What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTYNINE**

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When Lucas was escorted into his father's house by Robin and his father, the comforting feeling of `Home' did not greet him, mainly because the home he knew was dramatically altered in many ways, and he soon forgot that he was finally home as he looked about and took in the changes.

The track rails and overhead trolley system, which Lucas knew so well from the warehouse, had been added to most parts of the large and luxurious Thorne residence. The system also extended to cover the entire upstairs level, which was where Robin's bedroom was located, and which would be serving as Lucas's main living quarters.

One third of the living room was partitioned off by glass and turned into what appeared to be a caged-in exercise room, decorated with plants and artwork.

There was a plinth in the middle of the living room floor.

There was a punishment/mouth-washing stall in the laundry room.

Robin led Lucas to the second floor, "This is where you will be spending most of your time. Your room is right next to mine, just the way it was when you were living here before."

Robin's bedroom also had a plinth, to the side in front of a large bay window. There was, off to the side of the room, an elaborate punishment frame that could be configured to meet every need. And there was a handcrafted cupboard loaded with instruments of punishment. Robin tried to put Lucas at ease, "Don't worry, Bro, about all that stuff. You're not going to be getting any beatings if you behave. Our interior designer told us that a well-stocked implements case was a de rigueur decorating item for any modern slave-holding households." Robin smiled nervously.

Lucas was silent as he took in the unusual sights. Robin interrupted his reflections by pointing to the outfit Lucas was wearing, "Okay Bro, we need to get you out of your travel gear."

Lucas felt strange. In the home he once knew as a free man, his younger brother was now ordering him to undress with a tone that indicated that he felt Lucas had no right to be clothed.

While the outfit Lucas was made to wear for the trip home was attention getting, with its blue and white vertically striped body-revealing Lycra slacks and matching shirt, it was not as weird as the feeling that was now overtaking Lucas; he was now the slave of his younger brother!

As Robin hooked Lucas up to the track and trolley system, Lucas asked, "Why do I have to be put on the track and trolley? I thought I was supposed to care for the house and grounds."

As Robin knelt on the floor to pull up and attach the track cord to Lucas's penis ring, he answered, "This gear just highlights your special status. On most days I will release you from the track and trolley for your work day, and then re-attach you to it at the end your work day."

Once Robin had the cord from the floor track attached to Lucas's penis ring, and the cord from the overhead trolley attached to Lucas's nose ring, he ordered him to walk about to make sure that the track and trolley system was operating properly. Lucas, being tethered to the track and trolley system in his own home, by cords attached to his nose ring and penis ring, now made Lucas feel more like an abject slave than he ever had in the warehouse. His own younger brother had ordered him to get naked and hooked him up like a dumb animal to the track and trolley system in his own home. A track and trolley system that was installed simply for the purpose of keeping the drudge jument under control and reminding him that he was a slave.

The sense of loss and hopelessness had the natural effect on the slave of making him look with a higher regard and expectation to the most significant and important person in his life, his owner and overseer, his younger brother, Robin.

Lucas knew that Robin was basically a goodhearted person, and that knowledge tended to help Lucas respect Robin as his overseer. And Robin's good heart was confirmed for Lucas during Robin's unselfish behavior during his recent court appearance. But Lucas was now frustrated by the fact that Robin seemed to be buying into the social convention that servitude was a natural and okay thing.

But Robin was now the most important person in Lucas's life, and, in fact, one of the few people now in Lucas's life, since Lucas, ashamed of having been enslaved, did not stay in contact with his former friends and acquaintances once he was indentured; even though his father and brother put no restrictions on his ability to stay connected with others via the Internet.

Lucas wanted Robin to be his compassionate overseer in shining armor, so he was frustrated when Robin did not behave in such a way. As Robin was about to leave Lucas alone after getting him connected to the track and trolley, he gave Lucas some instructions, "Dad had all of your things delivered earlier today, but I don't want you setting up your computer and other things right now. I want you to get yourself shaved and showered and body oiled. I want to take some pictures of you."

Even though Robin gave the instructions in a non-officious tone with a genuine smile on his face; excited to have his very own slave whom he could control, prettify, and show off to his friends; Lucas did not like the order, and answered with a frustrated shake of the head and a barely audible, "Shit!"

At that moment Mr. Thorne, seeking Robin, entered the room and wondered, "Did Lucas just swear?"

Lucas did not allow Robin to answer and asked, "Dad, what's going on? Why are you doing this to me? Why do I have to be hooked up like this?"

Mr. Thorne had had enough, and answered in an angry voice, "Lucas, I am getting pretty damn tired of your constant complaining and sulking attitude! You're a slave, one with a very exclusive classification, and you are treated very well by everyone. So get over it!"

Mr. Thorne then addressed Robin in the same irritated tone, "And Robin, it's time for you to take control of your slave and start treating it properly. And proper treatment of a slave includes disciplining it if needed. And Lucas needs a good and strong dose of discipline right now!"

"I gave you a very expensive gift, and you need to take care of it! It would be the same as if I gave you a dog, and you refused to obedience train it, and just let it run around the house and yard barking non-stop, shitting and pissing wherever it wanted, tearing up our shoes, jumping on people and licking them! Would that be a good thing? I don't think so. Well it's the same thing with your slave; you simply have to give it the training and discipline it needs. I don't ever again want to see Lucas behaving in a way that puts us to shame! Do you hear me?"

Robin nodded, embarrassed to have let his father down.

"And don't forget what you said to me after I had to give you a strapping the other day. You came to me later in the day and thanked me for your strapping, said you needed it, and that I could be sure that you would never again drink booze in my house if for no other reason other than that you never wanted to ever have to receive such a strapping again! So you know firsthand that strappings and beatings work to good effect!"

"You proved yourself to be a responsible and mature young man at court the other day; now I need you to show the same kind of maturity and responsibility here at home in the handling of your slave!"

Mr. Thorne, finished venting, was now calm, "When you're through up here, Robin, I want you to come down so we can plan our vacation."

When Mr. Thorne exited, Robin spoke quietly to Lucas, "Dad is right, Lucas. There is no reason for you to be acting like you're being mistreated. We love you and treat you really well. All I did was tell you I wanted to take some pictures of you, because this is a happy day for me, having you back home, but you had to go and act shitty."

Robin, having grown confident about the effectiveness of corporal punishment from his own recent experience, and having been thoroughly educated by Gregory Aldous Timmons about both the efficacy and the salutary benefits of summary servitor punishment, finally felt properly prepared for what he had to do.

"A really severe strapping is what you need to break you out of that defiance of yours." Robin spoke the words without a show of machismo or anger. Robin felt confident now in his role as overseer.

"I know you don't like this because I'm your younger brother. I don't like it either, but I feel the same way dad does; I am tired of your recalcitrant behavior. Do you understand what I'm saying, Lucas?"

Lucas mumbled, "Yes".

"And you need to start addressing me properly. From now on you will address me with `sir', then your response, then my name, followed by another `sir'."

Robin took a prison strap of the same size his father had used on him, and decided to give Lucas exactly the same kind of beating that worked so well on him. He would strap Lucas's ass until every part of it was raw, and he would finish up with five swats to the sides of each of his thighs and upper legs.

It took some coaxing to get Lucas to the punishment frame and cuffed down, but Robin didn't care. He figured that after Lucas received his strapping it would be a lot easier in the future to get him to do whatever he wanted, including getting himself positioned on the punishment frame for whatever he had coming.

Robin began the strapping with serious blows and Lucas yelled out in pain accordingly. Robin spoke, "I treat you really nice, and yet I keep getting this crappy defiance from you. I am tired of it. You need to be as respectful to me as I am towards you. Do you understand me?"

Lucas shouted through his tears, "SIR, YESSIR, ROBIN, SIR!"

With each blow of the strap Robin grew in confidence in his role as overseer, and was eventually secure enough that he was able to `enjoy' the peripheral rewards that came with strapping a beautiful slave ass, such as a boner that ached and oozed in a most delicious fashion with each blow of the strap. As Lucas's butt grew redder and redder from the beating, Robin's cock grew harder and harder.

From downstairs, Gabriel Thorne could hear the yells and cries of Lucas, and smiled to himself, pleased that Robin seemed, at last, to be taking firm control of his jument.

When Lucas's ass looked in danger of bleeding if any more swats were applied, Robin began applying the strap to Lucas's legs and thighs, and spoke, "We're brothers Lucas, and we need to show love and respect for each other. I love you Lucas. I really love you. Please make it so I never have to do this again."

With the last blow accomplished, Robin gathered himself. He was high. Not only from the wild sensations in his loins, but from the fact that he felt the strapping he had just administered really got through to Lucas, and would prove beneficial for Lucas's and his relationship.

Lucas was in serious pain. After Robin put the strap back in the implements cupboard, he went up to the bound slave and spoke tenderly, "My job is to take care of you, Lucas. I want to make you happy. I want you to be happy. Things are different now, Lucas. You're a slave. There is nothing wrong with that. But you have to obey me. That's all. Just trust me and obey me. Just trust and obey, and you will be happy."

The quiet voice of Robin soothed the sobbing Lucas. He wanted to believe his brother's words, since he had nothing else to believe in. He answered, "Sir, yes sir, Robin sir. Sir, thank you, Robin sir."

When Lucas spoke the words sincerely the pain in his butt was replaced by a strange euphoria of submission. He knew what was happening. He had heard enough about such feelings from Chad and Timothy, and from the other juments he had met at the photo shoot.

The slave feeling builds in intensity, like a growing orgasm, the more one submits. Lucas thought that perhaps he should embrace the feeling, and not be afraid of it. Almost as an experiment, Lucas spoke to Robin through his tears, "Sir, I want to be obedient, sir. I want to trust you. I will from now on, Sir."

Robin felt a glow himself. His slave, his brother, seemed to finally be accepting his role. Perhaps he would soon have a fully compliant and obedient slave.

For Lucas the sensation overtaking him, while not sexual, affected every part of his body, and his penis, a part of his body, had erected. But to Lucas it felt as though every part of his body had erected. He didn't know what the feeling was, but he was glad for it. Perhaps, he thought, it was the road to happiness and peace. As Robin uncuffed him from the punishment frame, Lucas was not ashamed or embarrassed of his erection. In fact, Robin was now treating him so sweetly that he wanted to reward his younger gay brother with the sight of his massive drudge jument erection.

There was silence in the room as the two brothers experienced new sensations. Robin gazed at Lucas's impossible-to-ignore erection. Robin's mouth opened and watered. He closed his mouth and his eyes for several seconds, and when he opened his eyes, he saw that Lucas had also closed his eyes. Could his brother finally be accepting the fact that he was a naked-animal slave?

Robin could not resist; he reached his hand out and took hold of Lucas's cock with a firm grip. Lucas sighed, and did not resist. It felt to Robin as though he had hold of Lucas by his very soul.
Robin guided the jument by his animal prick to the bed, "Lie down, Lucas. I have an ointment that I have to apply to your behind after a serious beating."

Lucas submitted to Robin's request. The fact that there were special ointments designed especially for the asses of well-punished slaves only served to remind Lucas that the world of slavery was indeed common and considered acceptable.

When Robin asked Lucas to stick his ass up and out, he happily submitted. It seemed to Lucas that the more distasteful and humiliating the act he was being asked to perform and submit to, the more intense would be the delicious sensations that overcame him once he submitted. That `slave feeling' he had been told about so often was not only real, it was beautiful beyond belief.

Lucas was finding it hard to resist submitting, not any longer because he feared punishment, but because he could not resist the allure of that `slave feeling'. He was like the young male raised in a religiously fundamentalist household who was told that masturbation was forbidden for it was a sin. There was no longer any way Lucas could resist the urge to feel such sensations. The fact that the things he was being asked to submit to seemed humiliating and very wrong to him, only added to the irresistible allure of submission.

Robin spoke as he lovingly rubbed the medicated lotion into Lucas's buttocks and thighs, "Lucas, you can go ahead and set up your things. I can take pictures some other time."

Lucas answered with equal munificence, "Master Robin, sir, I am sorry I objected to having my picture taken. I want to do whatever it is you would have me do, sir."

Each word of submission that Lucas spoke intensified the rare ecstatic sensations in his body, and he was finding the allure of that `slave feeling' was taking over his being. It was as if nothing more mattered to him but that `slave feeling'.

Robin put a hand on his jument's shoulder, "I can tell you're feeling very special right now, Lucas. Do you know why that is? It's because you're a very special kind of slave, and the more you accept what you are, the more you will be feeling the way you do now."

Lucas nodded as Robin guided him into an upright seated position on the bed. Lucas's giant boner had not subsided, and he had no concern that he was on display for his master.

Robin continued, "You know you're a slave now, don't you, but not an ordinary domestic servant? You are my special slave. You are mine. You will be many things to me from now on. And you will be happy if you keep accepting the special thing you are. If you submit, trust, and obey, you will be happier than you could ever have imagined."

Lucas's pride was no longer intent on holding on to his old image of himself; he felt too good, "Sir, I submit, and I shall ever trust and obey you, Master Robin, sir."

Robin wanted more than anything to grab his animal-slave by its luscious erected dick, and Lucas wanted more than anything for his brother master to grab hold of him by his raw exposed slave dick and take possession of it and him. But the moment was too powerful and intense to be overridden by one sexual act, and both slave and master instinctively recognized the fact.

Robin put an arm around Lucas, and Lucas threw an arm around Robin. They both spoke at the same time the same words, "I love you, Bro."