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.