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.