Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTY-SEVEN**  
  
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It didn’t seem to bother anyone except Bradley that  
once Martin returned home from his Miami trip he  
seemed preoccupied most of the time.  And what  
surprised and bothered Bradley most of all was his  
father’s nonchalant conveyance of the news that his  
term of service had been extended by the state.  
  
“Bradley, Hal told me that you assaulted him, and he  
explained in detail what happened.  When he asked me  
if I wanted him to file formal charges with the State,  
I told him to go ahead.  The reason I did that son is  
because I want you to see how easy it is for you to  
get into trouble if you are not mindful of your  
behavior.  I know that Hal told you that the penalty  
for assault on a licensed overseer was 8 months.   
Unfortunately, son, Hal is not a lawyer and he wasn’t  
quite up to speed on the law.  The lawyers at Social  
Services interpreted your acts quite differently from  
the way Hal did.  The following extensions have been  
added by the state to your term of service; when you  
grabbed Hal with both hands and roughly pulled him  
towards you, that is classified as assault on a  
licensed overseer and that carries a penalty of 4  
years.  Then, because after Hal pulled away from you,  
you grabbed him again and pulled his head towards  
yours, brought your lips to his, and forced your  
tongue into his mouth, that is classified as a new  
assault, attempted rape of a licensed overseer, and  
that carries a penalty of 3 years and four months.   
Son, your full term of social service is now 13  
years.”  
  
Bradley, expressionless, stared at the floor.  
  
“But don’t you worry about that, honey, because I am,  
in a sense, your leaser, and I can break the lease  
anytime I want on a prorated basis.  Since your  
infractions are social servant realm, and are not  
civil offenses, your incurred penalties are not  
binding on you should I decide to free you earlier.  I  
am going to, of course, take you and your brothers out  
of social service in 5 years and 8 months exactly as  
we have planned.  But I am not at all unhappy that I  
had Hal write up a formal statement on your behavior  
for the State, because I want you to be aware, for  
your own good, how easily bad behavior could get you  
into some very serious trouble.”  
  
Bradley did not know whether he should be upset or  
relieved over what his father had just told him.   
Martin indicated for Bradley to sit next to him on the  
couch, and when he did, Martin put an arm around him.   
“I love you, little guy, and I just want you to be  
careful.”  Martin kissed Bradley on the cheek and  
smiled at him as he rubbed his back, “Would you feel  
better if I gave you a spanking son?”  
  
“Dad?”  
  
“Well, I know you must be upset with what you did, and  
perhaps you’re feeling bad for letting me down, and  
maybe you feel a spanking might be deserved and would  
let me know that you want to be a good servant.”   
  
“Dad, Hal spanked, tawsed, and whipped me; then he  
tied me in a punishment chair, fitted me with pain  
devices, and had me sit there in the dark for four  
hours.  Now you tell me my term of service has been  
more than doubled, but not to worry about it because  
it’s just a warning.  I think I have been punished  
more than enough.”  In frustration Bradley shook his  
head and started to cry.  Martin hugged him tightly  
with both arms, “Son, I wasn’t saying you deserved  
more punishment.  I just wanted to know if you would  
feel better if I did punish you.  There is no reason  
to be upset.  Some servants, when they really mess up,  
like to be punished by the people they care about as a  
way of letting them know they are sorry for what they  
did.  It helps them to feel better about themselves.”  
  
“If you are feeling frustrated right now, that’s all  
right, son.  Just go ahead and cry if it makes you  
feel better.  That’s what servants do when they know  
they have been naughty and can admit their guilt; they  
cry.  You’re my little crying servant son, just like  
all the other servant boys all around this county who  
have slipped and messed up.  I want you to be  
comforted in knowing that I or your new overseers will  
be watching you and taking care of you for the next  
several years, doing everything we can to help you  
stay on a path of good behavior.  You servants are  
such special people!  That’s why we give you so much  
special attention; we just want to help mold you,  
every chance we get, into being all you can be!”  
  
The Obeyer’s Ball, coming as it did just two days  
before Martin Forestman’s sons were to be delivered to  
their place of service, surprised all of the  
Forestman’s by ending up being a good time for  
everyone.  It was a surprise because everyone in the  
Forestman household was on edge as the boys’ day of  
delivery to Maple Valley Resort and Casino drew near.   
  
The ball’s effect was positively salutary on all three  
Forestman servants because they saw that servants  
really were human and really could have good times.  
  
Jim and Irma Patton hung out most of the evening with  
Barbara and Martin Forestman, only occasionally  
mingling with other servant owners.  And Barbara and  
Martin were able to put away their problems and  
animosity in such a good fashion that the Patton’s  
received no hint whatsoever that they were having  
problems.  
The Patton’s little servant, Timothy Witherspoon,  
spent the entire evening with Flora, who had the most  
wonderful time of her life.  At one point Flora and  
Timothy found a secluded spot in the garden of the  
mansion where the Ball was held, and kissed each other  
long and tenderly.  Flora let Timothy feel up her  
breasts through her blouse, and Timothy was happy to  
have Flora feel him up through his trousers; so much  
so that he spurted in them.  Flora fell in love that  
evening with Timothy.  
  
When Flora and Timothy reentered the ballroom, Irma  
noticed the stain in Timothy’s new uniform and asked  
him to go with her into the lady’s room.  Flora had to  
use the lady’s room as well, so she went with them.    
  
As women of all ages, free and servant, entered and  
exited the lady’s room, Irma had Timothy stand on a  
low changing table, unbuttoned his crotch flop, took  
some baby wipes from her shoulder bag, and proceeded  
to wash Timothy’s penis and clean up the mess inside  
his trousers.  Flora standing at Irma’s side, watching  
Timothy get his private parts cleaned up, loved not  
only the close up view, but most of all loved the way  
Timothy just stood there and let his owner clean him  
up without showing a hint of concern about being in  
view of all the foot traffic.  Timothy was exactly the  
kind of husband Flora dreamed of having, docile and  
obedient.  As she buttoned Timothy up, Irma smiled at  
Flora, “I think Timothy likes you!”  
  
What Martin found most fascinating was listening to  
the servants talk to each other.  It was especially  
interesting to him how servants, who have to be  
obedient, manage to talk about obedience as if it was  
a totally cool thing.  He listened to a group of  
servants Alban had gathered with, all about Alban’s  
age, chatting.  One spike haired servant said, “My  
owner, Mrs. Chalmers, has another servant, Franz, and  
she did not let him come tonight because he’s such a  
total laze-ass!  She tells him to do stuff, and he’s  
always acting like ‘What’s this shit man?  Why you  
ordering me around?’”  All of the servants, including  
Alban laughed, and a tall skinny servant in a baseball  
type servant uniform added, “Yeah, I know how it is.   
I serve with this kid who thinks he’s gonna be some  
servant type rock star.  Anyway, he’s fuckin lazy and  
I end up doin’ all of his work.  Anyway, he’s always  
having to get it on the ass.  Then when we’re alone in  
our room at night, he’s like all, ‘Mr. Clark has it in  
for me’.”    
  
As the servants laughed and shared similar stories  
about disobedient co-servants, Martin found an  
entirely new appreciation for servants who got into  
being servants.  And he was surprised, delighted, and  
amused, when Alban spoke up, “Like I got this older  
brother who was always sulking, and thinking that he  
was better than me and my brother, Quince.  But when  
my dad and his trainer finally laid into him with the  
flogger you should have seen him get with the  
program!”   
  
A blond, buff, servant with a radiant smile,  
punctuated, “Balkers are just so totally uncool!”  
  
Andrew Rickers telephoned Martin on the morning of the  
day his sons were to be picked up and delivered to  
Maple Valley Resort and Casino. “Your boys are being  
picked up around 10 AM this morning by a firm making a  
delivery for us from New York, ‘Corps Delivery’.  They  
always do a good job for us.”    
  
Barbara and Flora joined Martin and the boys at home,  
had breakfast with them, and intended to stay until  
the boys were picked up.  Barbara wanted to keep up  
appearances that things were just the way they always  
had been for the boys’ sendoff.  And the family did  
indeed manage to have an enjoyable breakfast.   
  
The boys were showered and dressed in their cleaned  
uniforms.  Martin wanted the boys to be wearing their  
caps as well so they would look like proper servants  
for the delivery team.  Shortly after 10 AM the  
doorbell rang.  As Martin went to open the door he  
noticed through the window a rather large truck parked  
out in front with the Corps Delivery logo.  When he  
opened the door he was surprised by the pickup team he  
saw standing on his porch.  But he showed no surprise  
that was visible to the pick up team as he read their  
requisition orders and checked their id’s.   
  
Barbara and Flora eagerly joined the apprehensive  
Forestman boys as they stood about the living room  
waiting.  When the delivery team entered the living  
room escorted by Martin, Barbara’s social skill  
enabled her to channel her surprise into an over wide  
and slightly rigid smile.  Flora’s surprise was also  
mingled with delight.  
  
Four young men, ranging in age from 18 to 27, two  
Latinos and two blacks, looked about and smiled at  
Flora and Barbara.  What surprised the Forestman’s was  
their dress and appearance; street gang chic.  The  
young Latino and Black wore sagging jeans and walked  
like adolescents trying to be hip.  The 25 and 27-year  
old handlers wore Levis and jerseys.  The older Black  
wore a headband, and the older thin-lipped Latino had  
hair that was heavily slicked back.  All four members  
of the pickup team had rings on both fingers and  
plenty of jewelry dangling about their necks and arms.  
The only thing that marked them as handlers were id’s  
hanging from neckbands, and a sparsely equipped  
service belt about the waists of the two senior  
handlers.  
  
The young Latino, the last one to enter the living  
room, pushed a large and very strange looking dolly.   
It was a flatbed on wheels, with side bar railings.   
Six rods arranged in a row were imbedded in the  
flatbed, and affixed to the top of each one was a seat  
that resembled a rather large bicycle seat.  Each seat  
had jutting up from its center a rubber 4-inch tapered  
rod.  A sticker on one of the sidebars proclaimed the  
dolly as ‘Property of Maple Valley Resort and Casino  
Personnel Department’.  
  
As the two eldest handlers, Leroy and Paco, showed  
Martin the forms he needed to sign, the young black  
sagged and smiled at Flora, “Whaz up chicky?”  Flora  
smiled.  The young Latino joined him, “U is shy,  
aintcha?”  
  
Flora, flattered, laughed.  Barbara felt a need to  
step in.  “Would you boys like some cookies and milk?”  
All four handlers responded in the affirmative.   
“Flora, come along with me and help me in the  
kitchen!”  
  
The women exited as the final papers were signed by  
Martin and the agents for Maple Valley.  Once signed,  
the handlers immediately stepped in and showed their  
mettle.  Leroy took a satchel from the flatbed, and  
selected from it a pile of cords, chains, belts, and  
cuffs, as the young Latino told the boys, in something  
of a shout, to get bare.  When the boys hesitated,  
Paco grabbed Bradley by his shoulders and shoved him  
against the railing of the dolly, asking him if he  
could hear.  The boys started removing their sandals  
and unbuttoning their clothes in a hurry.  
  
The young black took a large plastic bottle with an  
attached nozzled injector and took Alban, who was the  
first boy to be fully stripped, and put the nozzle up  
his asshole and gave the trigger a squeeze, “Just  
lubin’ ya up!”  The young Latino led Alban up onto the  
dolly as the handler with the injector next injected  
Quince up the behind and told him to join his brother  
on the dolly.  Bradley was cowering as he was  
approached with the injector.  The young black hissed,  
“Show me that white ass of yours, now!”  Bradley  
turned and offered his ass, but it did not stop Paco  
from picking up a tawse and giving Bradley a swipe  
across the shoulders, “Do as you’re told, Mr. pretty  
ass!”  The young black grabbed the shivering  
Bradley’s cock for leverage, inserted the nozzle up  
his asshole, squeezed the handle, and explained,  
“Sliming up your hole will make the trip to Maple  
Valley a lot easier!”  He pulled out the nozzle,  
shoved Bradley back again towards the dolly, and told  
him to “hop on board and take a seat!”  
  
The boys were ordered to each straddle a seat and  
guide the seat rod up their assholes as they eased  
themselves down on the seat.  Once the boys were  
seated, all but Leroy joined them on the dolly and  
started strapping and chaining the boys down to their  
seats.  Ball gags were placed into their mouths and  
secured.  Leroy leaned against the dolly and watched  
the boys get secured, “Make sure there’s no slack in  
those cords!”  Indicating Quince, Leroy commanded,  
“Pinch his tits.  Let’s see if the gag is working!”   
The young Latino pinched both tits, and Quince’s cries  
were muffled, as the Black approved, “Good.  The gag  
is in nice n’ tight.”  
  
The three seated and tightly secured naked servants  
sprouted erections from the pressure in their canals  
being seated and the stimulus of the rod against their  
prostates.  Leroy complimented Martin, “Yur boys are  
nicely dicked”, as the young Latino grabbed Alban’s  
prick as if to verify the comment, felt up its length,  
pulled it forward, and let it snap back.  
  
Alban, suffering from an identity crisis as he  
struggled to place what was going on into the “That’s  
My Binky” context, started to cry.  
  
Martin’s inner turmoil was suppressed as Barbara  
returned with a large tray of cookies and milk.  The  
handlers were excited to see the snacks.  “Oh yummy!”  
exclaimed the young Latino.  All four handlers  
approached Barbara holding the cookie platter, and  
Flora holding a milk pitcher in one hand and tray of  
glasses in the other.  Barbara, shocked at the scene  
of her seated, secured, naked, and erected, sons  
sitting on the very odd dolly, tried to collect  
herself.  Flora stared in awe at her brothers.   
Neither Martin nor Barbara could react to the scene as  
the comments of the cookie eating pickup team took up  
their attention. “Damn these are some good cookies.   
Did you bake them yourself?”  “Hot mamma!  Fuckin-A!”   
“Damn, youze kin come and bake for me anytime.”  “Sure  
wouldn’t mind getting into yur oven!”  “No wonder yur  
boyz got such fat asses!”  
  
The four handlers, seeming without a care in the  
world, laughed, chatted, and enjoyed their cookies and  
milk. As he nibbled the last bits of his second  
cookie, the young black quietly sang some rap, and  
gently rocked the dolly back and forth as he swayed  
and lost himself to his own music.  The three  
ass-rodded, bicycle-seated servants, teary-eyed and  
erected, swayed along with him as their transport  
dolly rocked back and forth.  
  
The unworldly and very unexpected scene playing itself  
out in Martin’s living room made Martin nauseous.  He  
wanted to shout, “Just get the hell out of here!” to  
the pickup team, but not only did he not want to anger  
the handlers who now had total control of his sons,  
but it was not at all what he was feeling with regard  
to his sons.  In fact, the thought that his sons were  
finally being taken away from him made Martin, on top  
of his nausea, almost dizzy with sorrow.  
  
The pickup team placed their glasses back on Flora’s  
tray, who was still holding it and standing in the  
same place, frozen, as when she first entered the  
room.  
  
The young black swung the dolly around, the other  
handlers gathered around the dolly to help steady it,  
and as they started pushing the boyed dolly out of the  
house, Paco shouted, “Okay folks, we’re outta here!”   
The young Latino ran over and gave Flora his card, “Yu  
call me now!  I kin give you a real sweet time.”  
  
As the dolly holding the three former upper middle  
class white boys made its way to the pickup van,  
Martin followed.  The young black and Latino had to  
pull their sagging trousers up a couple of times as  
they made their way to the van.  Leroy lowered a lift  
at the back of the van, the dolly was rolled onto it,  
the four handlers stepped onto the lift, and slowly  
the lift raised them to the cargo level.  Leroy  
unlocked and opened the large metal door, and inside,  
secured to one of the side walls, was a similar  
transport dolly holding four large-assed young men,  
similarly naked, strapped, and ball-gagged.  They  
faced the front of the van, so Martin could not make  
out their faces.  The dolly holding the Forestman boys  
was wheeled to the opposite wall and chained to the  
wall and floor to prevent it from rolling about during  
transport.  As the handlers stepped back onto the  
lift, and Leroy was closing the door, Paco shouted at  
the servants, “If anyone of you spits or pisses on the  
floor during transport, all seven of you will get your  
big asses reddened for as long as it takes you to lick  
the floor clean!”   
  
As Martin stood watching the door be pulled shut, he  
felt totally ineffectual.  And as he shouted into the  
van to his sons, “Okay then, I love you”, his voice  
broke.  He heard one of his sons sob as the door was  
slammed and locked.  Martin nodded at the handlers,  
hurried back into the house, and rushed upstairs to  
his bedroom.  
  
In his bedroom, Martin sat on the bed wanting to cry,  
but unable to.  Barbara quietly opened the door and  
looked on her husband for a moment, feeling very  
little sympathy for the obviously suffering Martin.   
When she finally spoke, it was with calm, “I’m leaving  
now.  I’m taking Flora to visit Timothy  
Witherspoon.”  
  
She turned to leave, but her inner fury thought better  
of it, and she spoke again, still calmly, “By the way,  
I got a call from Steiner, Ross, and Shields.”  She  
paused to see if there was a reaction from Martin.   
She continued, “They said they were specialists in  
‘speculative financial analysis’.  They were doing  
some credit research.”  
  
Barbara was somewhat surprised that there was no  
reaction from Martin, but she continued, “They told me  
you were looking into Florida’s ‘Serf Estate Program’.  
  
Martin was shocked, and started, “Barbara, the Serf  
Estate Program is a…”, but Barbara interrupted him.  
“I know what the program is.  Karen told me all about  
it.  Serfs in Florida are slaves for 10 hours of each  
day, and freemen for 14 hours.  It is a program a lot  
people choose when they find themselves at middle age  
constantly ending up in dead-end jobs.  It’s also the  
option used by parents who want to make some money off  
of their kids by selling them as slaves for life, but  
whose consciences prevent them from selling them into  
full-time slavery.”  
  
Martin tried to explain, “Barbara, I simply went to  
Florida to check the program out because…”    
  
Again Barbara calmly interrupted Martin, “Martin, I  
left you because I was shocked, confused, and hurt,  
and needed time to think.  But now there is an  
entirely new reason I am leaving you; utter contempt!”