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.