Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTY-TWO**  
  
This story is erotic fiction meant for mature readers and should only be read by adults over the age of eighteen years old. Please do not use my stories without my permission and please forward all comments to [randallaustin2011@hotmail.com](mailto:randallaustin2011@hotmail.com)

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

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.