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.