 What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART THIRTY**  
  
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As it had always been since Lucas was enslaved, each morning upon waking up he was made instantly aware of the fact that he was a lowly slave by the presence of the cords that were attached to his nose and penis rings, by which he was secured to the track and trolley tethering system. But now, rather than being overwhelmed by feelings of depression, Lucas, once he collected his thoughts, was eager, each morning, to explore more fully the mysterious sensations that came to him when he accepted his lot and behaved in a mode that was accepting of his subservience.  
  
And when his brother would enter his room each morning, Lucas's heart would tingle in the presence of his master. Lucas realized that `that slave feeling', whatever it was, was addictive. He was well aware he was behaving in ways he could never before have imagined, but he didn't care. The sensations of subservience were pure bliss.  
  
Robin greeted his brother affectionately, "Hello boy! How did you sleep?"  
  
Being called `boy' by his younger brother would, in the past, have caused feelings of intense anger in Lucas, but now such words were like injections of pure pleasure. And Lucas soon found out that expressing himself in subservient terms, intensified the sensations; "I slept very well, my master, Robin, sir."  
  
"Oh Lucas, I am so proud of you!"  
  
Such a compliment that would have been perceived by Lucas as demeaning in the past now felt glorious to Lucas. He felt as thrilled as a child would feel being complimented by an older sibling he looked up to.  
  
Robin released Lucas from the cords attached to his nose and penis rings, and held up a small comfort stop, "Lucas today is going to be your first work day out in the yard, so I want to fit you with this comfort stop. It will help to make your workday more enjoyable. So why don't you recline on the bed and pull up your legs for me so I can get you plugged."  
  
To Lucas, being made to submit to a butt plug by his younger brother now not only seemed like an act of love, but an act of love that carried with it sensations of bliss. He eagerly got into position.  
  
As Robin lubed the plug, he took in the grand sight of his submitting naked slave, and spoke; "Today you will be working in just a back portion of the yard, so there's no need for you to wear clothes. No one will be able to see you. All of the hedges need to be trimmed, and the garden needs to be tended to. Dad told me to make out a work schedule for you, but I told him that I am going to let you work on your own schedule; just make sure everything gets done. So I don't care on which part of the yard you start on. At the end of the week I will review your work habits and progress."  
  
"Thank you, Robin, sir."  
  
Robin was horny as he worked the plug up Lucas's ass and secured it in place with a waist strap. The slave erected, happy to do so in the presence of his master. He knew that his brother lusted after him and his huge jument cock and that intensified the slave's pleasure in being a personal servant for another human being, especially one who happened to be his younger brother.  
  
Once Lucas was comfort stopped, Robin took a bell and attached it to his penis ring, "This is the way they get slaves `field-ready' in agricultural communities, so I thought it would be cool to do the same to you!"  
  
Robin then took a headband that had a colorful feather in it and placed it about Lucas's head. "You look great! I want to come out later and take some pictures of you working in the yard."  
  
The extra touch of humiliation provided by the work bell and headband was just another shot of pleasure to the drudge jument, "Sir, thank you, sir."   
  
Lucas was happy to be working in the yard he grew up in, free to be naked, and strangely, now, free of such worries of having to succeed in college or the real business world.  
  
He was beginning to see that life was indeed a mystery. The former being he knew that he once was no longer was too much of a concern to him. In fact, so intense were the pleasurable sensations of subservience that engulfed him that he no longer wanted to be his former self.  
  
Lucas worked happily in the yard, with his big dick and banded balls swinging freely, and his dick bell ringing merrily. His animal cock needed release, but Lucas was no longer too concerned if Robin would allow release any time soon, because the sensations associated with `that slave feeling' hugely overwhelmed sexual feelings.  
  
Later in the day, Lucas saw Robin approaching and chatting with Mr. Gregory Aldous Timmons. As they approached Lucas, they did not greet him. Instead they kept chatting, discussing Lucas in the 3rd person, as if he were not present.  
  
Mr. Timmons was obviously discussing slave husbandry with Robin, "Since you've got this buck truckling, you need to consider showing him off and start making yourself some nice cash. Jument slave shows are quite the draw these days, and if you get this boy performing the standard set of display routines, he is certainly poised, with his physical features, to be judged `best of show', or near to it, in any venue you would care to enter him."   
  
Robin wondered, "Where do I get info on such shows, and what kind of displays are you talking about, and how do I train him?"  
  
Mr. Timmons, as ever, wanted to be most helpful to the young overseer, "I'll send you a full set of information, links, training manuals, and entry forms."   
  
Mr. Timmons dug in his jacket pocket, "I think I have a display cinch in here somewhere of the kind you would fit him with when he's on display." Mr. Timmons pulled out a clear plastic cinch from his pocket and held it up, "This is the standard posing cinch. It cinches around the base of the cock and balls and gives the most genital up-thrust of any cinch currently available. Would you like me to demonstrate?"  
  
Robin was interested, "Sure, Mr. Timmons!"  
  
Mr. Timmons called out to the slave, "Boy, get over here!"  
  
Lucas had detested the too self-assured Mr. Timmons in the past, and without thinking of his slave status, he blurted out an indignant "Fuck!"  
  
Lucas immediately realized he had made a misstep; not in terms of disobedience, but in terms of basking in that slave feeling. When a servant must submit to an overseer he dislikes, the experience for the servant is all the more humiliating. But the reward for the slave that is connected to his subservience, and has found `that slave feeling' at the center of his being, the rewarding sensations of submission to a humiliating request or situation are all the more intense.  
  
Lucas immediately apologized to both free men, "I am sorry Master Robin, sir, and Mr. Timmons, sir. That was wrong, and I truly am sorry. Please forgive me sirs!"  
  
Mr. Timmons was impressed with Lucas's apology, and complimented Lucas, "That's alright, Slave. Apology accepted. You are really progressing!"  
  
Lucas beamed and the slave feeling of happy obeisance returned and caressed his body.  
  
Mr. Timmons went up to Lucas and attached the cinch to the base of his cock and balls. Mr. Timmons spoke to Robin as he grasped Lucas's cock and jacked it, "I want to erect the slave, to show you how beautifully this model cinch displays the jument's equipment."  
  
In no time Lucas was ramrod hard, his jument cock sticking straight up against his belly. Mr. Timmons complimented the jument, "Good boy. Now make that cock stick up and hard as you can! Atta boy. Show us how proud you are!"  
  
Lucas obliged, he jutted his jument dick out and got a smile on his face from the slave feelings. And the smile on his face turned the free men on even more than his animal-slave erection.   
  
Lucas could hardly believe the intensity of the situation as he submitted to being treated and spoken about as if he were an animal by two free men; one who thought of himself as a hot-shot servant handler and trainer, and the other his younger brother.  
  
Mr. Timmons instructed Lucas, "Now boy, I want you to display yourself fully for us. Thrust out your chest and hips, pull in your tummy, and try to keep that boner as hard and shiny as you can! Get your dick as hard as you can so your piss slit is gaping! Now look proud and happy!"  
  
Lucas happily obliged, and Mr. Timmons complimented him, "That's beautiful! Now flex your biceps for us in a muscle-boy pose! - Atta boy! – Now stick that dick out even more and give us a big smile!"  
  
Mr. Timmons commanding Lucas to display himself like a farm animal at a county fair filled Lucas with such electrifying sensations of subservience that he was almost becoming unaware of his surroundings as the wondrous sensations flooded his being.  
  
Mr. Timmons smiled at Robin, "Look at the slave! What a beauty. And look at the great job that cinch does of displaying the jument's tackle. When was the last time you let your jument shoot his load? I bet if you were to give his balls a few tugs right now he would shoot a load such as you have never seen!"  
  
"It's been almost three weeks, Mr. Timmons, since Lucas ejaculated. I was hosing him down and the water stream on his cock caused him to erupt."  
  
Mr. Timmons laughed, "Great! Abstinence, as you have probably learned by now, is one of the best control tools when it comes to effectively controlling and handling juments."  
  
Mr. Timmons removed the cock cinch, and he and Robin left the slave to work in the yard without saying a word to him. Lucas was high from the humiliation, and the rest of the day went by quickly, as he worked happily in the yard he knew so well. A yard in which he could now be totally carefree and happy. Lucas looked forward to the end of the workday when Robin would come and lead him back to the house.  
  
At the end of the day, Robin was as eager to see his slave as the slave was eager to see him. Robin complimented Lucas, "Wow, Lucas. You got so much work done here today! You are such an amazing slave!"  
  
Robin led Lucas to the house, but not up to the second floor. Instead he led him to the laundry room on the first floor, and directed him to the servitor stall. Robin had him facing the inner wall of the stall. The stall had a sink in front of where Lucas was positioned, but it was lower than a standard sink, almost at the level a toilet bowl would be located.  
  
The stall also had cuffs attached to the sidewalls of the stall at about head level. Robin secured Lucas's wrists in the cuffs.   
  
Directly in front of Lucas's face was a water spigot which hung over the sink, and from which a slave could suck out water.  
  
Robin spoke tenderly to his slave, "I'm sorry I have to do this to you, Lucas. But I have to wash out your mouth with soap now, as punishment for the way you swore in front of Mr. Timmons. I know that you immediately regretted having done that, but I want to train you to get out of the habit of thinking about things the way you used to think about things, like a free boy, even if it's only for a split second. I want to train you up to be a really happy slave; and you will only be happy if you stay on the course of acceptance."  
  
Lucas was strangely aglow, "I know that Master Robin, sir. Thank you for trying to help me, Robin, Master, sir!"  
  
Robin, standing in back of Lucas, took a fresh bar of soap, held it in front of the naked slave's face, and commanded, "Open up your mouth now, Lucas!"  
  
Lucas did as ordered and Robin stuck the bar of soap in his older brother's mouth and started to push it in and out, "Suck on it as I pump it in your mouth, bro. I want to see some lather forming."  
  
Lucas obliged as best as he could even though he heaved a few times, and dribbled nose snot as soapsuds escaped from the side of his mouth.  
  
Controlling his older brother in such a fashion was perhaps the most ecstatic moment in Robin's brief career as an overseer.  
  
It was an even more intense moment for the slave, for he never before felt so completely humiliated, controlled, and sub human. Here he was getting his mouth washed out by his younger brother; while locked in a specially made stall for such purposes. He was being treated like an animal, locked up in a punishment stall, and being humiliatingly treated to the kind of punishment usually given to six-year old boys. Yet that `slave feeling' was taking him to unimagined heights of pleasure.   
  
It was an intense and life-changing moment for Lucas, for it made Lucas realize that punishment is pleasure, and made him wonder, `If punishment, the worst part of a slave's life, is pure pleasure, then how bad can servitude really be?'  
  
Lucas was so blissfully dazed that he was almost unaware when Robin stopped washing his mouth out, removed the bar of soap from his mouth, and told him he could rinse out his mouth from the spigot.  
  
Both brothers were hard. Robin stayed in position behind Lucas, as Lucas rinsed out his mouth. As Lucas sucked at the watering spigot, Robin reached his arms around Lucas, and carefully removed his nipple trainers.  
  
Once the trainers were removed, Robin reached around Lucas with both hands, and each hand found one of Lucas's tits, and began gently fondling his now-elongated nipples. There was silence in the room as young Robin took the first steps toward the total possession of his slave. He rubbed and fondled his older brother's tits until both of them were dewy-eyed and breathing heavy. Robin knew that this was the moment; Lucas knew that this was the moment; the moment the new-bride slave would submit to his new-groom master and forever overseer.  
  
In silence Robin uncuffed Lucas from the mouth-washing stall, gently grabbed him by his banded balls, and led his animal slave up to his bedroom.  
  
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Although the one thing Lucas had dreaded the most was being fucked by a guy, he realized as his brother had him sit on the bed, that for him there was no longer any such thing as gay or straight. The sensations of that `slave feeling' led him to a world of sensation where subservience simply felt good, and the more undesired the treatment he was subjected to, the more his body seemed to reward him with beautiful sensations.  
  
Lucas sitting on his younger brother's bed felt like a little kid at the doctor's office. He knew the `doctor' would be doing strange stuff to him, yet there was nothing he could do but submit.  
  
As Robin sat next to Lucas and began fondling his slave's tits, Lucas also realized that not only was there no longer such a thing as gay or straight for him, there were no longer such things as cunts and cocks. In fact there was no longer for Lucas such a thing as sex. Sex was now but a part of that `slave feeling' that totally enveloped his happy animal self.  
  
Honeymoon nights are often thought of as nights of the highest expression of love, sustained and eternally gentle; but the reality is that the minute the new bride and groom arrive in their hotel room, they have no control over their long built up passion and their first act is to rip off each other’s clothes and get right down to the business of achieving release through a single rough, compulsive, vulgar, sweaty, animal fuck that usually lasts no more than three minutes.  
  
So it was with Robin and his slave. The tit sucking could not sustain itself, and Robin quickly stopped it. He ordered Lucas to get on the bed and kneel on all fours. As Lucas got into position, Robin tore off his clothes. He walked to the side of the bed and jutted out his erection for Lucas, "This is your new master, bro. Take a good look at it! You need to get to know it, love it, and obey it!"  
  
Robin jutted his rod out as Lucas took in the sight of his new ruler. Robin ordered, "Give it a few sucks, bro. Get it all juiced up for your hole!"  
  
Lucas opened his mouth, took in Robin's dick tip and sucked, and then took in the entire rod as Robin moaned in pleasure, "Yeah, lube me up, bro! Get it nice and juicy! The slicker you get it; the better it's going to feel!"  
  
Once his rod was wet and slimy, Robin was no nonsense as he put a hand on Lucas's mid-back and guiding him to put his head down and keep his ass up in the air. He then quickly took a kneeling position in back of his drudge jument, "I'm gonna man-fuck you now, bro, so spread your legs a little wider apart now; it'll help open up your hole!"  
  
Lucas did as ordered, and Robin complimented him as he put his dick tip to his hole, "Atta girl!"  
  
He eased his dick tip into his brother's hole, and once his tip had entered, he spoke, "You're my wife now, Lucas, and you have to do all the stuff that the woman of the house has to do on a regular basis; laundry, dishes, cooking, ironing, doing whatever I say, keeping yourself looking pretty at all times, wiping my ass, bathing me, drinking my piss, sucking me, licking me, and taking my man cock up your cunt whenever I say!"  
  
Robin eased the rest of his dick into his big brother's hole, reached both hands around Lucas and took hold of both his tits, then moaned in glory, "I'm about to man-fuck you, bro. Your tits, ass, cock, nipples, dimples, balls, cunt, and pussy belong to me now, bro, for the rest of my life!"  
  
Robin paused before he began thrusting, "Spread your knees apart, bro. I need you to lower your ass a bit."  
  
Lucas did as ordered, and Robin ordered some more, "Now wiggle your ass for me, bro, and make me feel good."  
  
Lucas wiggled his impaled ass like a whore, causing his banded balls to sway in a most inviting fashion. Robin reached a hand down and grasped them, and they felt like they weighed a ton.  
  
Robin began thrusting slowly, and the feelings for Lucas and Robin were unlike any sexual feelings either had ever before experienced. For Robin it was fucking the male animal of his dreams, his beloved brother. And for Lucas it was a sensation of being flooded with pure light, and a building orgasm that was not limited to his penis, but rather encompassed his entire body.   
  
Robin reached down to grasp Lucas's cock, and it felt almost too hot to handle. It was pulsing on its own, and felt to Robin to be at least a foot long.  
  
As Robin began pumping faster and faster, every cell in Lucas's body seemed to be calling him home to the glorious land of total submission and obeisance. Lucas's body seemed as if it were heading towards something like a double orgasm. The normal building sexual orgasm was coupling with the `slave feeling' engulfing his entire body, itself building towards some kind of climax.  
  
As the climactic moment neared, both brothers moaned loudly. An observer would have been unable to tell which brother was moaning the loudest.   
  
Lucas was the first to reach a climax, and he began ejaculating long ropes of cum. As he did so, Robin threw his head back, rolled his eyes, and yelled in orgasmic ecstasy as he began spurting. And when Robin finally came down from his mighty cumming, Robin's animal dick was still pulsing and releasing the last of its animal sperm.   
  
The brothers uncoupled and lay back on the bed, with laughing and happy sighs of relief. Both brothers were happier at that moment than they had ever been before in their lives.  
  
Once Robin had recovered from the mighty high, he went exploring; he freely touched, rubbed, and fondled every part of Lucas's body, just as any young groom feels it's his right to do to his new bride once he has delivered the first newlywed fuck.  
  
And Lucas, just like any new bride who has just received her wedding night fucking, was happy to submit and be owned and possessed by her man. Lucas knew that by law, as an indentured servitor, he belonged to Robin as much as any marriage license gave a man certain control rights over his bride.  
  
Robin explored the anatomy of his jument in blissful detail, while Lucas happily submitted to being touched, hefted, poked, kissed, licked, fingered, pinched, and sucked, by his younger brother.  
  
Laughingly Lucas put a stop to Robin's exploration by grabbing him by his strong arms, pulling his body tight against his own, pursing his lips, and giving Robin a prolonged kiss, that eventually led to a long exchange of tongues.   
  
Eventually both brothers fell asleep wrapped in each other's arms.  
  
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Later that evening Lucas made dinner for his father and Robin, as usual. When Gabriel entered the dining room and saw Lucas and Robin dressed in white silk robes and both of his boys looking content and relaxed, he guessed what had happened.   
  
Gabriel didn't want to embarrass the boys by talking about their recent activity, but he wanted them to know he was pleased with the way things were going. "You two boys are looking mighty peaceful right now, and I must tell you both how happy I am."  
  
Gabriel had finalized plans for his and Robin's upcoming vacation, and explained to his sons the latest plan, "Lucas, as you know Robin and I are going on vacation next week to the East Coast. We will be staying in several cities, visiting historic sites, and I will be taking care of minor business matters in each city."  
  
"Lucas, you will not be going with us because my booking for the trip was done several weeks ago, and at that time I didn't know whether or not you would still need to be at the warehouse. So I went ahead and rented juments to tend to Robin and me at each of the hotels we will be staying at."  
  
"We can't of course, leave you here alone, but you will be happy to learn that Peter Sterling has kindly offered to stay here while we are gone, and will be serving as your chief overseer."  
  
"He seemed eager to oblige. Now we all know that Peter is a real decent guy, but he is something of a know-nothing on servitor matters, and he has some pretty immature attitudes on the matter of servitude in general. I told him I could only use him if he was willing to follow standard guidelines in your handling, Lucas, and he agreed. I told him he was to call me if he had any questions or if there was the slightest problem. I am happy to say that he agreed to my terms, and he will be moving in here for the two weeks that Robin and I are away."  
  
Everyone liked Peter Sterling, most of all Lucas. To everyone it sounded like a great decision. Lucas's animal dick tingled as he looked forward to seeing once again the gentle and compassionate Peter Sterling.