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

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.