Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTY-ONE**  
  
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As Martin drove Bradley to St. Paul’s High School he  
explained some things about the Young Handler’s Club.  
“I understand you’ll be given very special treatment  
by the high school students enrolled in the Young  
Handler’s Club.  Anyone wishing to get a job with a  
business that utilizes social servants has to have a  
State of Vermont Social Services Handler’s Permit.   
The whole idea behind such clubs is to foster both  
proper respect for and treatment of social servants in  
young people.  It was so nice of you to agree to do  
this.”  
  
Bradley had never really agreed to anything.  His  
father told him several days ago that St. Paul’s High  
School had called him and asked if he would be willing  
to let the class use Bradley as a volunteer.  Martin  
agreed and told Bradley he would be volunteering.  
  
When they pulled up in front of the high school two  
senior students were out in front waiting.  Martin  
rolled down the window and the two students introduced  
themselves. “Hello Mr. Forestman, I’m Jay Turner and  
this is Rasby Phillips.  I spoke with you on the  
phone.  We’re the club moderators and we’re both state  
certified handlers.  Bradley will be safe with us.”   
The two students showed Martin their handler’s  
certificates, and invited Bradley to step out of the  
car.  As Rasby handcuffed one of his wrists to one of  
Bradley’s, Jay spoke, “The class will be out in two  
hours, around 9 PM.  If you’re a little late getting  
back here to pick him up, don’t worry.  We’ll keep  
Bradley safely secured until you get here.”  
  
They thanked Mr. Forestman and led Bradley into the  
school.  Martin watched the boys enter the school,  
dialed his brother Steven on his cell phone, and  
started the drive home. “Steven, its Martin…  
Yeah, I missed you too.  Thanks!  Listen, I need your  
help.  My boys, all three of ‘em, need some  
discipline, and I’m wondering if you could come out  
some time the day after tomorrow and help me; give me  
a little support.  I really feel comfortable punishing  
them now.  Hal has taught me how to deliver a  
reformatory style strapping, and he’s also been  
teaching me how to use the prison flogger.  But I  
guess I just want my older brother around.  I don’t  
know if I really need your support, or if I just want  
to show you that I really can deliver some proper  
discipline to my boys.  I guess I want you to see me  
and be proud of me; of the progress I’ve made.  It’s  
strange, but I think I just need your approval.”   
Martin laughed nervously, and was relieved when Steven  
told him he was honored that his younger brother cared  
what he thought.  
  
Martin told Steven what the boys were being punished  
for, and Steven asked how Martin found out about their  
transgressions.  “Not only did all three of the boys  
come and report to me on their siblings’ misdeeds, but  
even little Flora came to me with an incident report.   
I’m just so proud of all of them; how they want to  
help each other out and ensure that they all become  
proper behaving servants.”  
  
The St. Paul’s Young Handler’s Club met every Tuesday  
evening throughout the school year, and was open to  
all high school students, from freshmen through  
seniors.  The class Bradley was a volunteer for  
displayed the demographic makeup typical of such high  
school clubs: 60 students, 20% female, 20% from the  
ranks of freshmen and sophomore, 20% junior, and 60%  
senior classmen.  In attendance, sitting off to the  
side, was Father Peter Lucarelli, the school’s social  
studies director, lead instructor for the Young  
Handler’s Club, and chief overseer of the rectory’s  
and parish’s social servants.  
  
It is important that people get exposed to, at as  
early an age as possible, social servants.  Being  
proficient in the handling and control of social  
servants is just as important a requirement in the  
modern business environment as is typing and knowledge  
of basic office software.  To compete in the market  
place people need to have all the basic skills in the  
supervision, handling, controlling, and disciplining,  
of social servants.  Thus such clubs rapidly sprung up  
in high schools throughout the country.  The 2003  
National Students’ Young Handler’s Clubs National  
Conference and Convention held in Dallas had the  
largest attendance of any such student conference in  
the nation’s history.  
  
Members of the community typically volunteer their  
servants for use as models during the meetings of  
Young Handler’s Clubs.  It is the hands-on experience  
that makes the clubs so valuable for the students.  
  
When the students were finally assembled and had taken  
their seats, Jay and Rasby walked to the head of the  
class, with Bradley handcuffed to Rasby.  As Rasby  
uncuffed Bradley and himself, Jay addressed the class.  
“Hi everyone!  Today we are privileged to have with us  
Bradley Forestman.”  Bradley was startled when the  
entire class shouted out, in pretty close to unison,  
“Good evening, Bradley.  How are you?”  Bradley,  
surprised, smiled and told the class he was fine, and  
thanked them.  Jay continued, “Bradley is 22 years  
old, and has only been out of training for about 5  
days.  So he’s a brand new servant.”  Jay looked at  
Bradley, and in a sincere tone asked, “How are things  
going for you so far?”  
  
“Pretty good, thank you, sir.”  Bradley swallowed,  
somewhat unsure of why he felt intimidated by having  
Jay and Rasby, two high school students, on either  
side of him.  
  
Jay nodded, pleased that Bradley was doing all right.   
“Class, even though Bradley is wearing training  
paddles and rings, he actually has completed his  
training.”  Jay turned towards Bradley, “I understand  
they are coming off in a few days.  I bet you’re glad  
about that.”  When Bradley answered, “I sure am!”,  
the entire class laughed.    
  
Jay was pleased, “Actually, that’s pretty good news  
for us, as well, because it will give the entire class  
a chance to see just how the paddles and rings work.   
Since we only get servants who have completed their  
social service training as volunteers here, we never  
get to see servants kitted out in their training gear.  
This will be a wonderful opportunity to examine some  
of the commonly used training devices actually  
emplaced on a human being.”  
  
Jay took a drink of water from one of three glasses of  
water on a desk to the side of him, and spoke, “All  
right, we want to get things underway immediately, so  
Bradley if you would kindly undress, we can proceed.”   
Jay turned to Bradley, waiting for him to remove his  
clothes.  Bradley asked, “You want me to undress?   
Here?”  
  
Jay responded to Bradley’s confusion, “Oh yes.  If you  
would, please.  Its standard, Bradley.  One of the  
purposes of the class is to help the students learn to  
treat servants in an objective and respectful manner,  
and they need to get to a space where they are  
comfortable dealing with servants in all stages of  
undress.”  
  
Bradley’s hands and feet suddenly turned cold, his  
stomach knotted, he began to perspire, and he felt  
like crying.  Jay was sensitive to Bradley, “Bradley,  
I understand your hesitation.  One of the duties of  
free citizens is to treat servants with the utmost  
respect and dignity for the special position they  
hold.  Your participation in this program is a big  
step towards helping these students, and our society  
in general, move towards that goal.  This is an  
education venue.  I want you to look into the faces of  
all of the young men and women in this room.  These  
students are in this class because they’re achievers,  
just as you were when you were in high school.  They  
are in the top percentile of their class, and they are  
most likely going to be future overseers and owners of  
social servants.  Because of their sterling academic  
records, they were allowed to join this Young Handlers  
Club, and be privy to the sorts of things that  
normally only owners and overseers are.  Like any  
situation where there is a risk of drawing those with  
prurient interests, only students are admitted into  
the Young Handler’s Club who have received  
authorization from the school’s principal, the school  
psychologist, and an academic achievement approval  
from the National Handler’s Club commission.”  
  
Bradley tried to start unbuttoning his jumpsuit, but  
couldn’t go through with it.  With each moment’s delay  
he only made more of a spectacle out of himself.    
  
Rasby tried to ease Bradley into undressing, “The  
students in this room are the people who will one day,  
in all likelihood, be in charge of servants just like  
you.  Who knows, maybe one day one of the students in  
this class will be your owner!  What we are trying to  
do here is to teach them to treat social servants,  
like you, with total respect.  These are the folks who  
will one day be running the Social Services system.   
They need to learn that the only way the system can  
successfully maintain itself is if social servants are  
treated with the full respect due them by law.  They  
need to be able to treat servants, like yourself,  
objectively; and not see them as merely objects, or as  
something less than human beings.  That is why your  
full participation is so valuable.  You can help  
tomorrow’s community leaders learn to treat social  
servants with the dignity they deserve by  
participating fully with us today.”  
  
With his mission laid out for him in such terms,  
Bradley had no choice but to comply.  He would surely  
be viewed as one of those ‘problem’ servants by the  
students if he didn’t voluntarily go along with their  
requests.  With the pressure on him to not appear as a  
servant who gave a bad name to servitude, Bradley was  
finally able to stoop down and start unbuttoning the  
legs of his jumpsuit.  By accepting the fact that the  
boys and girls in the room had a right to see him  
unclothed, Bradley found the strength necessary to  
undress.  
  
As Bradley began undressing, Jay complimented him, and  
offered encouragement, “All of the guys and gals in  
this room have legal authority over you as citizen  
overseers.  For that reason there is no reason  
whatsoever for you to feel any shame in taking your  
clothes off in front of them.”   
  
When Bradley had his jumpsuit unbuttoned along its  
entire length, he peeled it off.  He stepped out of  
it, and held it against himself not knowing where to  
put it.  Rasby put out his hands to take it from  
Bradley.  Bradley hesitated slightly, and then let  
Rasby take it.  He kept one hand covering his  
genitals.  He managed to keep his penis and balls  
cupped and out of sight of the students, but everyone  
could see the giant hoop ring dangling beneath the  
hand cupping his unit.  
  
Jay smiled and tried to relax Bradley, “There now,  
isn’t it a wonderful feeling?  Servants really don’t  
have to worry about such things as whether they’re  
clothed or not.  Bradley, you can be as free as you  
were when you were a baby.  You no longer have to  
worry about protecting yourself anymore, because from  
now on your overseers are going to do it for you.  You  
can live carefree now.  There is no need any longer  
for you to protect yourself or your modesty.  All such  
concerns can be put aside.  Your overseers and society  
will protect you.  As long as you do what you’re told,  
you have full protection under the law.  What you need  
to know is that the guys and gals in this room, as  
citizen overseers, have your best interests at heart.   
You can live as free as a baby as long as you do what  
you’re told.  You should embrace your new freedom, and  
learn to be totally relaxed in it.  It is something  
only social servants can experience, and it really is  
an awesome state to be in.  Frankly, I rather envy  
your freedom!”   
  
Bradley almost, for a moment, got swept away in Jay’s  
celebration of servitude, until Jay pointed out the  
training paddles to the class, “Okay class, moving on;  
notice how Bradley can stand with his legs together by  
keeping one paddle in back of the other, but if he  
tries to walk he will only be able to do so without  
tripping by keeping his legs spread apart.  Bradley,  
few of our students have actually ever seen training  
paddles on a servant before, so would you kindly take  
a little walk so everyone can see how the paddles  
work.”  Bradley was red, and still in a mild state of  
disbelief as he walked with his legs spread wide, with  
both hands cupping his genitals.  He looked awkward  
and embarrassed.  His spread legs emphasized his  
Forestman bubble butt.  
  
As everyone watched Bradley pace to one side of the  
room and back to the center, Jay spoke.  “I think you  
can see just from the way Bradley is walking, class,  
the effect they would have on a servant in training.   
Their idea is to not only limit motion, but mainly to  
call attention to one’s condition of servitude.  And  
as you can see from the effort required in doing such  
a simple thing as walking, the paddles really do that  
quite effectively.”  
  
“Now if Bradley will just put his hands to his side,  
we can examine some other training devices.”  Bradley  
dropped his hands to his sides, and closed his eyes.   
He knew, with his eyes closed, what everyone in the  
room was staring at: his penis with its infibulation  
bar and ring, and the giant hoop ring attached to the  
most forward part of his foreskin, dangling free, big,  
and glinting.  
  
“I think you all know the purpose of the infibulation  
bar and ring, and the hoop ring, but I don’t think any  
of you have ever had a chance to examine them and  
actually see them emplaced on a servant.  If any of  
you would like a closer look, please feel free to come  
forward and check them out.”  The entire class got  
out of their chairs, and in a slow and orderly manner  
filed by Bradley.  After several students had passed  
it was seen that Bradley was not in an ideal position  
to be viewed by more than a few people at a time, so  
Jay grabbed Bradley by his servant penis and led him  
slightly forward to the center of the room.  Bradley  
opened his eyes in shock when his penis was grabbed,  
and he saw then that he was surrounded by high school  
students trying to get a good look at his infibulation  
bar and hoop ring.  
  
Rasby pointed out to the students what to look out  
for. “If you will notice the bar that pierces his  
foreskin and the ring that goes through each end of  
the bar; when an erection occurs the head of the penis  
is forced against the bar and is confined by the ring.  
As you can see, it would be a painful affair to get a  
serious erection.”  
  
The male students who filed by were certainly not  
looking at Bradley objectively, nor with his best  
interests at heart, at least not yet at their age.   
But that was the purpose of such classes; to drive the  
mild contempt and youthful gloating out of such young  
free men.  Most of the free males had some variant of,  
“Fucking glad I’m not in his shoes!” on their minds as  
they filed by and looked at Bradley’s locked and  
ringed penis as he stood bare in front of everyone.  
  
Female students of high school age are, typically,  
more compassionate than males of the same age, but  
they, too, were not entirely objective in their  
assessment of Bradley.  They openly smiled at each  
other as they took in the delights of bare-naked  
Bradley.  Most of them were quite overwhelmed by  
Bradley’s beauty, and a not uncommon thought among  
them was, “If only my boy friend had an ass like  
that!”  
  
When the class had finished examining Bradley and his  
cock up close and had returned to their seats, Jay had  
a question, “Bradley, when your infibulation bar and  
rings come off, what’s the first thing you’re going to  
do when you get back home and have some private time?”  
Bradley stuttered, there was tittering from the  
audience, and Jay smiled and paused.  Finally Bradley  
answered, “Sir, I don’t know sir.”    
  
There was some laughter, then Jay asked, “Bradley, if  
you could have anything to eat when you get home  
tonight after class, what would it be?”  Bradley  
answered, “Sir, a mango, sir.”  
  
“Is that something that’s on your diet?”, asked Jay.   
Bradley responded, “Sir, yes it is, sir.”  
  
“Class, I did not just now ask Bradley what he intends  
to do when his bar and rings come off in order to  
embarrass him, but rather to point out an interesting  
fact regarding home trained servants like Bradley.  We  
have seen in this class before the same sort of  
embarrassment and balking as Bradley displayed earlier  
when he was asked to undress, and just now when he was  
asked a simple but personal question about what he  
will do when his bar and ring are removed.  It’s a  
fact that home trained servants are slower in catching  
on to the total culture of servitude.  Most home  
training situations do not fully prepare servants with  
the full range or reality of social servitude.  Nudity  
is a reality for servants, yet it apparently hasn’t  
come up much in Bradley’s training.”  
  
“It’s especially interesting because most servants and  
slaves throughout the country follow specific, if not  
rigid, diets.  Yet Bradley had no hesitation in  
telling us what he wanted to eat.  And most owners of  
servants and slaves in this country do not put any or  
too many limits on their servants’ ability to  
self-pleasure themselves.  Yet Bradley balked at the  
question as if I were asking him to poison his  
grandmother.”  The entire class erupted into laughter.  
  
“My point for everyone in this room; you class, and  
you too, Bradley; is that we often carry with us old  
and outmoded customs that can impede our fair and just  
treatment of servants.  When I invited Bradley to  
undress, I was actually asking him to return to the  
freedom he knew as a child.  Yet he acted as if I were  
tying him to a bullwhipping frame.”  
  
Father Peter Lucarelli stood up from his seat on the  
side and sauntered to the center of the room, next to  
Jay and Rasby, “That’s right class.  This makes a very  
good point to end tonight’s class on.  The litmus test  
for proper treatment of social servants is not the  
same one you use on freemen; when having a servant  
perform a task there is no need to ask, ‘How would I  
feel if I were asked to do this, or treated this way?’  
That’s the question you ask yourselves when you’re  
dealing with your family, friends, and other free  
people.  In your dealings with social servants you do  
not have to regard their feelings.  Regarding  
servants, the question that needs to be asked is; am I  
causing this servant any unnecessary and undue  
exertion or pain?  And if the answer to that question  
is a ‘yes’, then you are treating the servant  
improperly.”  
  
Father Peter Lucarelli, 41 years old, convicted on two  
counts of sexual deviancy (he took hidden pictures of  
students in the shower, and he pinched a sophomore  
male on the ass as he passed him in the locker room),  
was a wise and compassionate man.  The parish decided  
that putting him in charge of the parish social  
servants would have a salutary influence on him.  They  
were right.  He went and stood in back of Bradley, put  
his hands on Bradley’s shoulders, and continued,  
“Class, this young man up here is a human being, just  
like all of you.  He also happens to be, as a social  
servant, one very expensive piece of property.   
Vermont regards servants as worthy of having full  
protection of their health and welfare under the law,  
the same as you all do.  But because as servants they  
are also ‘property’, there has evolved some unique  
rules over how a servant is to be treated.  Because of  
the somewhat contradictory definitions on the books  
regarding social servants in Vermont, the rule of  
thumb that has evolved regarding what you can ask a  
servant to do is the one I just stated, ‘am I causing  
this servant any unnecessary and undue exertion or  
pain?’  Consideration of how a servant may feel about  
something he is asked to do is something you simply do  
not have to consider if you don’t want to.”   
  
“I’ll give you an extreme, silly, example, to clarify  
the point.  Let us say you have a yard with a lawn,  
and working to trim it at a normal pace it takes you 2  
hours to mow the lawn and trim around the trees and  
shrubbery.  And let us say that this yard is on a busy  
street and exposed to a lot of passing traffic.  If you  
desire, you can have your male servant go out and mow  
the lawn wearing a bra and a skirt.  Not a very nice  
thing to do, but you can do it.  What you cannot do,  
however, is have your servant go out there in his bra  
and skirt and demand that he have the yard mowed and  
trimmed in an hour and a half!”  
  
“It is not that a servant like Bradley, here, doesn’t  
have feelings that need to be respected.  It is simply  
that in the work environment feelings cannot be  
quantified, therefore they need not be regarded.  I  
would hope that all of you care very much about  
Bradley here, and his feelings.  I would hope that if  
you ever run into Bradley when he’s in service that  
you would treat him with the same deference as you  
would treat each other.”  
  
“When I look at Bradley, standing here like a little  
baby, all meek, bare, and obedient, I almost envy him  
the next 5 years or so of his life in servitude.   
Because as long as we have caring overseers, such as  
you will all one day be, the life of a social servant  
is in many ways a real return to ‘freedom’.  Freedom  
from so many of the pressing responsibilities that  
free adults have.”  
  
“It’s been a very good class.  Thank you class, Jay,  
Rasby, and Mr. Forestman!”  The entire class started  
applauding Bradley.  Bradley nodded at them.  When the  
applause died Father Lucarelli told Bradley he could  
get dressed.  As the class exited, Father Lucarelli  
said his ‘good-byes’ to Jay and Rasby and left to  
return to the rectory.  When Bradley had his jumpsuit  
back on, he sat on a stool to put on his sandals.  
  
The classroom soon emptied, except for Bradley and the  
two moderators.  As Bradley stood up he noticed Jay  
and Rasby standing behind him holding restraining  
instruments.  Jay grabbed Bradley by the shoulder,  
“Your dad isn’t here yet, so we gotta restrain you.”   
Jay pulled Bradley’s arms tightly together in back of  
him and Rasby cinched them together with a  
plastic-chain.  Bradley cried out in pain, “Quiet boy!   
You heard Father Lucarelli; we don’t have to regard  
your feelings.”  Jay and Rasby laughed as Rasby  
grabbed Bradley’s right tit and gave it a vicious  
squeeze.  In silence Jay ran a hand through Bradley’s  
hair, and smiled.    
  
As Rasby attached a light caliper chain to Bradley’s  
collar, Jay moved his hand to Bradley’s ear and gently  
felt it up.  Rasby rubbed his crotch and smiled at  
Jay.  Rasby gave the collar chain a sudden tug,  
causing Bradley’s head to jerk.  They told Bradley to  
follow them and led him by the chain out of the  
classroom and into the darkened corridor.  They walked  
him to the door from where they would exit when Mr.  
Forestman arrived.  Bradley wondered why his dad was  
late.  In the darkened hallway Jay grabbed Bradley’s  
cock through his jumpsuit and fondled it.  “I think  
he’s beginning to get a hardon for me.  You better not  
Bradley, or it’s gonna be painful with your  
infibulation bar!”  
  
As Jay manipulated Bradley’s cock through his  
jumpsuit, Rasby grabbed Bradley’s head and forced a  
kiss.  Bradley resisted at first, but Rasby grasped  
Bradley’s head with both hands and forced his tongue  
into Bradley’s mouth.  Bradley winced in pain as his  
cock hardened, blocked by the infibulation bar.  Jay  
kept groping Bradley’s unit, “You’re getting hard,  
man.  Can you remember what it feels like?”  Jay  
smiled wickedly as he started rubbing his cock through  
his trousers along with Bradley’s.  Then turning to  
Rasby and said, “Hey, I want some, man!”  Rasby parted  
from the kiss and Jay took over, ramming his tongue  
into Bradley’s mouth.  Jay managed to mutter, “Gawd,  
you’re hot!”, when the lights of Mr. Forestman’s car  
appeared.  Rasby murmured, “Fuck, old man Forestman is  
here!”   
  
As Jay and Rasby quickly gathered themselves, Jay  
spoke, “Nothing personal, Bradley.  It just gets a  
little stressful here on Tuesdays, the day the Young  
Handler’s Club meets; we’re here for over 12 hours.   
We just get a little silly, if you know what we mean.   
Please don’t tell your dad on us.”  As they opened the  
school door and led Bradley down the pathway to  
Martin’s car, Rasby teased, “Yeah, please don’t tell  
on us, or else Father Lucarelli might have to lock up  
our cocks just like yours, make us get baby naked, and  
give us a ‘spanky-spanky’ just like you servants have  
to get all the time.”  The boys laughed the way free  
naughty boys do.  
  
When Jay opened the door of Mr. Forestman’s car, Rasby  
released Bradley’s arm bindings and the collar chain.   
Jay effused, “Your son was just fantastic, Mr.  
Forestman.  He was a great volunteer.  I hope we can  
use him again!”   
  
Martin was proud and pleased.  As he drove home he put  
his arm on Bradley’s leg, “Bradley, you are so special  
to me!”  It gradually appeared to Bradley that his  
father was about to cry, so he asked, “Dad, what is  
it?  What’s wrong Dad?”  Martin started to answer, but  
broke down in tears.  He pulled his car off to the  
side of the street and stopped.  Bradley put his arm  
on his father’s shoulder, “Dad?”   
  
Martin spoke through his tears as he hugged his son,  
“I’m just so proud of you and love you so much.  It  
hit me just now how truly blessed I am having a son  
like you.  I want you to know Bradley that I have  
never felt such love for anyone or anything in my  
entire life with the depth of love I have for you.”   
On the side of the road, in the dark, Martin and  
Bradley hugged for a long time before Martin resumed  
the drive home.