Traditional Values

By Randall Austin  
  
**PART ONE**  
  
This story is erotic fiction meant for mature readers and should only be read by adults over the age of eighteen years old. Please do not use my stories without my permission and please forward all comments to [randallaustin2011@hotmail.com](mailto:randallaustin2011@hotmail.com)

Randall Austin’s Archive Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>

Martin Forestman, a devoted husband to his wife,  
Barbara, of 23 years, and a loving father of his three  
sons, Alban (16), Quince (18), and Bradley (22), and  
his daughter, Flora (14), looked at his watch, closed  
the book he was reading, and rubbed his forehead.  It  
was almost time.  Not such a big deal really, he  
thought.  
  
Bradley entered his father's office ahead of the  
appointed time, punctual and considerate as usual.   
"How do you like my haircut Dad?"  He beamed as he  
turned his head so his father could see the careful  
work his girlfriend, Ginger, had done to his head.   
Sides neatly trimmed and shaved clean, and the hairs  
on top of his head luxuriously gelled and shining.  
  
"You sure are looking good, son."  Martin briefly  
pondered how to proceed, and then asked, "How long has  
Ginger been your girlfriend, Brad?"  
  
"I met her my sophomore year in college.  So that's  
three years, Dad."  
  
"Well, she has been a lucky girl to have you for a  
boyfriend.  Not only are you smart and caring, but you  
are a damn handsome young man, son."  
  
Bradley blushed, his rose-colored cheeks betraying his  
shyness.  "And son, it's your good looks which are the  
chief reason we have to have the conversation we are  
about to have."  
  
Martin pointed to a chair for Brad to sit in, and  
Martin took a seat on the couch immediately across  
from him.  "Bradley, as you know I was quite  
embarrassed having to tell you at the start of summer  
that because of the financial situation I found myself  
in I wouldn't be able to pay for your graduate school  
tuition, and that if you wanted to continue on you  
would have to find some means of financing it  
yourself."  
  
"Dad, don't worry about it.  You know I was happy to  
arrange for a student loan, and I was able to arrange  
to start the job I got in the school library for my  
first year in graduate school immediately.  That's why  
I was happy to pay you and mom room and board this  
summer.  
  
"Son, it is your attitude towards life that makes you  
so precious to me."  Martin shifted and cleared his  
throat.  "As you may not know, my financial advisor  
suggested to me some time ago that the best option for  
us, in our current financial crisis, would be to have  
Quince set up for a short term of indenturement with  
Social Services.  This would then have kept me not  
only able to provide for my family in the way in which  
you have all been accustomed, but when Quince was  
released after the 5 years suggested time, the portion  
of the transaction which would have been invested in  
his name would have provided him with much more money  
than he could ever have been able to save had he been  
working in a full time job during those five years and  
paying for the cost of living.  So I saw it as a  
perfectly reasonable and healthy solution, especially  
since Quince will not be going on to college, and the  
job market is rather slender right now."  
  
Bradley shook his head quietly. "But Dad!  A social  
servant?  Vermont is the most liberal of the slave  
states, and the term slavery is never used in polite  
society.  ‘Social servant’ is the word for slave, and  
folks who used to be referred to as service industry  
personnel, such as restaurant and janitorial  
employees, are now referred to as the ‘hospitality  
industry’.”  
  
Martin continued, "Bradley, you know that such an  
arrangement is not uncommon in these times."  Martin  
was right.  Not only were such indentured arrangements  
not uncommon, but also the government of Vermont did  
all it could do to put a positive spin on the  
institution of ‘Social Servitude’.  Television ad  
campaigns conveyed the arrangement as dignified and  
respectable for both social servants and their owners.  
The entire idea of social servitude was creeping into  
the social consciousness as being both a traditional  
and a cherished institution.    
  
"So I discussed this with your uncle, my brother  
Steven, and he asked me why, of all my sons I would  
select Quince.  So I told him because he was the most  
athletic of my sons, was not a scholar, didn't do too  
well in school, and doesn't have quite the grace of  
his siblings.  But Steven then explained to me that if  
I were going to go ahead with such a process, Quince  
would be the worst choice for social servitude of all  
of my sons for the very reasons that I have named."  
  
"Steven has quite a bit of experience as an occasional  
broker in the social service industry, and as you may  
know, his oldest son, your cousin Jason, is now a  
trainer for neighboring Addison County Social  
Services.  Steven has a lot of connections in the  
industry and is up to date on most issues regarding  
social servants, and he told me that what is sought  
after in the modern social servant is intelligence,  
grace, charm, and good looks.  And you, Bradley, excel  
in all of these.  Simply put, if I am going to set up  
one of my sons as indentured, then you would bring in,  
by far, the most money."  Bradley swallowed.  Dad was  
about to continue, but reached out his arm and put it  
on his son's leg.  He spoke quietly.  "Bradley, let’s  
do this for your mother, your brothers, and little  
Flora."  
  
Bradley sighed slightly, and with a worried look  
asked, "Dad, what about Ginger, school, you,   
mom…"  
  
"Son, the beauty of this arrangement is that not much  
will change.  This is a traditional arrangement in  
these times; children helping families.  I have  
arranged it so that you will remain in the area, near  
all of us.  You have always been so generous and  
understanding.  I know you'll do this for all of us."   
He rubbed his son's leg.  "Listen, here's what's up.   
We're going to have you, right now, put on a pair of  
service fatigues, I'm going to drive you out to the  
County Social Services Administration Center, they'll  
have you sign a few papers, they'll put a lightweight  
collar on you, fit you with a small ring, take a few  
pictures of you, and then you and I are going to get  
back in the car, come home, and you can get back in  
your own clothes and go and see Ginger or go and do  
whatever you want to do."  
  
Bradley, good son that he was, sat and listened.   
Martin kept rubbing his leg, "Folks who are in the  
market for a social servant check out the Social  
Services website, and the county sets up appointments  
with prospective buyers.  When we are notified of an  
appointment, we will both attend the interview, and I  
have set it up so that I have the final word on who  
takes your services.  I will insist that it be local,  
so you can maintain contact with all of your family  
and friends, and that your service duty be primarily  
of a domestic or clerical nature, as suits your  
breeding and intelligence."  After a short pause, "And  
remember.  It's just for five years and eight months!   
And after that time the investment I will have made  
for you in your name from a portion of the proceeds  
from your sale will probably cover all of your future  
graduate school expenses.  It takes most folks fifteen  
years or more to pay off their student loans, and  
yours will be out of the way before you even begin  
school!"   
  
Martin stopped rubbing and rested his hand on his  
son's firm leg.  Bradley breathed slightly heavier  
than usual, but knowing the way things were, tried to  
quickly resign himself to the matter, though his mind  
rushed about with questions.  
  
"Dad, what kind of ring are they going to put on me?"   
  
  
"Son, I actually don't know.  The official I spoke  
with simply said that the collaring and ringing go  
very quickly, and that we would be out of there in no  
time."  Seeing that knowing the matter wouldn't take  
too long relaxed Bradley somewhat, Martin thought it  
best to proceed without undue delay.  He reached for a  
shopping bag behind the couch and set it on the floor.  
"Let's get you into these duds!"  He stood up and  
indicated for his son to stand up also.  "You can just  
leave all of your clothes in my office, and then when we  
get back here you can quickly change back into them."  
  
Dad took out the slave fatigues and opened them up as  
Bradley started unbuttoning his shirt.  Martin's  
handsome son was undressing in front of him for the  
first time since he was a boy.  He took his shirt off,  
folded it, as good boys do, laid it over the couch,  
and sat down to take off his shoes and socks.  Martin  
looked down at his son's glistening hair and thought  
how confident and mature his son was and wondered if  
he would remain a confident and mature man for long.   
Would this ordeal change him?  Was he still a normal  
boy now, or was he a social servant.  Would he be less  
of a man from this day forward?  
  
Brad stood, unbuckled his belt, unzipped, and let his  
trousers fall.  He stepped out of them and folded them  
and placed them next to his shirt.  As he removed his  
tee shirt and his chest came into view, Martin  
realized his boy was indeed now a man.  Brad placed  
the tee on the couch, and looked to his dad to hand  
him the green fatigues.  "Son, County Services wants  
all service persons in for processing to be wearing  
only these regulation fatigues, so the undies have to  
come off."  
  
Brad turned and dropped his shorts.  He bent over to  
pick them up, placed them on the couch, and turned to  
face his dad.  His dad handed him the fatigues, a  
one-piece green jumpsuit with the distinguishing  
buttons along the sides.  Service fatigues could be  
put on the traditional way, or the buttons along the  
entire left side of the garment could be opened, the  
two halves put in front and behind the person, and  
then buttoned up along the entire side and inner legs.  
The buttons were to accommodate some of the most  
common forms of restraints used on social servants in  
Vermont.  The green jumpsuit with the buttons along  
the side, and pant legs that stopped eight inches  
above the ankle to allow for ankle cuffs was the  
traditional garb of the Vermont social servant.  
  
Martin watched his son get into the jumpsuit, and  
noticed that Bradley's foreskin was especially long  
and tapered in a pleasing manner, hanging gracefully  
over his still not too hairy scrotum.  
  
As a father he occasionally worried if his sons were  
using their endowments responsibly.  One comfort for  
Martin in entering his son Bradley into a term of  
indenturement was in knowing that Bradley would no  
longer, at least for five years, be able to give into  
the temptation of all those girls who were constantly  
batting their eyes at him.  Social servants could only  
enter into sexual unions approved by their owners.   
  
When Bradley had buttoned up his jumpsuit, and stood  
up, his father said, "It's a good thing you just had a  
haircut.  You'll look stunning in your Social Services  
website photos!"  Martin handed the brand new social  
servant his brown social servant sandals.  As Bradley  
sat to put them on, his father rested his hand on his  
son's shoulder.  The cotton jumpsuit was rather  
coarse.  "Let's hurry and get this over with so we can  
get back here and go to the beach one last time before  
the summer ends!"  
  
The County Social Services Administration Building was  
not busy when Martin Forestman and his son Bradley  
entered the front doors.  There was just two people ahead of  
them in the receiving line.  When Martin and Bradley  
stepped up to the young female receptionist, she took  
the legal documents from Martin, checked them, called  
a fellow coworker over as a witness, and had Bradley  
and Mr. Forestman sign their names on three different  
pages.  Bradley, eager to get out of there, and  
trusting of his dad, didn't bother to read them.  When  
the signing was finished the receptionist pushed a  
button, and in no time a trim, dark-haired, man of  
about 30 wearing hospital-like scrubs came from in  
back of her desk area.  The receptionist handed the  
agent in scrubs the documents, told Bradley to follow  
the gentleman, and told Mr. Forestman to have a seat  
in the waiting area.  The agent told Mr. Forestman  
that his son would be brought back out within 30  
minutes.  
  
The entire ordeal did go quickly, but because Bradley  
was treated more like a commodity than a human being,  
and because a few things were done to him that he  
neither expected or understood, he was teary-eyed and  
quite dazed by the time the processing agent brought  
him back out to the reception area to his father.  
  
When Martin saw his son he was even more embarrassed  
for his son than Bradley was for himself.  The  
receptionist did tell Martin what was being done to  
Bradley, and gave Martin materials to help the  
Forestman family ease into Bradley's change of status.  
As dad threw out his arms to hug his son, walking  
towards him having to take slow steps with legs spread  
wide apart because of the humiliating ankle  
hobble-cuffs he had been fitted with, Bradley stopped  
short when he saw the large glossy soft cover  
publication his dad held, which Vermont Social  
Services had given him, ‘Guidelines: Dealing  
Effectively with Social servants’.  Bradley's father  
had no idea at first how the booklet was embarrassing  
Bradley.  When he realized, he shook his head with  
‘what a silly book’ gesture, and his son and he then  
embraced.  
  
As they embraced Bradley started doing a heaving  
cry, but said nothing.  As his dad patted him  
silently on the back to offer comfort, a large manila  
envelope he was holding filled with placards and  
posters given to him by the receptionist, meant to be  
posted around the house to inspire social servants,  
spilled their contents.  Martin paid no heed and  
continued to hug his son.  When his son had collected  
himself, Martin knelt down to pick up the scattered  
contents of the manila envelope.  Bradley knelt down  
to assist, and together they gathered and read the  
placards with their large lettered messages: ‘Have you  
checked in with your overseer at least once in the  
last hour to see if there is any extra assistance they  
need?’,  ‘Are you groomed to your owner's  
specifications?’, ‘Masturbation is selfish!’,   
‘Obedience breeds happiness!’.  Bradley blushed red  
through his tears as he helped his dad pick up all the  
posters.   
  
His Dad had set the large glossy covered book,  
‘Guidelines: Dealing Effectively with Social  
servants’, on the floor as he stooped to pick up the  
posters.  Noticing the cover was glaringly in front of  
them he grabbed it and hastily flipped it over.  It  
was only after he had picked up two more posters that  
he saw his son frozen, reading what was on the back  
cover in large bold lettering; ‘10 Principles of  
Effective Discipline’.  It was followed by ten  
bulleted points which Bradley was reading, his mouth  
open, and his eyes squinting with tears.  
  
As they made their way back to the car Martin walked  
slowly to help his son accommodate himself to walking  
with his new ankle hobbles.  Around each of Bradley's  
ankles was a four-inch wide cuff woven from state of  
the art plasti-filaments.  Extending outward from the  
inside ankle of each cuff was an eight by four inch  
rectangular paddle of firm molded plastic.  If one's  
legs were not stretched wide apart as one walked, the  
paddles would hit each other and cause the wearer to  
lose balance.  They were called ‘training paddles’,  
and were a humiliating thing to be seen wearing.  Dad  
tried to comfort his hobbled and awkward walking son  
by telling him what the receptionist had told him.   
"The hobbles are just until you get sold.  She told me  
it discourages and prevents a lot of newly indentured  
folks from considering running away.  She did say that  
while they were really intended for the criminally  
indentured, it has become standard to put them on all  
new social servants, just as a matter of accepted  
protocol.  My broker with the Social Services  
Administration Center told me you should sell quickly,  
so you probably won't be wearing those things for more  
than two or three weeks, if even that long."  
  
As Bradley was about to get into the front seat of the  
car he noticed on the backseat a large cardboard box  
with carrying handles decorated with the County Social  
Services Administration Building logo.  He asked his  
father what was in the box, and his father answered  
that it just contained a few items the agency gave to  
him while he was getting processed, "Just some  
standard social servant accoutrements that are given  
out to all new owners."  
  
When Martin and Bradley were finally seated in the car  
and just as Martin was about to start the engine,  
Bradley broke down and started crying uncontrollably:  
"These hobbles and this collar aren't the only thing  
they did to me, Dad."  Dad leaned over and hugged his  
son again, "I know, son.  I know."  
  
"Dad, why didn't you tell me they were going to put a  
bar and a ring through my foreskin so I couldn't be a  
man?"    
  
"Son, your uncle Steven told me not to tell you  
beforehand because it's a temporary thing, and it is  
most likely going to be removed by your owner once you  
are sold.  Steve felt that by telling you ahead of  
time it would have panicked you, clouded your  
judgment.  Also, the receptionist told me newly  
processed servants are infibulated because it has  
become a standard marketing gimmick.  It is nothing  
more than that.  For some reason a lot of folks like  
the idea of knowing that their new purchase is  
‘clean’, so to speak.  A lot of persons just feel good  
removing it from their servants, just as a way of  
letting them know that they are benign owners, and  
that they control all such things.  It's just until  
you're sold son.  Then I'm quite sure it will be  
removed."  
  
Seeing that Bradley was still crying and in shock, Mr.  
Forestman continued, "Bradley, I am going to make sure  
that whoever buys you intends to remove it.  I promise  
you!"  
  
That stopped Bradley's crying.  Martin patted his son  
on the shoulder one more time, started the engine, and  
they drove off for home.  Bradley, humiliated to the  
core of his being, wasn't sure any more if he could  
face going home, and having his mother and siblings  
see him hobbled and collared.  "Dad, would you please  
not tell anyone about what they did to me down there?"  
  
"Son, you got my word on that.  It's our secret!"