Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART ELEVEN**  
  
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Doctor Conrad was a friend of the Martin Forestman  
family ever since Bradley was about 10 years old.  He  
had a large and successful clinic, which also provided  
training opportunities for medical professionals in  
conjunction with the state college extension services.  
  
At the check-in desk Mrs. Borman greeted Martin and  
his three boys on a first name basis.  She looked at  
the appointment record, scratched her head, and  
attractive Nurse Jenkins (whose bra, which was visible  
through her white dress uniform, was being eyed by  
Quince and Alban) explained to her that Alban and  
Quince, who were not social servants, were getting  
examined at the social servant rate along with their  
brother Bradley.  Mrs. Borman understood, and looked  
at Bradley in his green fatigues and asked him how he  
was doing.  When Bradley smiled and said he was okay,  
Mrs. Borman told him he was looking good.  
  
Nurse Jenkins said. "If you four gentlemen would  
follow me into the social servant examining room, our  
medic team will be with you shortly."  Quince asked.  
"I thought we were being examined by Doctor Conrad,  
Dad."  Overhearing, Nurse Jenkins explained. "Dr.  
Conrad is considered as the lead examiner.  He will  
review the final test results and then submit his  
evaluation.  But he will not be involved in the actual  
physical exam."  
  
Alban wondered. "Dad, why are you coming with us?"   
Nurse Jenkins again jumped in with an answer. "Since  
Bradley is a social servant, an owner or designated  
overseer must be present for the exam."  
  
When Nurse Jenkins opened the door to the social  
servants' exam room, the three Forestman boys were  
unprepared for what they saw.  Standing by a lineup of  
gurneys were four naked male social servants and two  
naked female social servants.  Standing next to each  
one of them was their clothed overseer.  Mrs. Jenkins  
looked at her watch and told the Forestman boys to  
hurry and strip, since the examining team would be  
arriving shortly.   
  
Bradley had no problem unbuttoning his fatigues, and  
taking them off.  When it was off, he took his sandals  
off.  When he stood up he noticed that all of the  
other social servants were collared, hobbled with  
training paddles, and infibulated the same way he was.  
He, for once, didn't feel weird.  He noticed the  
three male and the three female overseers all looking  
at him and smiling, and he smiled back.    
  
Bradley then noticed that Alban and Quince were still  
balking about stripping.  Martin encouraged his free  
sons. "You heard Nurse Jenkins, so hurry it up and get  
your clothes off."  
  
Alban had never been present in another room with a  
naked woman in his life.  And now there were two very  
attractive totally nude and totally pubic shaved young  
girls in the room.  He tried thinking about being  
locked in his room while the house burned down, but he  
couldn't focus.  There were actually a bunch of  
attractive naked boys and girls in the room with him,  
and he wanted to look at them.  
  
Quince managed to strip, and stand with some dignity,  
letting his hands cover his genitals, as did most of  
the other slaves in the room.  
  
When Alban was naked he rushed in back of Quince and  
folded his hands over his genitals.  He could not help  
that he was erect and concrete hard with his cock  
tight against his belly.  As he struggled to think of  
what to do, the doors of the examining room opened and  
in walked three male and two female medical examiners.  
The lead, Doctor Browning, told all of the social  
servants to come and stand in a row, each in front of  
a gurney.  All of the social servants did it, even  
Bradley, but Quince stayed where he was, with Alban in  
back of him.   
  
One of the male orderlies walked over to Quince and  
Alban and grabbed each one of them by an ear and  
pulled them to the lineup.  Quince shouted. "Hey, I'm  
not a social servant!"  A couple of the medics and  
social servants laughed, as Doctor Browning explained.  
"For the purposes of this exam you are both social  
servants.  So get in line and just do as you're told!"  
As Alban was being pulled his hands flailed to  
balance himself, and everyone could see his waggling  
hardon.  Once in the lineup, trying to cover his  
stiffy with his hands and arms, Alban could not help  
cry in humiliation.  
  
All of the servants were shaved, except Quince and  
Alban, so a female nurse came with clippers and buzzed  
all of their groin hair off, then had them hop on the  
gurney and shaved them.  When they were finally  
denuded and back in the lineup, Quince was as hard as  
Alban.  The two female servants were eyeing them and  
smiling at each other.  
  
As the exam progressed, Bradley observed the other  
male social servants, all around his age, and  
collared, hobbled, and cocklocked just the way he was.  
At first he thought that they were stoic for being so  
calm.  But as he eyed them more closely he realized  
that they were, in fact, simply content; there was  
nothing for them to be stoic about, since they didn't  
seem in any way unhappy with the situation or not at  
peace. It gave Bradley a strange and strong feeling of  
comfort.  Maybe being a social servant wasn't so bad  
after all.   
  
During the exam Martin had gathered with the other  
overseers and was quietly chatting.  He was happy to  
see Bradley looking calm.  And he was pleased to have  
a chance to see his two youngest boys in the nude  
after so many years.  Alban's prick was the thinnest,  
but quite long for a boy his age.  Quince's dick was  
fat, like an athlete's.  Martin was proud that he had  
sired three such good-looking sons, with nice bodies  
and nice dicks.  They were the best looking of all the  
males in the room.  Martin also enjoyed watching the  
two female servants get thoroughly examined, though he  
tried to act like the other overseers in the room;  
that it was no big deal being around naked social  
servants, the same way it's no big deal being around  
naked babies.  No big deal at all.  
  
Because Alban couldn't get his erection down to get a  
urine sample, one of the orderlies guided him to an  
area shielded by a screen, handed him a small flask,  
and told him that if he didn't have it full of urine  
within five minutes, he'd get a paddling.  There was  
some quiet laughter.  As mortified as he was at the  
total assault on his dignity, Alban quickly jerked off  
as quietly as he could behind the screen, let his cock  
deflate, and then pissed in the flask.  When he came  
back out minutes later, covered in sweat, holding his  
pee-filled flask while trying to cover his tackle,  
there was open laughter at the humiliated teen.  A  
spike-haired orderly whispered in Alban's ear. "How  
long will it be before you get another stiffy?"   
Alban's face flushed, the orderly smiled.  
  
When the group physicals were over a few of the  
examinees needed special procedures, and were taken  
off to private rooms.  An orderly came for Quince and  
took him off, and the spike-haired orderly led Alban  
off to another room.  The orderly told Alban to lean  
over the examining table, as he gathered what he  
needed.  When he had his supplies and got in back of  
Alban he said. "Nice little ass you got on you, homo  
boy!"  When he started sticking a lubed tube up his  
ass, Alban jumped. "Hey, what are you doing?"    
  
"Just giving you an enema.  That's all."  As he worked  
the tube in, he said.  "I love your perky nipples.   
How do they get that way?  Is it because you servant  
boys suck each other's tits off all night long in your  
pens out of boredom?"  Alban was indignant. "I'm not a  
servant!"  The orderly let the water flow into Alban's  
bowels. "Okay dude, whatever."  
  
When Alban felt discomfort in his bowels, he asked,  
"Why am I getting an enema?"  The spike-haired  
orderly, having checked the record and realizing that  
Alban was in fact not a social servant, and that his  
behavior was therefore inappropriate towards a free  
person, and especially a minor, tried to compensate by  
being overly civil.  "I really don't know.  It's usual  
for an enema to be given to social servants about to  
go through special procedures. But why you are getting  
one, I do not know; probably Doctor Browning thought  
you were a bit constipated."  
  
The spike-haired orderly led Alban to a toilet, and  
watched him empty himself out.  He thought it best to  
apologize before Alban reported him. "Hey dude, I'm  
really sorry for the way I talked to you.  I thought  
you were a social servant.  We usually don't examine  
free boys in that room."  He found himself attracted  
to Alban, and was looking forward to washing his  
buttocks and ass crack when Alban finished his  
business.  
  
Alban was again led over to the exam table and  
asked to lean over it.  As the spike-haired orderly  
washed Alban's bottom, he delighted in watching  
Alban's cock twitch and grow, even as his own cock did  
the same.  Thoughts of illicit sexual assault on his  
person were nowhere to be found in Alban's brain.  His  
behind was tingling in a million spots as the  
orderly's fingers deftly washed, soaped, rewashed, and  
rinsed, his tender behind area.  As he thought of the  
cute spiky-haired kid washing his behind, he wished he  
had spiked his own hair before leaving the house  
today.    
  
The orderly toweled off Alban's behind with great  
care, and dried the legs and inner thighs as well.   
Alban was in heaven, and was so lost in smiles that he  
didn't care that he had an erection.  He just didn't  
want spike-boy to stop.  
  
The door opened and in walked an attractive nurse, in  
her early twenties. "Saul, I'll take over here.   
You're needed in room 12."  Spike-boy Saul thanked  
Nurse Anne, and told her he had just finished drying  
Alban off.  Saul exited; Anne reached for the baby  
powder, and stood in back of Alban and started  
sprinkling his behind with the powder.  Alban could  
not believe what was going on, but let it.  Anne  
rubbed the powder in with her fingers, then stood  
Alban up and turned him around.  Alban did not fight  
it.  She sprinkled powder in her hands and rubbed into  
Alban's front legs, inner thighs, balls, and cock.   
She then did what Alban thought was a most amazing  
thing; she grabbed Alban's cock firmly with her right  
hand, and pulled him by his cock to the door, opened  
the door, and led him out into the hallway by his  
cock.    
  
Alban was dazed.  Other medical workers saw her  
leading him by his cock and made no big deal out of  
it.  What was going on?  She was leading him to the  
reception area!  She came to the front desk leading  
Alban by his hard cock.  The reception room was full  
of people.  Even though Anne and Alban were behind the  
desk, quite a few people in the reception area could  
see the naked Alban.  Some children seated with their  
parents broke free and ran up to the desk to get a  
closer look at the naked boy.  Anne asked Mrs. Borman  
if Alban was going to ‘transport’.  Mrs. Borman looked  
back at Anne and saw the naked young Forestman boy  
being held by his cock, "Oh my gosh!  Anne, Alban is  
not a social servant!"  
  
Anne was horrified and embarrassed. "Oh no!"  She  
quickly let go of Alban's cock, and pushed him back  
into the back corridor. "I'm sooooo sorry, Alban!  I  
didn't know."  She led the naked and powdered Alban  
back into the social servant examining room, where the  
remaining servants were getting dressed.  
Soon a red faced Quince entered the room, and the  
orderly told him he could get dressed.  As Quince and  
Alban were finishing getting dressed, Nurse Jenkins  
entered, pulling Bradley by his cock.  She did not let  
go of it as she faced him and said. "Okay Bradley, you  
can get dressed now."  She let go of his cock and  
exited.  Quince whispered. "Did you see that Alban?"

Alban explained that it was common practice  
for social servants to be led about by their pricks.  
  
The Forestman boys got dressed and had to wait in the  
reception area for a short while until their father  
collected the medical reports and other materials.  
  
When Martin finally joined his sons with the  
materials, he looked at his watch and said, "It's  
still a little early, let's do some grocery shopping!"  
  
Perhaps to emphasize after the physical that they were  
of a different status from Bradley, both Alban and  
Quince were in a somewhat superior mood.  As they  
walked through the grocery store with Bradley pushing  
the shopping cart, Quince at one point had Bradley run  
back to an aisle they already had been through and had  
him fetch something they had forgotten.  And when  
Alban saw some kids his age coming down an aisle he  
took pride in the fact that he didn't have to bend  
down and store a case of bottled water in the bottom  
of the shopping cart, but that he had a family slave  
to do it.  When the kids passed Alban he smiled at  
them, and they smiled back in return, probably  
thinking the Forestman family was wealthy because they  
had a slave in tote.    
  
Bradley was uncomfortable the entire time he was in  
the store because he feared running into someone he  
knew, and he was still, inside, trying to hide his  
situation from the world.  But the only folks he did  
end up meeting in the store whom he knew were most of  
the clerks at the checkout counters and the bag boys.   
And they were all polite.  When Marge asked what was  
up, Bradley said in a clear voice that could be heard  
to all of the clerks. "I'm doing this for a couple of  
years to help out the family."  Quince and Alban  
didn't really like that answer.  And when then Gary, the  
head checkout clerk, said. "You always seemed like  
the nicest guy I ever met, and this proves it.", Alban  
was really unhappy.  Now Bradley, a social servant,  
was looking like a hero, and Alban feared that  
everyone would think he was taking advantage of his  
brother.  
  
They pulled into a checkout line manned by Greg, a  
new clerk they did not know, but with a bag boy,  
Ralston, that Bradley knew.  The store was busy, and  
soon there was a group of people with groceries  
gathered in line in back of the Forestman family.   
When Bradley said hello to Ralston and Ralston  
immediately started a friendly chat with Bradley,  
Alban knew that this was the time for him to assert  
his authority.  "Brad, get over there and help the bag  
boy."  Bradley, annoyed, but still in conversation  
with Ralston, moved closer to him, and they continued  
talking as Ralston packed the groceries into bags.   
Alban was firm. "Do I have to come over there and  
unbutton your bottom flap for you?"  Bradley started  
putting some of the groceries into Ralston's bag, but  
Alban stopped him. "No, No!  Get a bag of your own.   
Start a new bag!"  
  
The folks in line in back of the Forestman’s had  
stopped their chatting among themselves and were now  
silent and watching the social servant being told what  
to do by his young overseer.  Having attention drawn  
to the social servant, who was now red in the face and  
looking very humiliated, everyone noted that he was a  
very handsome social servant.  The females were all  
happy to have had their attention drawn to him, and  
the males in the line all paused to give thought to  
their free status, and take a good look at that kid  
being made to help the bag boy.  He may be better  
looking than they were, but at least they didn't have  
to get bossed around by some young punk overseer.  
  
When the Forestman’s were checked out, they walked out  
to the car with Bradley pushing the shopping cart full  
of their groceries.  Martin stopped in the parking  
area to chat with someone he knew, and the boys made  
their way to the family car.  Alban chided Bradley.  
"Move that cart a little faster, or do I have to pull you  
by your dick to get you to move up to speed?"  Quince  
and Alban exchanged devilish smiles.  When they  
reached the car, Quince unlocked the back door for  
Bradley, and Quince and Alban both stood with folded  
arms and watched Bradley load the groceries into the  
car.  They both made a point of smiling and waving at  
people who passed them in the parking lot, to draw  
attention to themselves.  They wanted everyone to see  
that they were nice free boys who had a social  
servant.  When the groceries were loaded Quince closed  
the back door and said. "Attaboy!  Take the cart back."  
  
  
The three freshly physicaled Forestman boys, declared  
to be in good health by Doctor Conrad, all got into  
the family car.  Martin looked at them seated in his  
car, and was proud of them.  All young and in good  
health.  He got into the driver's seat, and thought  
the same thought he always thought when he drove his  
car while it was occupied by any of his family  
members, ‘precious cargo on board’.  
  
Dad took an unusual route.  When asked where he was  
going Martin explained that he had to stop at Social  
Services to pick up some items for Bradley.  They  
pulled into a drive that went underneath the county  
Social Services building.  It was an entrance Bradley  
and his dad had never used before.  Martin pulled his  
car up to a sign marked "Station 3" and told Bradley  
to get out of the car.  As Bradley made his way out of  
the car Quince and Alban gave each other a wicked  
smile, and Quince asked. "I wonder what they're going  
to do to him now?"  Alban laughed. "Maybe they're  
going to drill a hole in his nose and put one of those  
fancy slave nose rings on him." Bradley heard both of  
his brothers laughing at him as he got out of the car.  
Martin came over and stood next to Bradley on the  
loading curb and four officers walked over to him, and  
Martin told them. "It's the two boys in the car."  
  
With no ceremony a tall officer went to the door next  
to where Quince was seated and pulled him out of the  
car by force.  He screamed. "Dad!" As a terrified  
Alban tried to cringe himself away.  But an officer  
was opening his door on the other side of the car and  
pulled him out of the car with little effort.  Both  
boys were screaming. "Dad!  Dad!" Until one of the  
officers came up to them with a huge and frightening  
looking paddle. "We don't like to hear little girls  
screaming and making noise around here, so shut up!"   
As the two officers held the boys, another officer  
came up to each boy and started unbuttoning their  
shirts, undoing their belts, and unbuttoning and  
unzipping their trousers.  The boys were horrified  
into silence.    
  
Martin went up to them. "Don't you boys worry.   
Everything is going to be okay.  In fact, everything  
is going to be super okay.  You just watch and see.   
I'm going to be back here at…" Martin stopped to  
wonder and then asked one of the officers. "How long  
was I told it would take to get them processed and  
celled?"  The tall officer answered. "It takes about  
five hours, so if you came back anytime after 6 pm  
today you could visit with them."  
  
Martin turned back to his trembling, frightened,  
unzipped, and unbuttoned, sons. "I'll be back this  
evening then, and I'll have some very good news for  
you then.  Remember, your mother, Flora, Bradley, and  
I, all love you very much!"  With that the officers  
pulled the boys into the processing building.  As they  
struggled and kicked their feet their trousers fell to  
their ankles.  Quince, wearing no underwear, futilely  
tried to cover his penis as they dragged him and his  
brothers into the bowels of the County Social Services  
building.  
  
One of the officers handed Martin a clipboard with  
some forms to fill out and sign.  As Martin signed  
them, Bradley watched, through the glass doors, his  
brothers being stripped of their clothing.  Once  
stripped, officers attached giant neck braces to both  
Alban and Quince, which held their heads up in  
unnaturally high positions.  Large cuffs were then put  
on their wrists and upper legs, and each wrist cuff  
was then locked to the leg cuff.  A leash was attached  
to their neck braces, and officers then led the  
brothers by their leashes through doors marked, ‘NO  
ADMITTANCE!  AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY’.  
  
As Martin filled out the forms the officer said to  
him. "You sure have a fine looking bunch of sons."   
Martin replied without pausing from his writing.  
"Thank you, officer.  I love them all dearly."    
  
The officer offered support, which it appeared Martin  
did not necessarily seem to need at this point. "Now  
don't you worry about your boys.  When you or their  
owner picks them up in three weeks, they are going to  
be even more precious than I'm sure they already are  
to you.  A well-behaved boy is a beautiful thing, and  
that's what we do here.  We turn boys into  
well-behaved gentleman. We turn them into beautiful  
‘obeyer boys’, boys you can take pride in knowing that  
they will not only perform up to standard at all  
times, but will do so with a courteous and gentlemanly  
attitude, an alluring smile, and a sure aim to  
please."   
  
Martin and Bradley got back into their car and drove  
home.  Bradley felt such a swirl of relief that it  
overtook any desire to know immediately what was going  
on.  As they drove out of the basement delivery area  
into the sunlight, Martin put his hand on his son's  
leg.  "I love you Bradley!  I am so proud of my three  
social servant boys.  Let's get these groceries home,  
relax in the back yard, and then tonight after supper  
you and I can pay a visit to your brothers!"