Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART NINETEEN**  
  
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In preparation for the arrival of Quince and Alban,  
Martin affixed two signs to the front door of his  
house.  The first one was customized, “Please do not  
engage our social servants in any unnecessary  
conversation.  Thank you, The Forestman’s.”  The second  
sign was a stock item, “Police and Fire Alert: This  
household maintains three social servants.  Security,  
restraining, and holding devices employed.”  An  
attached floor plan showed emergency crews which rooms  
were likely to hold servants in bondage.  Mr.   
Forestman indicated on the map Bradley’s bedroom on  
the main floor, where all three boys would be chained  
to their beds at night; the living room, where Hal had  
installed three bolts to the wall for penis locking  
the boys to the wall; and the dining room, where were  
positioned the three social servant holding chairs,   
which Mr. Forestman had rented from Social Services  
for the two weeks all three of his sons would be  
living at home.  
  
Servant holding chairs were basically adult sized  
versions of the baby high chair.  They were made of  
heavy duty steel, and had straps affixed at points so that  
servants could be secured to the chair at several  
parts of their bodies: legs, thighs, waist, upper  
arms, and forearms.  Like baby high chairs they had a  
removable large size tray suitable for serving meals  
or for use as a desk.  It was fast becoming the most  
popular method for slave owners throughout the country  
to secure or ‘baby-sit’ servants/slaves when they just  
didn’t have time to keep an eye out for them.  If a  
servant was fitted with a slave pad, basically a  
heavy-duty disposable slave diaper, he or she could be  
kept safely in the chair for up to two days.  All that  
the owner had to provide on the tray were meal  
biscuits and drinking water.  Martin and his wife  
decided that placing the chairs in the dining room  
would be a great convenience; that way when all the  
relatives would be over to visit the boys during their  
stay at home, they could chat with the boys while  
dining, and then afterwards the free people could  
retire to another part of the house and Martin and his  
wife wouldn’t then have to worry about having  
unsupervised social servants running about.  
  
Hal arrived early Monday morning, having told Martin  
the day before that he wanted to have a chat with him  
and Bradley before he went and collected Quince and  
Alban from Social Services and brought them home.   
Martin ordered Bradley to make some coffee, and then the  
three men sat at the kitchen table.  
  
Hal started right in, “Bradley, I wanted to have this  
chat with you and your dad before your brothers arrive  
home.  Your dad is paying me good money to help insure  
that you are following all the rules, and that you  
meet all of the state and federal behavior codes for  
social servants.  Your brothers have been through  
three weeks of some of the most rigorous training  
available for servants.  They are going to be quite  
different from the way they were when you last saw  
them.  They are already full servants.  The only  
reason they are coming home is because the State  
Social Services Agency has deemed them ‘fully  
compliant’ and trained servants.  ‘Fully compliant’ is  
a legal term, and it is a very important one.  And  
that is what you need to be as well.”  
  
All three men took a drink of coffee.  Hal continued,  
“You have the serious responsibility of setting an  
example for your brothers.  You can still laugh and  
have a good time with your brothers, but what your  
brothers must never see you doing is balking when you  
are given an order.  ‘Fully compliant’ is a not a  
complicated thing to understand.  It just means that  
if your dad were to tell you now to pick up that scrap  
of paper over there in the corner, you would do it  
without so much as a questioning look, any hesitation,  
any words of annoyance, or any show of irritation.  Do  
you understand that?”  
  
Bradley nodded that he did.  “And Bradley, I have  
already told you many times, nods are not acceptable.   
You need to answer with ‘yes, sir’ and ‘no, sir’.   
Unless, of course, an owner tells you that you don’t  
have to follow such formalities.  Do you understand?”  
  
Bradley answered, “Yes, sir.”  
  
Hal was satisfied.  “Okay, I need to make it very  
clear now that your dad and I are committed to having  
you behave in a fully compliant manner at all times.   
If we see the slightest slacking, we intend to apply  
appropriate and rigorous discipline in a summary  
fashion.  And if we find ourselves having to resort to  
severe discipline more than a few times, then we  
intend to send you to the Vermont Social Services  
State Discipline Camp for Boys, and you will stay  
there until they deem you fully compliant.  Is this  
all clear to you?”  
  
Bradley answered, “Yes, sir.”  
  
“Your dad and I both feel that your dad did the right  
thing in allowing you to be home trained.  You have  
come along very nicely, and your intelligence, I  
believe, is what has led to your early and general  
good behavior.  But now is a time for you to take the  
lead, go up one step higher, and set a shining example  
for your brothers.  You are three beautiful social  
servants, and you all need to be proud of what your  
father has done for you, for what you now are, and the  
positions you will soon find yourselves in.”  
  
The three men sipped their coffee, and Hal continued,  
“Pride is what it’s all about.  You three boys need to  
be proud of the role you play, your appearance, your  
good behavior.  And be proud of the fact that you  
still are wearing your training accessories.  Normally  
your infibulation bars and rings, and your training  
paddles would be coming off now.  But Damian  
Appomattox, Martin’s advisor at the county agency,  
recommended that they stay on all three of you boys  
until your sale is finalized, as an added precaution  
because of your home training.  They’ll provide a  
little additional reinforcement of your status, since  
being trained at home just can’t equal the thorough  
inculcation that county training agencies provide. ”  
  
Martin, somewhat uncomfortable with the rather hard  
line Hal was delivering to Bradley, felt a need to  
interject some good news. “Bradley, I am following Mr.   
Appomattox’s advice, but I want you to know that once  
your sale is confirmed I intend to have all of the  
training restraints removed from you and your  
brothers.”  
  
Bradley jumped up and hugged his father, “Oh Dad,   
thank you!”  Martin patted Bradley on the head, and  
Bradley started rocking his dad gently back and forth.   
“I love you, Dad.”  Martin kissed his son on the  
cheek, “I love you too, son!”  
  
Hal looked at his watch, and said he would leave now  
to collect Alban and Quince.  As he exited, Hal said,  
“Martin, I left that new whip, a modern, compact,  
version of the prison flogger that I recommended you  
start using on Bradley for all of his future  
punishments, in the hallway.  It’s that beautiful,   
new, state of the art, baby I told you about, made  
from silicone polymers, that delivers a most  
persuasive corrective, but with very little danger of  
abrading or breaking the skin.  If you get some time,  
practice using it out in the back yard.”  Martin  
thanked him and said he would practice.  
  
When Hal brought Alban and Quince back home from  
training, it was apparent that they were changed  
individuals.  As Martin, Barbara, Bradley, Flora, and  
Uncle Steven, came to greet them, they stood quietly  
side-by-side, somewhat wide-eyed and always smiling,  
but not offering to say anything unless they were  
questioned.  And although they spoke and answered  
questions with enthusiasm, there was a lack of  
spontaneity in everything they did and said.  It was  
if they were afraid to speak and move without getting  
an okay. And when they did speak and move, they seemed  
eager to get approval for their actions.  
  
And they were both dramatically different in physical  
appearance from the way they looked when the left the  
house just slightly over three weeks ago.  They were  
completely bald; they had rings on both sides of their  
noses; and three rings on the upper ridge of each ear.  
They were fitted with training paddles on each ankle,  
just like Bradley, and had to walk with legs spread  
wide apart.  Unlike Bradley, they each had a four and  
a half inch thick molded plastic donut fitted above  
each elbow.  These were the equivalent of training  
paddles for the arms.  The result was that they could  
never stand in an “at ease” position.  Their arms had  
to hang down stuck out at least four and a half inches  
from their bodies.  And what could not be seen to the  
family members greeting them, although everyone knew  
they were fitted with them, were nipple rings in each  
nipple, and the infibulation bars and rings along with  
the giant hoop rings attached to each boy’s penis.  
  
To Flora they seemed like draft animals. Dumb and  
bald.  Just standing there, not saying anything unless  
someone asked a question.  Not moving without being  
told.  They looked like horses standing there, just  
being asked to do something.   
  
As everyone continued to chat, Martin made his way to  
his office, and ran into Bradley coming from the  
kitchen.  “Bradley, I’m glad you’re here.  I’d like to  
speak to you in private.”  Martin invited Bradley in  
to his office and asked him to sit on the couch with  
him.  
  
Martin crossed his legs and threw his right arm over  
the back of the couch.  Bradley sat next to Martin and  
threw his left arm across the back of the couch.  With  
their arms together, they each lightly grabbed the  
other’s shoulder.  Martin liked the position, it was  
the way friends sat and chatted.  “Bradley, it’s no  
secret to you that I consider you the most mature  
member of the family.  Sometimes even more so than  
myself.”  
  
“Wow, thanks Dad!”  
  
“You don’t have to thank me son; it’s true and you  
know it.  We’re all back together again, just like old  
times, and I’m so happy.  We’ve all come this far.   
What is important now is that this whole arrangement  
works out and is successful for all of us.  And the ones  
who have the most to gain during this period of your  
indenturement are you boys.  If the deal goes through,  
if you remain fully compliant servants who please your  
owners, then your period of service will pay off very  
handsomely for all three of you.”  
  
“Because I look up to you so much, I’m asking for a  
favor from you, a little help.  Since you are the  
oldest it is only natural that you take on a  
leadership and overseer role.  What I want you to do,  
Bradley, is sort of watch out for your brothers and  
report anything to me that you think I need to know.”  
  
Bradley asked what kinds of things Martin was  
referring to.  
  
“If they do anything they shouldn’t do behind your  
mother’s, Flora’s, or my back, if they misbehave.   
Now Bradley, I’m not telling you to be a tattletale.   
No way.  I don’t want you to come running to me if one  
of your brothers decides to tell a joke when you’re  
all in bed at 8:30 after lights are out, or if one of  
them slips and lets out a swear word.  No, I’m not  
asking you to be snitch.  You know I would never ask  
you to do something like that on your own brothers.   
What I am asking is that you report anything that  
could jeopardize this great thing we’ve got going.  If  
you hear them complaining about things that they are  
supposed to do, talking or making jokes about free  
people, or see them break any serious rules.  Things  
like stealing food that’s not on your diets, or doing  
sloppy work, or being sneaky about something.  Because  
it is things like this that will make any potential  
buyer balk.”  
  
“In other words, Bradley, I want you to be, simply,   
their older brother in the way you have always been  
their older brother!  A brother who cares for and  
loves his brothers, and wouldn’t want to see them ever  
come to harm.  What do you say, pal?”  
  
“Sure Dad!”  Bradley beamed at his father’s confidence  
in him.   
  
As Bradley was about to leave, Martin gave him some  
good news.  “Things are going well on the business end  
of things.  Just about an hour ago I spoke to you and  
your brothers’ probable new owners.  Their  
representative is coming out at the end of the week to  
do an in-person visual inspection, and if all goes  
well, the deal will be closed, and we’ll be able to  
take you boys in to Social Services and have those  
hobbles and rings removed sooner than expected!  How  
does that sound to you, son?”  
  
Bradley was thrilled, “It sounds great, Dad.  Really  
great!  I can hardly wait.”  
  
Martin followed Bradley out of his office, and noticed  
he walked with more spring in his step on leaving his  
office than he did when he entered it.  Bradley went  
back into the living room to join the family, and  
Martin made his way to the kitchen to pour himself a  
single malt scotch whiskey.  As he approached the  
kitchen he saw Quince downing a glass of milk,  
something that he always liked, but which was now not  
to be on his diet according to the dietary  
recommendations provided by Social Services.  Quince  
doubtless hadn’t had a glass of milk in over three  
weeks.  It was a spankable offense, and Martin was of  
a mind to make a public example out of Quince for the  
benefit of his brothers.  But for now Martin had other  
business he wanted to take care of.    
  
When Martin called Quince’s name out in greeting, a  
startled Quince jumped and exclaimed, “Dad!”  Martin  
walked up to Quince and put his hand on his shoulder,  
and, nodding his head in admonishment, spoke quietly,  
“Quince, son.  Is this the way we’re going to start  
things out?”  Quince felt terrible, and his eyes  
teared in embarrassment and shame as he spoke, “Dad.   
I’m so sorry.  I’m not like this.  I don’t want to be  
like this.”  
  
Martin answered, “I know son.  I know.”  Martin kept  
his hand on Quince’s shoulder, and Quince looked like  
he would start crying at any moment.  Martin asked  
quietly, “Why don’t you come along with me into my  
office, son.”  
  
Quince looked like the classic defeated servant  
walking to his punishment as he made his way to  
Martin’s office.  Quince entered the office, but  
Martin stopped outside of his office to adjust some  
picture frames in the hallway that were off center.   
When Martin finally entered his office, he closed the  
door behind him, and noticed that Quince had already  
removed his jumpsuit, and was standing naked with his  
head bowed down.  Martin was surprised, “Quince, what  
are you doing?”  
  
“I thought you wanted me to prepare myself for the  
punishment I deserve, Dad.”  
  
Martin smiled, “Come over here, you big, adorable,  
oaf!”  As Quince walked to his dad with his legs  
spread wide, Martin admired his largest cocked son’s  
physique.  The giant hoop ring dangling from his big  
cock swung freely as Quince waddled over to his dad.   
Martin liked very much the social servant his  
second-oldest son had become: bald headed, bald  
crotched, buff, and brawny.  And apparently totally  
compliant!  What a combination!  When Quince reached  
his dad, Martin hugged him, told him he had no  
intention of punishing him, and invited him to sit  
down on the couch with him.  
  
When they were seated, Martin put his arm around  
Quince.  His naked son smelled of the common but  
pleasant social servant soap that had been for years  
the signature scent of servants.  It was a  
slave/servant soap used in most slave/servant  
processing, training, and auction houses throughout  
the country.  Its main appeal was in its light scent  
of clover and sage, and the soap was now the fashion  
rage of free youth throughout the United States and  
South America.  
  
“Quince, you’re the most manly of my boys.  You are  
strong and unflinching.  You went through training as  
only a real man could.  You’re virile, sure of  
yourself, and good looking.  Not many guys look as  
good as you do when they are completely head shaved,  
but you look wonderful.”  Quince did a shy smile such  
as a complimented child would do.  Martin rubbed his  
bald head, “And speaking of that, I don’t know what  
Hal told you so far, but starting now you and Alban  
are no longer to shave your heads.  Keep shaving  
everything else, but not your heads.  Your probable  
new owner wants you to have long hair, which will be  
luxuriously styled.”  
  
“Wow, that sounds great Dad!”  
  
“It is Quince.  I think you are going to be very happy  
with where you will be serving.  I can’t tell you too  
much right now, but in a few days I should be able to  
confirm things.”    
  
“Quince, because you are so strong in so many ways, I  
want to enlist your help in a special way.  
I need you to help me to help your brothers be all  
that they can be.  I need you to keep your eyes and  
ears open and report to me if you think your brothers  
are having any problems.”  
  
“What kind of problems, Dad?”  
  
“Problems with following any of the protocols of  
service, problems with behavior, attitude, and so on.”  
  
“You want me to rat on them, Dad?”  
  
“Oh gosh no!  Good heavens, Quince!  No, not at all.   
What I’m talking about basically, is if you see them  
doing things that you and I know will make them  
unhappy.  This is to help them, after all.  You know  
how I just saw you drinking milk, and how unhappy and  
bad you felt?  Well, that is the kind of pain and  
unhappiness we want to keep them from.  I so much want  
all of you boys to be happy.  Completely so.  You are  
the most advanced in your training, in terms of  
understanding fully what it means to be a social  
servant, and that’s why I need your aid in helping  
your brothers get to where you are now.  Do you  
understand?”  
  
“Yes, Dad, I think so.”  
  
Martin squeezed Quince tightly, “Now this is just  
between you and me, Okay?  It’s our little secret!  
  
Quince smiled and looked at his father, “You got it,   
Dad!”  
  
As Quince got up to get dressed Martin admired his  
large and fat penis.  If Martin ever had doubts about  
placing his boys in social service, seeing Quince so  
compliant confirmed once and for all that he had done  
the right thing.  Quince, as an egotistical, macho,  
stud, free boy, would have been the most likely of all  
of Martin’s sons to get in to some kind of trouble.   
Martin raised three wonderful, generally obedient,  
respectful of parents, sons.  He was already a success  
as a parent.  But now with his sons in social service,  
it was guaranteed that they would stay that way,  
obedient and respectful, for almost six more years.   
There was no longer any danger of any one of the boys  
getting into trouble with girls, money, or the law.  
  
As Quince stooped over to button up the leg buttons on  
his jumpsuit, Martin admired his butt, the largest,   
firmest, and perkiest, of all of the Forestman’s:   
bigger than Alban’s, Bradley’s, Jason’s, Steven’s, and  
his own.  
  
Anyone wishing to purchase a social servant under the  
age of 19 in Vermont has to meet the exact same rigid  
qualifications as are necessary for the adoption of an  
underage child.  Little Timothy Witherspoon was loved  
and doted upon by his owners, Harriet and Roger  
Patton, as if he were their own son.  The only  
difference being that little Timothy has to do a lot  
more chores around the house than any child of the  
Patton’s, if they had a child, would ever be made to  
do.  It’s standard, and not inhumane.  Male children  
in the United States typically are required to keep  
their rooms clean, do the dishes at least once a day,  
and help keep the yard in shape.  Little Timothy  
Witherspoon is responsible for keeping every room in  
the Patton house clean and in tiptop order, is  
responsible for the total upkeep of the yard, and  
washes every dish, pot, and article of clothing, ever  
dirtied in the house.  Of course, little Timothy,   
being a social servant, has more time on his hands  
than free children because he gets his education at  
home with the Patton’s through the Vermont Social  
Servants Home Education Program.   
  
Not only do the Patton’s get free housekeeping with  
their purchase of Timothy, they also have in Timothy  
one of the best investments possible.  The Patton’s  
purchased little Timothy one year ago, at the age of  
14.  Timothy, indentured because of a broken home  
situation complicated by legal disputes between the  
parents, cost the Patton’s $225,000.  The Patton’s  
decided that Timothy would be right for them because  
they wanted a child in the family or sort of a  
child.  What they really wanted was someone to dote  
on.  But they realized that Timothy, being good  
looking, could be sold for a bundle around the age of  
19 or 20 if they kept him fit and healthy and if they  
were able to do the necessary legal maneuvering to  
guarantee that they had the authority to keep him  
indentured past the age of 21. Mr. Patton, being a  
lawyer, felt that that part would not be a problem for  
him.  The going rate for prime servants in that age  
range in Vermont is from $325,000 to $580,000.  Given  
expected improved market conditions, and given that  
what sold in Vermont for $325,000 could easily go for  
twice that on the East and West Coasts, the Patton’s  
are expecting to make a very handsome profit from the  
eventual sale of Timothy.  That is assuming they will  
have gotten over their need to dote on Timothy by the  
time he becomes a young man.   
      
When Timothy told his parents that a Flora Forestman,  
a free girl, wanted to be his friend and attend the  
Obeyers’ Ball with him, they were delighted.  Mrs.  
Patton called Martin Forestman, and finding out he had  
three indentured sons, was all the more happy to have  
Timothy be friends with her.  Flora would understand  
servants better than those who have no contact with  
them, and would not be tempted to make fun of them or  
Timothy in any way.  The parents of Flora and Timothy  
arranged a mutual visit at the Forestman’s so everyone  
could meet.   
  
Martin asked Flora to accompany him to “Service  
Issues”, a store that sells social servant clothing  
and supplies.  As they drove, Martin explained,  
“You’re a girl, and you have that special fashion  
sense that only girls have.  You know what will look  
good on your brothers.”  
  
Little Flora asked Martin what he needed, “The boys  
will be having their training hobbles removed in a few  
days, and so they will no longer need those  
button-down-the-sides jumpsuits.  I just thought it  
would be fun to have you pick out their uniforms.”  
  
Flora was pleased to hear that.  Martin smiled at her,  
“Your mother and I are so proud of you making contact  
with that Timothy Witherspoon.  It shows us that you  
have really gotten into the issue of social servants,  
and care about them.  That’s really special, honey!   
Your mother and I can hardly wait to meet him and his  
parents.  You have had several phone conversations  
with him now, what can you tell me about him?”  
  
“He’s kind of shy.  But I think he likes me.  I did  
ask him what kind of clothes he wears, if he wore  
normal free boy clothes, but he said he did not.   
Daddy, why do servants not wear regular clothes?”  
  
“It’s important that servants wear uniforms to help  
remind themselves and others of who and what they are.  
It highlights their very special status.  They are so  
special to us and that is why we want them to stand  
out and look special!  Did Timothy tell you what kind  
of uniform he wears?”  
  
“When his parents take him on outings they dress him  
in uniform that is like the black and white striped  
uniform prisoners wear, only his uniform is light  
green and the stripes are dark green.  I asked him if  
it embarrassed him getting dressed up like that, but  
he said ‘no’, and that he liked that it drew attention  
to him.  And around the house the Patton’s make him  
wear a full-length smock, one that reaches to his  
ankles.  He says it is very comfortable on him, and  
makes it easy for him to go to the bathroom, and that  
the Patton’s jokingly tell him they like it because it  
makes it easy for them to roll it up and spank him.”  
  
Martin smiled, touched at his daughter’s reaching out  
to a lowly servant boy.  “Flora dear, it’s that kind  
of care and initiative that lets me know just how  
mature you are for your age and makes me want to ask  
for your special help.”  Flora was curious.    
  
“We are all so pleased with your brothers and the  
progress they have made in training.  Your mother and  
I want to make certain that they stay on track, but we  
can only see and hear so much.  You will be spending a  
lot more time around them, and that is why I need you  
to tell me if you see them misbehave in any way.”   
Flora gave a nod of consent which concealed her inner  
thrill at the request.  “Now I don’t want you to come  
running to me with little stuff.  What I want you to  
tell me are the really important things; like if you  
see them not walking proud the way a servant should,   
or if you see one of them pass by some litter on the  
floor without picking it up, or eating snacks, and so  
on.  We want your brothers to be happy, and they won’t  
be happy if they do things behind our backs that they  
should not be doing.”  
  
As they pulled into the ‘Service Issues’ parking lot,  
Flora said she would be happy to help her brothers in  
any way that she could.  “Now, sweetie,” smiled Mr.  
Forestman, “this is our little secret.  Okay?”  When  
Flora answered, “Of course!” Martin knew he had a  
little helpmate he could fully trust.  
  
Martin was very pleased with the uniforms Flora had  
picked out for her brothers, and when they arrived  
home with all the packages, Martin told his curious  
wife and three sons that he was not going to show them  
the uniforms now, but that he wanted to surprise them  
when their hobbles and rings were removed.  Flora,   
standing next to her father, was smiling broadly.   
  
The following afternoon Bradley was dusting in the  
family study, a room just off from the main living  
room, when he heard the printer whirl to life.  All of  
the household computers were connected to the one  
printer in the family study.  Bradley was curious and  
normally would have pulled the sheets off the printer  
to see what was being printed.  
  
But he hesitated, because he recalled the time when  
his father was employing Jason as his trainer.  One  
day Martin, Steven, and Jason walked into the dining  
room and caught Bradley reading a letter to Barbara  
from her sister, Karen, that was laying on the dinner  
table.  
  
When Bradley’s father asked him why he was reading his  
mother’s mail, he replied that he was not snooping or  
anything, but because it was just sitting there he  
figured it would be okay to read it.  
Martin told him that he did not believe he was guilty  
of snooping, but that one thing a social servant  
cannot be allowed to give in to is ‘idle curiosity’.   
His father said a spanking was in order and needed to  
drive home the lesson, and he had Jason give Bradley a  
spanking on the spot. The memory of that spanking,  
how Jason smiled as he unbuttoned Bradley’s fatigues  
and pulled him over his lap, and how his father and  
his Uncle Steven stood with folded arms watching him  
get it, still made Bradley blush in shame.   
  
That spanking gave Bradley pause to consider whether  
or not he should give in to idle curiosity, but it was  
not enough training incentive to actually bar him from  
giving in.  He did a cautionary check out into the  
living room, saw no one, and went to the printer and  
took the three sheets that were in the output tray.   
He was very surprised at what he saw.  They were  
obviously printouts from the county’s Social Services  
website of photos taken of Jason during processing,  
and which were provided on the website for prospective  
buyers.  In all of the photos Jason was nude and  
freshly shaved.  One photo was a full-length side  
view, one was a full-length rear view, and one was a  
frontal view with Jason’s penis fully erected and  
standing tall, his legs spread wide, and his hands  
clasped behind his head, revealing his freshly shaved  
arm pits.  Bradley remembered that pose.  
  
Bradley put the printouts back in the tray and resumed  
dusting.  As he dusted his way out into the living  
room he thought of his cousin Jason.  He recalled  
Jason’s declaration of love to him, of Jason’s risking  
himself in order to unlock his infibulation bar and  
ring.  He also thought of Jason as his trainer, and  
the pain of those days.  But reflecting on the photos,   
what was foremost in Bradley’s mind was the hope that  
Jason was Okay; that he would be able to adjust and  
find peace in his new life.   
  
A few minutes later, as Bradley was finishing dusting  
the living room bookshelves, Flora entered the living  
room.  “Hi Bradley, how are you?”  
  
“Hi Flora.  I’m Okay, thanks.  Dad wants me to put new  
catcher bowls under the large houseplants.  He said  
you would help me.”  
  
“Sure Bradley!  I’m just finishing up doing some  
homework. I’ll be with you in just a few minutes.”   
Flora entered the family study.  Bradley dusted one  
more time a shelf he had already dusted, pretending to  
be unmindful of what Flora was doing.  A few seconds  
later little Flora hurriedly exited the family study  
with the printouts rolled up like a diploma.  
  
When Flora was out of sight, Bradley went back to the  
printer in the family room, and pushed the ‘reprint’  
button.  
  
When Martin took Alban aside and asked him for his  
help in keeping an eye out on his brothers, and for  
him to report to him in private on any of their  
misdeeds, Alban was not only happy to do so, but told  
his father that he had already intended to report to  
him if he ever saw his brothers misbehaving.  Martin  
told Alban that of all his sons, he was the one who  
had accepted social servitude the most completely and  
whole-heartedly.  
  
As Martin hugged his youngest son he realized,  
finally, that the reason his penis was always  
burgeoning whenever he hugged his sons since they  
became social servants was because of the outright  
fatherly pride he took in them.  As he hugged Alban  
and rubbed his back Martin delighted in knowing he had  
fathered three such wonderful sons, three sons who  
would now be doing whatever they were told to do for  
the next five years and eight months.  Having an  
obedient, obeying, son in your arms was a feeling like  
none other.  As Martin held Alban a tear of pride and  
gratitude came to his eye.  
  
Alban was beginning to accept his role.  He was a real  
social servant now, not an actor merely playing one,  
like Joshua Florez who plays Binky in the popular  
‘That’s My Binky!’ television series.  Alban was a  
real social servant getting a real hug of approval  
from his father.  
  
And Alban considered himself to be better looking than  
Joshua Florez.  The television series had made Joshua  
Florez one of the most popular television stars of all  
time, especially with women.  Every teen age girl in  
the country dreamed of having her own little  
cute-as-a-bug servant like Binky, who would; serve as  
her best friend and confidante; be someone she could  
help mold into being a good servant; perform every  
task he was asked with an eager-to-please smile; and  
occasionally have to have his pants rolled down in  
back and be offered loving corrective in the form of a  
spanking, and afterwards be given a big hug of loving  
affirmation.  If girls and women of all ages had a  
crush on the popular television idol, then how much  
more so would they be excited by the presence of  
Alban, who was not only cuter than Joshua Florez, but  
who was in fact a ‘REAL’ social servant, not some actor  
merely playing one!  Alban was using Binky as his  
model. Like Binky, Alban was cute and clever; he could  
be mischievous; and he was lovable.  Everyone would  
want to own Alban!  
  
As his father hugged him, Alban was basking in the  
glow of his new persona.  He was ready to serve and be  
cute while doing so, just like Binky!  Alban thought  
of the line, ‘You better behave yourself, Binky,  
because I have my eye on you’, which had become one of  
the most popular buzz phrases from the series in the  
popular culture, and Alban was now wishing someone  
would use that line on him.  Like any social servant,  
Alban wanted to be so loved that someone would care to  
watch out for him and guide him 24 hours a day.