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!”