Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTY-SIX**  
  
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Bradley did not like the idea of having official  
servant photos taken of him alone and with his family,  
and he told his father so.  He explained that he was  
only going to be a social servant for about 5 years,  
and having photos of it seemed like it was making  
something permanent of it, that it could serve as  
evidence against him in the future.  His father not  
only convinced him that such concerns were folly, but  
that he would regret not having it done, since he was  
going to be a servant for almost 6 years.  People are  
happy to have photo records of the things they do.  As  
an example he explained that most men in military  
service don’t exactly want to be there, but it is a  
significant part of their lives and they want to  
remember it, the good and the bad.  
  
Bradley finally agreed, but he said that he did not  
want to be naked in the photos, as is traditional,  
especially in the shots of him with his family.   
Martin told him he was sensitive to that, and had  
already arranged for the boys to be wearing genital  
caplets in both their solo and family portraits.  
  
In the studio photos the boys are wearing little  
colored cotton baglets that cover their penises and  
scrotums and are held in place by the bag’s elastic  
collar which grasps about the root of the genitals.   
Each boy also had affixed above their genitals a bow  
similar in color to their genital baglet.  Bradley’s  
was blue, Quince’s was green, and Alban’s yellow.  
  
In the family portrait shot, Martin, Flora, and  
Barbara are seated on a short couch, formally dressed,  
and to the left of the couch stood   
Bradley and Quince, and on the right side of the couch  
stood Alban.  The family portraits, with the boy’s  
near nudity, dressed in only their genital baglets and  
servant collars, in contrast to their formally dressed  
parents and sister, emphasize nicely the boys’ servant  
status.  
  
The professional quality studio portraits showed the  
family to be the beautiful people they were, showed  
Bradley to be looking calm and happy with the session  
(though he was not), and in the end everyone thought  
they looked very good.  The only unhappy camper in the  
bunch was little Flora who thought her dad was out of  
it for letting the boys wear genital baglets, and not  
letting the boys be photographed in the traditional  
way; fully nude.  “Baglets”, she sneered to her  
friends, “are for servant owners who happen to be  
fundamentalist prudes!”  
  
Hal arrived just as Martin was saying his farewells to  
the boys before setting off for Miami.  He told Hal  
that a special delivery package would soon be arriving  
from Maple Valley, and it would contain the special  
underpants and accessories the boys would be wearing  
while on rollerboy duty, and that Maple Valley wanted  
the boys to be comfortable and used to wearing them  
once they arrived at Maple Valley, since they would be  
put into rollerboy service immediately upon arrival at  
Maple Valley.  Martin explained, “They told me the  
package would contain full instructions, and that they  
wanted the boys to get used to wearing them several  
hours a day before they arrived at Maple Valley.”  
  
Once Martin left, Hal, in his usual form, gathered the  
boys in the living room and told them he wanted them  
to be on their best behavior, “And if there are no  
problems for the rest of the day, then just before  
‘lights out’ tonight I will let you have a ‘pleasure’  
session.”  
  
Flora did not know why her father was going to Miami,  
nor the reason why her parents seemed to be treating  
each other rather coolly.  But she relished being at  
home with Hal in charge of her brothers.  She enjoyed  
seeing boys, any boys, kept in line, and she knew if  
there were any corrective measures needed, Hal was not  
one to bother taking such measures behind closed  
doors.  
  
She managed most of the day to be in a room near to  
the one her brothers were working in.  She loved  
hearing Hal exhort her brothers to better service, “Be  
careful, Alban.  Don’t bump that lamp!”  “Quince, it  
sure is taking you a long time to sort out those  
magazines!  You are servants now, boys, and we can’t  
have any of this dawdling.”  And when Bradley and Hal  
walked into the kitchen just as Flora had started  
washing the dishes out of boredom, Hal snapped his  
fingers at Bradley, “You take over those dishes.   
Flora, there is no reason you should be doing any  
house work as long as you have three servant brothers  
around with not too much to do!”  Her sailor uniformed  
and capped oldest brother took over the dish washing  
like an obedient lamb.    
  
Flora got herself some yogurt, sat down at the kitchen  
table, and as she ate, admired how nicely the uniform  
she had selected showed off her brother’s ass.  She  
wished Hal had some reason to unbutton Bradley’s  
spanker’s flap.  When, later in the day, she managed  
to overhear Quince telling Bradley what sounded like a  
dirty joke, she went and told Hal.  She was  
disappointed when Hal responded, “Shame on those boys.  
I’ll tell them to watch their language when they’re  
around free people.”  
  
When United Transport Services of Vermont delivered  
the package from Maple Valley, it contained a  
handwritten note from Andrew Rickers to Martin, which  
Hal read.  Hal thought it was very nice service indeed  
to get hand written instructions on the proper use of  
the pants from the head of personnel at Maple Valley.  
  
Hal called the boys into the bedroom and told them to  
take off all of their clothes.  Quince saw Flora  
walking by the bedroom, and he went and closed the  
bedroom door.  Hal noticed, did not protest, but did  
give a mild shake of his head as if to say, “This  
family and their prudery!”  
  
When the boys were undressed Hal instructed them to  
sit on the bed.  Hal took some baby powder, stood in  
front of Alban, told him to lean back on the bed and  
started sprinkling baby powder about his groin.  As he  
rubbed it in he explained, “Maple Valley sent these  
special custom made underpants and accessories over  
which you will be wearing when you’re in service as  
rollerboys.  They want you to get used to wearing  
them.  You’ll be wearing them underneath your  
uniforms, and they are very expensive.”  He instructed  
Alban to turn around so he could powder his behind.   
“Even though the special plastic the underpants are  
made of is non-allergenic, and allows sweat to  
evaporate, you need to be powdered to help cut down  
any friction.”  When Hal finished rubbing the powder  
into little Alban’s behind, he took a small three-inch  
tapered molded plastic rod and lubed it up.  Narrow at  
the tip, the rod tapered to 3/4 of an inch at the  
base.  He parted Alban’s butt cheeks and slowly worked  
the little rod up into Alban’s hole.  Alban squirmed.  
  
Hal explained, “Mr. Rickers wrote a very nice letter  
to your father explaining the purpose of the rubber  
pants.  They help hold this little rollerboy rod up  
your behinds.  And the rod in turn will help you boys  
to stay alert at all times and keep rolling at a good  
speed.”  The dark rubber pants were of firm molded  
plastic that held the shape of two large buttocks in  
the back.  The crease or ridge between the buttocks  
was of a firmer plastic that went right up into the  
ass crack, and remained tightly against the hole.  The  
crotch portions of the pants were of a thinner, more  
pliant, plastic, intended to snugly hold the genitals.  
Hal helped Alban step into the pants, and pulled them  
up tightly so the ass crack molded ridge was tight  
against Alban’s hole.  The general shape, size, and  
cut of Alban’s unit was visible through the soft  
plastic.  Hal then took a key and locked the waistband  
that secured the pants.   
  
Hal had Quince and Bradley lean back on the bed  
together and he proceeded to powder, plug, pants, and  
lock them simultaneously.  When all three boys stood  
up in their new locked-on plastic pants, with the rods  
up their behinds held securely in place, Hal smiled.   
“You all look good in your new pants.  For today I  
want you to stay in them until suppertime.  And don’t  
put your uniforms back on, just your sandals.  I want  
to see if your new pants are riding or chafing.  When  
the rubber-pantsed and sandaled boys exited the  
bedroom, Flora was nearby.  Hal gave her the key.  “If  
you boys need to use the toilet, you can ask Flora to  
unlock you.”  
  
Flora asked what the rubber pants were for and why  
they were locked.  Hal answered, “Every morning out at  
Maple Valley all eighty of the rollerboys get  
powdered, plugged, rubber-pantsed, and locked.  The  
pants are intended to keep in place a little rod that  
has been inserted up their behinds.  The rod helps  
keep the boys alert and spirited.  And the rubber  
pants also prevent guests from fondling the boys, and  
the boys from fondling themselves.  Maple Valley is a  
resort, of course, and there are always drunken guests  
about, men and women, trying to feel up the boys.”  
  
“In his letter, Mr. Rickers said that the rod also  
helps to keep the boys’ legs spread a little further  
apart than they normally would be, and that increases  
the appearances of larger buttocks even more.  And  
large buttocks are what define a rollerboy.”  
  
Flora loved the rubber underpants.  Not only did they  
nicely reveal the general shape of each of her  
brother’s lunchboxes, but also they made their butts  
appear especially large and inviting.  Noticing that  
Flora was taking in the way the rubber pants defined  
everything, Hal explained, “The rollerboy uniform  
pants that goes over these rubber pants is made of  
skintight nylon, much like a cyclist’s spandex  
bodysuit.  That way when the boys are rolling around  
serving and waiting on the guests on their inline  
skates, there is no loose material to interfere with  
their movement, and all of the boys’ assets are on  
display for the guests.”   
  
From the boys’ standpoint, the rod up their holes,  
held in place by locked pants, reminded them of their  
servility.  It made them feel like possessed objects.   
For Alban and Quince this was not a bad thing.  They  
were easily able to get lost in the comforting side of  
being controlled.  They liked the way the pants seemed  
to highlight their endowments.  And they both were  
able to accept the stimulation provided by the rod as  
a servant’s right.    
  
Bradley was almost in the same state of mind as his  
brothers regarding the rubber pants.  The invasive rod  
made him really ‘feel’ like a servant. He believed he  
could handle that.  And to Bradley the soft rubber of  
the pants actually felt good.  But he found himself  
having to swallow his pride.  He didn’t mind having to  
be uniformed, but he still found Hal’s authoritarian  
approach hard to take.  And he was not comfortable  
with Flora’s constant eyeing of their units.   
  
Hal told the boys to report to him if the pants were  
chafing or giving them any other problems.  Hal looked  
over the boys’ chore schedule for the day.  “I see  
that next on the list your father has you down for  
doing a thorough cleaning of Flora’s room.  He wants  
everything moved and cleaned, the walls and ceiling  
scrubbed, the windows washed, and the hardwood floor  
washed and waxed.  Very good.  
Flora, since it’s your room and you know how you want  
everything done, can I put you in charge of that  
operation and have you supervise the boys?”  
  
Flora nodded excitedly, and said she would be happy to  
supervise her brothers.  The sandaled, rubber-pantsed,  
and collared servant brothers followed their little  
sister up the stairs to her bedroom.  
  
Flora, a truly loving sister to her brothers, was not  
a bitchy overseer.  Her satisfaction in supervising  
was not in snapping orders, but in just knowing that  
her brothers had to be servants, and in relishing the  
fact that they were not free boys.  She truly loved  
seeing her brothers work, and knowing that all of  
their parts were for service to others.  She could not  
explain, even if she had to, what her fascination was  
with social servants.  But she liked being around her  
rubber underpants-clad brothers enough that she stayed  
in her room and worked alongside of them the full  
time it took to clean the room.  And the rubber pants  
provided Flora with a pretty good picture of how boys’  
genitals are constantly shifting about and changing  
size.  The cleaning of her room proved to be a good  
anatomy lesson for Flora.   
  
Because Flora was always nice to her brothers, her  
brothers liked her.  The four siblings had a good time  
cleaning the room.  When Hal would occasionally check  
in on the progress of the cleaning effort, he would  
praise not only the boys’ good work, but Flora, as  
well, for being an enlightened overseer.   
  
At 8:15 in the evening, Hal entered the recreation  
room where the boys and Flora were watching  
television, announced, “Okay boys, it’s pajama time!”,  
and gave the boys a wink.  When Bradley said he did  
not want to participate, but that he would be in bed  
by 8:30, Hal ordered, “You have no choice in the  
matter.  You have to learn to do things when you are  
ordered to do them.  And that includes everything.”    
Flora was not sure what was going on and was curious,  
“Why do they have to go to bed earlier than usual,  
Hal?”  
  
“Your brothers have some boy business to take care of  
tonight before ‘lights out’.”   
  
Bradley was hesitating as Alban and Quince made their  
way to their bedroom.  Hal took Bradley’s arm and  
gently pulled him along, “Come along, big fella. This  
is something that has to be done.”  
  
Hal knew from experience that supervised, familial,  
masturbation sessions ingrained ‘servitude’ into young  
males almost as powerfully as bull-whippings.  Putting  
a young man’s most private activity on display and  
under supervision effectively helps wipe out any  
lingering vestiges of free-boyism.    
  
When Hal made his way into the boys’ room guiding  
Bradley, he closed the door, and ordered, “Okay,  
everything off, then get on your beds and get to  
work!”  
  
When the boys were naked and on their beds, Alban and  
Quince began a slow stroking.  Hal advised them,  
“Don’t be afraid to fondle your balls as you work  
yourselves.  You boys deserve a good pleasuring.”  
  
Bradley, with something of a crush on Hal (a love-hate  
thing he had going on privately for as long as he has known  
Hal), was embarrassed to jack in front of Hal.  Hal  
went and stood next to Bradley, reached down and  
gently grasped his cock gave it a gentle shaking.   
Bradley was completely surprised by the move, and  
having Hal touch his penis made him instantly hard.   
Now he was doubly embarrassed; Hal would know he had a  
crush on him.  Hal, still gently shaking Bradley’s  
cock, said, “Come on boy.  You’re a servant now and  
you have a chore to do.  Don’t be afraid of a little  
elbow grease!”  Bradley felt strangely violated,  
strangely humiliated, and strangely exhilarated.  
  
Once all the boys were pumping away, Hal, a thorough  
heterosexual, guided them along as if they were  
digging ditches, “That’s the way boys.  Keep going at  
it now.  Alban, a little faster there!  See boys,  
being a servant has its rewards if you behave as  
nicely as you all did today!”  
  
The three collared, shave-pussied, little naked worker  
babies, pumped away as Hal looked them over.  Hal  
wanted the boys to know he was watching all of them.    
  
Alban felt wonderful, like a special kind of soldier  
in a special barracks where no one is ashamed of being  
bare and pumping.  Alban knew he was a real servant  
now.  
  
Hal complimented the boys, “It’s great to see you boys  
going at it together.  Just the way real servants do  
it.  You have a right to make yourselves feel good!  I  
want you to be proud of yourselves as you pump  
yourselves off in the traditional servant way;  
together like a family.”  
  
As Quince pumped away, he liked that a real man  
overseer like Hal was supervising.  He liked knowing  
he shared intimacies with other real men.  Quince was  
proud of his body and he knew that a man like Hal  
appreciated his body as a prime servant laborer body.   
As he pumped he wanted his cock to be the biggest it  
ever was so that Hal would know he had a real  
servant-man’s jumbo dick and could be proud of him.  
  
Hal encouraged them; “Once we get you boys shipped out  
to Maple Valley you’ll get with the full program in no  
time!  You’ll get used to this.  You’ll see how you  
servants share everything, just as you are now.  It’s  
a truly beautiful life.  You’ll be so happy.  This is  
only a sample of the good things to come in your life  
as social servants.”   
  
As Bradley neared his climax he gazed at Hal.  Hal had  
frequently been a subject of Bradley’s fantasies.  He  
had wished in the past he had a photo of Hal.  Now he  
didn’t need one.  He was jacking off while looking  
into the face of the real thing.  As Bradley neared  
his climax a wild desire overtook him, and he reached  
up with both arms, grabbed Hal and pulled him towards  
him, and plunged his lips against Hal’s.  
  
Alban and Quince shot their loads just as Hal began to  
struggle with Bradley in an attempt to back off.  Hal,  
a well-muscled trainer, broke away and had Bradley  
subdued in no time.  He pulled Bradley roughly off of  
his bed and led him to the door.  He unlocked and  
opened the door shoved Bradley into the hallway.   
Bradley was dazed.  Hal grabbed Bradley by his prick  
and roughly led him through the house to the stairs  
leading downstairs. Barbara and Flora were up in their  
respective bedrooms, but this time Hal especially  
didn’t care what they saw and heard.   
  
Once in the workroom that had been converted into a  
sort of punishment room, Hal closed the door, grabbed  
Bradley tightly by the balls with one hand, and with  
the other began a series of hard slaps to his ass.   
Every time Bradley would buck, Hal would squeeze his  
balls.  Hal would spank, Bradley would buck and  
squeal, and Hal would squeeze.  Buck and squeal.   
After a minute of spanking, Hal let go and grabbed a  
tawse, gathered Bradley’s arms behind him, and started  
decorating his butt and thighs with strokes of the  
tawse.  Bradley howled and pleaded.  After about ten  
swats, Hal threw the tawse down and grabbed, instead,  
a short flip whip.  Bradley, terrified of Hal’s angry  
look as he approached him, cringed and fell in a ball  
on the floor.  Hal didn’t care, and starting whipping  
whatever part of Bradley was visible as Bradley rolled  
around and squealed.  After about a minute of trying  
to whip as many different spots on Bradley’s body as  
he could, Hal stopped the whipping.   
  
Hal pulled the bawling Bradley up from his fetal  
position on the floor and forced him to sit in one of  
the slave high chairs that had been moved into the  
basement, and strapped him in by the legs, thighs, and  
arms.  He put the punishment bra around Bradley’s  
chest as Bradley moaned in pain.  As Hal tightened  
thumbscrews and toe screws on Bradley, he explained,  
“Assault of an overseer adds 10 months of service  
time, regardless of whether you’re a lifer or limited  
term servant.  I’m not, however, going to write up a  
formal charge unless your father wants me to.  You can  
sit here and think about it for a couple of hours!”  
  
Hal went to the guest room where he slept when he  
stayed over, set the alarm clock to go off in two  
hours, and soon fell asleep.  When the alarm went off  
two hours later, he was feeling too cozy, so he  
reached over and set the timer for another two hours.  
  
In the morning Bradley wanted very much to not cause  
any more trouble or to upset anyone, so he was hoping  
Hal wouldn’t tell his mother what happened.  After the  
morning inspection Hal plugged and rubber-pantsed  
Alban and Quince, and told them to get dressed in  
their sailor uniforms.  Once their uniforms were on,  
it pleased Hal that it was quite noticeable that the  
rod up their holes was doing its job; both butt  
plugged brothers were indeed walking with their legs  
spread further apart than was usual.  
  
Hal had Bradley put on a pair of servant punishment  
pants, which looked pretty much like a very thick  
adult diaper.  Punishment pants are pants that one  
puts on servants after severe spankings in order to  
provide padding and protection to their sore butts.   
They were practical, allowing a freshly spanked  
servant ease in being able to sit down, and had a good  
psychological effect on servants, as well; they  
provided salutary humiliation.   
  
Hal placed a white cone dunce cap on Bradley’s head  
and fastened it on with a chinstrap.  It said in clear  
letters, down the front and back:    
“I  
was  
a  
BAD   
SERVANT.”  
  
Hal ordered Bradley to put on his sandals, and all of  
the boys to get into the kitchen for breakfast.   
Barbara and Flora, already seated at the table, having  
prepared breakfast for everyone, were shocked when Hal  
and the boys entered.  Bradley couldn’t look anyone in  
the eyes, so he kept his head down.  When Barbara  
asked what had happened, Hal ordered Bradley to tell.  
“I assaulted Mr. Franklin, Mom.”  
  
When Hal noticed Bradley wasn’t eating, he commanded  
him to eat.  When Bradley said he wasn’t hungry, Hal  
said in a firm and clear voice, “You either start  
eating, or I’m going to bare your ass right here in  
the kitchen, take you over my knee, and whip that  
sniffling attitude out of you once and for all!”  
  
Barbara, who had been quite concerned, relaxed when  
she saw Bradley start to eat.  She was quite sure that  
nothing was amiss, only that Bradley had probably been  
in a bad mood, and Hal simply had to do what trainers  
have to do.  
  
Flora, who loved her brother dearly, hated to see him  
so shamed and humiliated.  But she nevertheless went  
dry mouthed after seeing her handsome oldest brother  
in punishment pants and a dunce cap, threatened with a  
bare strapping right in front of her.  
  
After breakfast Hal set Alban and Quince to work on  
their daily chores, and told Barbara that he was going  
to take Bradley aside and talk some sense into him.   
Barbara was pleased to hear it, and thanked Mr.  
Franklin for all that he had done for her boys.  
  
Hal grabbed Bradley by his ear, twisted it, and pulled  
him along into the boys’ bedroom.  Once in the  
bedroom, he closed the door, locked it, set the  
deadbolt, and told Bradley to remove his sandals.  
  
Bradley, in his punishment pants and dunce cap, was  
afraid.  Hal walked up to Bradley, grabbed him by his  
biceps, held him firmly in place, and looked him in  
the eye. “I hope you’re as ashamed of yourself as  
everyone else is of you right now.  You should be  
setting an example for your brothers.  Instead you go  
and embarrass them.  Didn’t you notice how ashamed of  
you they were at breakfast?  Their big brother in a  
diaper and dunce cap in front their mother and little  
sister!”  
  
Hal reached down and undid the Velcro snaps of  
Bradley’s punishment pants, and pulled them off.  He  
threw the pants on one of the beds and once again  
clasped Bradley’s upper arms.  “Bradley, Bradley!   
Letting me down in such a way after all I’ve done for  
you.”  Hal continued to stare at Bradley in silence.   
After a bit he let go of his grasp, and put one hand  
on Bradley’s back and let it slowly make its way down  
to Bradley’s right buttock.  
  
Bradley swallowed, Hal spoke quietly, “I’ve spanked  
these buttocks, I’ve strapped them, hair-brushed and  
tawsed them, and I’ve flogged them.  In short, I’ve  
taught you a lot of good things through these two big  
buttocks of yours.  So I’m thinking they owe me  
something in return.”  
  
“I always thought you were a nice straight boy, and  
out of respect I never do stuff with my straight  
servant boy clients.”  Hal started toggling both of  
Bradley’s tits with his hands.  “But now I find out  
that you’re a homo-servant.  This really is supposed  
to be part of a servant’s training, and I admit I am  
remiss in not doing this with all my clients.  I guess  
it’s because I know that if I were a servant I would  
find it pretty hard to take myself.  But you homo  
servants like this kind of stuff.”  Hal reached down  
and manipulated Bradley’s cock for a bit, and it got  
very hard very quickly.  He grabbed it and pulled  
Bradley over to a vanity and took the servant spray  
cologne.  As he sprayed cologne on Bradley’s scrotum,  
tits, and into his arm pits, he explained, “I like my  
servant boys perfumed up like cheap whores when I fuck  
‘em.”  
  
Hal led the dunce-capped, cock waggling, Bradley to  
the bed and sat down in front of him.  “For starters I  
want you to get down on your knees and start priming  
me with your lips.”  Bradley knelt, unzipped Hal,  
pulled out his cock, and completely forgot all of the  
humiliation he had been through in the last 14 hours.   
Finally there it was, to Bradley something like the  
Holy Grail: fat, large elongated head, nastily  
piss-slitted, large, hard, and bobbing in need.   
Bradley’s mouth went down on it in one swift, sure,  
gulp.  As Hal moaned in pleasure, Bradley’s body shot  
out waves of victory pleasure to the naughty servant.  
  
Hal was a critic and educator even in the bedroom,  
“You have got it down, Bradley.  Nice job!  Wait until  
I tell your dad.  This is marketable!”  
  
After Bradley’s popsicle slurping style almost got Hal  
to spurt well before he had intended, Hal gave Bradley  
a whap on the head.  A hurt Bradley looked at Hal,  
“Sorry I had to do that.  I didn’t want to cum just  
yet.”   
  
Hal took out a small digital camera and told Bradley  
to stand against the wall.  “You are so cute and crazy  
looking wearing nothing but that dunce cap.  My  
girlfriend will get a kick out of this.”  Hal snapped  
a picture.  “Now I want you show my woman how big you  
can get it.  Jack your dick up as big as it will go  
for the next picture!”  Bradley pumped, but his dick  
was already almost to the hilt.  Hal snapped another  
picture, then commanded, “Now get your pussy up on the  
bed, pull your knees to your chest, and spread your  
legs.”  
  
Hal stripped as Bradley watched him with great  
interest.  When Hal got on the bed and saw a spread  
Bradley waiting to take it, he was pleased.  “That’s  
what I like to see.  A servant in position waiting to  
serve.”  
  
Hal guided his fat long pecker into Bradley’s hole and  
did a few test pumps.  “Oh yeah!”  Locked in, Hal  
pushed Bradley’s knees to the side so he had access to  
Bradley’s chest.  He started again toggling Bradley’s  
tits as he began a steady and slow fuck rhythm.  “Oh,  
beautiful!  If you’re dad does want to go ahead and  
have eight months added to your service term, it  
really wouldn’t be such a bad thing, because this is  
probably how most of your time will be spent;  
pleasuring your overseers.”  
  
Hal stopped for a moment to straighten Bradley’s dunce  
cap, “You are so cute in that dunce cap.” Hal reached  
his left hand to Bradley’s left leg and pushed it  
against the side of Bradley’s chest in order to expose  
more buttock, and with his right hand began spanking.   
Bradley hollered “Oowww”, Hal smiled, and continued  
spanking as he pumped his hips.    
  
When the buttock was very red and Bradley’s face was  
tear streaked, Hal let go and plunged deep into  
Bradley, and let his chest meet Bradley’s chest.  He  
kissed Bradley, their tongues entwined, and Hal began  
a series of hard strokes that would bring him home.   
Bradley was lost in incredible waves of pleasure;  
having an adored trainer’s prick doing it’s thing up  
his ass, his chest sprawled against his, and their  
mouths locked together.  As Hal started spurting, so  
did Bradley; as he never had before.  
  
When Hal rolled off of Bradley after their exhausting  
session, Bradley was very surprised when Hal stretched  
out on the bed and pulled him along side of him, and  
put his arms around him, like a man does after fucking  
his woman.  And then when Hal started talking quietly  
and sweetly to him, Bradley was in ecstasy.  “You  
really are super sweet kid, and I’m going to miss you.  
I’ll always remember you like this, looking at me  
with puppy dog eyes, dunce capped, and perfumed.  I  
really wish I could be with you, keeping you out of  
trouble.  You could end up being a lifer before you  
know it, and you will if you don’t watch your ways,  
little guy!”  Hal tweaked Bradley’s nose.  
  
When Hal started rubbing Bradley’s back tenderly, it  
was one more ambivalent yet very intense gesture from  
the man Bradley loved-hated.  After a couple of  
minutes of gentle rubbing, Hal whispered, “I need to  
piss.  Why don’t you scoot down there between my legs  
so we can have a little personal care training  
session.”  Bradley took Hal’s now softer member in his  
mouth, and Hal instructed, “Now form a nice and tight  
seal with your lips.  I’m going to let it come out  
easy and slow for you.  Here we go!”  
  
As Hal started peeing he encouraged, “There, that’s  
the way.  That’s my boy!  Just pretend you’re a little  
baby sucking on a nipple.  Many servants consider this  
to be their favorite beverage.”  
  
After the drink, Hal pulled Bradley back into his  
arms, and kissed him all over as he felt him up.  He  
explained, “I just love feeling up servant flesh, male  
and female.  An obeyer’s body feels especially supple  
and pliant to the touch.  And that’s what I want you  
to be; an obeyer.”  Hal smiled tenderly at Bradley,  
“Will you promise me that you will be an obeyer?”   
Bradley, fairly melting, promised Hal he would be an  
obeyer.  
  
Hal removed the dunce cap, tenderly pinched Bradley on  
the cheek, playfully slapped his thigh, and said, “You  
better go take a shower, you little stinky fucker!   
You smell like a whore!”