Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART EIGHTEEN**  
  
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On Saturday morning the first thing Martin did when he  
woke up was to go into Bradley’s room and unchain him  
from his bed.  Usually Martin liked to spend the  
earliest part of the day by himself, and would first  
unlock Bradley after an hour or so.  But today Martin  
and Bradley had a lot to do.  They had to finish  
preparing Bradley’s room for his brothers’ arrival on  
Monday, since all three of the boys would be sharing  
one room.  The boys’ old rooms were now locked and  
serving as storage areas for all of their things,  
things they would no longer need as social servants.   
And then a little later in the morning Hal Franklin  
was to come over and help prepare Bradley for a  
showing to a prospective buyer who was scheduled to  
arrive at the house before noon.  
  
As Martin opened up Bradley’s diaper to unlock the  
chain affixed to his penis ring and secured to the  
underside of the bed (to prevent Bradley from  
attempting to raise a ruckus by thrashing around in  
his bed) he noticed Bradley’s foreskin was still sore  
from yesterday’s hoop ringing.  “Jeeze, I hope that  
doesn’t turn Mr. Blossman off!  I’ll have Hal try to  
hide that with makeup or something.”  Bradley asked  
who Mr. Blossman was, and Martin told him it was the  
prospective buyer coming over to check him out.   
“Bradley, hurry and get dressed, I have lots of things  
for you to do this morning.”  
  
Martin went into the kitchen and noticed a bunch of  
dirty dishes in the sink, and a sack of full garbage  
underneath the sink.  Martin was impatient and when  
Bradley entered the kitchen, Martin asked him why  
there were dirty dishes in the sink, and the garbage  
wasn’t emptied.  Bradley answered that he was very  
busy the previous day.  Martin was short, “Hold on!   
That’s not what I asked you, is it?”  Bradley was  
silent.  “What did I just ask you, Bradley?”  Bradley  
said he had been asked why the dishes weren’t done and  
the garbage wasn’t taken out.  “Then why didn’t you  
answer my questions?”  
  
“I was trying to Dad.  I was interrupted.”  
  
“Are you sassing me?”  
  
“No Dad.”  
  
“Then answer me.  Why didn’t you do what you were  
supposed to do last night?”  
  
“I guess I forgot, Dad.”  
  
“You guess you forgot?  When your new owner tells you  
to do something are you simply not going to do it, and  
then say, ‘Oops, I forgot!’”  
  
“Come on Dad, why are you giving me a hard time?”  
  
Martin raised his voice, “I’m giving you a hard time?   
Am I?  Is that what you think?”  
  
Bradley tried to retreat, “No, Dad.  I’m sorry.”  
  
Martin made clear where his frustration was coming  
from, “Your brothers are going to be coming here from  
some very strict training, and they are going to be in  
a tip-top behavior pattern.  I will not stand for you  
setting a loose example around here.  You need to  
start obeying to the letter.”  Martin opened a drawer  
and took out a small opened padlock.  He approached  
Bradley and put a hand on his shoulder, “Starting now  
I’m insisting on rigorous good behavior from you, and  
I will maintain it with strict discipline.  To show  
you just how serious I am about this I want you to go  
to one of the bolts, which Hal screwed, into the  
living room wall, open up your peepee flap, and take  
this padlock and padlock your penis ring to the bolt  
in the wall.  You can stand there for an hour for your  
backtalk!  And since we don’t have time to spare  
today, this time is coming from your breakfast and  
lunch breaks for today!  No food for you until this  
evening.  Any more backtalk from you and you can skip  
supper as well!”  He handed the padlock to Bradley, “I  
love you, and am proud of you, but this is something  
we have to do, and I really have no other choice in  
the matter.”  
  
Reese Posnowkovsky and a fellow trainer, Cash  
Colhurst, entered the training facility’s social  
servant recreation area, and found Jason and Quince  
Forestman chatting with each other.  Both servants  
were wearing their light cotton training pants and  
shirts.    
  
Reese and Cash sat down at a table removed from the  
Forestman boys and chatted quietly.  Cash asked, “How  
is Jason’s training going?”  
  
“I think it’s going great!  Of course, I don’t know if  
Jason feels the same way about it.”  Reese and Cash  
laughed to themselves, and then Reese asked, “You were  
Quince’s personal trainer for his first week.  How did  
that go?”  
  
“Quince was one of those super straight macho types,  
so of course it was a lot of fun breaking him.  Look  
at him now, he’s a total behaving baby!”  
  
Reese complimented Cash on the good job he did on  
Quince, and then lowered his voice even more, “God,  
look at the asses on those Forestman’s!  I sure could  
use some right now.  Jason is one hell of a fuck.  How  
was Quince?”  
  
“Hell, with a butt like that, what do you think it was  
like?  It was pure heaven!”  Cash licked his lips with  
a blend of mischief and lasciviousness.  “What do you  
say we trade?”  
  
Reese nodded, and both trainers, in their Social  
Services black and grey training uniforms, stood up  
and went over to the Forestman’s.  “What are you boys  
talking about?” Reese asked.  Quince answered, “Sir,  
Jason was telling me that his father paid him a visit  
today, sir.”  
  
“How was that visit, Jason?” Reese asked.  “Sir, it  
was a very good visit, sir.  I was happy to see my  
father, sir.”  
  
“Quince, you’re going to be leaving us on Monday.   
Cash here is going to miss having you around”, said  
Reese.  “It’s a shame I never got to know you better.”  
  
“Sir, thank you, sir.”  Quince smiled to hear that he  
would be missed.  
  
“I think the four of us should do something a little  
special since Quince will be leaving us on Monday. Why  
don’t you boys come with Cash and me into my office?   
We’ll have a little sendoff party for Quince.”  
  
The two trainers walked behind the two bubble-assed  
Forestman boys.  Their having to walk with their legs  
spread apart because of the training paddles they wore  
about their ankles highlighted the muscles in their  
buttocks.  Reese and Cash smiled at each other as they  
watched the four rounded globes wiggle their way  
towards Reese’s training office.  
  
Once they had all entered the office, Reese got right  
down to business, “Okay Jason and Quince, go stand in  
front of my desk, roll down your pants in back so we  
can see your pretty asses, then grab the desk and bend  
over, cause we’re coming on in!”  
  
Reese got a tube of lube, unzipped, greased and  
erected his pole, then threw the tube to Cash, who did  
the same.  They approached the Forestman’s from the  
rear, Reese taking Quince, and Cash taking Jason.   
Both slid slowly into their targets at the same time.   
They both let out sighs of delight as they entered and  
sank all the way in, and then began doing a slow  
though deliberate plunging.  Reese stuck his tongue  
out and waggled it in delighted ecstasy.  Cash looked  
at Reese, scrunched up his face, and did the same  
ecstatic tongue waggle.  Reese opened up his palm to  
Cash and they high-fived without losing their pumping  
action.  
  
Reese commanded, “Okay boys, we’re doing all the work  
back here.  Start pumping those asses for us so we  
don’t have to work so hard.”  Both servants  
immediately started humping their asses as ordered,  
and got compliments from their trainers; “Good job!   
You know how to use your cunts.  You’ll get ahead in  
the world!”  
  
When Reese called for more back and forth motion from  
their asses, rather than up and down action, both  
servants instantly complied.  Good solid training paid  
off on both Forestman lads.  Each lad knew, of course,  
that if they didn’t follow orders, they could expect  
to receive an immediate sting from their trainer’s  
service whips, which deliver a fearful, stinging,  
slash that burns for at least five minutes.  But their  
trainers liked to believe that the two servants were  
humping their asses properly not because they feared  
the whip, but because they wanted to be good social  
servants.  
  
Reese ordered Quince to start doing a squeezing action  
with his butt muscles, “Come on boy, let me feel your  
ass caressing my wick!”  
  
Cash ordered Jason, “Make like your cousin, and do the  
same to my prick!”  
  
Quince and Jason’s asses were in full service mode,  
humping, bumping, squeezing, and grinding.  As each  
trainer neared their climax they reached both hands  
down and grabbed their servants large, firm, tits.  As  
they pumped they shifted back and forth from tweaking  
nipples to feeling up and squeezing titties.  
  
As Reese began to plow towards a climax he shouted,  
“One more Forestman boy is about to receive a special  
delivery from trainer, Reese Posnowkovsky!”  
  
Cash began to fuck pump Jason with severe force, “Hold  
still boy now, ‘cause if you fucking ruin this climax  
it’ll be four hours in the alligator restraints for  
you!”  
  
Cash and Reese exchanged opened mouth smiles with each  
other as their climaxes began.  Humping the bubble  
butted Forestman cousins in tandem, they shared  
vibrations.  As Cash and Reese began shooting their  
loads they brought their heads together and exchanged  
tongues.  They remained mouth-locked throughout their  
climaxes and for a long time after they came.  After a  
while, as the trainers were catching their breaths,  
the obedient Forestman boys could feel the pricks up  
their asses deflating.  
  
As the trainers pulled out, they slapped their  
servants on the asses and told them to go into the  
exercise room and get on treadmills, start running,  
and to keep running until they came and got them.  
  
When Hal arrived to prepare Bradley for his showing to a  
prospective buyer, Bradley was still penis locked to  
the wall.  Hal asked what the problem was and Martin  
told him that Bradley was trying to wiggle out of  
telling the truth, and that he couldn’t risk having  
Bradley be a bad influence on Quinn and Alban, so he  
had to make the point clear that lying and backtalk  
will not be tolerated.  
  
Hal was pleased, “You did the right thing Martin!  We  
can’t have his brothers seeing him slacking in any  
way.  They look up to Bradley.  I can see now that I  
will need to get him ready for display the old  
fashioned way.”  
  
“What way is that?” Martin asked.  
  
“There is an old saying that the only way to get a  
servant ready for the auction block or the salesroom  
floor is with a haircut, shave, oiling, and a  
paddling.  And that’s what I intend to do with  
Bradley.  A good paddling just before the prospective  
buyers arrive will put the traditional red color in  
the buttocks, and nicely straighten out any attitude  
problems.”  
  
Hal unlocked Bradley from the wall, told him to get  
out of his jumpsuit, and bring a stool into the living  
room.  When naked Bradley brought the stool into the  
living room his dad and Hal were ready with the barber  
supplies.  They ordered Bradley to sit on the stool  
and Hal got to work trimming Bradley’s top and  
tightening up the sides.  When the trim was finished  
Hal lifted up Bradley’s arms to check his armpits,  
“Now you hop in the shower and shave your face, pits,  
pubes, and nads, totally smooth.  When you’re  
finished, slick your hair back with pomade, and come  
back out here with the mineral oil.”  
  
As Bradley returned to the living room he noticed that  
the giant hoop ring dangling from his penis called  
attention to his freshly shaved genitals and made them  
look all the more exposed.  Martin and Hal, who had  
been talking and laughing, stopped and their eyes were  
indeed drawn to Bradley’s shaved groin and the hoop  
ring which swung as he walked towards them with the  
baby oil.  Bradley handed the oil to Hal who said he  
had asked for mineral oil.  Martin answered, “It’s all  
we have.  It’s the same as mineral oil.”  
  
Hal, surprisingly to Martin, made a big deal out of  
it; “Martin, you mean when you oil and diaper Bradley  
at night you use this?  Baby oil?”  
  
Martin still did not understand and asked if there was  
a problem.  
  
“Martin, no wonder Bradley is giving you some  
rebellious behavior.  It is so important to treat a  
servant with utmost dignity and respect.  Using baby  
oil, with that faint baby scent, could be humiliating  
to Bradley.  Servants do not deserve any unnecessary  
humiliation!”  
  
Martin didn’t quite understand why Hal was making a  
point out of something he thought of as a very minor  
issue, at best, so he kept quiet.  Hal looked at the  
bottle of baby oil and said, “Well, I guess this will  
have to do for now.  Come over here Bradley so I can  
oil you up.”  Hal began applying the oil to Bradley’s  
shoulders, chest, and back.  Hal explained, “Servants  
on display always show more positively in every way  
when they are well oiled.”  
  
As Hal started to oil Bradley’s rump, he commented,  
“He’s nicely muscled here!  These are the things that  
bring in the big bucks on servant boys.”  When he  
finished oiling the rump he gave it a spank and  
ordered Bradley to turn around, and started oiling up  
his dangling unit, “All eyes go to a well-oiled set of  
tackle, especially one that’s set off with a nice big  
shiny hoop ring!”  
  
Martin, who had been mildly humiliated at Hal’s  
chiding of him in front of his son, couldn’t let the  
issue go, “Hal, I don’t get it.  You told me I had  
humiliated my son because of something as minor as  
using baby oil instead of mineral oil, yet you have no  
qualms about trying to make his private parts more  
noticeable.  Don’t you think that must be humiliating  
to him?”  
  
Hal got on his knees and got to work oiling Bradley’s  
legs as he answered, “It is always best to save a  
servant from any unnecessary humiliation.  What I’m  
doing is something entirely different.  If Bradley  
finds this humiliating, then all I can say is that  
this is necessary humiliation.”  Hal, finished with  
the legs, told Bradley to spread his butt cheeks, and  
proceeded to work two well-oiled fingers up Bradley’s  
anus.  “But, anyway, I don’t see why Bradley should  
find this humiliating.  He’s a servant up for sale!   
This is the way things are done.  We all want him to  
look his best.  There’s nothing humiliating about  
trying to look your best.  And look at Bradley, isn’t  
he a beauty!”  
  
Hal, please that Bradley’s hole was sufficiently  
oiled, pulled out his fingers, stood up, and he and  
Martin surveyed Bradley, standing meek with his head  
cast slightly downward, shiny from his pomaded hair to  
his oiled toes.  Hal grabbed Bradley’s cock and balls,  
“Martin, when Mr. Blossman rings don’t answer the door  
immediately.  What I’ll do first is jack Bradley a bit  
to give his genitals a firmer appearance.  Bradley, I  
know it will hurt, having an erection thwarted by your  
infibulation bar and ring and hoop ring, but this is  
something that’s done in most auction venues.  It  
impresses clients.”    
  
Hal put a thin canvas belt about Bradley’s waist, and  
to it attached the 6 by 8 inch servant loincloth,  
front and back.  “This is the standard genital and ass  
crack covering used at most auction houses.   
Interested buyers can easily see more by just lifting  
the cloth.”  The loin coverings were of a fine, thin,  
chamois, which sort of hugged the genitals,  
well-covering them, but also revealing their general  
shape.  From beneath the loin covering one half of  
Bradley’s large hoop ring could be seen dangling.  
  
Hal asked what time the buyer was arriving and Martin  
told him in half an hour.  Hal answered, “Good.  Put  
him to work tidying up this living room now, and then  
in twenty minutes I’ll give him a good paddling.”  
  
Bradley didn’t move, so his father instructed him,  
“You heard Hal, Bradley, get to work.  Straighten this  
place up in a hurry before Mr. Blossman arrives.”  
  
As Bradley went about picking up newspapers and  
magazines, and dusting, he felt, once again, like he  
was not quite a human being.  Especially when Flora  
walked into the room, and stopped at the sight of  
Bradley.  Martin explained, “Flora, a possible buyer  
for Bradley is coming over to check him out.  Would  
you mind leaving us and helping your mother out in the  
kitchen?”  
  
The slick oiled servant in a loincloth didn’t much  
resemble the brother Flora knew.  After a few seconds  
of wordless gawking, Flora made her way to the  
kitchen.    
  
Martin’s cell phone rang, and it was Mr. Blossman, who  
was in the area, asking for directions to the house.   
Martin nodded to Hal, and Hal went out to his car and  
came back with a big paddle.  As he removed the  
loincloth belt from Bradley’s waist, a frightened  
Bradley pleaded, “Come on, no, please.  Dad, don’t let  
him!”  Martin waved his hand to shush Bradley, and,  
annoyed, walked out of the room with his cell phone to  
his ear.  
  
Hal grabbed Bradley by the arm, and Bradley resisted.   
But servant boy Bradley was no match for the  
professional trainer, who in no time forced Bradley  
unto the couch in a kneeling position, and gripped  
both of his arms behind his back with one of his  
hands, and with the other hand wielded the paddle.   
With the first fierce stroke of the paddle Bradley  
howled, and then started bawling like a baby.  Hal  
continued, totally ignoring Bradley’s pleas.  After  
several strokes Martin came back into the room, having  
finished his phone conversation.  He folded his arms  
and watched his complaining son get it.    
  
Since Bradley’s indenturement Martin was a softy when  
it came to being firm with him.  But now he was  
becoming more comfortable watching his son get  
disciplined.  It was beginning to give Martin a good  
feeling, as if punishment was somehow making a better  
man out of Bradley, helping to insure that he remain  
for a long time the good boy he had always been.  And  
now to see Bradley getting a really good beating felt  
especially right.  Bradley had been acting moody all  
morning long, and once his penis was unlocked from the  
wall, Bradley was silent, but Martin could sense a  
defiant attitude.  It was good to see Bradley’s  
defiance being paddled out of him.  Martin had never  
realized before how strong Hal was, and he noticed for  
the first time just how firm his biceps were.  He  
studied the professional trainer giving it to his son.  
He looked at his face and noted that it had a serious  
smile, like a professional craftsmen pleased with the  
finishing touches he was putting on his handiwork.  
  
Bradley’s yelps were stirring the loins of both his  
father and Hal.  Hal shifted his stance at one point  
to adjust his slacks, and Martin swallowed and did the  
same thing.  Martin, neither able nor wanting to  
ponder his stirring loins, was relieved when after  
another minute Hal delivered the final stroke to  
Bradley’s very reddened ass.  As Hal was pulling  
Bradley off the couch into a standing position, the  
doorbell rang.  Hal gave a ‘hold it’ finger gesture to  
Martin and took a tissue and wiped the tears from  
Bradley’s eyes and face.  He then grabbed Bradley’s  
penis, already slightly firmer from the beating he had  
just received, and started jacking it.  The hoop ring  
swung wildly back and forth.  Bradley was too dazed  
and wounded to be any further embarrassed.  But once  
he started to harden, Bradley winced in pain.  Hal  
then put the loincloth belt back around Bradley’s  
waist, ordered Bradley to stand nice and tall, and to  
give a big smile.  Martin stepped up to Bradley and  
touched him on the shoulder, “Just look at yourself,  
son.  You’re a real servant now, going on display for  
the first time.  I’m so proud of you Bradley.  Strike  
a nice proud pose now, and let’s make that smile on  
your face a really happy one!”  
  
Martin let Mr. Blossman in.  He was a large, somewhat  
overweight, fellow wearing a flannel shirt, slightly  
soiled bib overalls, and mud stained boots.  He was  
followed by his pimply-faced, stringy haired, 19 year  
old son, Husker, wearing similarly soiled clothing,  
and pushing a small two-wheeled cart with barbells on  
it.  
  
After introductions Mr. Blossman and Husker walked up  
to Bradley and stared expressionless at him. Husker  
spoke to his father, “Well lookit what we got here,  
pa.  A real naked slave boy all oiled and shiny!   
Stick out your tongue boy!"  Bradley stuck out his  
tongue.  Husker grabbed Bradley's tongue and pulled on  
it and smiled. Bradley gave a terrified look.  "Look  
at this tongue, pa.  They say you can tell a slave by  
his tongue.  Whaddya think pa?  Is this boy a worker?"  
  
  
Mr. Blossman smiled, “Boy, you let go o' his tongue.   
That's all superstitious talk!"  Mr. Blossman turned  
to Hal and Martin, "You folks didn't have to go ahead  
and get this slave all dime-store pretty for us.  Out  
at the farm we don't go much for oiled, city-slicked,  
slaves.  We just want 'em muscled and able!  But I  
wish folks wouldn’t oil up slaves, I don’t like  
getting my hands all greasy feeling them up to see how  
they’re muscled. Husker, feel the boy up for me, and  
tell me what his muscles are like.”  
  
Husker, using both hands, started in by first  
squeezing Bradley’s arms.  He clamped his fingers  
tight and deeply into the flesh as he felt, trying to  
feel the musculature.  When Bradley winced in pain and  
fear, Husker snarled, “Quiet boy or I’ll clip you  
one!”   
  
Husker spoke as he felt up the chest and back, “He’s a  
grower, pa.  Not much muscle yet, but if we work him  
right, we can turn him into a bull!”  As Husker dug  
into Bradley’s thigh, Bradley yipped.  Husker stopped  
feeling him and grabbed Bradley’s ear and twisted it.   
Bradley howled in pain, and by twisting his ear Husker  
was able to bend an anguished Bradley into a stooping  
position, “What did I tell you about making noise,  
boy?  What did I tell you?”  Bradley shouted that he  
was sorry.  
  
Husker finished feeling Bradley up and gave a positive  
report to his father.  Husker then indicated a barbell  
on the dolly, “We need to see what you can do boy, so  
get over there and pick up that weight!”  Bradley  
found the weight very heavy and could only lift it to  
just above his knees.  “Try to lift it higher, boy",  
commanded Husker.  Bradley tried to lift it higher but  
it only made him unable to hold it much longer.   
Husker took a tawse from his belt and warned, "If you  
set that thing down before I tell you boy, you're  
gonna feel some swats!"  Bradley started crying,  
almost like a baby.  Husker started laughing, "What in  
the hell is this?  Why you cryin' boy?  You don't like  
gettin whipped?"  
  
Bradley could hold it no more and set it down, and  
Husker was over him in a second and started tawsing  
his back, shouting at him to pick the barbell back up.  
Bradley howling with each swat, fell to the floor  
covering himself with his hands, and curled into a  
ball.  It reminded Husker of one of their former  
slaves, and he stopped tawsing, "That's what Gabe used  
to do, always wind up into a ball when we would whip  
him.  But we got him cured of that real fast!  We'd  
put him in the hot shed for a three hours every time  
he'd ball up on us when we tried to whip him!"  
  
Mr. Blossman bragged, "That's why all our boys keep  
slogging and plugging along till we tell 'em to stop.   
They do what they’re told.  No fancy 9 to 5 hours for  
common garden-variety server boys!  No siree!  Out at  
my ranch we emphasize good old-fashioned obedience and  
hard work.  Our boys knuckle under and sweat it out.   
A little elbow grease never hurt a server boy.”  Mr.  
Blossman addressed Bradley directly, “Listen you  
little bare worker boy, there's nothing to be ashamed  
about being a common garden-variety worker boy.  You  
do your work; we feed you.  It’s a real fair system we  
got out at the ranch.  My sons or I tell you do  
something, you do it.  Nothing degradin’ about  
obeying, no matter how ball-busting the task.  Couple  
of years of doing donkeywork makes a better man out of  
everyone!  All you gotta do is pay attention, mind and  
observe, do everything we tell ya, heed your betters,  
carry-out every order, accept responsibility for fuck  
ups, take your punishments without too much screaming,  
mind the missus of the house, keep your mouth shut,  
and your teeth and ass clean as a whistle.  My wife  
and I we need a workhorse, won't fool you at that, but  
if you do all the stuff we tell you, we give you your  
own room with a radio, plus all the meat and potatoes  
you kin eat!”   
  
Husker pulled a cringing Bradley up off the floor as  
Mr. Blossman continued: “If you make your mind up to  
do a good job, the lord always makes it easy on you.   
He makes it so you kin toil in such a way that yur  
muscles don't ache.  I personally don’t understand how  
anyone can do all the work my toiler boys do, but I  
figure it’s the lord stepping in and givin them extra  
strength.  Server boys are special in the eyes of the  
lord, and he must make it easy for them to do all that  
hard work. That's the only way the missus and I can  
understand it.  My boys and I go easy on the whip most  
of the time, but you will be getting a 6 year workout,  
I guarantee you o’ that.  You'll come away from our  
place with a load of muscles on you that'll do you  
proud for the rest of your life.”    
  
Martin saw that Barbara was about to enter the living  
room, followed by Flora, ready to offer cookies and  
milk, but he made a quick gesture at them to keep them  
from entering the living room, and they retreated with  
curious looks on their faces.   
  
Hal indicated Bradley and asked the Blossman’s, “Well,  
what do you think?  You want to take him?”  
  
Martin was curious, “Why do you want to pay such a  
price for my son, when you could have a criminally  
indentured servant for almost one third the cost of  
Bradley?”  
  
Mr. Blossman answered that he looked at servants from  
how much muscle they could put on.  “We aint rich  
folk, so each of our server boys gotta do the work of  
three boys.  Yur boy here has the kind of body that  
can be built up into a real muscle hog.  It’ll take  
about a year for us to get him bulled out and  
producin’ at top speed, but for the remaining five  
years we’ll more than make up for a slow first year’s  
output.”  
  
Hal pushed for the sale, “What do you say, Mr.  
Blossman?  You can take Bradley home now and have him  
working out in the field by noon.”  Mr. Blossman  
appeared to be assessing Bradley, so Hal turned to  
Husker, “How about you Husker?  Bradley’s in top  
shape.  He has great heavy labor potential.  He’s easy  
to control, as you’ve just seen.  He won’t give you  
and your brothers too much trouble since he hates the  
whip.”  
  
Husker smiled at everything Hal said, but did not  
respond.  Husker appeared to be waiting on his  
father’s decision.  Hal needed to make sure that none  
of Bradley’s assets were missed on the Blossman’s,  
“And, of course, he’s a good-looker.  I don’t know how  
important that is to you gentleman.”  Husker shifted  
nervously on his feet.  Mr. Blossman spoke, “Well, I  
like everything about him just fine.  But Husker, can  
you promise me you won’t be doin any of that stuff to  
him I caught you doin to Cleb and Jacob?  That stuff  
ain’t right in the eyes o’ the lord.”  
  
Husker turned red from embarrassment, and pawed the  
ground with one of his shoes like a little school kid.  
“Aw pa, I already don told yu I was never gonna ever  
do that stuff agin.”  
  
“Kin I trust you boy?  Bradley here is real pretty,  
just like Cleb and Jacob were.  Kin I trust you to  
keep you’re your hands off of him, and that you won’t  
be tempted to do that stuff again?”  Mr. Blossman eyed  
Husker.  Husker shook his head in the affirmative  
while looking embarrassed down at the ground.  
  
Mr. Blossman watched his son for a moment, then as if  
he had finally decided Husker could be trusted, said,  
“Okay Mr. Forestman, I’ll take him!”  
  
Bradley started to protest, but Husker was quick to  
give him a whack of the tawse across his back  
accompanied by a grinning smile.  Bradley screamed,  
and Mr. Blossman directed Husker, “Take our new work  
hog out to the car, chain him down while I sign some  
papers, and make sure he keeps quiet.”   
  
Husker asked if he should get some clothes for  
Bradley.  Mr. Blossman answered, “He’s just a plain  
manure boy; he doesn’t need any clothes for the hour  
and a half drive home.”  Things were going too fast  
for both Bradley and his father to comprehend.  Husker  
quickly had Bradley start pushing the cart with the  
barbells out to the car, wearing nothing but his  
loincloth.  When Bradley balked and called to his dad  
about going outside in such a condition, Husker  
whacked him on the shoulders with his tawse, and  
grinned, “Your daddy don’t own you anymore, so he  
can’t help you.  I’m your daddy now!”  19 year-old  
Husker laughed as he forced the 22 year-old Bradley  
out into the front yard and down the path to the  
Blossman’s car.   
  
Hal, Martin, and Mr. Blossman sat at the dining room  
table as Martin opened up a folder of documents.   
Martin thought about the wisdom of breaking his three  
sons up, but Mr. Blossman was offering a considerably  
larger sum for Bradley than the Maple Valley Resort  
and Casino.  And Mr. Blossman’s heavy labor needs  
would also offer Bradley a good chance to develop  
physically, and that would provide a health benefit to  
Bradley.    
  
As Mr. Blossman and Mr. Forestman were about to sign  
the sales agreement, a piercing scream was heard from  
Bradley out in the car.  Martin ran out of the house  
to the car, followed by Hal and Mr. Blossman.  Husker  
was standing outside the open back door of the car and  
had already had the seated Bradley chained by his  
collar to the car seat.  Martin pushed himself in  
front of Husker and asked what was wrong.  Bradley  
cried like he had never cried before, “When Husker got  
me chained down he started feeling up my cock,  
squeezing my balls, and told me he was glad his dad  
bought me because he intended to fuck me every night  
out in the barn!”  
  
Mr. Blossman whapped his son on the side of the head.   
“Boy, when I get you home I’m taking you to Reverend  
Clark.  You need to be prayed over!”  Husker was  
almost breathless, “Pa, he’s lyin’!  I didn’t do or  
say any of that stuff, I promise you pa!  Pa, please  
don’t believe him!”  Mr. Blossman slapped Husker out  
of the way and started unchaining Bradley, “I’m sorry  
Mr. Forestman.  I have to call the deal off.  I can’t  
trust my son around a pretty boy like Bradley.  I’m  
very sorry.”  
  
Mr. Forestman was not especially upset at the turn of  
events.  Hal looked questioningly at Bradley and  
watched him hurriedly make his way back to the house.   
As Bradley hopped into the shower to wash off the baby  
oil, he never felt so much like singing out loud, but  
he held off for fear it would raise suspicions.