Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTY-TWO**

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Martin walked into the recreation den and found his
three sons laughing and chatting.  “Gosh, what’s going
on here?  It’s only 2 PM.  Have you boys finished all
your chores?”  There was no answer, only somewhat
surprised looks from the boys.  “And if you have
finished your chores this early before dinner time,
what are you boys supposed to be doing?”

Quince answered, “Dad, if we finish our chores early
we are supposed to review our Social Service manuals,
and continue to commit to memory the social servant’s
Principles of Personal Empowerment.”

“Then why don’t you boys have your manuals out?”

Alban answered sheepishly, “We’re not finished with
our chores Dad.”  Martin told the boys to remain in
the den.  He went to the box of training accessories
he received from Social Services, gathered three adult
size social servant nippled-pacifiers and returned to
the den.  As he stuck the pacifiers into each boy’s
mouth he told them, “There’s nothing wrong with
chatting during duty hours, but you need to keep
working at your chores.  I’ll remove your pacifiers in
a couple of hours.  Now back to work!”

As Martin watched his boys resume their housekeeping
duties with their pacifiers in their mouths, he felt
aglow; proud at having three social servant sons who
took their mild punishment without the slightest
balking.  Proud of having three such neatly groomed,
obedient, and hard working, servant sons.  And the
warmth he felt in his loins, as he watched his
nipple-sucking sons get back to their chores, he
attributed, once again, to a father’s rightful pride
in a parenting job well done.

Martin crept quietly into the basement two and a half
hours later to see if his boys still had their
pacifiers in their mouths.  Martin saw all three of
his sons cleaning off the shelves of the utility room
as instructed, and each with a pacifier still in his
mouth.  Martin was pleased, and made his presence
known.  “Good work boys.  I’ll take the pacifiers.”
The boys handed their father their pacifiers.  “Good
news, sons.  Your buyer’s agents are coming out
shortly to check you out, and if all goes well, if you
give a good presentation, I can sign the papers of
your sale today, and tomorrow first thing Hal will
take you in to have your training paddles,
infibulation bar and ring, and hoop ring removed!”

The boys were excited and high-fived.  Martin ordered
his sons to quickly shower, shave, comb their hair
neatly, and be in the living room by 5 PM.
As the boys showered Martin asked his wife to tidy up
the living room, and then added, “I think it would be
best if you and Flora stayed out of the room when the
agents from the Maple Valley Resort and Casino arrive.
They asked for permission to do a full handler’s
check on the boys, so they can see how the boys
respond to commands and physical control.  They, of
course, need to check these things out, but you know
how these things can sometime seem rather gruff.
Professional handlers have a no-nonsense way with
servants and I’d hate for you to be upset over
nothing.”

Hal Franklin arrived as Barbara was finishing cleaning
the living room.  Martin thanked Hal for arriving on
short notice, “I just need you here to help me make
sure the boys are in tip-top shape.”
Hal pulled two 25-inch flip whips from his belt and
gave one to Martin, “It’s no problem.  You did the
right thing.  You definitely need a show of force and
rigidity in situations like this to impress on your
sons the importance of this inspection.”

When the boys entered the living room all freshly
showered and groomed, the smiles on their faces
scattered when they saw Hal and their dad standing
around looking stern, and holding flip whips.  Hal
explained, “Okay boys, this is the time to give a
really good presentation.  No nonsense today.  We need
you on your best behavior.”  Hal held up his flip
whip, “This is serious business.  Do whatever the
agents ask you to do without hesitation.”

Bradley was pissed.  Mad that the deal was about to
happen.  Angered at Hal’s authoritarian tone.  But he
was also, in his usual way; which he could not
understand, was happy to see Hal.  Hal, too, looked like
he had just showered and groomed, and he was looking
awfully good to Bradley.  His sport jacket enhanced
his large frame, and where once Bradley had thought
Hal had the air of a used car salesman, Hal now seemed
to have better standards of dress and grooming.  When
Hal ordered the boys to stand side by side, not to say
a word unless spoken to, to stand tall, and smile,
Bradley felt humiliated; but he also felt a warmth in
his loins.  When Hal passed closely by Bradley,
Bradley tried to take in his scent.  Bradley tried to
imagine Hal fucking his woman friend.  Bradley tried
to imagine Hal fucking him.  But he suddenly had to
stop such thoughts; his erection started to grind into
his infibulation bar.

Promptly at 5 PM the agents from Maple Valley arrived.
Andrew Rickers was the head of both human and social
servant resources at Maple Valley Resort and Casino.
With him were his son, Jeremy, and two very well built
black handlers.  All four gentlemen wore dress slacks,
shirts, shoes, and sport jackets.  Andrew and his son
both wore ties, and Jeremy carried a large shoulder
bag.  The handlers wore a service belt laden with
implements about their waists, most of which was
concealed by their jackets.

As the free men did their introductions Bradley saw
Jeremy, his college lover.  At first he was excited,
then confused, then angry, then ashamed.  Jeremy spoke
quietly to his father, then approached Bradley.  They
faced each other, and Jeremy hugged Bradley.  Bradley
was too numb to hug with much enthusiasm.  After a
silence, Jeremy spoke quietly, “Bradley, I thought
about you all along.  I couldn’t contact you because I
was the one who suggested to my dad to approach your
dad about your brother, Quince.  But then when I found
out that all three of you ended up being indentured I
was confused, and felt awful.  And the longer I waited
the more awkward and confusing the whole thing got.”

“I still care about you Bradley, very much.  Remember
how I told you my dad didn’t want me to go on to
graduate school, but to work along side of him in
business?  Well, I decided to do that, and now I am a
servant overseer at Maple Valley Resort and Casino,
where my dad is the head of human and social servant
personnel.  So we will be seeing a lot of each other.
I’m excited about that, Bradley.  I want you to know I
would still like to be your special friend, if you
still care about me.”

Bradley didn’t know what to say.  He was overwhelmed
by everything; especially to find out he’d be serving
at Maple Valley Resort and Casino.
When the handlers saw that Jeremy was finished
speaking with Bradley, they moved toward the servants.
Bradley didn’t notice them, and almost with tears in
his eyes called out to his father and asked what he
and his brothers would be doing at Maple Valley.  The
taller of the two handlers, Milstone Burbank, grabbed
Bradley by a thick fold of his cheek, then tightly
pinched and twisted his head downward, “One more word
out of you and your getting your ass plugged with a
three inch spreader rod!”  Milstone let go of
Bradley’s cheek and ordered the servants to strip
naked.  The cruel and humiliating treatment of Bradley
terrified his brothers, and they quickly started
unbuttoning their jumpsuits.

Bradley appeared dazed, and Martin was afraid that his
son would breakdown and start crying, so he shouted at
Bradley, “Bradley, get your clothes off!  Hurry up!”
As Quince and Alban peeled off their jumpsuits,
Bradley was still fumbling around trying to unbutton
his.  The second handler, Rashad Cleveland, pulled an
item from his service belt and taunted Bradley, “Are
you a lazy ass, or what?  If you don’t have that
outfit off in thirty seconds I’m gonna put this nose
clamp on you!”  Bradley made haste, and was able to
kick off his jumpsuit within the thirty seconds.  He
jumped into place beside his brothers, and as his
giant hoop ring dangled, he realized that Jeremy was
seeing him hobbled, ringed, and collared for the first
time.  He closed his eyes in shame.  Rashad walked up
and slapped Bradley hard on the thigh, and Bradley
yelped. Rashad then pinched Bradley’s ear and shouted,
“Keep your eyes open.  Are you so bored that you want
to fall asleep?”

The handler’s and Andrew went up to the nude servants
and started closely examining them all over.  Martin
looked at Hal nervously.  After a bit Andrew walked
over to Jeremy and opened up the shoulder bag he
carried and took out a video camera.  Andrew set the
lenses, and when the camera adjustments were made, he
asked his son if he would shoot the video.  Jeremy
answered happily, “Sure, Dad!”  Andrew called out to
the handlers, “Okay, you can put the boys through
their paces now.  Jeremy is ready to shoot.”

The handlers pulled out their training whips and
ordered the boys to start jogging in place.  Jeremy
walked slowly about as he filmed the servants in
motion, their legs spread wide, their hoop rings
jingling and flopping about.  After a couple of
minutes of running in place, Milstone ordered the boys
to stop running and to flex their muscles.  At first
the boys didn’t show much enthusiasm, but when Rashad
gave Quince a fierce whip stroke to the ass, the boys
readily took on the stance of professional body
builders.  Jeremy got up close and filmed Quince,
Alban, and his former lover trying to make out like
flexing musclemen.  As Jeremy filmed video, Andrew
came up with a digital camera, knelt down on one knee,
and took snapshots of the servants’ sex organs.

Milstone ordered the boys to stand at attention, to
open up their mouths as wide as possible, and to stick
their tongues out as far as they would go.  Jeremy
went to each servant and got close-ups of the boys’
faces with their open mouths.

Rashad went into Jeremy’s shoulder bag and pulled out
a long tapered plastic rod and some lubricant.  He
lubed it up as Milstone ordered the three boys to bend
over and spread their ass cheeks.  Rashad went behind
Alban, waited for Jeremy to get into place behind
Alban with the camera, and then slowly worked the rod
into Alban’s hole just about an inch and a half.  He
pulled it almost all of the way out, and then pushed
it slowly back in.  Jeremy filmed it going in, and
Andrew was heard to remark, “Nice!”  When Rashad
pulled the rod out of Alban’s ass, he went next to
Quince, waited for Jeremy to get into place behind
Quince with the camera, and worked the rod up into
Quince’s ass in the same fashion. There was some
moaning heard from Quince, it was a tough shove in,
but Rashad did get the rod in for the full inch and a
half.  He pulled it out slowly.  When it came out with
a popping noise, Quince muttered “shit” somewhat
quietly.  Andrew grabbed a tawse from off the belt of
one of the handlers, and gave Quince four very fierce
whacks on the ass, and made a point, “Don’t you ever,
ever, use such foul language at the resort!  Women and
children are everywhere about.  If you do, you’ll get
a lot worse than what I just gave you!  We use full
size stallion whips on misbehaving rollerboys for
serious offenses, and I personally oversee the
whipping of any of my rollerboys who swear in order to
ensure that the beating is sufficiently severe!”

Quince started to bawl.  Martin, in a sharp tone, told
him to act like a man.  When Quince made an effort to
hold back on his crying, it had the effect of making
him sound like a whimpering youngster.

As Rashad worked the rod into Bradley’s ass, he was
surprised at the ease, and remarked, “Gawd, this guy’s
hole is chewing it up.”  Jeremy remembered the
pleasure of that hole as he filmed it, and swallowed
hard to contain his growing lust.
Martin was curious about the rod business, and asked
Hal what it was all about since they weren’t going in
deep enough to test it for sexual purposes.  Hal
answered, “It’s just a test of the musculature.  The
sphincter is part of the servant, after all.  If I
were buying a servant, it is certainly something I
would check out, the same way one would check out
biceps or thighs.”

Rashad ordered Alban to stand up tall and went up to
him and started feeling him up all over, grasping
folds of flesh starting at his neck, working down his
shoulders arms, then going on to the back, the front,
the buttocks, genitals and legs.  As Rashad worked on
Alban, Milstone worked in a similar fashion on Quince,
and Andrew did Bradley.  Jeremy turned off the camera
and packed it away as the boys got squeezed up, and
then stood and watched the servants get examined.
Jeremy was used to seeing naked rollerboys all the
time, but the sight of the especially large butted,
handsome, Forestman boys made him very aroused.  He
could hardly wait until they were delivered to the
resort.

Bradley felt like livestock, naked along side of his
brothers, being inspected for sale, with his dad
standing, watching it all.  He wondered if he should
ever again even worry about trying to preserve his
dignity.  He tried to tell himself that training and
examination time is always humiliating, that all
servants go through such things, that there were
thousands of servants being treated in such ways
every day.  He tried to think that being a rollerboy at
least meant he would be around a lot of super
good-looking guys all the time, but such thoughts
could not stay in his mind.  There was too much
humiliation going on, both at present, and in his
imagination from what he knew about life at the Maple
Valley Resort and Casino; his dad letting people buy
and inspect him; his former lover now had some kind of
legal authority over him; Hal, whom he had come to
have a crush on, had no regard for him and was
standing there along with his father watching him get
inspected; Flora and his mother could walk in at any
moment and see his brothers and him being treated like
merchandise; his lover’s father was feeling him up all
over, feeling the very parts that his son had felt;
that there was a video of him being examined in the
nude which he had no right to control; that they used
whips at the casino on errant rollerboys; that life at
the casino and resort wasn’t going to be easy; that
the free workers at the casino had authority over the
rollerboys; that the free workers had the authority to
administer some punishment to the servants, such as
mouth washings, minor paddlings, and locking servants
to the wall by their nipples and dicks.

When the exam was over Bradley didn’t feel any better.
He had heard Mr. Rickers tell his dad that the boys
made the cut and he was ready to sign the papers.  As
the Rickers, Martin, and Hal made their way into
Martin’s office, Mr. Rickers spoke to the casino
handlers, “Rashad, Milstone, the Forestman boys are
now the property of Maple Valley Resort and Casino.
So they are now under your authority.”

Rashad and Milstone started talking about Milstone’s
new car.  Rashad folded his arms, and Milstone put his
hands on his hips as they chatted.  The handlers kept
their eyes on the Forestman boys the whole time, as
they stood naked along side of each other.  The boys
felt intimidated having two such very large guys
standing near them and not taking their eyes off of
them.  At one point Milstone interrupted his
conversation to tell the boys, “Stand tall.  You’re
rollerboys now.  No slouching, ever!”

Bradley wanted to cry.  Rashad noticed a tear drop run
down Bradley’s cheek.  “You gonna miss your momma and
your cushy life?”  Rashad smiled.

The handlers continued their chatting.  Bradley let
out a sob, Milstone walked up to him, “Hey kid, don’t
be a baby.  Or else I’ll have to spank you.  It’s not
so bad.  Most guys end up rather liking their term of
service at Maple Valley.”

Rashad joked, “And if you don’t like it, we’ll spank
you!”  The idea that the boys could now be spanked by
these guys had all three of the boys wondering anew at
their status.

When Mr. Forestman, Hal, and the Rickers returned to
the living room, Jeremy noted that it appeared Bradley
had been crying.  He asked Bradley why he had been
crying.  As Bradley said, “I guess I’m afraid” he
started crying.  Mr. Rickers spoke to all three of the
boys, “It’s always stressful going to a new place.
And I’ll be very frank with you; during your first
week in training as a rollerboy you will be getting a
spanking, slapping, paddling, and mouth washing at
least once a day.  And throughout the first week you
will also be getting a couple of strappings and
tawsings.  And on your final day in training we give
all new rollerboys a taste of the stallion whip.  It
serves as an official marking of the end of your
training.  That first week of intense training is the
reason our rollerboys are all so well behaved; and
it’s also the reason our public so loves our super
polite and obedient rollerboys.”

“But as long as you boys behave yourselves, you’ll see
that you are treated very well.  They’ll never be a
reason to cry as long as you do as you are told.  We
offer special rewards for good behavior.  When you
accumulate 400 rollerboy good behavior points, you get
to join the Masturbation Club.  And if you
consistently report infractions of fellow rollerboys
to your overseers that result in punishments, you then
become an ‘ace’ rollerboy. And that means extra
special rank and privileges.  Most of our servants
come to enjoy their term of service at the resort.
Your dad and I have it worked out so that our handlers
will be picking you up in eight days from now.  I look
forward to seeing you at the resort.”

As the free men exchanged, “It was a pleasure doing
business with you” and “goodbye”, Jeremy went up to
Bradley.  He put his hand on Bradley’s shoulder,
“Don’t worry Bradley.  Everything is going to be all
right.  I’ll be there helping you.”

When the Rickers and the handlers left, Bradley
realized that he was probably overreacting the way he
cried.  Mr. Rickers probably wasn’t as bad as he had
feared, and Jeremy had promised to help him out at the
resort.  But it sounded like punishments were
commonplace at the resort, and that the right to
self-pleasure one’s self had to be earned.  It didn’t
seem right that his father would allow him to be in an
environment where he would be treated in such a strict
and regimented fashion.  But maybe it just sounded
like a harsh environment.  After all, all places have
rules. Sometimes if you just read the rules it can
make an institution seem more cold and authoritarian
than it actually is.  Bradley took comfort in knowing
that Vermont insisted on justice for social servants,
and Bradley also remembered that acts of injustice
needed to be reported.  As Bradley put his jumpsuit
back on, he thought that perhaps it was time to assert
himself regarding a matter he had almost let pass.  He
knocked on his father’s office door, and his dad, who
was talking with Hal, invited him to come in.

Martin spoke, “Come in Bradley.  Wasn’t that exciting?
Mr. Rickers seems like such an awfully nice
gentlemen.”

Hal added, “And you can take comfort in the
professionalism of the handlers he employs, as well.”

“Hal is right on that.  Professionalism equals
fairness for all involved.  What’s up, son?”

“Dad, I should have reported this earlier.  But I want
to tell you that when I was alone with moderators Jay
Turner and Rasby Phillips at the Young Handler’s Club,
they abused me.”

Martin asked, “What do you mean abused you?”

“Dad, they squeezed my nipple in a painful way, felt
me up in a sexual way, and forced kisses on me.”
Martin asked why he didn’t report it as soon as he
picked him up and while Jay and Rasby were still
present.  “I was in shock Dad, and upset.  I couldn’t
think.”

“That makes no difference, son.  You know that
accusations of that sort by a social servant can never
be made without the person whom you are accusing being
present.”

“Dad, I’m ready to do that, but I need to let you know
so I can go with you before them and then state my
complaints.”

“You know the procedure Bradley.  It is all spelled
out in your manual.  The accusations you are making
against Jay and Rasby are serious and it is your duty
to pursue them.  But right now you, in effect, accused
two free boys of serious offenses without them being
present.  You have to follow procedure on these
matters, son.  It is very important that you do so, or
else you will simply be feeding typical prejudice
against social servants; that they constantly and
falsely accuse free people of servant abuse.”

Hal jumped in, “Such improper behavior earns you a
steady five minute spanking starting now and everyday
afterwards at the same time, 5 PM, for an entire week.
Take off that uniform!”

Bradley balked, but Martin was firm, “You heard Hal.
Get that jumpsuit off, now!”

Hal explained, “Cowardly behavior means you get
spanked naked.”

Bradley looked like he would cry.  Hal explained, “You
are getting this punishment because it’s the way we
drive home the importance of rules to servants.  You,
Bradley, are not a coward.  But society would call
such behavior, making an accusation against free
persons in an improper manner, cowardly.  Now hurry
and get that uniform off!”

As Bradley sniffled and undressed as Martin went to close
the door of the study.  Hal chided Martin, “Martin,
you need to stop closing doors on your sons’
punishments.  Public punishment adds to its
effectiveness.  It’s about time that Barbara and Flora
face the facts of servitude!”  Martin left the door
open and came back and took a seat opposite Hal on the
couch.

When Bradley was naked Hal indicated for him to get
over his lap.  As Bradley positioned himself over
Hal’s lap, he started to plead one more time, but Hal
interrupted him. “Bradley, you’re not getting a
spanking because you’re a bad boy.  You are a
wonderful, beautiful, person and servant.  You are
getting spanked because accusations improperly made
are a serious matter, and we can’t afford to have you
make it again.  When you accuse an overseer, it must
be in their presence.  These spankings will just make
sure you don’t make that mistake again.  Believe me,
spankings work!  And one day you’ll thank us for this
week long series of spankings.”

Hal laid into Bradley’s large buttocks with great
force, and Bradley started yipping and pleading with
the first spank.  As Bradley screamed, twisted, and
bucked, strong-armed Hal had no trouble keeping the
naked servant in place.  When Bradley started to erect
his shame turned his face red, and he started crying
from shame more than from pain.  Hal stopped spanking
for only a few seconds to affirm, “Bradley, remember
we love you.  We are giving this to you not because
you are a bad person, but so that you remember the
proper way to bring a complaint against a free
person.”

Martin spoke, “Hal is right, Bradley.  This spanking
is not personal.  It’s just the proven way to ensure
that servants learn the things they need to know.
When Hal is finished spanking you, I’m taking you to
St. Paul’s so that you can file your complaint against
those two young men in the proper manner.”

Hal resumed his task and Bradley shouted even louder.
Alban heard the sounds coming from his father’s
office, and if he were a free boy he would have been
eager to enter and watch.  But for now Alban had had
enough of stern overseers and handlers, and didn’t
want to be anywhere near to where a servant was
getting punished.

Up in her room, Flora could hear the moans and cries
of Bradley, but she was too far lost in the ecstasy of
the sounds of a servant being punished to gather
herself and go and try and view the spectacle.  The
sound of a servant being punished, for the moment,
provided Flora with all the pleasure she needed.  She
wanted to shout out and tell Hal not to stop.  It was
a good thing.  All male servants need to get their
asses spanked.  And it made such beautiful music;
there was nothing like the sound of a servant crying,
howling, and pleading from a spanking.

After Bradley had made his accusations in the office
of Father Peter Lucarelli, in the presence of Father
Lucarelli, his father, Jay Turner, and Rasby Phillips,
Father Lucarelli asked Jay and Rasby what they had to
say for themselves.  They both acted terribly shocked,
and denied the allegations.  Father asked them, “I
understand.  So you both just got momentarily a little
rough with Bradley, and maybe it got out of hand?”

Jay and Rasby were taken aback by Father Lucarelli’s
implicit question.  And when both boys answered the
question at the same time, with different answers (Jay
responding, “We didn’t do anything at all that was
improper!”, and Rasby answering, “Yeah, Father, we
didn’t mean too, but we stopped the moment we realized
that our tone of voice was rather harsh.”). Father
told the boys that they were no longer to serve as
moderators of the Young Handler’s Club.  He sent the
two embarrassed students away.

He invited Martin and Bradley to take a seat, and he
sat at his desk.  Father Lucarelli then apologized to
father and son, “That is always the risk for servants,
abuse at the hands of free men and overseers.
Bradley, I want to thank you for coming forward.”

Martin was proud of his son.  And he found himself
liking Father Lucarelli.  He looked into the eyes of
Father Lucarelli as he spoke, and was mesmerized.  A
couple of times Father Lucarelli looked at Martin and
noticed his intent gaze.  When the brief meeting was
over, Father Lucarelli put his hand on the shoulder of
both father and son, and said he hoped that they all
could meet again.