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!”