that means he is also probably going to be a special kind of overseer. Compassionate. I wish Robin could be my owner and overseer!"

Lucas was serious, "Yes, that has been on my mind. I really admire him now. I truly respect him in a way I never could before. It is easier now for me to accept Robin as my owner and overseer."

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When the day came for Gabriel and Robin to drive Lucas home, Robin released the track and trolley cords connected to Lucas's nose and penis rings, and handed Lucas some clothing to put on for the trip home.

Lucas was pleased that something new and different was happening in his life, so he didn't question or protest the articles of clothing he was given to wear, even though they were weird; a blue and white vertically striped body-revealing Lycra pair of slacks and matching long-sleeved shirt.

Lucas questioned Robin before he put the shirt on, "My nipple trainers will tear the fabric of this shirt."

Robin was aware of the uniform's quality, and simply answered, "No it won't. Just put it on. You'll see."

Lucas pulled the shirt on over his head, and unfurled it over his torso. The tight body-revealing fabric did not tear, and had the effect of making Lucas's trainer-fitted tits stick out in an almost obscene fashion from the material, highlighting his servitor status almost more than total nudity would.

The same was true of the slacks. They left nothing to the imagination. Anyone who saw Lucas in the outfit would know that he was nothing but a nipple-trained, dick-ringed, slave.

Robin and Lucas took the back seat of the car. Robin liked the way Lucas looked in his blue and white striped Lycra suit.

Mr. Thorne spoke to the slave seated in the back seat as he drove, "Lucas, Robin and I are both so happy to have you back at home, at last. We love you son!"

"Lucas, your job, from now on, is the maintenance of the house and yard, the kitchen and all groceries and supplies, the storage sheds, the gardens, and the attics. Everything. Robin will see to it that you are performing your duties as required and on schedule. You are to do everything Robin orders."

"I think you two boys love and respect each other enough to get along without any problems.
But if there ever are any problems, then Lucas you need to realize that your brother has full authority as a state accredited overseer to do whatever it takes to make you comply. Do you understand that son?"

Lucas answered with a "Yes Sir", but once again he was confused by his father's ambivalence. On one hand his father had just told him how much he loved him, yet on the other hand his father made it clear that his duty was to perform exactly as ordered by his younger brother, and to obey him totally and without question. The implication was clear to Lucas; there would be painful consequences if he weren't totally obedient.

For Lucas, as always, the ambivalence of his treatment by his family prevented him from not only fully understanding his status, but from being able to fully comprehend what was going on. He wanted to ask the question, once again, "What's going on, Dad?" but did not because he did not want to hear his father say, yet again, "Nothing is going on, son."