Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTY-THREE**  
  
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When Alban, Quince, and Bradley walked into their  
house on Thursday morning a little after 9 AM, after  
having their hobbles, infibulation bars and rings, and  
giant hoop rings, removed, they almost felt like free  
boys.  Hal followed them in and told the gathered  
family (who had been joined by Martin’s brother  
Steven), who were eager to see how the boys were  
doing, that the boys were on very good behavior at the  
county processing center where their training gear was  
removed.   
  
Martin was very happy, “Okay boys.  Everyone is  
looking forward to seeing you in the new uniforms  
Flora picked out for you, and finally looking like  
real, fully trained, and properly dressed, servants.   
But first all three of you boys need to be bathed and  
groomed in the proper way.  So if you boys would  
follow Steven, Hal, and me, into the bathroom, we can  
get to work on you.”  
  
All six males packed into the bathroom.  Even though  
the main floor bathroom was a large one, with six  
mainly grown men in the room there wasn’t much free  
space.  Martin ordered the boys to get out of their  
training jumpsuits and sandals.  Hal plugged in the  
clippers and immediately started to work trimming  
Bradley’s hair.  Quince and Alban still didn’t need a  
trim because their heads had been shaved until seven  
days ago.  But all three boys needed their pits and  
nads shaved, and Quince and Bradley needed their faces  
shaved as well.  Martin ordered Alban into the shower  
and to start shaving himself.   
  
When Alban was finished shaving and showering, Quince  
took his place in the shower.  Hal, Steven, and Martin  
stood back and watched the boys shave, shower, and  
towel dry themselves.  
  
Hal addressed the boys, “I had a talk with Andy  
Rickers about life out at the Maple Valley Resort and  
Casino, and asked him if there was any protocol he  
would like us to get you boys up to speed on, and he  
mentioned a few.  He was very pleased that your dad  
wants you boys to have a ‘heads up’ on servant matters  
out at Maple Valley to help you more rapidly adjust to  
your service requirements.”  
  
“They do a lot of things out there in a more  
traditional way than is common at a lot of work sites  
where social servants are employed, and they are very  
proud of the customs that have evolved for their  
servant team, especially for you rollerboys whose duty  
it is to tend to the public who visit the resort and  
casino.”    
  
“Not only must you boys be super polite and solicitous  
of the customers’ every need, but you must also serve  
the customers at all times with grace and speed.   
That’s why you will be on roller skates.  And your  
uniform and grooming must follow the impeccable Maple  
Valley high standards.”  
  
“They want you to apply cologne to yourselves in the  
old style that once was common to servants.  I’ll show  
you.”  Hal selected a bottle of cologne from the  
cabinet, approached Alban and grasped his slender  
penis, and held it up.  With the balls exposed, he  
aimed the spray at Alban’s balls and gave a squirt.   
Then while holding the penis, he rubbed the cologne  
into the balls, “After you spray your scrotum with  
cologne, rub it in all about the sack to help it  
speedily dry, so the alcohol doesn’t sting.”  He let  
go of Alban’s penis, which had hardened slightly from  
the handling, and turned Alban around so he could get  
at his butt.  Hal took one hand and parted Alban’s  
cheeks, aimed the spray into Alban’s crack right by  
the hole, and sprayed the cologne.  Hal explained,  
“This was the old custom for servants to scent  
themselves, the idea being that if their owner had to  
take down their pants and spank them, at least they  
wouldn’t have to smell any dirty crotch and butt  
smells.  It’s a custom that has stayed on in some  
places, and Maple Valley likes doing things in the  
older, more traditional, ways.”   
  
Next Hal went to Quince and lifted his cock out of the  
way and sprayed his balls.  While holding Quince’s  
cock and massaging his balls Quince’s big cock began  
to harden.  When he turned Quince around to spray his  
ass crack, Quince’s cock kept rising.  
  
As soon as Hal grabbed Bradley’s penis, Bradley closed  
his eyes tightly, as if fighting off the sensation of  
being held in order to avoid an erection.  As he  
massaged the cologne into Bradley’s balls, Bradley  
hardened.  And as Hal sprayed Bradley’s ass crack,  
Bradley’s cock swelled to purple knobbed proportions.   
Bradley began to panic.  
  
Hal then had the boys turn around so they could watch  
Hal’s demonstration on Bradley of the proper way to  
dress their hair.  Bradley had his arms and hands down  
covering his erection, and Quince and Alban made no  
attempt to cover their erected rods.  
  
As Hal rubbed hair crème into Bradley’s hair he  
commented on the boys’ erections, “I guess these  
boners are to be expected, having been locked up for  
so long.  But there’s nothing to be ashamed of since  
you’re servants now.”  
  
Hal then ordered Bradley to stand at the sink and comb  
his hair with a part.  He tried to do it at first with  
one hand, while keeping his other hand covering his  
genitals.  But he couldn’t arrange the hair mass  
properly with one hand.  Everyone noticed his  
frustration.  Steven muttered, “This is ridiculous!   
Bradley, I cannot believe you haven’t yet gotten out  
of your free boy thinking.”  
  
Hal spoke, “Bradley, turn around and look at Alban and  
Quince, they’re not trying to cover themselves, and in  
fact, if anything, they are looking more  
self-confidant today than I have ever seen them  
before.  Bradley you’re lacking in some social servant  
skills because you haven’t spent enough time in the  
presence of other social services.  I know you’ve read  
the materials provided, but they haven’t sunk in for  
you the way they have for Alban and Quince.  You  
simply need to be brought up to speed and get over  
your self pride.”  Hal paused, looked at Alban who was  
smiling and comfortable in his nude and erect state,  
and asked, “Alban, would you please tell Bradley why  
his inhibitions are foolish?”  
  
Alban stood tall and smiled, “Yes, sir, Mr. Franklin.   
Bradley, it is common to get erections, especially  
during punishments, and it is also common to be  
embarrassed by them.  But we were taught how to look  
at the good side of being embarrassed about something  
as servants.  Being embarrassed about something is a  
good thing because it means we really do care, deep  
down inside, what our owners or overseers think of us.  
We were told that whenever we are feeling embarrassed  
about ourselves or our behavior, that is when we  
especially need to stand tall, stick out our chests,  
and swallow our false pride.  We have no secrets  
anymore, and you need to face it outright.  By fully  
exposing our humiliation and shame to our owners,  
overseers, sitters, and guardians, it is almost like  
offering ourselves in a subject state to them, and  
most overseers, sitters, and guardians find that a  
pleasing thing.  When you find yourself truly  
humiliated it will not be painful if you just admit  
that you deserve to be humiliated because it means you  
are not allowing yourself to be what you really are.   
It means you are thinking that you are not supposed to  
be subjected to the thing that is humiliating you.   
And that is wrong.  What you need to do is let go,  
just let go, and not bother about humiliation.   
Humiliation is a reminder that it is time to stand  
tall and take the kind of pride in ourselves that is  
the good kind; proud that we are servants ever on the  
road to correction and improvement.”  
  
Halfway through Alban’s words Quince was nodding his  
head and looking eager to add something.  Hal  
complimented Alban, “That was great Alban!  Did you  
hear that Bradley?  Now do it!  Just stand tall and  
let your dad, Steven, your brothers, and I see that  
you are proud of yourself.”  
  
Bradley did it, and as he tried to stick out his chest  
he turned an even deeper shade of his red as his  
cock’s purple bulb head appeared as if it might burst.  
As it waggled from his attempt to thrust out his  
chest Bradley couldn’t think clearly, so he tried to  
take Alban’s words to heart; that he deserved to be  
humiliated, and by feeling and accepting his  
humiliation, by letting everyone freely see that you  
are humiliated to the core of your being, by openly  
exposing all of your secrets, you are offering an  
expiation for past wrong behavior.  
  
Hal asked, “Quince, it looked like you wanted to add  
something.”  
  
Quince was eager to talk, like a school kid eager to  
let his teachers know that he has the right answer,  
“Bradley, I can really understand where you’re coming  
from on this, because, believe me, it was the issue I  
needed the most work on in my training.  And let me  
tell you, they really ‘worked’ on me!”  Quince aped a  
pained look on his face as he did a mock rubbing of  
his sore buttocks.  Everyone laughed.  Martin was  
absolutely delighted with the headway all the boys  
were making in sharing, bonding, and helping each  
other become better servants.  
  
Quince continued, “Like, I had it a lot worse than you  
ever did, Brad, because I was especially full of a lot  
of false images of myself.  They taught me that I was  
hurting on the inside because I was holding on to all  
of the wrong things.  It was amazing; when I finally  
discarded all the lies I was carrying in my head to  
prop myself up, I became like a new person, dude.”  
  
Hal, Steven, and Martin were one huge smile.  Hal  
encouraged Quince, “Could you give Bradley some  
concrete examples?”  
  
“Sure!  Like, the biggest problem for me was being  
naked in front of my trainers, and even the other  
servants in training.  I was, like, always thinking,  
‘Who are these fuckers that they should get to see me  
naked.  I only get naked for my special chick.’  But  
they taught me how foolish and self-limiting it was to  
think like that.  The world is so much bigger than me  
thinking of myself as some macho stud, better than  
everyone else.  When I began to take pride in all of  
me, my ability to work hard, my body, my desire to be  
obedient, it made me want to show off what I really  
was.  I fucking know I have a great body, so why not,  
in the process, share it.  I fucking know I’m strong  
and can work hard.  So why not let the world see the  
good job I can do?  I really do want dad and all of my  
trainers, and my eventual owner, to be proud of me.   
So why not let them know that?  I want everyone to  
know I truly take pride in myself.  Only people who  
have the true, the right kind of pride, can stand tall  
and proud when they are naked in front of a roomful of  
people.  That is what real pride is all about.   
Sharing what you really are with people.  And what we  
really are right now are social servants, and I am so  
grateful that that is the case.”  
  
A brief pause, and Quince continued, “And dude, we as  
servants can’t have secrets.  When I accepted that, I  
was, like, free!  When I finally realized that when I  
threw away all of my secrets I also threw away all of  
the pain and hurt I was feeling, it was the happiest  
day of my life!”   
  
Quince spoke with so much enthusiasm that even Bradley  
finally started to join the room in smiling.  
  
Quince was stoked now, and he spread his arms as if he  
was showing off his body and it’s still rampant  
erection, and faced Bradley, “Dude, I don’t want any  
secrets.  And I don’t care what anyone thinks of me.   
I want everyone to see me.  I got nothing to hide!   
And neither do you, bro!”  
  
Quince went up to Bradley and hugged him, and Bradley  
hugged back.  Quince hugged Bradley very tightly, as  
if he wanted to emphasize that he was not ashamed that  
their two erections were nesting against each other.   
After a moment Bradley started laughing, and he  
squeezed Quince extra hard in return.  
  
Martin spoke to the room, “Well this is just great!”   
Hal added, “Hell, it’s goddamn beautiful!!”  
  
When Quince and Bradley broke from their embrace,  
Quince smiled with his face right next to Bradley’s,  
and encouraged, “It’s perfectly all right if free  
people see us without any clothes on.  And there is  
certainly nothing degrading about being bare for our  
overseers.  How else could they fully monitor us the  
way we need to be monitored?”    
  
Alban confirmed, “And we were taught that there’s  
nothing wrong with being monitored.  Just learn to  
enjoy the feeling of being watched and protected.   
Free people have every right to see us naked.  And  
it’s fun taking pride in being a hard-working and  
happy servant, and being on display if that’s what our  
sitters want.  When free kids see you looking happy in  
service, they begin to envy your freedom.”  
  
Martin grabbed his digital camera, “Okay, I need a  
picture of this for the family album.  You boys put  
your arms around each other’s shoulders and smile!”   
The photo that Martin got of his three sons, naked,  
embraced, and erected, was a very good one.  When  
everyone gathered around the camera to see the  
preview, Hal suggested to Martin that he really should  
start a servant photo album, and that he should take  
the boys in and have studio portraits done so he could  
hand them out to friends.  He also suggested a  
portrait of the entire Forestman family.  Martin said  
it was a good suggestion and that he would make an  
appointment for the boys.  
  
As Martin looked over his three bare-pubed sons, about  
to get into real servant uniforms for the first time,  
the feeling of pride he had was of the same sort a  
father feels when he sees his son standing tall in  
some military academy uniform; a sense that their boys  
were going to be obedient and of service to the  
nation.   
  
The boys put towels around their waists, and Hal  
ordered them to their bedroom to put their uniforms  
on.  As the boys exited the bathroom, Hal suggested,  
“Martin, we’re breaking a lot of ground here.  I say  
we keep them naked for a few hours.”  Steven agreed.   
Martin said, “No, I think we’ve made good headway  
here, and that’s enough for now.  As Martin exited the  
bathroom Hal gave a ‘go figure’ expression to Steven.   
  
Once the boys were dressed in their new uniforms,  
Martin snapped some photos of the boys standing side  
by side.  Hal, Steven, and Martin thought the boys  
looked great in their new light blue and white soft  
cotton uniforms consisting of a collarless blue shirt  
with white sleeves that completely exposed their  
servant collars.  The buttons on the front of the  
shirt were large state of Vermont brass social servant  
buttons.  Their pants were blue, with a very  
pronounced spanker’s flap that could be opened to  
expose their buttocks, with a similar white crotch  
flap in front.  On their heads they wore stylized  
white sailor caps.  Their shirts had their full names  
over their left nipples in handsome large embroidered  
lettering.  Because the material was soft and pliant  
cotton, the boys erections were very noticeably poking  
up and out at the crotch flap.  
  
Martin pointed out the butt and crotch flaps. “The  
flaps are designed to preserve the boy’s dignity. That  
way they don’t have to be totally bare if they have to  
get either spanked or penis-locked to the wall.”  
  
When Hal said it was time for the boys to go out and  
meet the family, Martin stopped him and took him  
aside.  In a low voice Martin expressed his concern  
about the boys’ boners poking up and the large bulges  
in their uniforms, and wondered if perhaps the boys  
should be given some time alone to take care of needs.  
Hal told Martin, “Absolutely not!  Martin, they’re  
servants for christ sake!  The reason Bradley has been  
slow in some areas is precisely because of your  
failure to properly implement full-time nudity during  
training.  If you don’t want them nude around Barbara  
and Flora I can understand that, but you simply can’t  
hide the fact any longer that your boys are servants.   
And servants are always walking around with boners.   
It’s just something you see all the time.  Servants  
often have erections because their owners often limit  
masturbation time.  Your boys have been penis locked  
for quite a while now; Bradley for over a month.  So  
it’s natural that they’re hard.”  
  
“So why not let them do something about their  
condition?”  
  
“That would be exactly the wrong thing to do.  It  
would send a message to the boys that everything is  
back to normal now.  And after that great morale boost  
for Bradley from his brothers which we just witnessed  
in the bathroom, it would take Bradley right back to  
where he was.  Alban and Quince know that they are  
‘controlled’ boys now, and they don’t seem to be  
having problems accepting anything you’re doing.  We  
want Bradley in that same space, so we need Bradley to  
be able to observe their example.  So stop worrying  
about a little bulge in the front of the boys’ pants.   
It’s just a bulge Flora and Barbara are going to see;  
not their pricks.”  
  
Martin swallowed, and finally agreed that he was  
making a big deal out of nothing.  
  
In his office Martin phoned the owner of Timothy  
Witherspoon, James Patton, to ask him some questions  
about the Patton’s masturbation policy for Timothy.   
Mr. Patton was happy to chat with Martin because he  
loved talking about social servants in general, about  
Timothy in particular, and about issues of controlling  
Timothy especially.  “I’m flattered that you would ask  
me, and am very happy to talk with you about this.   
But first of all I have to congratulate you.  Barbara  
told Irma that you folks finally got your boys sold.   
And to Maple Valley Resort and Casino no less!  I bet  
you’re proud of them, having three rollerboy sons!  My  
wife and I have vacationed there a few times, and we  
both have always been impressed by their  
smartly-uniformed, well-behaved, servants; especially  
the rollerboys.  Irma can’t take her eyes off of them.  
And you must have picked up a pretty bundle on that  
sale!  Anyway, I’m seriously happy for you.”    
  
Martin thanked Mr. Patton, and Mr. Patton continued,  
“Irma and I follow the generally recommended servant  
guidelines on masturbation issues with Timothy.  We  
model our home policy on the masturbation policies  
used by many corporations that employ large numbers of  
social servants.  Maple Valley, incidentally, follows  
such a model with what is commonly called a  
‘masturbation club’ for servants.  The idea behind  
such clubs is to provide the structure and  
regimentation servants need in all aspects of their  
lives, including sex.”  
  
The way it works is that once a corporation feels a  
servant is up to speed on all service issues, he is  
allowed to join the masturbation club.  This gives the  
servant the right to masturbate at certain approved  
times and places.  All clubs vary in the frequency  
with which they allow masturbation, but what they all  
have in common is that all masturbation must be  
performed by all members of the club at the same time  
and in the presence of all the other club members, and  
with the possibility of overseers or guests may be  
present.”  
  
“The whole reason for such a system of masturbation  
control is a benign one.  It isn’t simply to make life  
tough on servants, as a lot of uninformed people  
think.  No way!  That would be wrong.  It has been  
scientifically proven that social servants who are  
subject to some form of masturbation control and  
regimentation have higher productivity rates and fewer  
behavior problems.”  
  
“Servants who are in masturbation clubs feel better  
about themselves because they feel privileged.  It is  
not at all uncommon for corporations to have the  
servants who belong to the masturbation club to  
masturbate in front of the servants who do not have  
such privileges.  It makes the non members strive  
harder for such a privilege when they are shown in  
such forceful way what they are being deprived of.”  
  
“It’s the regimentation aspect that is so important  
for servants.  We here, for example, allow little  
Timothy to masturbate once every three days before his  
9 PM bedtime, and either Irma, I, or a babysitter, is  
always present in the room with him as he does it.”  
  
When Martin asked if that would not be rather  
embarrassing for Timothy, Mr. Patton answered, “He’s a  
servant for gosh sake!  Embarrassment is good for  
them!”  
  
“How do you know if Timothy doesn’t masturbate at  
other times on the sly?”  
  
“I’m sure he still tries.  He has been caught at it  
several times, and when we catch him at it, it’s a  
pants-down strapping for him in front of his friends.   
But we make it pretty hard for him to do that.  We  
have our place set up with cameras in every room and  
Timothy knows they’re there.  But again, the cameras  
and the control are not there to be mean to Timothy.   
The important part of the masturbation club philosophy  
is the regimentation.  It is the regimentation that  
helps servants order their lives in any easy to follow  
path.  It is sort of society’s way of helping servants  
lead a cushy lifestyle.  Doing things in order makes  
life very easy on servants.  And that is what we want  
for Timothy: a wonderful, easy to follow, worry-free,  
life!”  
  
“If you are thinking of going in that direction with  
your boys while you have them at home, you need to lay  
down the law as soon as possible, so you’re consistent  
in your demands.  Servants respect consistency and  
clear guidelines.”  
  
Martin enjoyed his chat with Mr. Patton.  He liked Mr.  
Patton’s clear, sensible, advice.