Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART SIXTEEN**  
  
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Martin Forestman, his wife, and daughter, were eager  
for Bradley to return home so that they could find out  
how inventory day went for him, and to learn how Alban  
and Quince were doing.  To help pass the time Martin  
took them out to a restaurant for supper.  When they  
returned home shortly before 7 PM Martin went to his  
office and listened to a message left on his answering  
machine from his brother, Steven. "So Martin, why are  
you avoiding me?  Are you feeling guilty about what  
you allowed to happen to my son, Jason?  I think the  
least you could have done was give me a call, and  
explain what in the hell happened.  Have you no  
regard; no regard whatsoever, for Jason and me?"  
  
Martin was not feeling guilty, but he was right about  
how Steven would react to Jason's sentence of  
indenturement.  Martin had felt Steven should call him  
first, rather than him calling Steven.  After all, his  
son Jason was in fact guilty of freeing a social  
servant from restraints (in this case his infibulation  
bar and ring).  It is a crime viewed in the legal  
system as exactly the same as freeing a prisoner from  
bondage, a serious matter to begin with.  But being a  
state certified trainer made the situation all the  
worse for Jason.  The judge, an objective fellow,  
wanted to give Jason the maximum, 10 years criminal  
indenturement, and he saw no reason not to order such  
a sentence.  But Jason's attorney made the point that  
Jason did not actually set Bradley free so as to allow  
an escape attempt.  Jason's compassion for a social  
servant, so he argued, was simply so overwhelming that  
he just wanted to let him have a ‘little fun’.  But  
the attorney for the state brought up, in addition,  
several minor complaints on Jason’s file from servants  
he had overseen, and reminded the judge of the pending  
lawsuit on assault charges against Jason by Karen  
Bledsoe.  In the end, Jason's character was rendered  
seriously suspect.  The judge noted a bothersome  
pattern of Jason abusing his authority as a state  
certified trainer for Social Services, and sentenced  
him to a minimum 6 years criminal indenturement, and a  
maximum 25 years, pending a ‘good behavior and  
faithful service’ review at the end of his initial 6  
years of servitude.  
  
Martin called Steven up and told him he didn't want to  
discuss it over the phone, but invited Steven out to  
the house for dinner on the following night.  
  
Hal Franklin brought Bradley home a little before 8 PM  
that evening.  His family gathered around eager to  
hear all about his day, but Bradley told his father he  
wanted to talk to him alone in his office.  Martin  
took Bradley into his office and sat on the couch  
instead of at his desk.  He invited Bradley to sit  
down next to him, but Bradley wanted to remain  
standing.  "Dad, I just want to say that I'm sorry for  
the way I have been acting, and for letting you down  
so many times.  Dad, I just want to be a good servant.  
I'm learning to be a good servant and I intend to do  
my best for you, mom, and our family.  Please be  
patient with me, and don't be upset with me for all of  
my screw-up’s!"  
  
Martin was flabbergasted. "Son, what's up?  Just the  
fact that you are trying to do your best makes me the  
proudest father in the world."  
  
"Dad, thank you so much for understanding.  Dad, I  
feel so awful about allowing Jason to unlock me.”   
Bradley paused, and continued with a lowered voice. “I  
felt so horrible about what you and Flora caught me  
doing, it was so vulgar, and I never apologized to  
you.  I’m very sorry about that.  Please don’t think  
I’m a pig, Dad."  
  
"You stop worrying about it.  Social Services told me  
it was not your fault at all, but entirely Jason's.   
And that's why he is where he is today."  
  
Bradley asked, fearful, where Jason was.  
  
"He's in the stocks at the same training facility your  
brothers are at.  I just got word right now that he  
was sentenced to a minimum of 6 years criminal  
indenturement."  
  
Bradley asked why Jason was sent out of his county for  
training.  Martin answered. "For his own protection.   
Overseers, trainers, and guards, if ever convicted of  
a crime and end up in servitude, are invariably sent  
to another county for their training to prevent the  
risk of violent retribution from any of social  
servants they oversaw."  
  
Bradley hung his head, and covered his face with his  
hands. "I feel awful."  Martin stood up and hugged  
Bradley, and comforted him. "You have nothing to feel  
bad about.  The state authorities put Jason where he  
is, you didn't."  
  
Martin was pleased with the transformation he sensed  
taking place within Bradley.  Though Bradley was upset  
over Jason, Martin was smiling on the inside over the  
‘I-want-to-be-a good-boy’ attitude Bradley was  
displaying.  "I love you Bradley, and am so proud of  
you."   
  
For the first time since Bradley was indentured,  
Martin felt comfortable assuming a dominant role over  
his oldest son.  He decided this was the time to  
demonstrate his authority.  He spoke quietly. "Son, if  
you are serious about being the best servant you can  
be, then I’d remind you of the level one punishment  
you have coming which needs to be dealt with.  I say  
it's time we get this matter taken care of and out of  
the way.  What do you say, son?”  
  
Bradley nodded, and resigned himself to the punishment  
he had coming.  Martin touched him on the shoulder.  
“Bradley, go and get your wooden hair brush and come  
back here.”  
  
Bradley felt a feeling of red shame course through his  
body, and recalled how a handsome blond servant he had  
spoken with earlier at the inventory event told how he  
had felt just such a feeling of total embarrassment  
when his new owners asked him for the first time to go  
and fetch his paddle for a discipline session.  As  
Bradley exited his father’s office and made his way to  
his room the red of his shame was so deep that his  
face flushed, and he began to sweat.  The sweat of  
embarrassment mingled with the sweat of excitement.   
He felt a new feeling, of being both controlled by and  
loved by his father.    
  
As Bradley entered his father’s office with his  
hairbrush he could not raise his head, but he knew  
that this was a special moment that all social  
servants go through.  He was about to submit to his  
first obedience session in a willful manner.  He felt  
an unsettled yet warm stirring in his lower parts, and  
had to keep his mouth slightly open in order to gather  
enough oxygen in his excited state.  
  
Martin spoke. “Why don't we get those fatigues off of  
you, and then get you over my lap."  
  
Bradley nodded again and began unbuttoning the upper  
portion of his fatigues.  He then sat on the floor to  
remove his sandals and finish unbuttoning the lower  
portion of his fatigues.  When he was unbuttoned, he  
let his one-piece social servant jumpsuit fall from  
his body.  He stood up in front of his father, tall,  
with his hands at his side, as if offering himself for  
view to his father.  His hands stayed at his side not  
instinctively, but obediently.  Bradley knew now that  
it was folly for him to try and be modest in front of  
his own father, especially since he was now a social  
servant.  And besides, he had to finally try and stop  
hiding himself from authority figures.  Trying to hide  
things was what got Jason into such serious trouble.   
He thought of all the hundreds of other servant boys  
he spent the day with naked.  They had no qualms about  
nudity.  And he also knew now that they, like him, had  
to strip when ordered.  And now Bradley was committed  
to stripping the way he imagined all those servants  
stripped when ordered, without balking, and proud to  
display themselves for their owners, overseers, and  
family.  He wanted to be like them.      
  
To his father it appeared that Bradley had finally  
gotten rid of his free-boy attitude, and was trying to  
be an obeying servant.  He gently grasped his naked  
son’s arm and guided him over his lap.  Bradley's  
large firm buttocks (which were the things that ended  
up getting Martin top dollar for his sons) were in  
plain view.  He set his hand on the right globe, and  
spoke. "Son, this is the level one punishment social  
services indicated as proper punishment for you.  It  
is being administered to you not because you are  
responsible for Jason releasing you from your penis  
lock.  You share no blame for what Jason did.  This  
punishment is simply for your failure to be forthright  
with me, who is your current chief overseer."  
  
Martin spanked Bradley as hard as he could.  The  
wooden hairbrush is a very painful instrument, even  
more so than the standard tawse.  Just one month ago  
if Martin had spanked Bradley in such a way, Bradley  
would have had a right to resist and protect himself,  
and Martin could have been assured of receiving a  
prison sentence on child abuse charges for even trying  
to discipline a 22-year old son.  But Bradley was a  
social servant now, and that brings about changes in  
the dynamic between father and son.  While relatively  
few persons find themselves indentured and in service  
to their families, it is not rare.  Those who do  
experience it tell of it being an intense bonding tool  
for child and parent.  Forced into a relationship  
where the parent by law must take greater control of  
the child, any inhibitions the parent or child once  
held must be dismissed.  The normal societal barriers  
are put aside, and parent and child soon find  
themselves involved far more intensely in each other's  
lives than was ever possible in a conventional family  
arrangement.  
  
In several ways it felt very good to Martin having his  
oldest son over his knee for a good old-fashioned  
spanking.  Just when he would begin to feel sorry for  
Bradley whimpering on his lap, he would recall some  
act of defiance from Bradley's teen years: driving  
while drinking with friends, breaking the outdoor  
fountain, never doing a very good job of raking the  
leaves in the fall.  Finally being able to hairbrush  
Bradley on the bare-buns was not only retribution, but  
it was justice for all the anguish a son can cause a  
father.  
  
The spanking stung and Bradley began to shed tears.   
But Bradley, despite the pain at one end, was also  
feeling good in the groin as he got spanked by his own  
dad, and that in turn made him feel good in the head.   
He wanted to please his dad now, and he wanted his dad  
to love him as he loved his dad.  He constantly fought  
the embarrassment he was feeling getting spanked over  
his father’s lap by thinking of all the hundreds of  
other servants he had seen and met today.  They were  
cool.  There were some younger than he, some his same  
age, and some older.  But all of them had to go  
through the same kinds of humiliating discipline.   
They put up with it; it was just the way servants were  
traditionally kept in line, they all wanted to be good  
servants, no big deal.  
  
Having his son naked and over his knee for the first  
time in 15 years felt good to Martin, as well.  It was  
like he had reclaimed his son at the age of seven.  He  
felt Bradley's little infibulated nub rub against his  
leg, and he had to smile at the thought that Bradley's  
infibulation bar kept his penis almost the same size  
as a seven-year old boy's.  As Martin continued to  
redden the ass of his oldest son, Bradley began to  
wiggle, rut, and holler.  But Martin knew he was  
finally taking control of his son, that he had a good  
thing going, and he wasn't about to stop now.    
  
It was an amazing thing to Flora as she listened in  
the hallway to the spanking taking place in her  
father's office.  Bradley was the nicest, neatest,  
politest, oldest brother a girl could have.  All of  
her friends had a crush on Bradley.  The thought of  
him being so submissive, and being so bare, and being  
over her father's lap getting spanked, made her mouth  
stay open in astonishment.  She wanted to see it so  
badly.  She wanted to walk into her father's office as  
if by accident.  She needed to see her oldest brother  
being punished.  She wanted to simply outright gawk at  
a spectacle she knew was taking place but could not  
imagine.  Why was she afraid to walk in to her  
father's office?  After all, a spanking isn't a  
secret or shameful a thing as masturbating is, and she  
once did walk in on Bradley doing that!  
  
She opened the door to the study, quietly, and just  
stood in the hallway and watched.  The noise of the  
spanks, the moans and hollering of Bradley, the words  
of admonishment of Martin to Bradley, made father and  
son unaware of Flora's presence.  As she watched her  
brother's mounds bounce, quiver, jiggle, squirm, hump,  
and wiggle, little Flora realized why her brothers had  
such big bottoms; they were meant to be social  
servants.  Martin, during a brief period when he  
stopped to rest his arm, looked up and noticed Flora,  
and motioned her away with an angry look.  Bradley,  
who was pleading with his father, was unaware that  
Flora had witnessed anything.  Flora, walking up the  
stairs to her room, was quick to process what she had  
witnessed; servant boys get spanked, so what! No big  
deal!  She was looking forward in the weeks ahead to  
seeing Quince and Alban get punished as well.   
  
From the literature Martin knew that social servants  
more often than not start to rut involuntarily during  
severe spankings.  And now Martin saw that his little  
Bradley was no exception.  Bradley called out. "Please  
stop, Dad."  It only made Martin spank harder.   
"Daddy!  Please stop!"  Martin felt Bradley's nub, now  
a size bigger, against his leg.  It felt good to  
Martin to have such control, at last, over his son.   
Martin checked the clock and saw that he had been  
spanking for a little over 11 minutes.  The guidelines  
for a level one punishment, a spanking delivered by  
the hand, tawse, or equivalent instrument, are for a  
10 to 15 minute non-stop session.  Martin had intended  
and wanted to go on for the full 15 minutes, but was  
he somewhat confused by his own burgeoning erection,  
so he stopped the spanking.  He spoke quietly to  
Bradley. "You are such a good boy!  I am sorry I had  
to do that."  Bradley, crying quietly, answered. "I  
know you are Dad.  Thank you, Dad, for my spanking."  
  
Martin pulled his naked son up along side of him and  
hugged him.  He saw his son's erection held in check  
by the infibulation bar.  It looked painful, and  
Martin asked Bradley if it was.  Bradley, at first  
embarrassed, thought about all the hundreds of other  
servant boys who have to be checked out all over on a  
regular basis by their overseers, and lost his  
inhibitions. "Not as much as it looks like it does,  
Dad."  Dad wiped his son’s tears away and gave him a  
kiss. "It's all over now, son.  A clean slate for  
you."  Bradley smiled at his father, and Martin  
lovingly pinched his son’s nose.  
  
Out at Addison County Social Services Training  
Facilities newly indentured servants are kept two days  
in stocks, two days in neck yokes, and on the fifth  
day they are released from bondage and handed over to  
a personal trainer for six intense days of training in  
all the basics of servitude.  After that period they  
are moved to group sessions for the remainder of their  
training, which can be anywhere from two to six weeks,  
depending on individual needs.  
  
And so it was at all Vermont servant training centers,  
including the one Jason Forestman found himself in as  
he woke from a good night’s sleep with his head and  
hands in a neck yoke, on his fifth day of training.   
He knew a personal trainer would soon be coming to  
remove his yoke and take him out of the isolation  
ward, and into his private training room.    
  
Only senior trainers got to train the men and women  
who were once former trainers.  It was considered a  
plum assignment.  Reese Posnowkovsky was excited when  
the training assignments were handed out the previous  
week and he saw that he would be Jason Forestman’s  
personal trainer.  Not only is training a former  
trainer a special challenge, but when the former  
trainer was a hotshot on the way up in the ranks the  
sessions can be outright exciting.  And not only was  
Jason Forestman on the way up, he was a ‘fucking  
cutey’, or so thought Reese Posnowkovsky.  
  
As Reese read the processing orders from the court he  
was pleased to see that Jason’s hair was neither  
buzzed nor shaved.  He liked that.  A nice full head  
of hair gave Reese an area of control over servants  
that Reese liked to use in personal training.   
Grabbing a handful of head hair of a handcuffed slave  
while paddling a butt was one of the easiest ways to  
control bucking.  Reese was big on controlling  
servants’ bucking.  He hated it when slaves bucked  
while he was trying to paddle them.  
  
As he clocked into work after having a full breakfast  
earlier at his apartment, he thought how much his life  
had changed in the last two years.  Penniless and  
jobless, he was watching a late night infomercial from  
Vermont Social Services.  As he watched the list of  
benefits roll by, Reese finally accepted the fact that  
he wasn’t going to be able to make a living as an  
actor, so he bit the bullet and applied at Social  
Services as a floor assistant in the processing  
department.  In no time the good looking (but not  
enough so to turn him into the screen star he dreamt  
about being) and personable Reese was encouraged by a  
senior trainer to apply as a trainer.  Now, was he not  
only bringing in a regular and fair sized paycheck  
every week, but he had gained the respect of the  
community.  Trainers are viewed by the general  
populace much like policemen; as people worthy of  
respect, even if you don’t really like some of what  
they stand for.    
  
It also brought him a lot of chicks sauntering over to  
his corner of the dance clubs.  But chicks was not what  
Reese was ever especially after.  As he was about to  
make his way to the isolation ward Reese knew what he  
wanted.  And he was now going to get it.    
  
But before fetching Jason Forestman, Reese had to tidy  
up his training room.  Reese loved that senior  
trainers had their own training rooms.  It was just  
like having their own office.  He had to sweep up the  
hair which he clipped off of social servant Johnny  
Tucker the previous day.  He had enjoyed his six days  
with Johnny.  It was strange the way personal servant  
and trainer bond in a special way.  At the end of his  
six days of personal training from Reese, Johnny  
hugged Reese and wept, promised him he would be a good  
servant, and Reese gave him his phone number and told  
him to call him when he got situated after being  
auctioned.  Even though Johnny was 100% straight,  
straight social servant males who go through a decent  
training program find themselves rid of their free-boy  
inhibitions about being close and personal with other  
males.    
  
And because Reese just might have to get close and  
personal with Jason Forestman, he wanted to look his  
best.  He went to the sink and mirror in his training  
room, wet his hair and combed it.  Why, Reese  
wondered, was he trying to look good for a social  
servant?  He opened the vanity cabinet and took out  
his favorite cologne, and applied just a little under  
his shirt to the tops of his shoulders.  He admired  
himself in the mirror, and thought how he was grooming  
himself as a sign of respect for the social servant he  
would be working with.  He wanted Jason to like him,  
he knew that, but he also knew that all trainers want  
the servants they work with to like them.  Trainers,  
after all, are human beings who need to be loved and  
appreciated by the people they work with just like  
everyone else.

On the first day of one-on-one training with a new  
servant, trainers do not wear their standard uniform.   
It is the usual practice not because the uniform  
unnecessarily intimidates servants, but because the  
uniform tends to inhibit the bond of communication  
needed for the effective training of a servant.   
Reese, dressed in khakis, dress shirt, and tie, and  
wearing a fully implemented service belt, entered the  
isolation ward.  He went to Jason’s cot, and looked at  
a very fearful Jason, whose face was covered in four  
days of stubble.  He smiled at Reese and rolled off  
his blanket.  He admired Jason’s body and sex package,  
which after four days was still looking a little sore  
from the infibulation bar and giant hoop ring  
piercings.  “I’ll spray that with antiseptic, and if  
after a while it’s still looking raw, we’ll take you  
in to see the medic.”  
  
Reese sat on the bed and unlocked the yoke about  
Jason’s neck to which his hands were secured.  As he  
removed it he said. “There!  Free at last!”  Jason  
rubbed his wrists, then his neck.  “My name is Reese  
Posnowkovsky, and I’m going to be your personal  
trainer for the next six days.  Why don’t you get up  
and come with me, and we can begin to get to know each  
other a little better.”  Jason told Reese he had to  
pee real badly.  Reese answered. “I’ll take you into  
my work room, and there you can pee and I’ll have you  
shave yourself.  Then we can get acquainted.  If after  
three hours things have gone well, you can have some  
breakfast?  What do you say?”  Jason said the only  
thing he could say, which was… “Yes sir.”  
  
When they entered Reese’s training room Reese pointed  
out a free standing toilet. “Okay little guy, why  
don’t you scoot yourself over to the potty and do your  
business.”  Jason approached the toilet and started to  
lift the toilet seat, but Reese stopped him. “No, No!   
Servants go potty sitting down!  We can’t have you  
tinkling all over the floor.”  Reese loved talking to  
servants as if they were children.  While talking down  
to servants is not uncommon among owners and  
overseers, it is a technique that most trainers, who  
need to get serious and down to hard matters of strict  
behavior, seldom employ.  But Reese Posnowkovsky used  
it, and especially found it effective in dealing with  
former hotshots who found themselves indentured, such  
as Jason Forestman.  
  
With Reese offering step by step instructions, Jason  
went to the sink, lathered his face, and started to  
shave himself.  As he shaved, Reese spoke. “We removed  
you from the stocks and put you into the yoke because  
you were behaving yourself.  You weren’t sniveling,  
swearing, kicking and bucking.  And we removed you  
from the yoke today because for the last two days you  
just kept your mouth shut and did as you were told.   
And you know all of that, because you are a trainer,  
or rather, were a trainer.”  Reese paused to let the  
words sink in.  “So you know that if you behave and  
obey, nothing happens, and you are treated well.”  
  
“But the problem we trainers have with former trainers  
like yourself is that you already know the drill, and  
there is a high degree of likelihood that you are just  
behaving to avoid punishment; and that once you get  
sold and assigned you’ll slump into a typical lazy  
servant-boy attitude, and take advantage of your  
owner.  We know how you slave boys are.  It is my job  
to see through you, and make sure that you are obeying  
because you really want to be a good servant, and not  
just because you want to avoid punishment.”  
  
“And you know all of this.  I have to make sure you’re  
not pulling a fast one on the system; just behaving to  
make sure we trainers don’t whip your slave ass.  Just  
pretending.  And once you’re out of sight of an  
overseer you’ll slip into the lazy ass, conniving  
ways so typical of ill-trained servants.  It’s my job  
to make sure you aren’t pulling the wool over our  
eyes.”  
  
When Jason finished shaving and rinsing his face,  
Reese ordered him to stand at attention.  Reese smiled  
and slowly started removing his tie.  He set the tie  
on his desk and slowly started unbuttoning his shirt.   
He removed his shirt and service belt, and set both of  
them on his desk.  A frown came over Jason’s face.  It  
was a frown that made Reese toss another smile, as he  
sat down to untie and remove his boots.  Jason started  
swallowing involuntarily.  Reese stood up and pulled  
off his t-shirt.  Jason looked like he would cry.  As  
Reese unzipped his trousers and removed them, he said.  
“You look upset, Jason.  You know what’s going on?”  
  
Indeed Jason did.  Reese was getting what trainers  
call ‘rod-naked’.  It was one of the sorts of things  
that were not all that uncommon in training  
situations, but of which most of the general public  
was unaware.  Reese removed his undies, threw them on  
the desk, and for a few moments put his arms akimbo  
almost as if showing his naked body off to Jason.   
Reese’s dick stuck out slightly firm, but not hard.   
He gave his balls a tug and sat back down and put his  
boots back on.  
  
Jason knew what was going on, but still he had to cry.  
It was the moment for crying, but he held it back.   
Reese stood up, put his service belt back on, grabbed  
a training whip, flexed his arms, kicked his feet, and  
said. “Well, I guess we’re ready!”  
  
At that moment Jason completely lost control, and for  
the first time since his indenturement began crying  
out loud.  He fell to his knees.  He mumbled something  
that sounded like. “Please don’t do this to me!” But  
Reese wasn’t sure what he was saying.  Reese watched  
Jason’s performance, not a rare sight at all for  
someone’s first day of real training.  Jason himself  
was not aware that he was now doing many of the same  
things that used to so amuse him about servants in  
training: crouching, whimpering, pleading, cringing,  
sniveling, begging, and curling into a fetal position.  
  
Reese watched Jason for a few moments, and offered an  
explanation that Jason already knew very well.  “Don’t  
be afraid of me just because I’m rod naked and whip  
ready.  Being naked gives me greater flexibility in my  
movement, so I can more quickly adjust to your needs.   
It allows for a full range of body language between  
us; and good communication is so important during  
training.  It helps keep us closely connected, and  
that is a good thing.  It also emphasizes the physical  
nature of training and discipline.  And by being naked  
in front of each other, it means we have no secrets  
from each other.  I’m not going to hold anything back  
from you, and I want you to do the same.”    
  
Jason was now crying in a fetal position on the floor  
with his hands covering his head.  Reese ordered him  
to get up.  Jason tried to rouse himself into a  
standing position, but ended up in just a kneeling  
position with his head on the floor covered by his  
hands.  Reese walked in back of Jason, took his right  
boot and put it into the cleft of Jason’s ass.  He  
turned his boot, and ordered. “Come on, big boy, let’s  
stand up.”  Jason didn’t stand, still lost in his  
paroxysm.  Reese slowly tried to force his boot tip up  
into Jason’s ass.  Jason seemed to be unaware of  
Reese’s presence.    
  
Toying with Jason’s ass didn’t seem to rouse Jason, so  
Reese flexed his training whip.  He was about to slash  
it across Jason’s back, but thought better of it.  He  
walked to his desk, set his training whip aside, and  
took instead his 7 foot service whip; Reese knew it  
was important in the early stages of training to let a  
servant know just how much pain could be delivered if  
he didn't obey.  Reese ordered Jason for one last time  
to stand up.  He didn’t, so Reese gave Jason a full  
cracker slash of his whip across the length of his  
back.  As the howls of Jason rose to the sky, so did  
the prick of trainer Reese Posnowkovsky.  "Oh yeah,  
Jason, just howl it out.  That's the sound I love to  
hear; a former trainer learning to be a quick-stepping  
social servant!"  Jason was standing up and attempting  
to shield himself with his hands in no time.  “Put  
your arms at your side or I’ll slash your front side!”  
Jason did as ordered, while loudly moaning.  He  
attempted to rub his back, but was stopped.  “Hands at  
your side!  I want you to stand there and feel that  
whip on your back.”  Reese’s dick was quickly juicing,  
and bouncing up and down with a mind of its own.  He  
gave it a quick jerk.  “There’s no reason for you to  
ever have to feel this whip again if you just do as  
you’re told.”  
  
Reese admired the quivering former trainer.  "I reckon  
just about this time you would be getting your rocks  
off fucking one of your trainees over at Addison  
County.  Am I right?"  
  
Jason was not going to risk the whip. "Sir, yes sir!"  
  
"I thought so.  Those were the good old days, weren't  
they?"  
  
"Sir, yes sir!"  
  
“Now it's my job to turn you into a prime, grade-A,  
fully compliant, worker boy.  One who can be trusted.   
Are you going to let me do that Jason?”  
  
“Sir, yes sir!”  
  
Reese had intended to toy with Jason for quite some  
time before getting his rocks off, but Jason was just  
too prime a cowering specimen.  His sexual tension was  
already at the breaking level.  “Jason, since this is  
only your fifth day as a servant, you are, in a way, a  
baby servant.  This is all new to you.  These are your  
first days of servitude, and little baby servants like  
you need to be suckled.”  Reese fingered his quite  
substantial hardon, and waggled it slightly at Jason.   
“Get down on your knees and crawl over here, little  
guy.”  Jason knelt, and started walking on his knees  
up to Reese.  When he got to Reese, Reese grabbed his  
prick and ran the large purple tip across the side of  
Jason’s face.  Precum stuck to Jason’s side burns.   
“It’s time for me to suckle my brand new little baby  
slave boy.  Come on, put those lips of yours over the  
tip of my cock, and let me hear you make some gentle  
sucking sounds.”    
  
Jason, recently among the privileged of society, put  
his lips to Reese’s cock head and did as ordered.   
Reese was overwhelmed. “Oh fuck man!  Too damn hot!   
Start sucking me full hilt, server boy!”  Jason did as  
ordered.  Reese grabbed Jason’s hair and pumped his  
head. “Oh man, I was planning on corking you after a  
few sucks, but you sure know how to do a hummer.”  
  
When Reese finally came in Jason’s mouth, the force of  
his orgasm caused him to howl almost as loudly as  
Jason had when he received the whip stroke.  As Reese  
was collecting himself after his blowjob he noticed  
the 7 foot service whip on his desk.  Through  
experience he knew that boys who had tasted the  
service whip just before giving head always did a  
great job.  He picked it up and sort of licked his  
lips as he examined it, almost wanting to thank it.   
Reese’s seven footer had its work cut out for it,  
what with almost six full days remaining to get Jason  
Forestman into shape before sending him into group  
training.