Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTY**  
  
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](mailto:randallaustin2011@hotmail.com)

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

The morning wakeup, bathing, and inspection ritual for  
Martin Forestman’s three social servant sons was one  
that evolved rather naturally, despite it having the  
appearance of being a somewhat formal and regimented  
ceremony.  Martin had originally planned on having his  
wife and daughter assist with the evening diapering  
and lockdown of the boys, and with the morning  
unlocking and supervision of the boys’ bathing.  But  
when it was actually time for the boys to go to bed on  
their first evening back home from their three weeks  
in training, Martin’s natural fatherly instincts, to  
preserve the boys’ modesty, and his own prudery (women  
shouldn’t see men naked), kicked in.  He ended up  
doing it all himself.    
  
Everyone, especially the boys, liked it.  Only Flora  
was disappointed.  Martin had the three boys get into  
bed, and used the time he spent diapering and chaining  
them down to engage in some real, spontaneous, and  
genuinely pleasant, conversation with his sons.  
  
In the morning, Martin was usually up by 7 AM.  But he  
liked to be alone in that early hour.  Usually around  
8, when his wife and daughter were coming down to  
prepare breakfast, Martin would then go into the boys  
room and close the door behind him.  One or two of his  
sons would usually be awake and quietly chatting.  As  
Martin unlocked and unchained each boy the  
conversation was, again, most often good-natured and  
enjoyable.   
  
In following the training recommendations set out by  
Social Services, Martin tried to maintain some  
regimentation in the morning ritual.  After being  
unlocked from their beds all three boys had to go  
together into the large bathroom on the main floor.   
He insisted that they keep their diapers on for the  
trip to the bathroom so that the boys’ mother and  
sister couldn’t see ‘anything’.  All three of the boys  
had to stay in the bathroom until they were all  
finished showering, shaving, and grooming.  Oftentimes  
Martin would enter the bathroom as the boys were  
showering and grooming to see how things were going.   
But what Martin was actually doing, again, was trying  
to follow state training guidelines on the matter,   
which emphasized the importance of having an  
overseer’s presence during servants’ personal moments  
as often as possible.    
  
When the boys were finished with their bathroom  
business, they then had to make their way back to  
their bedroom, remove the towels from about their  
waists, and stand in front of their beds at attention  
until Martin made it back to their bedroom to do the  
morning inspection.  Flora was always hovering outside  
their bedroom door at this point, pretending to be  
tidying this or that up out in the hallway.  Martin  
was beginning to suspect the reason for her daily  
presence in the area, so he always entered the boys’  
bedroom and closed the door behind him in one quick  
move.  
  
To Quince and Alban the inspections were as natural as  
pie; and to Bradley they were a continuing learning  
experience.  By observing how his brothers almost  
seemed to be happy standing at attention as their dad  
stood in the room looking at all of them, Bradley  
began to accept more and more that he should be like  
Quince and Alban, and stop thinking that being  
inspected in such a way was anything weird.  But being  
nude in front of others remained a never totally  
comfortable experience for Bradley.  
  
To Martin, morning inspections were just a happy time.  
He loved his sons genuinely.  They were good boys.   
Now they were good boys who had to submit to his  
inspection.  They had to accept his control.  He was  
happy having such state sanctioned control over his  
sons.  And the fact that at such times the  
conversations between father and social servants  
managed to be good-natured made the ritual eventually  
seem like a good thing, a right thing.    
  
When Martin would leave the bedroom, the boys would  
get dressed.  Having to be naked around each other had a  
bonding effect on the brothers.  Inhibitions broke  
down, and the brothers found themselves discussing  
things with each other in ways that that they never  
would have dreamed of as free boys: body matters,   
emotional matters, and sexual matters.  Neither Bradley  
nor Alban, however, shared the fact that they enjoyed  
seeing each other naked.  Nor did Quince share the  
fact that in training he had come to enjoy the idea of  
being seen naked by other people.  He wondered if he  
was an exhibitionist.   
  
Once the boys were dressed, the first thing they did  
each morning was to go into the kitchen and read their  
daily schedule and chore list, which Martin always  
made up for them early in the morning as he drank his  
coffee.  
  
Checking the schedule for the day, Bradley realized  
that today was the day his father had signed him up to  
be a volunteer for the evening meeting of the St.   
Paul’s Young Handler’s Club.  
  
The boys also saw that they had to have all of their  
chores done today by 3 in the afternoon, because the  
Patton’s were coming to visit, and bringing with them  
their social servant Timothy Witherspoon so that he  
and Flora could get acquainted.  
  
Bradley didn’t like the fact that his father was now  
adding slogans to the daily chore list, along with  
clip art images of smiling social servants.  Today’s  
chore list was headed with a bold print, ‘There’s  
nothing degrading about obeying!’, and at the bottom  
of the chore list was a service tip, ‘If you find  
yourself hesitating for any reason when given a  
service order, it’s probably time for you to review  
the Social Servant’s Principles of Personal  
Empowerment’.   
  
Bradley felt like a prisoner when he read such things.  
He didn’t know why.  He figured that the reason that  
Alban and Quince did not make any faces of disgust  
when they read such directives was because of their  
training.  Bradley never really wanted to discuss with  
his brothers the training they had received with the  
county.  It was as if he feared what he would hear.   
But Bradley knew enough not to voice or show any  
annoyance with anything that had to do with his duty  
as a servant.   
Therefore, as he read the daily chore list along with  
his brothers, he managed to stifle all the hints of  
anger, frustration, disgust, and contempt, for his lot  
which his body yearned to emit.  
  
As the Forestman family gathered in the living room to  
await the arrival of the Patton’s, Martin put his arm  
around Barbara, “Dear, just look at our sons!  Have I  
thanked you lately for giving us three such wonderful  
sons?”  He pecked Barbara on the cheek, and addressed  
everyone, “We have a great family.  I hope you all  
realize how lucky we are.  We have each other; we have  
a nice house, and all the clothing, food, and things  
we could ever want.  And thanks to the sacrifices  
Alban, Quince, and Bradley, are making for all of us;   
we can only expect more of the same good fortune.  I  
just want to thank you boys again, for what you are  
doing for each other, Flora, your mother, and for me.”  
  
The boys thanked their dad for his words, and smiled  
and felt good inside at their father’s appreciation of  
their servitude.  When his father talked in such a  
way, Bradley always felt guilty for the moments of  
doubt, frustration, and anger, he felt over his  
indenturement.  And the thought of being around social  
servants other than his brothers always helped Bradley  
feel better about his condition.  He was looking  
forward to meeting Timothy Witherspoon.  Any reminder  
that there were hundreds, thousands, of social  
servants just like him throughout the state always  
made Bradley feel better.  He did not know why.  But  
the fact that there were others just like him,   
frustrated, unhappy, yet trying to accept their lot  
and be good servants, inspired Bradley and gave him  
hope.  
  
When the doorbell rang, Martin gave his wife a  
squeeze, made a gesture at his sons to stand tall, and  
straightened his tie.    
  
The Patton’s were an attractive, well dressed,   
well-mannered, and literate, couple in their late  
thirties.  15 year-old Timothy Witherspoon, their  
social servant, was a cutie.  Too cute for Alban, who  
immediately took on a dislike of him and his uniform  
of light green with dark green horizontal stripes and  
matching pillbox hat.  And Alban was especially  
annoyed that his mother immediately started  
complimenting the Patton’s on how cute their little  
servant was.  
  
Flora was enchanted, and found herself attracted to  
Timothy’s charming appearance and shy demeanor.  Once  
the initial introductions were over, Flora and Timothy  
went into the kitchen where Flora prepared tea for her  
new friend and herself.  Mr. Forestman signaled to his  
three jump-suited and training-paddled sons to remain  
in the living room and visit with the Patton’s.  When  
everyone was seated Mr. Patton complimented Martin on  
his three handsome social servant sons.    
  
Martin was pleased with the compliment, “They’re good  
boys.  I am so proud of them.”  
  
Mr. Patton said that it appeared that Martin had a  
right to be proud of them, “I take it, then, that your  
boys are obeyers?”    
  
“Oh definitely!  I’ve had no problems with them  
whatsoever!”  The term ‘obeyer’ is intended to be  
complimentary to social servants.  It was a term that  
filled Bradley with shame.  Mr. Patton asked Martin  
why his oldest son was blushing.  Martin explained  
that Bradley was shy and always had a hard time taking  
compliments.  
  
Mr. Patton wanted to offer affirmation. “Bradley,  
stand up!”  Bradley did so.  “Now stand nice and tall  
with your hands at your sides!”  Bradley straightened.  
“Boy, you are a beautiful servant.  You need to be  
proud of yourself!  There’s nothing to be ashamed  
about in being in service to others.  Nothing to be  
ashamed about having to hop to a command.  Nothing to  
be ashamed about doing what you’re told.  Nothing to  
be ashamed about following orders to a ‘T’.  Nothing  
to be ashamed about being patted on the back for being  
a quick-stepper.  Nothing to be ashamed about having  
to take the spanks and paddles it takes to get molded  
into shape.  Nothing to be ashamed about submitting  
totally to your owners or overseers.  Now give me a  
nice a big smile, son!”  
  
Bradley gave Mr. Patton a nice big smile.  “See, life  
isn’t so bad after all!”  
  
Sudden raucous laughter broke out from the kitchen,  
and Mrs. Patton spoke out loud, “Timothy Witherspoon!   
Such a disturbance!  Would you like it if mommy had to  
open up your spankers and give you a paddling right  
here in front of your new friend?”  Little Timothy  
mumbled an apology and a promise to behave.  
  
“That little tyke!  That’s why we have this!”  Mr.  
Patton held up an item that looked like a TV/DVD  
remote control.  Martin asked what it was.  “It’s a  
home version of the servant electro-control.  If I  
just push this button little Timothy gets a gentle  
reminder to behave.”  Mr. Patton pulled out some thin  
plastic strips and showed them to the Forestman’s.  
“Just take one of these plastic strips, and wrap it  
around any part of a servant’s body; arms, legs,  
neck, genitals, wherever.  Snap lock it on, and  
that’s the part that will receive the electric shock  
when you push this button.  And of course it’s all low  
voltage and totally safe.  It really is a humane  
thing, because with this device little Timothy can  
just get a little electric buzz for punishment, rather  
than a humiliating spanking.  Adolescent male servants  
find spankings especially humiliating, and Irma and I  
just want to do everything we possibly can to spare  
our little Timothy any indignity.”  Mr. Patton held up  
the remote, “We call this thing the ‘Timothy  
controller’.”  The Patton’s laughed.  Barbara and Martin  
smiled.  
  
There was some more raucous laughter.  Mr. Patton  
shouted, “Timothy, do you want to get buzzed?  I got  
my hand on the remote right now.”  Timothy shouted  
back, “No daddy, I’m sorry.  I’ll be good.”  Mr.  
Patton set the remote down, and asked, “Isn’t he a  
cutie?”  
  
Mr. Patton called for Timothy and Flora to come into  
the living room because he wanted Timothy to show  
everyone his tattoo.  Timothy stood in the middle of  
the room and dutifully unbuttoned his green striped  
cotton slacks.  He rolled down the front of his slacks  
to expose the area below his belly button and above  
his pubes, and lifted his shirt out of the way.   
Tattooed three inches below Timothy’s belly button  
was, “I love Jim and Irma Patton”.  Mr. Patton ordered  
Timothy to turn around the room so everyone could see  
it.  Barbara was delighted, “That is soooo adorable!   
Honey, shouldn’t we have something done like that to  
our boys.”    
  
Martin scoffed at the idea by saying they didn’t know  
for sure who would eventually own them.  Barbara  
explained, “I mean something more generic, like ‘I  
love my owners’ or something like that.”    
  
Martin was surprised at Barbara’s taking any kind of  
initiative since their sons were indentured, “Well  
honey, since you feel so strongly about it I think it  
is something we should consider!”    
  
Irma reached into her purse and told everyone she had  
something for them.  She took out an envelope  
containing 4 by 5-inch snapshots of Timothy and went  
about the room handing them out, “These are little  
Timothy’s latest photos!”  They were typical glossy  
studio shots of a smiling Timothy standing up straight  
with his arms folded and slightly off to the side  
resting on top of a bureau he was standing next to.   
The only thing unusual about the shots, to the  
Forestman’s, was that little Timothy was completely  
nude.  “Cadman’s Portrait Studio was having a special  
last month on servant portraits, so we went and had  
Timothy’s annual photo shoot done a little earlier  
this year.”  
  
Alban was heard to murmur, “He doesn’t have any  
clothes on” to Quince, and Mr. Patton explained.  
“Servant portrait photos are always done in the nude,  
just like baby photos.  It’s really the norm.  You  
folks should start having photos of your boys taken.   
Most studios offer special servant rates, especially  
if you sign up for 10 years in advance.  That way they  
do your annual photo shoot every year for 10 years at  
a fraction of what it would normally cost.  You’ll  
find that if you circulate and exchange your servants’  
photos with other owners, that come the time you want  
to unload your servant for something fresher, you will  
have a good-size pool of folks already interested in  
what you’re selling.”   
  
Barbara said, tentatively, that such a deal wouldn’t  
offer them an especially large savings, since their  
boys were only going to be in service for six years.   
Mr. Patton commented, “Well, one can never really be  
certain about that sort of thing, can one?  I mean,  
here in Vermont a lot of servants voluntarily stay  
on.”  
  
Mr. Forestman didn’t really want to talk about the  
matter, but he felt a need to since his sons were  
present. “The folks who choose to stay on are often  
those folks who find themselves freed when they are in  
their later years, when there aren’t too many job  
options open to them, and who probably don’t have any  
family members or relatives still alive.”  
  
Mr. Patton continued as if he did not hear what Martin  
had just said. “And if market conditions are right,  
one would be very foolish to sign release orders  
without thoroughly checking out one’s investment  
options.”  Barbara and Irma nodded in agreement.   
  
Mr. Patton took the pause to shift gears, “I think it  
is just great that you went and had your boys  
indentured.  I really applaud that.  More people  
should do that.  There are too many people on the  
planet.  If folks aren’t going to practice birth  
control, then the least they can do is offer their  
children up to social services.”      
  
Martin was annoyed with Mr. Patton, and was relieved  
when Mr. Patton pulled out a digital camera and told  
the servants to line up for a photograph.  Everyone  
stood up and Mr. Patton directed the Forestman boys to  
stand side by side, and for little Timothy to scoot in  
front of them.  Timothy, apparently used to being  
bandied about, appeared none the worse for wear as he  
mugged at the camera.  Irma chided, “Timothy, don’t be  
so silly.  Act like a grown up for the snapshot.”   
Timothy struck a mock serious businessman pose, and  
everyone laughed, except Alban.  Timothy’s antics  
released the tension in the air, and everyone was  
feeling better.  Mr. Patton went up and hugged Timothy  
tenderly, and told him he loved him.  Bradley thought  
it was rather strange, at first, that Mr. Patton would  
at one moment treat Timothy like he was a pet dog, and  
the next moment hug him like a beloved son.  But as he  
reflected on it he realized that was very much the  
same way he was treated by his dad, his uncle Steven,  
and Hal.   
  
Flora and Timothy were allowed more time out in the  
back yard.  Flora told Timothy it was the yard where  
much of her brother Bradley’s training took place.   
Timothy told Flora she had nice brothers, and Flora  
thanked him and told him she agreed with him.  
  
When eventually Mr. Patton suggested to his wife that  
it was time for them to leave, Mrs. Patton offered,  
“We can’t leave without the Forestman’s seeing Timothy  
do his frog dance!  It’s adorable!  Timothy, come on  
and let the Forestman’s see you do your frog dance!”  
  
Timothy, smiling and eager, squatted on his haunches,  
frog like, and started doing a sort of hip hop frog  
type dance on his haunches as he made 'rrriiivet' type  
frog sounds.  The Patton’s beamed in delight, the  
Forestman’s smiled, and Alban laughed out loud.   
Everyone applauded when it was over.  Barbara spoke to  
Martin over the din, “Honey, we should have our boys  
perform for guests, too.”  Martin was glad no one else  
could hear what his wife had just said.  
  
When the guests left Martin and Barbara told Flora  
that she had made a very nice new friend.  Flora  
agreed, went up to her room, closed the door, and went  
over little Timothy’s studio portrait photograph with  
a magnifying glass.