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.