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.