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!"