Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTY-FOUR**

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Flora never felt so thrilled in her life as she
watched her brothers enter the living room wearing the
stylized sailor boy servant uniforms she had picked
out for them; with their servant collars very much on
display from the collarless shirts, with their blue
pants with the very noticeable white crotch and butt
flaps, and their white sailor caps, all emphasizing
their servile status.

When Martin had the boys stand side by side so
everyone could get a good look at them, the three
bulges in the boys’ crotches were as prominent as
Martin feared they would be.  But neither Alban,
Quince, Hal, Steven, or Barbara seemed to show any
outward concern over the matter.  Barbara chatted
away, telling the boys how good they looked, as if she
noticed nothing.

Bradley was not feeling as awkward as he might
normally have after having spent a good part of the
morning bare and erected in front of his brothers and
overseers.

Alban was in heaven; wearing a snazzy uniform that
highlighted his cuteness, with his short hair
glistening just like Binky’s in the television series,
and his scrotum and ass crack scented the way a
servant’s privates are supposed to be scented.

Martin explained, “You boys will only be wearing this
uniform for one week, and then you’re off to your new
owner.  But I wanted you to have proper uniforms
during this time at home so you can begin to feel like
real servants.  Getting used to a real servant uniform
will help you adjust to your new life, and make
getting into your rollerboy uniforms a lot easier.”

Quince liked the idea that most people who are around
servants know that any cologne they are wearing is
applied to their scrotums.  He felt so proud and manly
being a full-fledged servant in his new uniform,
groomed in the proper servant way, that his smile was
bursting as big as could be, just like his dickhead.

For Flora the sight of her three handsome brothers in
service uniforms (that some owners of social servants
would consider to be of the “froo-froo” variety), with
very noticeable crotch and butt flaps that were only
there to make it easier to administer punishment,
standing side by side each other as they were ordered
to do, knowing they were servants who had to do as
they were told, and unable to do anything about their
great big boners, provided a feast to her eyes that
fed her entire body with sensations of rare delight.
Flora loved the fact that her big brothers were
servants who had to obey orders, and would be so for
almost the next six years.

Barbara would normally have served cookies and milk at
such a festive occasion, but since they were off the
diet of the servants, she chose instead to serve iced
tea and a fruit platter of grapes, tangerines, kiwi,
and strawberries.

When the little celebration was over, and Martin was
alone with the boys, he told them to get to work on
the chores assigned to them on their chore list.  And
he told Alban and Quince that he wanted them present
at 5 PM for the next installment of Bradley’s 5 minute
spanking for reporting on the misdeeds of two free
boys in an improper manner.  “You’re servants now and
that means we are going to be doing things around here
in the servant way; that means if one of you needs to
be disciplined, all of you have to witness it.”

Martin also spelled out the masturbation policy of the
house.  “You boys can take care of your business
tonight in your bedroom fifteen minutes before lights
out and bedtime at 8:30 PM.  And let me tell you that
this is serious business.  If anyone of you is caught
doing it at an unspecified time, I personally will
take you to Social Services and have you fitted with
the tightest infibulation lock allowable by law.”

Hal and Steven joined Martin in his office for a chat,
and both men were surprised when Martin started to
uncork a bottle of wine so early in the day.  Martin
tossed away their inhibitions, “Let’s be like the
Italians!  After all, we’ve got a lot to celebrate;
did you see how great and ‘eager to serve’ the boys
were looking in their new uniforms?”

Hal at first refused the wine, but when he saw Steven
and Martin toasting, he said he would have one glass.
Steven was happy for Martin’s euphoria over the boys,
“When I saw them in their uniforms just now I realized
that they were born to serve.  You sure in the hell
made the right decision, Martin, to have your boys put
into service.  The only question I have is why you
didn’t go ahead and have Flora indentured as well?”

“Not only do underage females not bring in a lot of
money, but society looks on you like you’re some kind
of monster if you put an underage daughter in
servitude.  And Barbara had a lot to do with my
decision; she feels servitude is okay for young guys,
kind of like serving in the military.  But somehow she
thinks it’s not right for girls.”

“And young girls are just not a hot market item right
now.  In fact, a lot of brokerage firms don’t even
handle them.  If someone tries to buy a girl under the
age of 19 they are considered suspect, because
everyone knows they can’t do the kind of work a
similarly aged boy can do.  Therefore a lot of people
assume that someone who tries to buy a girl is up to
no good.  There is so much baggage attached to young
female servants that no one is buying them.  Hence
Flora, if sold, would have brought in less than a
third of what Alban, who is two years older than
Flora, cashed in at.”

Steven shook his head, “jeezuschriz, that’s
disgusting!”

Hal agreed, “You don’t have to convince me!  Servant’s
rights groups are going crazy, not only here in
Vermont, but throughout the country.  That is a prime
example of how such groups are poisoning the air!”

Hal and Steven made a few more exchanges as Martin
lost the thread of the discussion, preferring instead
to savor the wine.  But he snapped to attention when
he heard Hal make what he assumed was an
uncharacteristic remark about Bradley, “That little
homo is sure one nicely nippled and assed buckaroo,
but he needs to be fitted with heavy duty tit clamps
and a spreader bar up his ass for a couple of days!”

“What?  What’s that about?” Asked a somewhat confused
Martin, as he snapped out of his reverie with a
disapproving look.

Steven answered, “We were just complimenting the boys.
Hal mentioned how Alban and Quince are beautiful,
fully engaged, servants.  But Bradley isn’t quite
there, but almost.  He needs to step over to the
‘other side’.”

Hal spoke, “Look Martin, your boys are servants now,
so I was just talking about them in the rather frank
way one talks about servants.  And frankly, Bradley
needs to feel the whip on his back!  He needs that
pansy-assed, resistant, attitude of his taken care of
once and for all.  I say put him on display in the
living room; lead him in there by his cock, tie him to
the couch, and whip him until he finally breaks.  That
would do it.”

Steven supported Hal, “He’s right Martin.  Even though
he’s behaving, you can tell he’s resentful.  And Hal
is right; it wouldn’t take much more to break him.”

Hal added, “Out at the county they would have had that
free-boy attitude cleansed out of him within a couple
of days.”

Martin asked how they did that.  “There’s only two
ways to drive the free-boy attitude out of a young
man; through either total humiliation or pain.
Humiliation takes a lot longer and we really don’t
have time to go that route any longer.  You can be
sure that Alban and Quince both felt the whip a couple
of times a day during their first week of training at
the county.  And I wouldn’t be surprised if on Quince
they had to use the full length hide whip a couple of
times.  I’d love to use the flogger on Bradley; it’s
what he’s crying out for.  It would do him good and
make me feel good too.”

“I can assure you that once Bradley is out at Maple
Valley they are going to spot that resistant attitude
of his in no time.  They won’t have any trouble
getting that attitude out of him, so that won’t be a
problem; but the trouble is that they don’t mess
around out there.  It could be very tough on Bradley
if he goes in there unbroken.  In case you don’t know
it, Martin, Maple Valley is very strict with their
servants.  Those servants work very hard, they are
monitored at all times, have a rigorous behavior code,
and are constantly surrounded by overseers.  They give
all of the free person employees overseer rights and
duties.  It’s limited control overseership, to be
sure, but, still, those free kids out there love to
lord it over the servants.”

“And that’s all part of Maple Valley’s success; buy
top notch servants, but work them very hard; a 54
hour work week is about average; and hire the local
kids lured by the resort glamour of Maple Valley, and
the prestige of being able to be an overseer, for a
starting wage of $7.50 an hour.”

“If you really care about Bradley, you’ll let me whip
him until he breaks.”

After lunch the boys got back to work, and Hal,
Steven, and Martin, spent much of the day standing
around watching the boys do their chores, and
commenting on servant and behavior issues.  Alban and
Quince were happy to be home and practicing at being
servants.  Bradley felt like he was in a prison camp
and Hal, Steven, and his father, were the guards.  He
was depressed.  Several times after lunch he felt like
crying.

When it was time for Bradley’s 5 PM spanking, Hal
suggested to Martin that they use the basement instead
of his office.  “That way Flora and Barbara won’t hear
too much.”

Once the boys and the three free men had gathered in
the converted work area of the basement, Hal laid into
Bradley verbally; “Get that uniform off.  It’s naked
punishment time.”  He addressed his brothers,
“Cowardly behavior earns servants a naked spanking.”

Bradley balked, so Hal used a menacing tone, “So, why
are you standing there?  What did I just order you to
do?”

Bradley started unbuttoning his shirt, pissed that Hal
was riding him.  Hal continued, “So you no longer feel
like you have to answer your overseer when he asks you
a question?”  Bradley wanted to cry.

Quince encouraged Bradley, “Come on Bradley, don’t be
a shit.”

Alban joined in, “I love you bro, but not when you’re
acting like this.”

Hal took a seat in a chair and waited for Bradley to
get naked and over his lap.

When Bradley finally got his uniform off, he hesitated
going over to Hal, and asked his dad to let him off
without a spanking.

Quince surprised everyone, “Dad, the only way you’re
going to help Bradley is to use the flogger on him.”

Alban agreed, “I love you Bradley, but Quince is
right.  You seem unable to come over to our side, bro.
We want you with us.  And the whip can help you to
get there.”

Steven nodded in agreement, “Your youngest sons are
correct, Martin.

Quince pleaded with Bradley, “Please bro.  Let us help
you.”

Bradley was terrified, “No, Dad.  Please.”

Hal whispered to Martin, “This could be the moment we
break him.  What do you say?”  Martin agreed and
exited to get the prison flogger.  Hal stood up,
approached Bradley and grabbed his penis, “Come along
with me, son.”  Hal led Bradley by his penis to the
workbench, as Bradley turned red from shame.  Quince
touched Bradley on the shoulder, “You’re turning red,
Brad.  Turning red from shame and humiliation is
something free boys do, and that’s how you’re acting.
You need to accept the shame you’re feeling by just
admitting that you deserve what’s happening to you.
That way the shame you’re feeling will go away.”
Quince and Alban assisted Hal in bending Bradley over
the bench and tying his arms and legs securely to the
legs of the bench.

Martin returned with the flogger as Hal was getting a
mouth bit out of the servants’ accessories box.  Hal
approached the bent over Bradley from the rear, and
reached around in front of him and tightly pinched his
nose.  Bradley then opened his mouth and Hal slipped
the rubber bit into his mouth and tied it securely in
place around the back of his head.

Martin handed the prison flogger to Hal, who then
addressed both Bradley and Martin, “Martin, I know
this is as difficult for you as it is for Bradley.
But the last thing I want from either one of you is
that you should feel bad about this. This is nothing
unusual. This is being done around the country this
very instant on thousands of servants just like
Bradley, as caring overseers try to coax servants into
proper behavior patterns.”

Hal laid the first stroke to Bradley’s back
unexpectedly, and the second stroke landed as Bradley
still yelped from the first stroke.  The yelped turned
immediately to a piercing scream.  Two more strokes to
the back, and Hal paused, and everyone could hear
Bradley gasping for breath through his cries.

Hal comforted all, “This flogger is made from state of
the art silicone polymers, and it will not break the
skin, or do any permanent damage.”

As Hal added, “But it will do permanent good!” He
sliced Bradley’s big ass with three fast stripes of
the flogger that left Bradley howling.  Alban and
Quince were on either side of Bradley, and Quince
touched Bradley’s arm, “Come on over to our side, bro.
I love you bro, but you’re no longer a free boy, so
you gotta stop acting like one.”

Hal gave three more slices to Bradley’s rump.  When
Bradley stopped his shrieking, Alban patted Bradley on
the head, “It isn’t cool, dude, to constantly act all
annoyed with things the way you do.  I want you on our
side, Brad.”

Quince confirmed, “Like, dude, the way you were just
acting right now by not answering Hal wasn’t cool at
all.  You degrade yourself when you act like that.
But there’s nothing degrading about obeying!”

Hal next started on Bradley’s legs.  The mouth bit
effectively helped to muffle the servant’s screams, as
Alban continued to offer comfort, “Quince and I want
you on our side, Brad.  That’s why this has to be done
to you.  We need you with us, bro.  Please let go of
all that shit you’re holding onto from your old life!”

Quince coaxed, “Just let go, dude.  Come on over to
our side, bro, you’re almost there!  Come on, you can
make it!  Don’t be like those fuckin’ self-indulgent
free boys.  I was backsliding too, but I’m on the
straight and narrow now because of folks like dad,
Hal, Uncle Steven, and all the trainers at the county
facility who cared about me, and led me down the right
path.  Come on bro, be proud of who you are.  I’m
happy to be me in front of my dad, my brothers, and
free people.  No more misbehaving, dude; it ain’t
cool!”

Hal next did some inner thigh work with the flogger
and one stroke to the upper inner thigh produced an
especially high pitched squeal from the mouth-bitted
misbehaver.  Steven complimented Hal, “Nice one, Hal.
Real nice!”

Quince rubbed his hand through Bradley’s hair, and
urged his dad, “Please Dad, don’t let Hal stop now.
Bradley isn’t quite there yet.”  Alban leaned close to
offer support to Bradley, “Dude this is so great of
Hal to help you get to walking the “straight and narrow”.
Bro, behaving feels good.  It really does.  We just
want you to try it, Brad.”

Hal did some fast slices down the back, letting the
flogger reach more of Bradley’s sides than previously.
He paused briefly, and then took careful aim at the
ass crack.  He tried three times with upward blows of
the flogger to get all of the flogger’s six synthetic
strands to land right in the ass crack.  He had
complete success only on the last upward blow.  He
paused again, waited for most of the howling to die
down a bit, and then made a final run with the flogger
down Bradley’s backside.  He stopped and waited a
minute for Bradley’s moaning to subside and for him to
catch his breath, and then asked Bradley if he was
ready to fully submit.  Whatever Bradley hollered out
couldn’t be deciphered, but Hal took it that Bradley
was saying he was now a changed boy.

Everyone watched Hal put down his flogger and go to
the servants’ accessories box and gather a long rubber
tapered rod, and some lubricant.  He lubed up the rod
as he walked up to Bradley’s big behind.  He grabbed
Bradley’s right ass cheek and pulled it away so he
could find the hole, and then started working the rod
up into Bradley.  Bradley bucked and squealed in
surprise as the rod was worked up his ass.  Once it
was up, Hal started working the rod slowly in and out
as he parted his lips in a half smile.  Bradley
moaned, squealed, and yelped as Hal worked the rod.

Martin looked questioningly at Steven, and Steven
whispered, “This bitching of a servant after a
whipping helps impress on the servant that he is fully
dominated.  A lot of trainers really swear by its
effectiveness.”

As Hal worked on Bradley’s behind, his brothers had
his hands on his back and head, patting, rubbing, and
comforting him, “You’re with us, bro, I can tell.  I
can’t tell you how happy Alban and I are.”  Alban
added, “Man, you were an ace stud the way you took it,
dude.  Just hang in there, man, Hal’s almost finished
bitchin’ ya.”

Quince tenderly rubbed Bradley’s cheek, “Can you feel
that rod up your ass, bro?  It’s gotta be done to you,
man.  It will help you to know that you’re a real
servant now, just like us.  It’s a wonderful feeling,
bro, just let it happen!”

For a finishing touch Hal pushed the long rod all the
way up, almost as far as it would go, and held it in
place for several moments.  Bradley squirmed and
moaned, and as Hal held the rod in place he looked
around and saw Martin and Steven nodding in pleasure
at the job he was doing.  Hal gave an A-Okay finger
sign and a nod of his head to indicate a successful
session, and slowly pulled the rod out of Bradley’s
ass.

As Quince and Alban removed the mouth bit and released
Bradley from the restraints, Hal went up to Martin and
Steven, and the three free men patted one another on
the back.  Steven beamed, “A real nice session.  Damn
nice!”

When Bradley finally was standing, embraced by his
brothers, he was quite dazed at the intense feeling of
warmth he was feeling from and for his brothers.  As
he hugged his brothers he felt as if he was drawing
fortifying nourishment from their love.  Alban and
Quince had genuine love for Bradley, and now Bradley
could feel it.  He realized now that their call for
his flogging came from the same love he was now
feeling coming from them.

When the three fully erected servants broke from their
embrace, Alban and Quince helped Bradley put his
uniform back on.  As Bradley stuffed his large
erection into his crotch flap he suddenly realized
that it hadn’t bothered him, or even crossed his mind,
that he had had a full, juicing, erection in front of
everyone.

Martin, smiling, said, “Okay, you boys aren’t the only
ones who get to hug each other.  Get over here, all of
you, right now and give us some, too.”

Everyone hugged everyone.  As Bradley hugged Hal he
was surprised that he had no resentment whatsoever
towards him.  He did, however, have the same general
enhanced attraction towards Hal that he always did
after Hal disciplined him.  And everyone was amazed
when Bradley pulled back and said, “Mr. Franklin,
thank you for my punishment.”  When Hal, in sheer
delight and surprise, hugged Bradley again, Bradley
felt such an intense feeling of warmth and delight in
his loins that he was very close to ejaculating.

Martin invited everyone to dinner, “Barbara has made
all of us a special meal, an authentic style servant
dinner.  It smells delicious upstairs!”

As everyone headed upstairs, Martin patted Hal on the
back, “I can’t thank you enough for all the help
you’ve given to Bradley and me.”

After dinner Hal took his leave, the boys cleaned up
the kitchen, and Martin and Steven took a bottle of
wine and went into Martin’s office.  As they sat down
together on the couch, each holding a glass of Barolo,
Steven complained, “What in the hell kind of dinner
was that?”

“It was Barbara’s idea.  She thought it would be fun
for all of us to share some traditional servant style
food.”

Steven shook his head in disgust, and noticed two
containers of maple syrup on Martin’s desk.  “What’s
the syrup for?”

“I’m making a quick trip to Miami the day after
tomorrow.”

“You take maple syrup with you when you travel?”

“Doesn’t everyone?  When you’re in Minnesota, do you
think they bake their yams with maple syrup?  They
don’t!  When you’re in Arizona, do you think they
glaze their roasts with maple syrup?  Well they don’t!
And I can tell you for a fact that there’s no bar
outside of Vermont that uses maple syrup in their
mixed drinks.  So I always go prepared.”

Steven shook his head and threw his arm around his
brother, “You’re crazy, you know that?  You always
were!”  Steven tousled Martin’s hair in one quick
gesture, Martin laughed, and when the brothers made
eye contact, their eyes stayed connected.

A little after eight, when Martin and Steven went into
the pantry to select their third bottle of wine,
Martin looked at the clock, “Oh, I better go and tell
the boys that it’s time for them to take care of their
business.”  As Martin and Steven made their way into
the recreation room where the boys were watching TV as
they played a game of pool, Steven asked Martin if he
was going to stay with the boys in their room while
they masturbated.  Martin said he was too exhausted
and just wanted to get back to his office and relax,
but that he would be present on most nights with them
as they did it ‘to help remind the boys that they’re
servants now’.

The boys were all smiles as they walked to their room
followed by their dad and his brother.  As Martin
closed the door of his sons’ bedroom, he told them
that they deserved to have some time alone and wished
them a goodnight.  Martin locked their door from the
outside, as usual, and he and Steven went back to his
office with their wine bottle.

When Martin and Steven were seated next to each other
on Martin’s office couch, after each had sipped their
first taste of their third bottle of the evening, a
medium quality but expensive California Pinot Noir,
Steven asked Martin why he was going to Miami.

Martin laughed to himself, then decided to answer,
“Well, I’ll tell you, but it’s a secret between you
and me.”

Barbara, returning home from her church club
fundraiser, after dropping Flora off to spend the
night with one of her friends, entered the kitchen
from the garage.  She hastily packed away the few
groceries she had purchased, and made her way to the
front room.  As she passed the boys’ bedroom she heard
what she thought to be the whirring sound of an
electric space heater.  She stopped at the bedroom
door and quietly unlocked and opened the door.  The
light was low, so Barbara squinted to gain a better
view, but instead of the whirring fan of a space
heater, what she heard was a stream of low and steady
moans.

When one sees the unexpected or the shocking, the mind
impresses the image upon itself in a flash.  And if
one’s body needs to react to what it has witnessed in
order to protect itself, all emotions are kept at bay
so that reactions can take place with full presence of
mind.  Barbara quickly and quietly closed the bedroom
door and locked it.

Barbara knew that she had to tell Martin what she saw,
but she did not want to upset him.  Ever since the
boys were indentured she sensed that Martin was
quarreling with himself over the rightness of the
matter.  But she knew she needed to tell Martin what
she saw; all three boys were on one bed, naked.  Alban
was reclining on his back, and Quince was straddling
him on all fours in the opposite direction, and each
boy had the other’s cock in their mouths and was
wildly sucking, their heads bobbing.  Bradley was
kneeling in back of Quince with his cock up his ass.
As Bradley pumped away Alban had one hand up and
fondling Quince’s balls hanging above him, and his
other hand reaching to the rear of him fondling
Bradley’s balls as Bradley fucked Quince.

When Barbara entered the kitchen she went
instinctively for the cookies and milk.  She knew that
wherever there were cookies and milk found, good family
feelings couldn’t be far away.  She quickly filled a
large glass pitcher full of milk, and a giant platter
with cookies.  Martin and her wouldn’t eat them all,
in fact Martin probably wouldn’t eat a single one; but
to Barbara, the more cookies and milk, the greater the
sense of normalcy.

Barbara knew she needed to remain calm in order to
help Martin stay calm, so she walked quietly to
Martin’s office, and quietly opened the door.  The
lights were low in the office.  She thought she saw
Martin and Steven whispering quietly as they sat on
the couch.  She approached the couch from the rear,
walking quietly so as not to startle them.  As she got
nearer she could see why the heads of Martin and his
older brother were so close together; they were French
kissing.  Suddenly entranced, Barbara just kept
walking quietly closer and closer as if on autopilot.
When she was near enough to see over the back of the
couch she could see that both men had their trousers
down to their knees, and each was rapidly pumping the
other’s cock.

Barbara let out an ear piercing primal scream, dropped
the pitcher of milk and platter of cookies, and both
exploded on the floor in a shocking din.  As Martin
and Steven rose tugging up their slacks, they both got
splashed with milk.  Barbara, running away, had
already disappeared into the kitchen by the time
Martin and Steven gathered what had happened.  Martin,
muttering a ‘jezzuzchris’, hurried after Barbara.

Martin’s sons, locked in their bedroom, could be heard
frantically trying the door and calling out their
concern, “Mom, what’s happening?  Are you okay?  Dad!”
As Martin looked for Barbara, Steven made his way to
the boys’ room.  Martin saw the open kitchen door, and
ran out, only to see Barbara speeding away in her
Oldsmobile.  He came back indoors, thought of calling
her sister, Karen Bledsoe, but thought it best not to
alarm Karen if that was not where Barbara was headed.

Martin entered the boys’ bedroom and heard Steven
calming the boys down, “She dropped the tray of
cookies and milk, and it made such a mess and noise
that she just gave out this really awful terrified
scream.  Any way, we all laughed.  It’s nothing.  She
just left now to visit a friend.”

Martin and Steven bid the boys a good night, closed
and locked their door again, and went and cleaned up
the milky mess in silence.  When they finished the
job, Martin went up to Steven, put his arm on his
shoulder, smiled at him, and led his older brother up
the stairs to his and Barbara’s bedroom.

And at that very same moment; halfway across town,

James Patton entered his servant’s bedroom and told

an eagerly waiting little Timothy Witherspoon that he

could masturbate if he wanted.  Mr. Patton handed little

Timothy a couple of Timothy’s favorite kind of girlie

magazines, took a chair near his bed, and watched

Timothy happily undo his pajama bottoms.

Father Peter Lucarelli sat on the sidelines of the
Young Handler’s Club and eyed the young, naked, male,
servant volunteer as the two new club moderators
demonstrated to the class the proper way to lead a
male servant around by his penis.

At 527 East Waverly Place, Sarah Stampquist ordered
her 27-year-old social servant, Michael Kelly, to
strip for a spanking for getting into a fight with her
17-year-old son.

In his living room, as Damian Appomattox, the county
social services’ placement officer for the criminally
indentured, engaged in sexual foreplay with his wife,
he was actually thinking of the new female servants he
had watched get processed earlier that day.

At the county servant training center, four trainers
were passing the early evening hours away by easing
Jason Forestman into a bath of frigid water in an
effort to get the last vestiges of former-trainer
arrogance out of him.

At 1110 Kimberly Avenue, 22 year old servant Andy
Poston lay on his bed and wept in humiliation after
two former high-school classmates of his had spotted
him carrying shopping bags for his owner’s wife, and
taunted him.

And in their bedroom, after over a month of no
release, Alban, Quince, and Bradley, were experiencing
brotherly love as they never before could have
imagined it.  Ironically, the instilling of
traditional values into servants often results in some
very untraditional behavior.  Bradley lay on his side
with his brother, Quince, on his side in back of him,
with his cock planted deep up into Bradley’s very
hungry hole.  Alban lay on his side, facing Bradley,
tongue-locked with his oldest Brother.  Alban’s arms
lay across Bradley and Quince, and Quince’s arm lay
across Bradley and Alban.  The warmth of brotherly
love filled the room with intense joy.  As Bradley
coursed his way to the most immense sexual climax and
release of his entire life, his bliss made him wonder,
finally, if maybe everything was all right with the
world after all.