Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART FIFTEEN**  
  
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Hal Franklin was invited to join the Forestman’s for  
breakfast because afterwards he would be driving  
Bradley out to Social Services for ‘inventory day’.  
Inventory day happened once every two months, and  
every social servant in the county who was indentured  
within that period is gathered, examined, and given a  
sort of formal send off into the world of social  
servitude.    
  
The county social service agencies in Vermont had  
found that the gathering of new social servants every  
several weeks for their formal send off had an overall  
salutary effect on the disposition of most social  
servants, so what began, initially several years ago  
as simply a pure inventory day, where servants were  
examined and given a final rating, had grown into an  
important little sendoff ceremony.  There were two  
separate inventory days every two months, one for the  
males, and one for the female social servants.  
  
Around the breakfast table, to Mr. and Mrs. Forestman,  
Flora, and Bradley, Hal explained further. "Bradley  
will get to see his brothers and all of the other boys  
currently in training at Social Services; except for  
those who are in their very first week, because they  
are kept in stocks and yokes in a special room, as  
well as all of the boys who were indentured in the  
last two months.  So some of the servants who have  
completed training will be coming from auction houses,  
some from their family's home, and some from their  
newly acquired service positions.  So you will see a  
broad range of dress, hairstyles, piercings, collars,  
bandings, brandings, and adornments.  For most of the  
day all of you boys will be kept naked.  But once you  
are all naked you can easily identify the boys who are  
currently in training at social services, like your  
two brothers, because they will be pierced and have  
giant hoop rings dangling from their penises."  
  
Flora was curious. "What are they for Mr. Franklin?"    
  
Barbara gave a look as if she didn't want Hal to delve  
into the subject, but he countered her. "Look, since  
Bradley is going to be pierced and fitted with a hoop  
ring when his two brothers return to live here at the  
end of the week, and all three boys are going to be  
hoop ringed, I really think you are doing Flora no  
favors by trying to keep her from the facts.  After  
all, it is a part of social servantry culture, and one  
needs to know these things if one is going to be  
around social servants.  Only when all the facts are  
out can the reasons for society's more be understood,  
and the beauty of its traditionally held values be  
fully appreciated."    
  
With an approving nod from Martin, Hal continued, as  
Bradley, looking glum, and stopped eating. "Flora, when  
you have a lot of servant boys together in close  
quarters, they tend to do things they shouldn't be  
doing, especially with each other."  
  
"What do you mean Mr. Franklin?" Asked an eager to  
learn Flora.  
  
"Well, Flora, do you remember what you and your dad  
caught Bradley doing the other night?  You and your  
father walked in on him and he was pumping himself.   
Do you remember?  The way he was shamelessly  
manipulating himself with both hands?"    
  
Bradley bit his lip and frowned, as if trying to  
stifle an urge to cry, as Flora questioned further.  
"Yes, but he only did that because the bar that kept  
his privates secure was unlocked and removed.  If my  
brothers are going to have their privates locked up  
with a bar while they are staying here, then why do  
they need a giant hoop ring also?"    
  
"You're a very smart girl, Flora, so let me explain.   
A lot of servant boys discover after a long time of  
wearing the infibulation bar that if they get another  
servant boy or girl to put their mouths over their  
penis, and do a gentle tonguing, they can eventually  
experience an orgasm without a full erection, which  
the bar prevents.  So to prevent this practice, a  
giant hoop ring piercing into the most forward part of  
the foreskin prevents the boys from being able to get  
each others' penises into their mouths."  
  
Bradley threw his arms on the table, and put his head  
into his hands, and covered his face.  Martin offered  
immediate comfort. "Bradley, stop crying.  The hoop  
ring is only for the two weeks you boys will be living  
together here.  No one, I repeat, no one has ever  
thought that you boys might try to do such a thing to  
each other.  We trust you all, for heaven's sake!   
That goes without saying.  The hoop ring, like your  
hobbles and infibulation bar, are only temporary, and  
are standard practice these days for all new  
servants."  
  
Hal offered comfort as well. "That's why this  
inventory day is going to do you a world of good.  You  
will see, Bradley, that there are hundreds of boys  
throughout the county who are just like you: collared,  
hobbled, infibulated, and ringed."  
  
"And speaking of that, since you will be on display  
today along with all of the other boys, you will want  
to look your very best.  A lot of officials from  
Social Services will be checking you out all over  
today.  Did you shave yourself all over, and scrub  
yourself super clean today?"    
  
"Yes, sir." Answered Bradley quietly, still looking  
glum.   
  
Hal instructed. "Flora, why don't you take Bradley  
into the bathroom and do an inspection of your  
brother?  Make sure he's clean and shaved all over."  
  
Martin, uncomfortable, interrupted. "No, I'll do it.   
I really haven't instructed Flora yet as to what is  
required in an inspection."  
  
Hal gave an accusatory shake of his head to Martin,  
and Martin gave an apologetic look that said. "I know,  
I know, I should have gotten Flora involved in  
assisting with Bradley by this time!"  Hal shook his  
head in dismay. "Martin, you are going to have your  
hands full here with three rambunctious social  
servants underfoot, and you are going to need all the  
help you can get!"  Flora swallowed, Bradley cringed,  
and Barbara beamed.   
  
Hal explained. "There are so many things you can do to  
make things easier on yourself and on Barbara and  
Flora.  Little measures you can take so that you don't  
have to spend half of each day dragging your boys over  
your lap for a spanking, or tying them down to the  
kitchen table for a strapping.  For one, either keep  
them naked, or keep their butt flaps open so their  
little behinds are always ready and spankable.   
Reminder swats on the bare behind are an easy yet  
effective way to keep a boy thinking twice about  
misstepping."  
  
"And I would remind you that I have been out to  
Andrew's compound, where your boys most likely will be  
in service, many times, and his compound employs many  
of these same, simple, procedures as a means of having  
to avoid more serious punishment sessions.  Procedures  
you should be using in your home right now!  You have  
probably noticed that there are mouth-soaping stations  
sprinkled throughout the compound.  The boys' arms are  
strapped to the sides of the cubicle in front of a  
large basin type sink, thus making it easy for  
employees and overseers to come up behind the boys,  
hold them firmly in place by pushing their hips into  
the boys' behinds, and thus they have both hands free  
to make the boys bend over and reach around and soap  
up and wash out the boys' mouths. Simple mouth  
washings are a non-traumatic yet thoroughly effective  
treatment for wrong behavior.  You should have been  
giving Bradley regular mouth washings all along!"  
  
"And out at the compound they have bolts in the walls  
at penis level where his boys can be padlocked to the  
wall by their penis rings, fitted with blinkers, and  
made to stand close to the wall.  Two or three hours  
of being penis-ringed to the wall and blinkered has  
the same effect and benefits as a serious whipping.   
It's a simple procedure you can employ right here at  
home.  I have my drill in the car, and I would be  
happy to install three bolts in your living room."   
  
Martin now felt he had been unduly neglectful. "Well  
Hal, if you think so, then go ahead and install the  
bolts."  
  
Bradley was terribly embarrassed to have his mother  
and little sister hear that in his new life he would  
be subjected to such things as being cuffed into a  
mouth washing station, and penis locked to a wall and  
fitted with blinders.  A strange and powerful feeling  
of shame coursed through his body like a shudder, and  
he turned his head down in utter embarrassment.    
  
Hal continued. "And don't forget that starter kit that  
Social Services gave you.  It includes toe and finger  
screws.  They are great performance enhancers.  Simple  
yet effective!  Have you used them yet?"  
  
Hal waited for Martin to say something, but he didn't.  
Martin just looked guilty, but Hal knew he was  
getting through to him.  Hal looked at his watch.  
"Well, Martin, it's time for Bradley and me to get  
going to Social Services.  Since Bradley is going to  
be knob-naked for most of the day, and you want him to  
make a good impression, I think you'd better take him  
into the bathroom for his inspection.  Have him brush  
his teeth, put some deodorant and cologne on him,  
grease his hair, and make sure he's smooth as a baby.   
Then, later, I'll pick him up when the inventory is  
over.  It's a full day for Bradley, so I'll be  
bringing him back home around 7 PM tonight!"   
  
On the drive to Social Services, Hal offered  
encouragement to Bradley. "Bradley, you’re almost a  
full fledged social servant now, so sit up nice and  
tall in the car.  Now let's see a proud,  
happy-to-serve, smile on your face!"  Bradley sat up  
and tried to smile.  "Come on now, you're a servant  
boy!  You have to give me a better smile than that.   
You need to know that now that you're almost a social  
servant, your dad and I intend to start getting  
serious with your discipline.  I can promise you that  
from now on you're going to be hustling to do as  
you're told!"  Bradley managed a smile, and found it  
frustrating that Hal could be such a shit.  "That's  
better!  I'd hate to have all of the other servant  
boys at social services see you with a big  
paddle-reddened fanny."  
  
Although Bradley was nervous about inventory day, he  
was also very curious.  He had never had very much  
contact with social servants in his life, and now that  
he was a servant himself, he was finally going to meet  
some of them, perhaps many of them.  Now he would be  
able to see what they looked like, observe how they  
behaved, find out how they smelled, and check out the  
varied attitudes they displayed.   
  
When Bradley saw the Social Services building come  
into view he tensed up and began to sweat.  When Hal  
drove the car into the lower-level unloading bay, the  
same bay where Bradley's father delivered Quince and  
Alban to Social Services, Bradley shuddered and was  
overcome with fear.  He saw many cars in the bay, with  
many people getting out of the cars and being greeted  
by uniformed employees of Social Services.  When Hal  
stopped his car and rolled down the window, Bradley  
wanted to cry.  
  
A late middle-aged officer came up to Hal's car and  
leaned into the window. "And whom do we have here?"   
Hal explained that he had Bradley Forestman in the  
car, and he brought him to be inventoried.  The  
officer, in a friendly manner, asked Bradley to step  
out of the car.  Hal shouted out a "goodbye" to  
Bradley as he got out of the car, and Bradley  
whispered a "bye" in return.  The officer smiled at  
Bradley and pointed to a door for Bradley to step  
into, and told him he would be given further  
instructions once he was inside.  There was a steady  
flow of males going through the doors; some were in  
recognizable slave fatigues, some in button  
down-the-side jumpsuits such as Bradley was wearing,  
some had civilian clothes, and some had civilian clothes  
along with training paddles.  As he walked through the  
doors and saw a lot of other social servants looking  
somewhat apprehensive and unsure of what to do,  
Bradley began to feel better.  
  
After the servants had entered the reception area and  
had signed in, they were led to an adjoining room,  
where they had their collars swiped, were given a wire  
basket with a number affixed, into which they were  
ordered to put all of their clothing: shoes, sandals,  
and any other removable items of adornment, such as  
rings and bracelets.  Then, when completely naked,  
they were instructed to go down the hallway and enter  
the room marked ‘Exhibition Hall # 1’, and go stand  
over the area of the grid marked floor which had the  
same number as the number on their clothes basket.    
  
When Bradley entered Exhibition Hall #1, there were  
already about 100 servants standing over their  
numbered places on the floor.  Soon after Bradley had  
found his spot, a uniformed employee came up to him  
and greeted him in a friendly manner. "Good morning."   
Bradley greeted him in return.  The officer knelt down  
in front of Bradley, took from a satchel which hung  
about his waist, a short, light caliper, chain  
attached to a soft leather cuff.  As he reached for  
Bradley's scrotum and gently kneaded his balls to  
release them low into his sack so he could attach the  
cuff around his scrotum just below his penis, he  
instructed him. "This cuff is just temporary until  
after the introductory remarks, and the first stage  
assessment is over.  It will then be removed if you  
pass the standards requirements.  You also will be  
able to speak with the other social servants later on,  
but for now we ask all of you to be silent until we  
give you the word."    
  
The officer felt about the scrotum cuff, and asked  
Bradley if it was painful or too tight.  Bradley,  
relieved by the civil treatment, answered. "No, it's  
not sir.  Thank you, sir."  The officer then took the  
chain attached to the cuff and locked it to a bolt in  
the floor.  When the officer got up and went over to  
another servant boy and started cuffing him in a  
similar manner, Bradley noted that all of the boys  
were getting chained to the floor by a chain that led  
from their scrotum cuffs.  
  
It was a very busy scene.  The room was quickly filling  
with naked social servants trying to find their spots,  
and getting chained down to the floor by a chain that  
led to the cuff around their balls.  And all about on  
various bits of business were Social Service  
officials, some in uniforms and some in standard  
office dress attire, holding clipboards, surveying the  
servants, and talking among themselves.  Some were  
rushing about, some stood in one spot, but all of them  
were focused on doing their job.   
  
The majority of the servants, like Bradley, seemed to  
be quietly trying to get a fix on exactly what was  
going on.  Bradley noted that the vast majority of the  
social servants, of which he guessed there to be about  
200 in number, seemed to be in the 20 to 35 age  
bracket.  As Bradley watched the preparations he noted  
that none of the Social Service personnel seemed in  
any way short or ill tempered, and all were treating  
the servants they dealt with in a polite manner.   
  
Bradley, who had had his eye out for his brothers the  
entire time, finally spotted Quince being chained to  
the floor by his scrotum cuff six rows ahead of him.   
He was amazed at what he saw.  Quince was bald, all  
over, and looked somewhat formidable with his firm  
build, and fitted out with rings all over his body:  
snout rings on both sides of his nose, large tit  
rings, three rings in each ear, a giant penis hoop  
ring, along with his infibulation bar and ring, and  
training paddles on both of his legs and arms.  The  
officer cuffing him to the floor stood up and spoke to  
Quince in what seemed to be an affirming way, and  
patted Quince on the shoulder when he left.  Quince  
seemed to be a different person.  His macho posturing  
was nowhere in evidence, and he seemed calmer and more  
relaxed than he had ever been before.  Bradley  
couldn't take his eyes off of him.    
  
The social servants ended up being locked down to the  
floor in a formation that consisted of 16 rows of  
servants, with about 15 servants to a row.  All of the  
social servants standing in formation were facing a  
small, raised, stage, with a speaker's dais center  
stage.  Once several Social Service officials started  
gathering on the stage, all of the remaining guards,  
trainers, overseers, and office personnel, quickly  
took standing positions throughout the room, and the  
room gradually quieted down.    
  
A benevolent looking officer in the Social Service  
trainer uniform walked to the dais.  He appeared to be  
about 60 years of age with his white hair, and Bradley  
instantly liked him, attracted to his kind face, and  
sensing in him a genuine concern for the well being of  
the servants.  He spoke. "Good morning, gentlemen."   
The majority of the servants answered in a strong  
unison voice. "Good morning, sir!"    
  
The strong response of the social servants stirred  
Bradley.  There was no hesitation.  They were not  
being cynical.  There was no attitude displayed, such  
as had even slightly formed in Bradley, of the ‘what  
in the hell is this joker going to say?’ variety.  The  
social servants seemed to be trusting and respectful.   
Bradley was impressed.  It was, in fact, the way  
Bradley wanted to be, because Bradley was by nature a  
trusting, non-cynical, person.  But since he had been  
indentured, Bradley had been battling with his status.  
He had felt initially social servantry could work,  
could be a benign system, if it was actually carried out  
as presented in the television ads, and in the  
materials from Social Services.  But the attitudes he  
had run into, from his brothers, his father, his  
uncle, Jason, and Hal, had made him doubtful that the life  
of a social servant could ever be a benign one.  But  
now Bradley was tempted to think that perhaps the  
unpleasant part of social service was just in the  
training.   
  
The officer on the dais continued. "I am Officer  
Charles Wilkins.  Thank you all for coming.  I want to  
welcome you to what we call, informally, ‘inventory  
day’.  This is where we gather all the folks who were  
indentured within the last two months in our county  
and do the final quality check, administer any needed  
medical procedures, finalize our paper work, and check  
you out once again to make certain that we are  
offering buyers the finest servants we possibly can.   
And just by looking at all of you now, I can proclaim  
with confidence that you are, indeed, a superior  
looking group of social servants."  Officer Wilkins  
smiled, and nodded to some of his fellow officers, who  
all nodded in agreement with Officer Wilkins'  
assessment of the new crop of social servants  
standing, ball-chained to the floor, before them.   
They were content that they were putting out a  
superior product.  
  
"Just look at yourselves!  There are a total of 242 of  
you here today.  All of you are fine looking boys!  It  
pleases me to see you all smiling and looking so proud  
of yourselves.  And let me report that yesterday  
standing in your place, we had here 176 newly  
indentured females.  And just like you they were  
standing here bare, collared, shaved, many of them  
hobbled, and chained to the floor by their genital  
ring.  And also like all of you here today, they stood  
tall, smiling, and proud of their status!  My boys and  
I gave them the same talk we are now giving you; that  
you are all special and beautiful people.  In all  
there were 418 new social servants enlisted into the  
service industry in this county within the last two  
months.  And if my fellow officers and employees of  
Vermont Social Services and I are so proud to be a  
part of it all, then how much more so should all of  
you be proud to be a part of Vermont Social Services,  
for you are what the system is all about!"  
  
"And there is something else for you to be proud  
about, and it is the reason why you are so important  
to every citizen of Vermont; last year in the State of  
Vermont’s budget, 17% of the state's revenue was  
generated from the sale of state superintended social  
servants.  If you don't know much about state  
finances, just let me tell you that you are very,  
very, important to our new economy.  That 17% that you  
boys represent translates into 17% that can be cut  
elsewhere, and it shows up chiefly in huge tax cuts  
for your family and your friends.  You boys are  
directly impacting the quality of life of every  
citizen of Vermont, not just those citizens lucky  
enough to own one of you.  You all need to be very  
proud of the part you play in giving all of the  
citizens of Vermont a better life!"  
  
Officer Wilkins speech was interrupted by a sudden  
round of applause, accompanied with vocal  
exclamations, for the social servants from all of the  
officers, guards, trainers, overseers, and Social  
Service employees in the room.  As they applauded they  
smiled and looked in appreciation at the group of 242  
boys.  The social servant boys were surprised at the  
sudden outburst of gratitude, and they returned smiles  
of delight and appreciation for the round of applause.  
Bradley was moved.  242 servant boys, with their ball  
sacks cinched and chained to the floor, were being  
applauded by their overseers.  The guards, trainers,  
and overseers, in their dark colored uniforms, stood  
in stark contrast to the naked flesh of the 242 males,  
as they applauded and smiled at the crop of new social  
servants, all of them looking eager and ready to  
serve.  
  
When the applause died down, Officer Wilkins  
continued. "First, let me cover a few formalities on  
the day's schedule.  Since we have a wide range of  
servants here, coming from several different training  
venues, we expect no standard of behavior here today  
other than the standard of politeness and obedience.   
It is the same standard my men and I, and all  
employees of Vermont Social Services, will be  
employing as well as we serve you here today."  
  
"And, also, I want to explain, and this will lead into  
the chief point I want to leave you with today, why it  
is that all of you are chained to the floor right now,  
especially since my men and I have just demonstrated  
to you by our applause how highly we admire all of  
you.  You are all chained to the floor right now,  
simply, because Social Services of Vermont, that  
includes my men and me, are intent on protecting you.   
We can't risk a single one of you coming to any harm."  
  
"This ‘inventory day’ is the day we check to see if we  
have any folks in your ranks who are not worthy of  
your calling.  As the county officials go about  
assessing each one of you, they will be making certain  
that we do not have any social misfits, or dangerous  
elements.  Most of you are in the ranks for noble  
purposes; to help family or friends, to help yourself  
recover from debt, at the advice of counselors,  
because the job market was tight and you wanted to be  
a productive member of society.  But there are always  
a few bad beans in the bunch, boys who join the ranks,  
whether voluntarily or involuntarily, and who try to  
see what they can get out of it for themselves, how  
they can personally profit from the system.  Some  
folks call such behavior laziness; I call it  
criminal!"  
  
"The little cuff and chain that keep you standing in  
one spot will be removed after your assessment.  Those  
who are found to be not ready for service will be sent  
to another training facility for reevaluation.  But  
once you pass the standards requirements, an officer  
will come and remove your cuff, and you can consider  
that as a sign that we have full trust and confidence  
in you.  And once it is removed, you may pass into the  
next room and have a break.  Help yourself to all of  
the snacks we have set out for you in there, and feel  
free to socialize and have a good time with each  
other.  Then afterwards we will have you form into  
groups and spend most of the day in round table  
discussions sharing your ideas, thoughts, and insights  
on how best to enlist the social servant's ‘Commitment  
to Excellence’ program in your lives."  
  
All of the servants were happy and smiling.  Bradley  
felt good about what he saw, the way the other  
servants not only looked content and happy, but even  
seemed peaceful.  Bradley wanted to be like them.  He  
felt a need to bond with them.   
  
Social Service employees, in regular business dress  
clothes, slowly began to walk among the ranks of the  
boys with their clipboards, taking notes on the  
servants, stopping to do such things as measure a body  
part, turning a head and inspecting an ear, feeling  
the quality of the flesh on the legs and arms,  
checking teeth, and looking into eyes.  They did their  
inspections in silence as Officer Wilkins continued  
speaking. "At any given time we have about seventy  
social servants in training at this facility.  There  
are about sixty-five of you in this room who are  
currently in training here.  You can identify them by  
the giant hoop rings they are wearing.  We also have  
seven other new servants in training, but because it  
is their first week here, they are kept in special  
isolation wards to help them more easily adjust to  
their new status.  They will be the ‘old timers’ here  
come the next 'inventory day’."  
  
Ever since he was indentured, Bradley's family,  
relatives, and overseers, had hammered into him that  
he was not alone, that there were hundreds of other  
boys throughout the city who were just like him:  
infibulated, collared, and hobbled.  Now he realized  
that what he had been told was really true.  He was in  
a room full of boys just like him, all fitted with  
collars, infibulation bars and rings, and training  
paddles.  There were indeed hundreds of boys in his  
very same city who had to walk with their legs spread  
wide because they were wearing training paddles.   
There were indeed hundreds of other boys throughout  
the city who had to strip naked whenever ordered, who  
were prevented from masturbating, who had to be  
chained down to their beds at night, who had to get  
paddled if they were naughty.  Bradley was not alone.   
It was a strange feeling for Bradley to somehow not  
feel like he was the only different one, the only one  
in weird getup.  Here, indeed, were hundreds of boys  
around his age, who were going through what he was  
going through.  He had not been lied to.  
  
The Social Service inspectors who walked through the  
ranks of the male servants taking notes were both male  
and female.  Bradley noted how none of the other  
social servants seemed to have not the slightest  
problem being seen and inspected by females.  When the  
first female inspector stopped at Bradley to measure  
the length of his forearms he found himself easily  
able not to care that he was bare in front of a  
female.  He stood proud, wanting to be like the other  
social servants who knew that it was no big deal to be  
seen bare by members of the opposite sex.  
  
Officer Wilkins took a drink of water and continued.   
"The reason I want to address your scrotum cuff and  
the attached chain that secures you to the floor is  
because what you boys do is the very lifeblood of our  
state's economic health.  And for that reason we do  
not, ever, want you to be unhappy or feeling bad about  
yourselves.  We all are so proud of you, so grateful  
to you for what you do, that we feel privileged to be  
working alongside of you, hand in hand.  We are ready  
to support you and offer you any of the tools you may  
need to be a fulfilled social servant.  The last thing  
we want is for you to be feeling bad about anything  
that is done to you by your owners or overseers in  
terms of guidance."  
  
"My boys here". Officer Wilkins did a sweeping nod to  
the guards and overseers who stood nearest to him.  
"They are just so proud and happy to be standing alongside  
of you. You can count on all of us to offer you the  
support, care, and respect that you deserve.  And that  
is why it is so important to all of us that you do not  
look at your cuff and chain, or your collar, or your  
rings, or any of the other status devices commonly  
used on social servants, with anything other than  
pride.  There is nothing negative about any of it!  In  
fact all of it; the collar, training paddles, chains;  
should be taken as symbols of our love for you and  
our pride in you!  We don't chain you to the floor, or  
do anything else to you, because we look down on you.   
Quite the contrary!  We chained you down, as I  
explained, because we want to protect you.  You are  
valuable and special to us.  All the folks who work  
here at Social Services look at you as the ‘special’  
people.  We can't risk any of you coming to harm.  We  
here at Social Services see our first duty as being  
here to serve YOU, and to offer you the best care and  
protection we possibly can.  Believe me, this is our  
pledge to you, and it comes from the bottom of our  
hearts!"  
  
All of the naked social servant boys were smiling  
inside, touched at the generous words of Officer  
Wilkins.  
  
"You are all new to social service.  And one thing  
that is common to new social servants, especially  
during their initial training, is a certain  
embarrassment at their new position.  It is a common  
thing; yet the embarrassment is unnecessary because  
there is nothing to be embarrassed about.  But I will  
tell you that there are an awful lot of things to be  
proud about!  To prove this to you, let me ask you  
some questions, and I want you to respond by raising  
your hands."  
  
The entire group of servants was beginning to relax  
and enjoy Officer Wilkins presentation.  Officer  
Wilkins noted the servants starting to get more  
comfortable.  "Now I want to see the hands of all of  
you who were embarrassed to have your family members  
see you for the first time after your initial  
processing."  The hands of about half of the boys went  
up tentatively, and that was soon followed by the  
hands of all the rest of the servants going up.  As  
the servants looked about the room they all began to  
smile at themselves and each other.  And all of the  
kindly officers, overseers, guards, and Social  
Services office employees, standing about, began to  
smile as well.  It was a scene they had seen played  
out many times before.  
But the smiles on the faces of the social servants  
warmed their hearts.  
  
Officer Wilkins let some of the laughter die down,  
then continued. "Now I want to see the hands of all of  
you who felt like maybe it was the end of the world  
when you got collared and hobbled."  Again, almost all  
of the hands were raised, tentatively at first, but  
then straight up and sure.  More smiles from everyone,  
but before the noise quieted down Officer Wilkins went  
ahead. "How many of you felt bad because maybe you  
were pulled out of college, or couldn't go on a  
vacation with your family that was being planned, or  
felt depressed being pulled away from all the things  
you were used to, and from the life you were living?"   
While all the hands were in the air Officer Wilkins  
said in a loud and affirming voice. "Guess what?  It  
looks like every one of you here is human after all!"    
  
The room erupted into laughter of recognition.   
Officer Wilkins charged ahead. "How many of you boys  
were embarrassed when you had to strip naked for the  
first time in front of family members, or in front of  
a potential buyer for inspection?"  Every hand shot  
up.  Some of the boys began talking to each other.  
  
Officer Wilkins was smiling broadly. "Let's remember  
to keep the chatter down."  The boys instantly quieted  
down.  Officer Wilkins paused for dramatic effect.  
"Now I want to see the hands of all of you who have  
had to get a spanking since you were indentured."   
This time, again, just a few hands went up at first,  
then the rest of the hands followed, and soon every  
hand was in the air.  Smiles soon formed on the faces  
of all the servants, and that was followed shortly  
after by giggles and laughter. One young man didn't  
have his hand raised, and Officer Wilkins noted it.  
"Here's a young man who hasn't needed any discipline  
yet.  Tell me young man, when were you indentured?"   
Everyone heard the feeble voice reply. "Two days ago,  
sir."  The entire room erupted into laughter.   
Bradley was laughing as loud as everyone else.  He now  
knew that the spankings and tawsings he had received  
were just a part of life for all social servants.  He  
was beginning to feel content again, the way his old  
self felt with its lot.  
  
"Along those same lines, how many of you boys did  
something really foolish already within your first two  
months of service and had to receive a rather more  
serious bit of disciplining than a spanking?"  
  
Almost every hand shot up, without hesitation.  "I  
hope you are beginning to see that you are all being  
treated pretty much in the same way.  And that if you  
do have to get punished in any way you do not have to  
waste your energy being embarrassed by it or by being  
ashamed of yourselves."  Officer Wilkins raised his  
voice. "Remember, you have nothing to be ashamed of  
because you are the special people!"    
  
Another boisterous round of applause for the social  
servants from the guards, trainers, and overseers  
followed Officer Wilkins statement.  All of the social  
servants chained to the floor by their balls were  
beginning to feel really good about themselves.   
Officer Wilkins, by his friendly questions, was  
helping the social servants feel connected to each  
other and to their calling.  He encouraged the bonding  
even as the applause continued by shouting over the  
din. "You are all such beautiful people!"   
  
But Officer Wilkins was not finished with the  
questions.  When the applause stopped, he asked.  
"Okay, here's another question for you!  How many of  
you boys would, if you could, remove your infibulation  
bars and rings?"  The hands of everyone shot up  
followed by loud laughter.  Officer Wilkins joined  
them in their laughter, as did the guards, trainers,  
and overseers.  Even the inspectors standing among the  
ranks of the social servants joined the social  
servants in their laughter of recognition.   
Recognition that they were in fact not being singled  
out and treated in any way differently from any other  
social servant.  That there was nothing to feel bad or  
ashamed about.  That somehow everything was okay with  
the world, and that social servants were indeed the  
‘special people’.  
  
Officer Wilkins elaborated. "Let me use your  
infibulation bars and rings as an example of how  
something you may have thought of as a bad thing, is  
in fact a very good thing; a good thing that shows  
the special concern our State Social Service Agency  
has for you.  One of the reasons you are all standing  
here and in good spirits right now is in fact due to  
your infibulation bars.  Now I know this may be hard  
for you to see right now, but it has been proven  
scientifically that re-channeling libido during  
stressful situations actually helps calm nerves.  And  
let’s face it, training can be QUITE stressful!"  Most  
of the social servants nodded and smiled in agreement.  
  
"But the good news is that for most of you the  
infibulators will be coming off as soon as you are  
positioned or purchased.  And the even better news is  
that training is almost over for all of you!"  The  
social servants in a group let out spontaneous yells  
and a round of applause.  Officer Wilkins and his men  
were happy to see their enthusiasm.  When it quieted  
down, he explained. "And here is a really important  
bit of information for you.  Many servants who have  
been in positions for a long time report that the only  
unpleasant and difficult part of being a social  
servant was the training period.  That is the reason  
why Vermont has the highest rate of servants who  
voluntarily seek extensions on their terms of service,  
and that is why Vermont is known as the land of happy  
servants!"   
  
Most of the new social servants, many of them  
committed to servitude for life, standing naked,  
ball-chained, and exposed before the kind and  
understanding guards, trainers, and overseers, were  
beginning to feel much better about themselves and  
their lot.  They were beginning to accept that they  
might, in fact, be ‘special’ people.  
  
During Officer Wilkins' talk the 242 social servants  
in the room managed to look around and check each  
other out.  Every one of them could see that all of  
the other servants in the room were, indeed, either  
currently or recently infibulated.  242 boys  
penis-locked in order to help them better focus on  
their training. But now they held their heads up high,  
proud to have had their penises locked up because it  
was what was done traditionally, and now they were  
part of that tradition.  242 new social servants not  
only no longer ashamed of being penis-locked, but now  
proud to have been penis-locked so that they might  
better serve.  Many of the servants were now wishing  
their families and friends could see them, all of them  
together, so that their family and friends would know  
that all new servant boys got penis-locked, and it was  
one of the things that made them special.  
  
Bradley recalled how he had once played slave and  
master with a childhood friend. That was, of course,  
just make-believe play, and they were children.  But  
this was the real thing, and he really was something  
like a slave now, standing with hundreds of other real  
slave boys.  And strange to him, he was proud.  The  
fact that he and all the other social servants were  
naked emphasized their uniqueness; he was proud to be  
naked like all the other servant boys.  He was proud  
to be on display for such nice and respectful  
overseers as Officer Wilkins and his men, because they  
really cared about them and took pride in them.  He  
wanted to please Officer Wilkins and his men.  
  
When Bradley was asked by one of the inspectors if he  
had any problems sleeping, he didn't have to answer in  
any formal way the way the boys who had had formal  
training with the state tended to answer questions,  
with "Yes sirs" and "No sirs."  He just had to answer  
politely.  But he was feeling invigorated, and he  
wanted to be like the other formally trained social  
servants, so he answered the inspector in a firm  
voice, "No ma'am, I have no problems sleeping, ma'am.   
Thank you ma'am!"  The female inspector smiled in  
deep appreciation at not only such a beautiful boy,  
but at such a super proud, polite, and respectful boy.  
Bradley knew the inspector liked what she saw, and he  
was happy that such a dedicated and hard working  
employee of the State Social Service Agency got to see  
him exposed.  His overseers had to see all of him so  
that they could know how best to take care of all of  
him.  He felt strangely protected being inspected.  It  
was a rare and new feeling.  He stood tall and thrust  
his hips slightly forward as the inspector wrote on  
her clipboard.  
  
The inspectors working among the social servants were  
beginning to unchain the boys from the floor, and  
remove their scrotum cuffs.  Officer Wilkins addressed  
them. "It looks like the uncuffing has begun.  What I  
want you boys to do when you are uncuffed is to walk  
up here to the stage, stand next to each other, and I  
want all of you to form a big circle in the room."  An  
almost festive atmosphere was beginning to overtake  
the room.    
  
All but three of the boys were uncuffed.  Those three  
unfit boys were led by their scrotum chains out of the  
room by one of the guards.  When all of the boys who  
had passed the standards requirements were standing in  
a circle, all of the Social Service employees, guards,  
trainers, overseers, and office personnel, came and  
took places amongst them in the giant circle.  Officer  
Wilkins joined the circle, and in a loud voice said.  
"Now I want everyone to hold hands with the people  
standing next to you!"  One of the officers pushed a  
button on the dais and an orchestral introduction to  
the state anthem began.  "Let's all join our voices in  
the state anthem!"  
  
When it was time to begin singing Officer Wilkins and  
several of the senior guards led the way with strong  
singing voices.  Soon everyone joined in.  As the  
moving anthem continued tears formed in the eyes of  
many of the servants and Social Services personnel.   
  
"Hail to Vermont! Lovely Vermont!  
Hail to Vermont so fearless!  
Sing we a song!  Sing loud and long!   
To our little state so peerless!  
Green are her hills, Clear are her rills,  
Fair are her lakes, and rivers and valleys;  
Blue are her skies, Peaceful she lies,  
But when roused to a call she speedily rallies"  
  
When the moving chorus portion of the anthem began,  
there was not a dry eye in the room.  Bradley and  
Quince, along with many other of the social servants,  
were so emotionally moved by the anthem that their  
crying interrupted their ability to sing.  
      
"Hail to Vermont! Dear old Vermont!  
Our love for you is so great.  
We cherish your name,  
We serve! We laud,  
We obey, We acclaim!  
Our own Green Mountain State."   
  
When it was over, and the music died down, Officer  
Wilkins, with an emotional voice, instructed. "Now I  
want everyone to hug the person next to you!"   
Everyone hugged and patted each other on the back.   
After a period of time Officer Wilkins spoke again.  
"Okay, before moving into the next room for  
refreshments, I want everyone to spend the next 10  
minutes going around the room and giving big hugs to  
as many people as you can!  Servants, make sure you  
hug as many guards, trainers, and overseers as you  
can.  And I don't want to see any sissy hugs.  Don't  
be afraid to show your love and appreciation.  I want  
to see you squeezing my men as hard as you can!"   
  
As everyone moved about the room hugging each other,  
hardly a single social servant was dry-eyed.  Bradley,  
Quince, and Alban spotted each other at just about the  
same time, and they rushed to gather together.  As the  
three of them hugged, with tears streaming down their  
faces, Officer Wilkins observed the three brothers in  
their group hug.  He noted that all three of them had  
especially appealing large and inviting bubble butts.   
He then realized that they had to be the three  
Forestman brothers, because just the previous day an  
Andrew Rickers had asked to speak to him personally  
and have him confirm that all three of the Forestman  
boys were, indeed, callipygous.