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.