Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART SEVENTEEN**  
  
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Martin Forestman invited his brother Steven to dinner  
to try and get over the hard feelings each of them was  
having towards the other over Jason’s criminal  
indenturement for unlocking Bradley’s infibulation bar  
and ring.  Neither one of them said very much over the  
dinner table, so after the meal Barbara, who often had  
a knack for saying and doing the wrong thing, for once  
did the right thing; she filled a carafe with red  
wine and gave it and two glasses to the brothers and  
told them to go into Martin’s study and have a talk.   
  
They sat on the couch in front of Martin’s desk  
together and each of them drank their first glass of  
wine in silence.  Martin reached over to his desk and  
turned a framed snapshot of his sons around so they  
could see it.  Steven fumbled in his billfold and  
found a snapshot of his son, Jason, and placed it  
leaning against a coffee mug next to the picture of  
Martin’s sons.  They stared at the photos and sipped.   
  
  
Martin refilled their glasses and spoke, “Good looking  
boys.  All of ‘em.  Damn good looking!”  
Steven complimented Martin by telling him that Bradley  
took after him in the looks department, and Martin  
reciprocated by telling Steven that Jason took after  
him.  They were indeed two handsome brothers, who now  
found themselves in somewhat similar situations.  Each  
had landed a very beautiful but somewhat dimwitted  
wife who was unable to offer them the sort of  
understanding and support that could ease them in this  
time of uncertainty as they tried to deal with  
recently indentured children.   
  
Martin continued, “It’s a crazy thing; you have these  
sons you think the world of, and then the next day you  
find them wearing collars, cock-locks, and training  
paddles, getting their asses spanked like school kids  
by some eight-dollar-an-hour high school dropout  
overseer.”  After a thoughtful pause and another sip,  
Martin added, “Not that there’s anything wrong with  
that.”  Steven added that the experience would  
probably do all of them a world of good, and themselves  
included.    
  
Martin had a suggestion. “Damian Appomattox, my Social  
Services contact person, is the chief placement  
officer for the criminally indentured at Social  
Services.  While he tries to get top dollar for the  
county on the sale of criminal servants, he may not be  
aware that the Maple Valley Resort and Casino is  
looking for more ‘roller boys’.  It looks like my boys  
are going to end up there, and it would be nice if our  
boys could all serve together.  The county social  
services department always tries to keep families  
together if possible, and Jason fills the bill in what  
Maple Valley is looking for in ‘roller boys’; good  
looking guys with nice perky bubble butts.”  Martin  
smiled as he said “perky bubble butts”.  
  
“But isn’t that going to be quite humiliating for the  
boys?” asked Steven.    
  
“Why any more so than serving on road crews or the in  
the county janitorial department, or any of the other  
sorts of jobs that social servants often end up in?”   
Steven saw Martin’s point, as Martin continued, “I  
mean, sure, the first time you go to Maple Valley  
Resort and Casino and see all those guys wearing  
ballet type tights that show off their large butts, a  
revealing shirt, their bellboy caps, and on roller  
skates speeding around the resort serving drinks,  
carrying bags, and waiting on clients. It’s kind of  
amusing to us guys.  But it is a marketing decision  
that paid off and made the Maple Valley Resort and  
Casino, Vermont’s biggest tourist attraction.  They did  
the opposite of what Las Vegas did, and it paid off so  
much that now Las Vegas is using males, not just  
scantily clad women, to help ensure that the gamblers  
return.  The idea behind it is that when a guy  
suggests he wants to spend the weekend gambling, he  
will get his woman’s support and approval.  What woman  
doesn’t want to be at a place where everywhere she  
looks there are cute guys with great smiles and asses,  
wearing tights?”  
  
Steven asked Martin how he got the idea to have his  
boys sent to Maple Valley Resort.  “They came to me.   
Bradley had a college friend by the name of   
Jeremy Rickers who came to our home once to visit  
Bradley.  Jeremy’s father, Andrew, who is head of  
personnel at Maple Valley Resort, happened to be  
scouting the auction houses for new roller boys, so  
Jeremy told him that Bradley’s brothers had the  
necessary qualities.  Well, because of my financial  
problems, when Maple Valley contacted me on my  
interest level I at first pondered social service as  
an option for Quince.  But the more I thought about it  
I realized that for it to be fair, all of my boys had  
to be involved.  And I believed then, as I do now,  
that it would be a good thing for all of them.”   
Martin and Steven sipped their wine.  “And now I am  
finally convinced that I indeed did make the right  
decision.  And it feels good!”  
  
Steven leaned his head against Martin’s head, “That  
would be swell if you could contact that Appomattox  
fellow and see if Jason could be sold to Maple Valley  
Resort.”  They both swirled their glasses.  Martin  
clarified, “I’m pretty sure I’m going with Maple  
Valley.  I have some people coming to check the  
boys out in the weeks ahead who have beat Maple  
Valley’s bid, but I really like the whole setup at  
Maple Valley, and am pretty sure I’ll stay with them.”  
Steven put his arm over his brother’s shoulder, and  
said, “Maple Valley sounds good for Jason.  It’s also  
good for us too, since we both spend at least two  
weeks out of a year at the resort.”  
  
Both men nodded; they were clarifying issues and  
getting comfortable with each other once again.  They  
continued sipping.  Martin, gazing at the photos on  
the desk, asked quietly, “Did you know your son Jason  
was a homo?”  
  
Steven, after a brief pause, answered, “I don’t think  
he is, really.  You know how those trainers are, the  
things they gotta do, and so on.”  
  
“Well you can keep your head in the sand if you want,  
Steven, but I think we need to face the fact that our  
boys are homos.”  
  
The men savored the wine.  Steven started to say  
something, but stopped.  They both continued drinking  
in silence.  After an hour of quiet musing and chat  
Martin refilled the carafe.  
  
Up in her room little Flora was checking a website for  
lonely heart social servants.  It was a site where  
mainly servant boys and girls tried to connect with  
each other, but it was sprinkled here and there with  
free persons trying to connect with servants.  Flora,  
for reasons she was unaware of, and having no  
interested in finding out why, found herself attracted  
to servant boys.  As she learned more and more about  
social servants since her brothers’ indenturement, she  
found herself attracted to boys who had to obey.  In  
fact, the very idea that she could have a boyfriend  
who had to do what she told him to do made her mouth  
run dry.  She found a Tim Witherspoon, 15 years old,  
one year older than herself, who said in his bio that  
he was lonely and looking for a partner to take to the  
‘Obeyer’s Ball’, an annual festive event for social  
servants.  Flora emailed Timothy.  She then finished  
her session on the Internet as she always did, by  
checking the county social service’s website for  
photos of the most recent, freshly processed, male  
social servants.   
  
When Steven entered the kitchen to refill the carafe  
for a third time Barbara told him that it would be  
best if he didn’t try to drive home in his condition.   
Steven only smiled at her and thanked her for the  
delicious dinner.  When Steven reentered the study, he  
filled the glasses, and sat back down next to Martin.   
They each put an arm around the others’ shoulder and  
leaned their heads back together.  
  
Steven squeezed Martin’s shoulder, “We were best  
buddies growing up.  I always admired you.  You were  
always on top of everything.  You drove the chicks  
wild.  You know that, don’t you?”  
  
Martin smiled and drank.  Steven brought up the homo  
thing again, but with more of a slur to his speech  
than previously, “Hey Martin, our boys probably ain’t  
homo’s.  Let’s face it.  You and I, we’ve done stuff  
and we ain’t homos.”  He paused and smiled.  Martin  
laughed.  “Remember?” Asked Steven.  
  
“Yeah, I remember”, nodded Martin as he took a big  
sip.  They rubbed their cheeks together affectionately  
and playfully, as only drunken brothers can.    
  
When Barbara looked in on them later in the night both  
brothers still had one arm about the other, and had a  
glass of wine in their other hand.  They were both sobbing  
and murmuring quietly.  When Barbara suggested that  
they might want to lie down, Martin told her in a  
drunken, sobbing, slur, “This is my brother, Barbara.   
Isn’t he beautiful?  He’s the best goddamn brother a  
guy could have.”  They both put their glasses down,  
hugged, and started crying, telling each other how  
much they loved each other and how beautiful and great  
the other was.  Barbara left them, pleased that she  
had helped mend the rift.    
  
Bradley’s brothers were coming home on Monday, to stay  
for the two weeks before they were due to be delivered  
to Maple Resort and Casino.  So Martin arranged for  
Hal Franklin, Bradley’s trainer, to take Bradley, on  
Friday afternoon, to get hoop ringed.  
  
Until Hal arrived, no one had mentioned hoop ringing  
recently, even though everyone, Bradley included, knew  
why Hal was coming to get Bradley.  Hal greeted  
Martin, Barbara, and Bradley, and nodding at Bradley,  
asked the parents, “Has he been behaving?”  
  
Martin was happy to answer, “In a super way!  Thanks  
in large part to your work with him.”  
  
Hal was pleased with the compliment, “It will be an  
exciting time for you, Bradley, being together with  
your brothers again.  That’s why we need to get you  
‘hooped’.  Bradley blushed at the thought of it.  Hoop  
rings are to prevent social servant boys from getting  
sucked off by other servants. The implication that  
he and his brothers would be sucking each other off  
non-stop if they weren’t pierced and fitted with giant  
6-inch hoop rings at the end of their foreskins was  
embarrassing in the extreme to everyone in the  
Forestman family.  That’s why it wasn’t talked about.   
Even though it had been explained that it was just a  
standard training procedure, that no one thought for a  
moment that Bradley and his brothers would ever even  
want to do such things, the idea of it turned Bradley  
red with shame.  Even when he tried to comfort himself  
by thinking that he was just like the hundreds of  
other hoop-ringed servant boys he saw on ‘inventory  
day’, the idea of getting hoop ringed was still a  
difficult one to accept, especially in the setting of  
the very home with which he had spent his entire life  
with his parents, brothers, and sister.  
  
Bradley had expected Hal would take him to some  
government social services clinic to get hoop ringed.   
So he was surprised when Hal drove up instead to ‘Get  
Poked’, a local piercing and tattoo salon.  Hal  
reached into the glove compartment and took out a  
social servant 6-inch hoop ring wrapped in clear  
plastic.  When Bradley, surprised, asked, “Here?”

Hal explained that it was cheaper than a clinic.   
“Besides, it’s a simple procedure.  Guys get piercings  
all the time, it’s not brain surgery.”  
  
The salon smelled faintly of patchouli.  In the front  
room of the rather dingy office were seated and  
standing about 8 guys and gals chatting.  All were of  
the punk, goth, hipster, rocker, variety.  They  
noticed Bradley was a slave, but none of them made a  
deal out of it.  
  
The owner of the salon, Chaz, was a 30 year old, tall,  
lean, hipster with a goatee and an ear piercing. He  
wore a black t-shirt with the word ‘Motherlode’  
printed on the front.  On his left shoulder was  
tattooed an image of a pair of spread cunt lips.  Hal  
spoke with Chaz, and Chaz invited Hal and Bradley into  
the back room.  In the room there was a workstation  
next to a gurney.  Chaz told Bradley to take his  
jumpsuit off and then to get up on the gurney.    
Bradley was hesitant because the door was open.  Chaz  
thought Bradley was afraid of the piercing, “Don’t be  
afraid.  Guys get their dicks pierced here every day.   
It’s what I do.  I punch holes in people.”  
  
When Bradley was naked and seated on the gurney Chaz  
came up to him with a lightweight wire mesh head cage  
and put it over Bradley’s head and locked it on about  
the neck.  Chaz explained, “No offense dude, but I  
once had a slave bite me while I was trying to hoop  
ring him.”  
  
Hal explained that Bradley was not a slave, but a  
social servant.  Chaz responded with a shake of the  
head and shrug of the shoulders. “Whatever.”  
  
As Chaz was getting out his tools the guys and gals  
from the entry room sauntered in.  They were chatting  
with each other and Chaz, and Bradley knew that the  
folks who frequented piercing salons generally liked  
to watch each other get tattooed and pierced.  Bradley  
was very embarrassed by their presence but was too shy  
to say anything.  Anyway, there was too much commotion  
for his faint protests to Hal to be heard.    
  
The guys and gals at the tattoo parlor were just the  
opposite of Bradley; they were very free.  Free to  
lounge around and listen to music all day with their  
chicks, and free to engage their partners in sex at  
any time of the day.  In fact, the very parlor Bradley  
found himself in was a testament to the rebel way of  
life.  Getting tattooed and pierced were not only  
identity symbols; they were symbols of freedom and  
items of sexual fetish.  Getting pierced to the folks  
who hung around Chaz’s ‘Get Poked’ parlor affirmed  
their life style and provided sexual stimulus.  For  
the hipsters watching Bradley getting hoop ringed,  
piercings upped sexual arousal.  Ironically, for  
Bradley the purpose of the piercing was the opposite;  
hoop rings were designed to frustrate sexual arousal  
and release.   
  
Chaz approached Bradley sitting on the gurney and  
gently slapped his legs apart, “Spread ‘em wide”.  He  
grabbed Bradley’s penis to check out how much foreskin  
Bradley had in front of his infibulation bar and ring.  
He tugged on the foreskin, and marked with a pen that  
part of the skin he would pierce.  Chaz spoke to  
Bradley, “Getting hooped.  So, I take it you’re moving  
in with a bunch of other servants.”  Hal explained  
that his brothers were moving in with him, and they  
all were social servants.  
  
Chaz shared his knowledge, “My best friend’s dad works  
with social servants all the time and he says if you  
got more than one of them together in close quarters  
you’ve got to lock up their genitals.  He says that  
social servants basically act like animals if their  
cocks and clits aren’t locked up.  I guess it’s because  
servants know that everyone thinks of them as trash,  
so after awhile they just let go and say ‘fuck it’ to  
normal behavior.  I hear if you get a group of them  
together in a pen they just nibble away non-stop at  
each others’ dicks, like pigs in a pen.”   
  
Bradley was finally insulted enough and protested to  
Chaz about all the people present.  Chaz replied,  
“Wow, a real uppity slave!  I’m sorry dude, I wasn’t  
told you wanted this to be a private session.  You  
should have told me before I began.  I can’t leave the  
procedure now that it’s in progress. Besides, it’ll be  
over in a couple of minutes.”  
  
Hal put his arms on Bradley’s shoulders, and in the  
gentle tone a parent would use to comfort a six year  
old child whose dog had just died, Hal tried to soothe  
Bradley, “There, there, Bradley.  The man is almost  
finished with you.  Everything is going to be all  
right.  Remember, it’s okay.  You’re a social servant  
now.  Everything is okay.  Remember all those boys you  
told me about at ‘inventory day’.  You’re just like  
them now.  You should be proud of your bright, shiny,  
hoop ring.  You have nothing to be ashamed of.  You  
need to be proud of yourself at all times.  There is  
nothing wrong about being on display for free folks.   
You are a going to be a wonderful, hard working,  
social servant someday, and everyone appreciates you  
and respects you for that fact.”  
  
Most of the guys and gals in the room were embarrassed  
for Bradley, but tried to show that they thought it  
was no big deal being naked, head-caged, and getting  
hoop ringed in front of everyone by smiling at Bradley  
and nodding their heads in agreement with everything  
Hal said.  
  
Hal continued, “See all the nice folks here.  They  
don’t look down on you.  And they’re free kids, so  
it’s okay if they see you naked.  You just sit still  
here while the nice man finishes hooping you.”  
  
The actual pain of the piercing was almost nothing  
to Bradley compared with the pain of his  
embarrassment.  When Chaz was finished he asked the  
red-faced Bradley to stand up and walk around a bit so  
he could make sure the piercing was in a good place  
and the foreskin could hold the weight of the hoop  
ring.  Bradley stood with his head down and walked to  
one corner of the room and back again, with his legs  
spread wide because of the training paddles on his  
ankles.  As he walked every free person in the room  
watched Bradley’s giant hoop ring hanging off from his  
dick, swinging between his legs.  A friend of Chaz’s  
said, “It looks good, Chaz.”  Another said, “Good job,  
Chaz!”  
  
Chaz agreed.  He tugged slightly on the ring and  
Bradley winced in pain, “Sorry dude, just making sure  
nothing’s going to give.  It’ll be a sore for a few  
days.  Keep it clean.”  Hal started to pay Chaz for the  
job, and Bradley asked if he could get dressed.  Hal  
Okayed it, and everyone in the room watched Bradley  
get into his one-piece jump suit with buttons down the  
side.  Putting on a one piece, button-down-the-sides,  
jumpsuit, especially while fitted with a head cage, is  
a show in itself, and Bradley felt as if he was some  
alien creature on display to all of the other human  
beings in the room who watched him button up his  
jumpsuit in silence.  Chaz unlocked and removed  
Bradley’s head cage and quickly moved away from him.    
  
  
When Bradley got into the car, he broke down and  
started to cry.  Hal was annoyed, “Why are you crying  
now?”  Bradley answered that he felt like shit, and  
that life wasn’t fair.  Hal knew he had to be firm and  
at the same time affirm Bradley’s worth.  “All right  
Bradley, you stop that crying this instant, or I’ll  
give you a good face slapping for starters!”  As they  
drove home Hal could hear Bradley having trouble  
controlling his crying.  When they got home, Hal told  
Martin he needed to spend some time with Bradley to  
work on an attitude problem.    
  
Hal took Bradley to his room, shut the door, and told  
him to stop sniveling.  Bradley tried to stop, but he  
couldn’t and his crying came out in heaves.  Hal  
grabbed him by the shoulders and spoke plainly, “You  
are a beautiful servant boy.  Do you hear me?”   
Bradley couldn’t stop sobbing and didn’t answer Hal.   
Hal took his right hand and gave Bradley an unexpected  
and very hard face slap.  Bradley screamed and started  
crying loudly.  “I said stop that crying!”  Bradley  
couldn’t and Hal gave him another slap.  After a brief  
pause Hal followed it with another slap to the other  
cheek.  Bradley’s somewhat high pitched and noisy  
scream could be heard by his parents.    
  
Hal knew there was one good and sure way to stop  
thoughts of self-pity in a social servant.  As he  
stood in front of Bradley, who was cowering to avoid  
another slap, Hal undid the crotch buttons of  
Bradley’s jump suit.  Hal pulled out Bradley’s cock  
with the big hoop ring, and pulled the balls all the  
way out as well.  He cupped Bradley’s balls and made  
sure he had all of Bradley’s ball sack in his large  
hand.  He slowly, at first, started squeezing  
Bradley’s sack.  When Bradley shouted “No”, Hal gave  
the entire bag a hard and tight squeeze.  Bradley  
yelped and starting falling to the floor even as Hal  
was still squeezing his ball sack.  Bradley fell to  
the floor on his knees and arms, and did a dry  
retching, followed by empty heaves.  He spread his  
legs apart as wide as they would go and moaned and  
moaned.  
  
Hal sat on the bed and watched Bradley crawl around on  
the floor, heaving and moaning.  After about 10  
minutes Bradley began to recover.  Hal patted him on  
the back, “I’m sorry I had to do that.  But look, you  
forgot all about whatever nonsense got into your head  
over at the parlor.  Why don’t you get up and come and  
sit next to me.”  Bradley did as ordered, and Hal put  
his arm around his shoulders.  “Bradley, you are such  
a nice boy, and you are so precious.  When you’re  
around free boys you can’t pay any attention to what  
they’re talking about.  None of the guys and the gals  
had any negative things to say about you.  Chaz was  
saying a few things out of ignorance, but it’s typical  
of the nonsense free people say who aren’t used to  
being around social servants.”  Hal gave a pause, then  
asked, “Now, I know a lot more about social servants  
than Chaz does, don’t I?”  
  
Bradley nodded ‘yes’.  Hal continued, “So you agree  
with me!  Now if I know more about servants than Chaz  
does, and if I say you are a wonderful human being who  
happens to be one of the best looking and nicest  
social servants I have ever met, then what I say must  
be a hell of lot more correct than what Chaz says,  
right?”  Bradley smiled.  “So then why on earth would  
you ever pay attention to what some ignorant punk  
hipster has to say about servitude before you would  
listen to me?  You need to realize that what I say is  
true.  You need to be proud of yourself!  Very proud!   
And don’t be ashamed of yourself or embarrassed  
because I had to give you a face slapping and a  
‘squeezing’ just now to get you back on track.”    
  
“Remember what you learned; there are hundreds of boys  
just like you throughout the city right now who are  
being disciplined just the way you were.  And they  
aren’t being disciplined because they are evil or  
worthless human beings.  No way!  Did you think those  
hundreds of nice boys you met at ‘inventory day’ were  
worthless or evil people?  Did you think any of the  
overseers, officials, and trainers at inventory day  
thought you boys were evil or worthless?  Of course  
they didn’t, and you know it!  I didn’t just face slap  
and ball squeeze you right now because I thought you  
were worthless and evil.  Just the opposite is true; I  
consider you a very special person, and the punishment  
I just gave you was out of my love for you.  Social  
servants simply get punished as part of their ongoing  
training on a regular basis, to remind them of just  
how wonderful and important they are!  There is  
absolutely nothing to be ashamed of.”   
  
Bradley smiled, and thanked Hal.  Hal embraced him.   
During the embrace Bradley’s cock wanted to erect.   
Bradley wanted Hal to make love to him.  He wanted to  
see Hal naked, to see Hal’s penis and balls.  He  
wished he could just take Hal’s cock and balls out of  
his trousers the way Hal had done to him.  He  
couldn’t.  All he could do was squeeze Hal very  
tightly as they hugged, suck in his fragrance, and try  
to win Hal’s approval by being a well-behaved, quick  
stepping, and obedient social servant.