What’s Going On, Dad?

By Randall Austin

**PART THIRTYONE**

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Once Mr. Thorne and Robin were satisfied that Lucas had finally fully accepted his lot, and was benefitting mentally and physically from his life as a servitor, they both became gradually more comfortable with treating their drudge jument the way drudge juments were supposed to be treated.

For Mr. Thorne that meant showing Lucas genuine affection; but it wasn't the kind of affection typically shown by a father for his son. Instead it was the sort of affection one bestows on a beloved family pet; a gentle rubbing off the shoulder or the head accompanied by a passing phrase such as, "How ya doin', Tiger?"

In fact Mr. Thorne was effusive with the compliments he gave to his jument son, and his love and affection were obvious. But that was all. Just as one would not engage the family dog with matters of one's personal life, business, and affairs, so Mr. Thorne did not engage Lucas in any conversation except for such things as instructing him on his duties, or complimenting him for tasks well done.

To Lucas, his treatment from his father was not only an improvement over the distance his father had kept from him at the warehouse, but it somehow seemed right and natural. For he was, after all, different from his brother; he was kept naked, tethered, and trolleyed, in his own house. And his balls were banded like a farm animals. So how else was someone supposed to treat him?

But for the most part, Lucas didn't care. He was so aglow from that `slave feeling' that saturated every cell of his being that he was happy being a naked animal on display. He had, in fact, found happiness in humiliation, a not unusual phenomenon for slaves and prisoners.

But Lucas's acceptance of that `slave feeling' did not mean that he had lost contact with his inner being and who he once was; nor was Lucas unaware of what he was doing in accepting total subservience mainly because of the intense sensations of pleasure it offered. For now, Lucas allowed himself to fully embrace that `slave feeling' because it gave his body immense pleasure in his predicament.

Once Lucas had realized that there was no immediate out to his indentured status, he found pleasure in exploring the sensations his body was giving him. He accepted that `slave feeling' because it is intense, delicious, and irresistible; but Lucas still wondered on occasion; if freedom were offered to him would he want to give up that `slave feeling', or would he even be able to do so?

And Lucas was enjoying, immensely, the love and affection he was getting from his brother, Robin. Robin could not keep his hands off of his new pet jument. Robin was constantly touching it, petting it, feeling it up, massaging it, kissing it, and cuddling with it.

Robin was also now comfortable with exerting needed control and discipline over his jument. He no longer had any qualms about grabbing the junior paddle if Lucas misbehaved in any way, and using it. And Lucas enjoyed that as well.

Lucas was always happy to be punished by his younger brother, master, and owner for life. Those times Robin would order Lucas over his knee for a spanking or paddling were the times when Lucas felt most intensely his animal slave self. The reality of what he now was, was at such times exposed to Lucas in its rawest, wildest, most naked, most animal, and most abject yet most beautiful, form.

As his younger brother paddled him Lucas felt the feeling of being controlled in all of its glory. Sometimes, at such moments, he thought he must be nothing but a giant penis, for so deliciously and gloriously would his body ache in joy at being paddled and controlled by a loving overseer. He felt like an animal; he knew he was falling into what was perhaps a great unknown depth; but he loved it. He was one with nature in a way he never could have imagined. His new life was crazy, but at the same time it was a wonderland he could not resist.

One afternoon Robin invited Timothy over. He allowed Timothy and Lucas time to chat and play in the back yard, but told them that in the evening he had invited his friends Jay and Conner over, and he expected them to be the evening's entertainment.

At one point Robin looked out the window and saw Timothy and Lucas playing a game of tag ball, and was happy to see the slaves having fun. Robin felt like a proud and munificent overseer. He wanted the slaves to be happy, and he was happy knowing the two slaves were his to do with as he pleased. His dick stirred happily.

Once Jay and Conner arrived, Robin gathered his friends and Timothy and Lucas into his large, wood-paneled bedroom on the second floor. Timothy was excited that he was being treated just like a real jument, and was about to be used for entertainment purposes.

Conner took out a large bottle of wine from his backpack, "I brought this wine, Robin. I know your dad would kill you if you were to provide it for us."

Robin smiled, and addressed the slaves, "Don't you slaves go telling anyone about this!"

Conner poured out glasses of wine for the free guys, as Robin spoke to his friends, "While we're mellowing out with the wine, I thought it would be cool to have the slaves perform the dance of fire!"

Jay laughed, "What in the heck is the `dance of fire'?"

Robin took out a tube of ointment from his medicine cabinet, "I think you're going to enjoy the show!"

Robin instructed the slaves, "Timothy, I need you to get totally bare naked, then I want you two slaves to go and stand on each side of the punishment frame. Stand in front of the support pole and reach your arms in back of you and clasp your hands together behind the pole."

Timothy undressed. Jay and Conner were excited that there now were two naked slaves in the room obeying orders.

Once the slaves were in position at each side of the punishment frame, Robin cuffed their wrists together behind their backs. He held up the tube of ICYHOT ointment for his friends, "Which one of you two wants to do the honors?"

Both Jay and Conner held up their hands, laughing and amazed at what Robin was about to do to the slaves. Conner exclaimed, "Oh my gawd, are you going to rub that shit into their balls?"

Robin shook his head, "I was thinking of rubbing it into not only their balls, but also their entire dick shafts, making sure to get it under their foreskins and into their piss slits!"

Jay was thrilled, "Robin, you are a party planning genius!"

Robin pointed to his friends, "Tell you what; Jay, you do Lucas, and Conner, you do little Timmy!"

The two free boys were happy to set down their wine glasses and get the slaves ICYHOTed.

The moment Jay and Conner started rubbing the ointment into the slaves' units, the slaves started yipping like little puppies.

Being able to help ICYHOT the slaves' private parts was a thrilling event for Jay and Conner. Jay was enthralled being able to fondle and lotion the into the beautiful Lucas's cock. Lucas's cock felt wonderful in Jay's hands; it felt like it was alive, like a little animal with a life of its own.

Once the slaves were sufficiently lotioned, Jay and Conner washed their hands, and then rejoined Robin on the floor. The slaves were shaking their pelvises in wild fashion in an attempt to cool off their dicks, as they moaned out loud in agony. The ICYHOT erected both slave dicks to the hilt, and their gleaming oily look added an element of raw, animal, sensuality.

The free boys' thrill in torturing the slaves erected their dicks as well, and soon all three of them were rubbing their dicks through their trousers as they watched the slaves do the fire dance.

Though the pain of ICYHOT is extreme, it is bearable, and thus both Lucas and Robin were both happy to be tortured in such a way for the pleasure of the free boys. For Lucas it was one more step into the mysterious world of total humiliation; and for Timothy it was simply hot being at the center of attention as a sex object for the pleasure of three hot guys who were his age.

Robin had the great idea of turning on some dance music, "Okay slaves, try to thrust your hips in time with the music!" As the free boys rubbed their crotches and drank their wine, they were in free-boy heaven as their lust grew and their thoughts grew nastier.

Conner asked Robin if he had a bell he could attach to Lucas's penis ring as he bucked in agony, and Jay asked Robin if he had any lipstick.

Robin had the requested items, and as he attached the bell to Lucas's penis ring, Jay applied lipstick to the lips of the bound Timothy. Conner liked what Jay was doing, and when Jay had finished applying the lip color, he too took the tube and colored Timothy's nipples the same shade as his lips. Timothy was happy to be a painted, tortured, whore, despite the fire in his cock and balls.

Robin turned up the music, and soon all three free boys had their pants unzipped and their erected cocks out for air. They stroked their dicks slowly as they shared kisses, sipped their wine, and kept their eyes on the hip-thrusting slaves.

When Robin was in danger of shooting his load, he turned off the music, uncuffed the slaves from the punishment frame, gave them a special surfactant soap, and ordered them to shower themselves off.

The special soap immediately and completely removed the fire from the slaves' genitals. Once showered, Robin ordered the slaves to scent themselves, and then get on the floor along with his friends, and give them some dick sucking.

The slaves were happy to suck and slurp free boy cock, and the free boys were beyond happiness.

When Robin noticed that Jay was moaning like he was about to cum from the sucking action of Timothy, he ordered the slaves to stop sucking, and for Lucas to fuck Timothy, doggy style.

Timothy lubed the jument's dick with his mouth, then got on all fours for his fucking. Lucas was happy to oblige. He eased his massive jument cock into the slave's boy-hole; despite the pain of being bull-fucked, Timothy was in heaven having Lucas's cock inside of him.

As Lucas humped away, he reached under Timothy, grasped his cock, the smallest in the room, and jacked it as he pumped his hips, while the three free-boys furiously jacked their dicks.

The free boys and slave boys all shot their loads together as they screamed out their ecstasy. Everyone in the room, covered in sweat, fell into one heap in the room. They lay together comingled, and for a moment there was no such thing as free boy or slave boy, for they all were one; nothing but sweat-soaked, pleasure loving, animals.