Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART EIGHTEEN**

This story is erotic fiction meant for mature readers and should only be read by adults over the age of eighteen years old. Please do not use my stories without my permission and please forward all comments to randallaustin2011@hotmail.com

Randall Austin’s Archive Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>

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.