Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTY-FIVE**

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In the early morning, after a kiss which got both
Steven and Martin very excited, and after which Steven
rushed off because he was late for work, Martin got
up, opened the curtains to his bedroom, sat back down
on his bed, and pondered his erection.

As Martin thought of his sons locked in their bedroom,
and how he looked forward to seeing them in a few
moments, he handled his erection without stroking.  It
was strange to him that he was not more worried about
the situation with himself and Barbara.  But as it
was, Martin was preoccupied with two things; the new
relationship he had formed with his brother and with
his sons.

He loved the way his sons were behaving with their
‘yes sirs’ and ‘no sirs’, and how they submitted to
him the way sons should ideally submit to their
fathers.  Martin looked at the calendar and saw that
the boys had only six more days at home.  He would
miss them once they were picked up by the Maple Valley
Resort and Casino handlers, and taken into service.
Having his sons indentured thrilled him both as a
father because he knew his sons would be, in a sense,
protected from harm for the next six years; and it
thrilled him in a new fashion, in a way he was only first
discovering; he liked having servants around.

Hal was due to arrive soon to tend to overseer duties
with the boys, but Martin wished that Steven and he,
instead of Hal, could spend the day tending the boys.

When Hal did arrive, earlier than usual because he
wanted to show Martin the way the Europeans conducted
a formal morning servant inspection, he thought Martin
was looking more relaxed than he had ever seen him.
Hal asked Martin if he wanted him to take care of the
punishments the boys had coming.  In the previous
couple of days all three of the boys had been spotted
by one another committing various minor infractions,
which they all dutifully reported to their father, and
it was reckoning time.  Hal was pleased to hear
Martin’s response, “No, Steven is coming over this
evening and I think it’s time I step in and take care
of such matters on my own.  Thanks to you, I now feel
comfortable doing my duty as a disciplinarian.”

When Martin called Barbara’s sister, Karen Bledsoe, to
find out if Barbara had spent the night there, Karen
had a message for Martin.  “She is here, she does not
wish to speak to you now, she will contact you when
she is ready, and Flora will be staying with us for
the next couple of days!  You may call back later in
the day to see if there are any updates.”  Martin
shuddered at the word ‘update’, as he thought of
Barbara’s crafty lawyer sister; the same sister whose
lawsuit against Steven’s son, Jason, was the deciding
factor in the judge’s decision to sentence Jason to a
term of criminal indenturement.

Martin felt that the morning inspection routine (the
European method) which Hal led him and the boys
through didn’t add anything dramatically new in terms
of controlling the boys, and seemed, if anything,
rather pointless and odd.  It was the standard morning
line up with a few extra bits added here and there;
having the boys get into various display poses, such
as arms straight up, muscle flex stance, and squat
poses; and having the boys open their mouths in order
to feel up their tongues and teeth.  It made Martin
begin to wonder if he really needed to be spending any
more money employing Hal as a trainer to both his boys
in service and to himself as an overseer.

Perhaps because of the servant brothers’ new sexual
familiarity with each other, all three boys were
certainly in good spirits during the inspection, as
they tried to up each other in the obedience
department.  “Yes sirs” and “No sirs” were to be heard
loudly and firmly from each of the boys every time Hal
or Martin made a request.  Comments of encouragement
from the boys to each other flowed freely as well.
Alban told Quince he was an ‘ace obeyer’, and Quince
exhorted his brothers at one point with “Misbehaving
ain’t cool, dudes!”, and another time said, “We’re all
on the ‘straight and narrow’ now, so let’s make sure
we all help one another to stay there!”

In training, social servants are taught that being a
servant is in many ways like being a soldier.
Soldiers all have to do certain things at certain
times, and they are not ashamed of it; soldiers are on
very strict schedules of bed time, wakeup, exercise,
drills, and work, and they are not ashamed of it.
Indeed, men doing things together as soldiers makes
them feel, if anything, more macho, manly, and studly.
And Bradley, too, was feeling a new exhilaration, and
with it was gone his tendency to balk when ordered to
do something.  When he lined up with his brothers
after their showers for their European inspection he
felt for the first time like a real useful man; a man
whose entire body could be put to good service for
the benefit of others.  He was no longer just some
college kid, like millions of others.  Bradley knew he
was special now.  He knew he had to fight to keep old
thoughts at bay, but if he kept them away he saw that
being a servant could be kind of fun, like being some
kind of soldier, being part of some special services
team.  It would actually feel good to Bradley when he
would just let go and act like his brothers were
acting.

And when he finally decided to get into the spirit of
social service by joining his brothers in encouraging
each other, he was doubly rewarded; not only did
encouraging each other feel strangely good, but when
he saw the smiles on the faces of his father and Hal
when he participated, he felt motivated and inspired
to outdo his brothers.  When he said, “Come on Alban,
stand up nice and tall now, and stick out your chest,
so dad can be really proud of all of us!”, not only
were his father and Hal pleased, but his younger
brothers seemed to take nourishment from their oldest
brother’s encouragement.

Steven commented, “That is the way it should be; the
older servant encouraging the younger servants.
Beautiful job, Bradley!”

The morning naked inspection proved to Hal that all
three of Martin Forestman’s sons had finally lost
their free boy inhibitions, and had come to the point
where they could let their dicks waggle free in social
servant abandonment.

Because Barbara and Flora were absent, Hal suggested
that it would be a good time for the boys to remain
nude for the rest of the morning as part of what is
called servant’s ‘familial’ training.  Martin readily
agreed, and, to Martin’s delight, his naked sons
seemed like babies again, in a good way.  Innocent and
trusting.  And as the boys prepared breakfast, Martin
couldn’t take his eyes off of the boys as they fairly
cavorted about the kitchen.  Hal, too, enjoyed
watching the three boys as they served breakfast and
got comfortable in full service display mode.

All three boys were genuinely grateful to Hal when he
offered behavior tips, and such was their eagerness to
please, that when, at the breakfast table, Hal said he
needed more coffee, all three of the boys leapt up to
get it.

If the boys would fall into patterns of horseplay, and
their dad would chide them with, “Okay boys, let’s not
have any horseplay, you’re social servants now.”, the
boys were pleased to be reminded of their special
status.

As the boys cleaned up after breakfast, Martin noted
how the boys would freely and affectionately pat or
touch each other as they made their way about the work
area.  He almost envied their servant boy ‘freedom’.
Their new lack of inhibition about such things as
being nude or touching each other was a sign to Martin
that a period of servitude could only be a good thing
for a young man.  Martin shook his head in
astonishment, “You boys are just so wonderful.  I
can’t tell you how uniquely happy I am.  I am going to
miss you so much when they take you away.”

Hal offered a suggestion, “Martin, maybe you should
consider getting a servant of your own.  That way you
wouldn’t miss the boys so much once they’re taken
away.  Nothing expensive like these boys, but an older
gentleman servant might be nice for you to have
around.  Now that you have developed your skills as an
overseer, it would be a shame not to be able to use
them.”  Martin nodded his interest to Hal’s
suggestion.

After breakfast Martin handed out copies of the daily
chore list to his sons.  As the boys studied the list
the doorbell rang.  Martin answered the door, and was
pleased and surprised to see that it was Jeremy
Rickers accompanied by a young man.  Martin invited
everyone into the living room, and started the
introductions, “Boys, you all will remember Jeremy
Rickers.”  Jeremy did his introduction, “This is Chip
Cousins, our newest overseer out at Maple Valley
Resort and Casino.  Chip used to work for us as a
hospitality worker.  But he quit that, took the
county’s Social Services Trainer Course, and graduated
with a top record.  Since he did such a good job for
us as a hospitality worker, had such a good rapport
with the servants, my dad decided to hire him as an
overseer.  I was just showing him around a bit.  We
were in the area and I wanted him to see our three
newest obeyers.”  Jeremy pointed the three boys out by
name but didn’t give any time for the boys and Chip to
exchange pleasantries.  “They’re going to be delivered
to us in just six days.”

Chip, tall and comfortable looking in his khakis,
dress shirt, loafers, and expensive haircut, smiled,
“Great looking servants!”

Hal explained that the boys were naked as part of
their training.  Jeremy said, “Bradley, I’m glad to
see that you’re looking more comfortable with your
nudity now than you were when I was out here last
week!”

Bradley thanked Jeremy, but Jeremy sort of ignored
Bradley’s response as he started to apologize to
Martin, “I’m sorry to drop in unannounced like this,
but since we were in the area…”

Martin cut him off, “No need to apologize.  After all,
you own the boys now.  Please do whatever you have to
do.”  Martin then ordered Bradley to get them some
coffee, but Jeremy stopped him, “We can’t stay.  We
have to get back to the Resort because today is
‘clipping’ day.  We clip, shave, wash, hose, and spank
all of the rollerboys every week on this day.”

Martin wondered, “Which boys get spanked.  The ones
with demerits?”

Jeremy answered, “No.  On grooming day all of the
rollerboys get spanked.  We use old-fashioned
hairbrushes on them.  They really sting.  The servants
don’t have to take a spanking, but accepting a weekly
spanking is part of the requirement for being a member
of certain rollerboy clubs.  Boys who don’t
accept the weekly pro-forma spanking are denied
membership in the masturbation club, the gourmet club,
and the recreation club.”

“It’s a standard thing for organizations to have a
mandatory weekly spanking policy for servants.  It’s
actually been shown that mandatory punishment policies
increase camaraderie among servants and overseers.
What makes Maple Valley unique is that we reward our
servants for their participation by letting them join
some of the elite rollerboy clubs.”

Hal asked about the logistics of spanking 80
rollerboys.  Jeremy answered, “We have our free-person
hospitality workers do the hair-brushings.  All of our
free person employees have a state handler’s
certificate, and that allows them to deliver certain
types of physical discipline if they are in the
presence of licensed overseers.  It’s quite a sight!
In the maintenance classes we have for our servants we
teach them that it is good for them to holler, scream,
and cry during punishment, because it makes punishment
easier to bear, and it has a good psychological effect
on them.  About 14 of our rollerboys have opted out of
the weekly mandatory punishment program, so that
leaves about 65 boys in need of spankings.  We bring
in about 65 free employees into the grooming room,
give them hairbrushes, and they get to work.  It’s
quite a sight and sound; almost 70 naked rollerboys
bawling their heads off like little babies.  And we
let the free boys go at those servant behinds with the
hairbrushes for quite a while.  The free boys really
enjoy it and it has a really nice feeling about it,
for everyone involved.  And I mean that.  It bonds all
of us out at Maple Valley: servants, employees, and
overseers.”

Jeremy noticed the servants looking somewhat
concerned, so he tried to cheer them up, “You know
what.  I really don’t like to talk about this
technical stuff because it makes it sound like Maple
Valley is some horrible place, when in fact it is a
great place to serve.  All work places have rules and
regulations, but talking about them can make a work
environment sound harsher than it really is.  Once you
boys get settled in and meet the other rollerboys
you’ll see how happy they all are.”

Jeremy’s words seemed to comfort the boys, and they
began to relax.

For Bradley the presence of Jeremy and his indifferent
behavior towards him was not nearly as traumatic to
him as it was during his last visit, but it was
sobering.  Bradley, as part of his required reading,
had been reading the chapter in the State Manual for
Social Servants on familial bonding and conditioning.
It was an enlightening chapter for Bradley.  It stated
that one thing that the institution of social
servitude did was legalize the caste system.  The
chapter explained to servants that they should not
take it personally if some people tended to treat
servants as if they were in a caste different from
their own as free persons.  What servants needed to do
was to be faithful to and support, respect, and bond,
with members of their own caste; that is, with social
servants.  In fact for Bradley, being seen naked by
Jeremy along with his bare servant brothers, made it,
ironically, easier for him to face Jeremy.  Being bare
and standing in a row with his brothers meant he had
no hope whatsoever of hiding his condition of
servitude from his former lover, so there was no
reason to even begin to pretend he was anything else
or to deny it.  He couldn’t be any more exposed than
he already was, so there was no longer anything to be
embarrassed about.

Chip asked Jeremy why Bradley wasn’t ear, nipple,
snout, and cock ringed like his brothers.  “His dad
wanted to go easy on him at first because of his home
training.  But once we get him out to the resort,
we’ll get him ringed and prettied up, and looking like
all the other rollerboys.”

Hal asked if the rings were just for looks.  Jeremy
answered, “Not only for looks.  They’re practical too.
We use a lot of soft discipline over at Maple Valley;
things like locking misbehavers to the wall by their
nose, nipple and cock rings if they should use
inappropriate language.  Or, if we catch them touching
their genitals outside of the masturbation club
meeting, we attach a one-foot light caliper chain from
their nose ring to their cock ring, so they can
meditate for several hours on the thing they seem to
be so in love with.”

Chip interjected, “You know how servants are trying
to jack all of the time.  They just can’t keep their
hands away from their cocks.”  Chip gave a look to
Jeremy and they smiled at each other.

Jeremy continued, “Just keeping misbehavers chained so
that they have to remain totally immobile for a couple
of hours gets them back on track and ready to please.
It’s just as effective as the harder discipline
methods, and is the preferred route.  Of course, if an
infraction occurs of the type that needs immediate
correction while a boy is on roller duty, and we need
him working on the floor, then we have no choice but
to take him aside, administer hard discipline, and
send him back to service.  Soft discipline is time
consuming, so we only use it on the boys when they are
on their off-duty periods.”

When Chip commented that Martin’s sons were all good
looking, Jeremy agreed and commanded, “Why don’t you
boys turn around so Chip can get a look at the rest of
you!”  The boys turned, and Chip said, “Wow, some
pretty nice behinds!”

Jeremy nodded in agreement, and added, “They have to
have great behinds to get chosen as rollerboys.  It’s
what the ladies want!”

Jeremy thanked the boys for showing them their
behinds, and then said that he and Chip had to get
back to Maple Valley for ‘clipping’ day.  Jeremy was
glad he and Chip stopped in to visit, and smiled
broadly, “Just think, next week at this time you three
obeyers will also be heading for the grooming room to
get clipped, shaved, hosed, washed, and spanked!”
When Steven arrived a little after 5 PM, Martin took
him into his office, locked the door, and the brothers
playfully kissed.  Steven asked if Hal had left for
the day and Martin told him he had, and that Hal would
no longer be working with the boys.  “He did a good
job.  Taught me and the boys a lot.  But I feel I can
handle every situation that comes up now.  Hal’s final
task will be babysitting the boys when I leave for
Miami tomorrow, but I’ll be back within 48 hours.”

Martin poured two glasses of sherry, and gave one to
Steven.  As they sat on the couch, Martin explained
his marital situation; “I just got off the phone for
the second time today with Barbara’s sister, Karen.
Barbara won’t speak to me.  Karen told me that Barbara
does not want the boys to know that we are having
difficulties.  She and I both feel that there is no
reason to let the boys know anything right now, since
things could be stressful enough for them once they
start their terms of service at Maple Valley.  But we
are going to keep up appearances.  Barbara and Flora
are coming tomorrow morning and we are all going to
the portrait studio for family portraits.  Then later
in the day, when I leave for Miami, she and Flora will
stay here with Hal and the boys until I return the
following day.  Then on Saturday she wants the boys
and me to attend the “Obeyers’ Ball” with her, Flora,
and Timothy Witherspoon.  And she wants us to be here
and together as a family when the Maple Valley
contract handlers come on Monday to pick up the boys.”

Steven shook his head in sympathy.  “It’s tough on
Claire and me too.  Ever since Jason was indentured
she has been sort of backing away from me.”  Martin
put an arm around Steven, “Hang in there, buddy.”
Steven replied, “You too, big guy!”  They set down
their glasses, embraced, and kissed for a long time.
After a while, when they were quite worked up, Martin
pulled away and quietly asked, “Are you going to help
me deal with the boys’ punishments?”

Steven nodded, “I got your phone message.  I’ve been
looking forward to it all day.  It really feels good
helping to guide my own nephews.  I’ve been thinking
about it.  Punishing a servant, if it’s done in love,
is almost a sacred event.  I guess I feel that way is
because it is a hard thing to do.  But someone has got
to do it.  I have always known it was a special event
because, as difficult as it can be, if it is done with
a real desire to correct, it feels good.  You have
this feeling inside of you that runs through you, it
gets you warm inside, and it is telling you, ‘You are
doing good.  You are helping this person’.”

Martin and Steven both reached for their sherry, and
Martin responded, “I know.  Once I finally accepted
that that strangely satisfying feeling I was having
when I’d see my boys get punished was actually born
out of my love for them, I could accept it as a sign
that it was indeed a good thing for servants to be
punished when they needed it.”

Both men, holding their glasses, resumed kissing each
other.

At 7 PM, after Martin and Steven had gone through
almost two bottles of sherry, and were feeling very
much in love with each other, they gathered the boys
and themselves in Martin’s office.  Steven indicated
for the boys to sit on the couch that faced the desk,
and Steven pulled up a chair for himself next to
Martin behind the desk.  The boys were ordered to be
fully dressed for the somewhat formal occasion, so
that included uniforms along with their sailor caps.
The three servant neck collars were very noticeable on
the boys as they sat side by side on the couch in
their collarless shirts.

Whether because of his love for his nephews, or
because of his sherry intake, Steven gushed, “gawdamn,
you boys are good looking!  You all look simply
awesome in those uniforms!”

The boys sat up, aware that their uncle’s speech was
slightly slurred, but proud, nonetheless, of his
compliments.

Martin, wanting to keep the tone more formal, spoke,
“Well, you boys know why you’re here.  You are special
people now, and as special people you are held to some
very high standards.  And when those standards aren’t
met, you have to face the music.  This is all a part
of being a social servant; admitting your
shortcomings, and accepting the consequences.”

The boys looked at each other sheepishly.  Steven and
Martin, deliciously inebriated, drank in the servants’
gentle submissiveness as their balls danced in their
sacks.  Martin spoke, “Alban you broke a dinner plate.
Accidents happen.  But why are you going to be
punished now?”

“Sir, because I just cleaned it up, but didn’t report
it to you.”

“That’s right son.  So why don’t you stand up now and
take off your sandals and pants.”  Alban stood and
removed the items, leaving him clad in only his sailor
boy collarless shirt and cap.

Martin addressed Quince, “You’re here for two reasons
young man.  Would you please tell Uncle Steven what
they are!”

“Sir, I got a snack from the refrigerator without
asking permission, and I fell asleep on the hammock
during my duty period.”

Martin instructed him to stand next to Alban and
remove his sandals and pants as well.

Martin asked Bradley why he was due for punishment,
“Sir, I bad mouthed Mr. Patton.”

Martin asked Bradley to tell everyone what he said
about Mr. Patton.  “Sir, I called him an ‘asshole’.”
Martin asked if he still felt that way.  “Sir, I do
not like the way he treats his servant, but I do not
think he is an asshole, and I am very sorry for saying
that.”

Martin spoke, “Bradley, as you know you also have a
five minute spanking due as part of your ongoing
punishment for accusing two free persons in an
inappropriate manner, so what I am going to do is
deliver that spanking to you while you are fitted with
a punishment bra and a scrotal ‘hog’.  So I want you
to stand next to your brothers and remove all of your
clothing except for your cap.”

Martin addressed Quince and Alban, “Uncle Steven is
going to give each of you a two minute over-the-knee
reformatory strapping, while I take care of Bradley.
I could, of course, let all of this go.  But I believe
it is best that you face here at home exactly the same
kind of punishments you can expect to receive for such
infractions when you are in service.  I want to get
you boys on the right path, and help you stay on it.”

All three boys thanked their father, and Quince, as
usual, was the first to exhort his brothers, “I want
to take whatever punishment I have coming so that I
can be a better servant.”  Alban added, “I do too, and
I want to please you, Dad.”  Martin told his sons that
they couldn’t begin to comprehend how much they
pleased him.

When Bradley was naked except for his cap, and his
brothers bare from the waist down, Martin told them to
stand still and tall.  “Okay boys, it’s reckoning
time.  I want you to think about the things you did
that have earned you this punishment, and to ask
yourselves what steps you can take in the future to
make sure you don’t repeat such offenses.

Martin took the punishment bra, a foot wide band of
canvas-like material embedded with plasti-nettles on
one side, and fitted it around Bradley’s chest.  He
buckled it on as Bradley winced and squirmed.  Martin
then grasped Bradley’s hairless balls and put them
into a pouch made of thick plastic film.  At the
opening of the pouch, which fitted about the uppermost
part of the scrotum just below the penis, was a small
dial that Martin turned to tighten and secure the
pouch.  As the dial turned it also bunched up the sack
and caused it to tighten around the balls.  When it
was tight enough and pinching the balls so that
Bradley screamed “OWWW, Dad!” Martin stopped turning
the dial.

Martin then pulled Bradley over his lap and began
spanking him, just as Steven was taking Alban over his
lap to begin his two minute strapping.

As Quince watched his older and younger brother
wiggle, holler, and rut, as they got their spanking
and strapping, he could sense that his dad and uncle
really loved them.  It was comforting being cared for
in such a way.  He thought his brothers looked like
babies as they kicked and screamed, but he knew that,
in a way, they really were babies now; but in a
good way.  Being new to social service, they were
newborn, so to speak, to servitude.  He was taught in
training to be like a baby, innocent and trusting, and
to let go of self-consciousness.  When he did let go,
he felt good. And he also didn’t care that he was
erecting as he watched his brothers get it.  When it
was his turn to go over his uncle’s knee, Quince was
almost eager for the strapping to begin, so that he
could show his dad, uncle, and brothers, that he was a
prime, dutiful, servant, willing to submit to the
punishment he deserved.

Once Alban’s strapping was over he began to appreciate
it for the special moment that it was.  Everyone knew
that servants, like Binky, get spanked all the time.
But no one except government workers and rich people,
who own servants, ever actually gets to see a real
servant punishment session, and everyone wants to see
one.  Alban felt like he was center stage at a
momentous event.  Almost like he was a star.  He knew
that the punishments being delivered at his house to
him and his brothers were just like the punishments
being given to servants and slaves all over the
country.  Punishments were a part of social
servant/slavery culture.  And Alban was, now, an
insider in that culture.  He was present, and would be
present, to such cultural events on a regular basis
from now on.

When Bradley’s punishment was over, and his punishment
bra and scrotal hog were removed, and all three
brothers were standing around sniffling and rubbing
their behinds with their erections bobbing in social
servant abandon, Martin and Steven patted each other
on the back.  They knew for certain the boys were
controlled servants now, and they loved the boys for
it and told them so.  And the boys loved hearing it.
When Quince said with conviction, “I never want to be
naughty again”, and Alban followed him with “Same
here.  I want dad to be so proud of me!”, Martin
encouraged the boys to not be so hard on themselves.
“You boys are human and there will be more mistakes
made, and they will be followed by the proper
punishments.  But that’s okay.  Punishments are not
meant to tell you that you are bad people; you are
not; but to encourage you to be true to the good
person you really are so that you can be proud of
yourselves.”

Such words of love and encouragement from their dad
made the penises of all three servants firm up in
pride.  Martin told the three little naked obeyer
babies that they could put their uniforms back on and
that they were on their free time until bedtime.
When the boys were out of the room the men first
stood, and their erections were now apparent to each
other.  Steven and Martin patted each other on the
back and complimented the other on being a good
disciplinarian.  Martin commented, “What’s so
beautiful about punishment is that it’s a good thing,
and now my boys know it’s a good thing!”