Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART TWENTY-NINE**  
  
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Rashad collected Bradley, escorted him to the nursing  
station, and led him into exam room #3.  Jeremy was  
chatting with nurse Ariel Diamond as Rashad led  
Bradley in.  Jeremy, who had a long attraction to the  
straight but very handsome, dark haired, Ariel, loved  
to watch Ariel treat rollerboys.  
  
Ariel instructed Bradley to remove all of his clothes.  
“You have a bullwhipping coming in a few days.  So  
starting today and for the next two days, I’m going to  
be giving you a little something.  But first I need to  
check you out, make sure you don’t have any sort of  
lesions or infection on your back that could cause  
serious problems if the whip were to lacerate such  
areas.”    
  
When Bradley was down to just his rubber pants, Jeremy  
stepped up to Bradley, unlocked the pants, pulled them  
down, ordered Bradley to step out of them, and to  
stoop over and eject his ass rod.  Bradley did as  
ordered and Ariel proceeded to do a thorough  
examination of his body.  Ariel made a light-hearted  
comment, “Having big-assed servants has the added  
advantage of giving you more surface area to spank!”   
Everyone laughed except Bradley.  Checking out  
Bradley’s back, Ariel proclaimed, “It looks like we’re  
a ‘go’ for Bradley’s whipping.  His back and rump are  
whip-ready!”  
  
Ariel instructed Bradley to lie on the cot so he could  
give him an injection, but Bradley asked first what it  
was for.  Rashad grabbed Bradley and had him prone on  
the cot in one easy move.  Holding him securely in  
position he said, “He’s ready for his pricking!”  
  
Ariel and Jeremy smiled as Ariel explained, “It’s a  
mild sedative.  That’s all.”  Bradley said he didn’t  
want it, and Jeremy, in a rather bored voice,  
explained, “You have no choice in the matter.  You are  
the property of Maple Valley and are subject to the  
decisions made by its board of governors.  We are  
merely agents of the corporation, and therefore we  
have no choice in the matter but to execute policy.”  
  
When Bradley started to holler as Ariel was about to  
inject him, Jeremy was impatient, “Bradley, just shut  
up.  This is for your own benefit, you asshole!”  
  
Jeremy delighted in watching Ariel prick Bradley in  
the right buttock, and then swab the area with  
alcohol.  He wished Ariel had more procedures to  
perform.  As Ariel left the room, Jeremy told Rashad  
that he could leave because he wanted to talk to  
Bradley.  Bradley immediately got up and reached for  
his rubber undies.  Jeremy stopped him, “Hey, I didn’t  
say you could put your pants back on!  I never get to  
see you naked anymore.”  
  
Bradley looked uncomfortable, and slightly angry.   
Jeremy put his hand on his shoulder, “I don’t know why  
you’re acting all uppity with me.  I tried to be your  
friend here, but every time I try to talk to you, you  
act like I’m treating you like shit.  What happened to  
my old pal, ‘Blowjob Bradley’?”  
  
Bradley smiled briefly, then responded, “It’s hard  
trusting anybody.  I’m treated like shit here.  All of  
us rollerboys, we’re all treated like shit.  I can’t  
believe you would be a part of this.”  
  
“Look Bradley, I’m not going to get into any of that  
with you.  I know you servants talk about that kind of  
stuff with each other.  I’ll let you servants explore  
those issues on your own.  That you are in social  
service here is something that happened between you  
and your dad.  My understanding is that you agreed to  
it.  Don’t blame me that you are now a social servant.  
All I know is that I have treated you decently.   
Maple Valley adheres to all state and federal slave  
regulations, and has been cited by the Handler’s  
Association for its humane treatment of servants.  We  
have codes of behavior here for both servants and  
handlers.  If you feel you’re being treated unfairly  
or abusively, there are various avenues open to you.   
You could file a complaint.”  
  
Bradley let it drop, knowing how servants who filed  
complaints at Maple Valley Resort were treated.   
Jeremy understood Bradley’s frustration, and tried to  
commiserate.  “I maybe know why you’re upset.  As you  
know, we monitor your calls.  I notice that your dad  
isn’t taking any calls from you, and that you spoke  
with your mother and asked her to have your father  
intervene in your scheduled punishment.  That was four  
days ago.  It seems like your dad wants to stay out of  
it.”    
  
Bradley looked pained.  In an attempt to lighten the  
situation Jeremy patted Bradley on the back, “It looks  
like your going to be getting your first real  
bullwhipping, big fella!”  
  
After the misfired attempt at levity, Jeremy  
apologized, “If you’d like, I can ask your dad, since  
I’m going to be speaking with him tomorrow.”  
  
Bradley looked surprised.  “Would you Jeremy, please?”  
Jeremy nodded in the affirmative and Bradley asked  
why he was going to be speaking with him.  
  
“My dad asked me to.”  Bradley gave a quizzical look,  
and Jeremy continued. “I can tell you why my dad asked  
me to talk to Martin if you want, but I ask that you  
not to be alarmed, because we’re not exactly sure what  
your dad is up to.  My dad heard it through the  
grapevine that your dad made a trip to Florida  
recently.”  
  
“Yes, I know that.  I was still at home at the time.”  
  
“Did your dad tell you why he made a trip to Florida?”  
  
“No.”  
  
Jeremy nodded, “I’m not surprised.  Because what my  
dad heard was that your dad was checking out Florida’s  
Serf Estate program.  Do you know what a serf is,  
Bradley?”  
  
“It’s a part time slave, sort of.”  
  
“That’s right.  But there’s an old saying about serfs;  
there are only two sorts of folks who are interested  
in such a program.  One are late middle-aged folks who  
find themselves unable to land anything but dead end  
jobs, so they sign themselves up voluntarily for the  
program.  And the other folks who opt for the program  
are 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.”  
  
“I’m in the business, so I know the stories I hear are  
true; parents packing their kids in the car and taking  
them for a vacation to Florida Dizzy World, and once  
they cross over into Florida stop at the first county  
slave affairs office they pass and deliver their kids  
up for a tidy profit.”  
  
Bradley, frowning, tried to process the information as  
Jeremy continued, “My dad wants me to talk to your dad  
and find out what’s going on.  He basically wants me  
to make an offer to buy you boys for ‘no end term’ if  
that is indeed what your dad really wants to do.  He  
wants me to make the case for him because I’m your  
friend; tell him how you boys are adjusting to  
service; how we think all three of you really could  
find a comfortable fit as lifetime servants; and to  
let him know that he could make a hell of a lot more  
money selling you three boys for life to Maple Valley  
Resort than he could by selling you to the Florida  
Serf Estate program.”  
  
“You may not know it, but almost a third of our  
rollerboys are lifers.  Maple Valley Resort buys lifer  
property if it’s top quality, since social servants  
can be a very good investment.  We of course only keep  
you till about the age of thirty-three or so, then we  
send you to the glue factory.”  
  
Bradley looked like he might cry, so Jeremy backed  
off, “Hey, ‘glue factory’ is just what we overseers  
call the county general auction.  I didn’t mean to  
offend you.”  
  
“I just want you to know, Bradley, that I’m on your  
family’s side in this.  I’m trying to help out your  
dad by trying to make sure he doesn’t make any stupid  
moves.  You and your brothers are really very valuable  
pieces, so to speak, and it would be a shame to see  
your dad lose out by not positioning you properly in  
the market.  Taking you boys down south would be a big  
mistake.”  
  
Jeremy paused, and seeing that Bradley was upset and  
not a good prospect for a quick fuck, spoke, “Look  
Bradley, I just seem to be upsetting you with  
everything I say.  I’ll see you later.”  Jeremy got on  
his pager and called for Rashad.  Rashad entered the  
service room as Jeremy was still checking his pager  
for recent messages.  Jeremy instructed Rashad as he  
exited, “Bradley’s lost in a round of self pity.  Give  
him a good strapping to help him snap out of it, then  
get him back on the floor as soon as possible.  It’s  
starting to get really busy down there for the lunch  
rush.”  
  
Jeremy exited, Rashad took a strap from the implement  
shelf, sat on a wide armless chair, and instructed  
Bradley, “Okay, over my knee, Spanky!”  
  
Bradley, tears starting to flow, went over Rashad’s  
knees.  Rashad gripped both of Bradley’s arms together  
behind his back with one hand, and with his right arm  
he immediately laid on the first stroke of the strap.   
Bradley’s big white butt jiggled from the impact as he  
hollered out.   
  
Rashad laughed, “This is exactly the way I used to  
give boys strappings in the reform school.  You can  
wiggle, rut, and holler all you want, but it isn’t  
going to stop me from giving your behind the  
blistering that it needs.”  
  
“Please Rashad, stop.  Why are you doing this?”  
  
“Because my boss ordered it.  Now shut up and take  
it!”  Rashad laid on two fast strokes.  Bradley  
yelped.  “When you’re on the whipping frame three days  
from now you’ll be wishing you were back over my lap  
getting this strapping.”   
  
Rashad gave two more, “I’m giving you ten swats.  So  
you can make a comparison between ten with the  
bullwhip and ten with the strap.’’  
  
Bradley’s legs scissored wildly as Rashad beat his  
ass.  Rashad found it amusing, “Hehee, you little  
frog!  Spanky the frog!”  
  
When the spanking was over Rashad stood and watched  
Bradley try to rub the pain out of his behind.  “Did  
you learn your lesson?”  
  
Bradley answered that he did, and thanked Rashad for  
his punishment.  
  
Bradley’s apology stirred Rashad, as freshly strapped  
boys always did, “Hmm, you’re looking pretty fit to me  
right now.  It’s been quite a while since I had me  
some white ass.”  Rashad locked the door, removed his  
clothes, and walked over to Bradley.  His hardening  
dick waggled and he pushed it into Bradley’s upper  
leg, “I want you take your hand and grab my dick, and  
start doing a nice slow pumping.”  Bradley hesitated,  
“Come on, Skippy, do as you’re told.  Or do I have to  
take you over my knee and turn your pink ass a deeper  
shade of red?” Bradley did as told.  Rashad moaned,  
“Oh yeah, prime that pump!  Your milky white hand  
feels like silk on my black wick.  Nice touch you got  
there, missy!”  
  
As Bradley pumped, Rashad ran a hand through Bradley’s  
hair, “Fuckin beautiful hair.  Man, did you have a  
girl friend when you were free?”  Bradley didn’t know  
what to say.  “How would you like it if your  
girlfriend could see you manhandling dick?”  
  
Bradley continued fisting as Rashad feasted on  
Bradley’s body.  “Nice servant cock you got.  Does my  
cock feel good in your hand?  I want you to grip both  
of our cocks now and jack ‘em together.  My free cock  
and your slave cock making love together!”  Bradley’s  
cock instantly hardened as it slimed with Rashad’s  
rod.  
  
The two purple-headed knobs oozed together.  Bradley  
began to lose his unhappiness in the dick jacking.   
After a bit Rashad took over the two dicks from  
Bradley, and started pumping, “Let’s see if whitey boy  
can handle a real man jackin’.”  
  
After a short round of double dicking, with both men  
close to cumming, Rashad stopped the pumping, “Okay  
rich boy, down on your knees now and start slurping me  
off!”  Rashad put a hand on Bradley’s head and guided  
him down on his knees.  Bradley’s lips went over the  
big purple dick tip and started slurping and sucking.   
Gradually he went down and took the entire large black  
shaft.   
  
As Bradley sucked the overseer the increased blood  
flow to his groin area eased the sting in his buttocks  
from the strapping.  After just a few throat thrusts,  
Rashad was peaked, “Man, I’m ready to get into the  
driver’s seat!  Hop over on that cot, Daisybelle, and  
stick that big white, college-boy, ass of yours up  
nice and high and wiggle it for me.”  
  
Rashad complimented Bradley as he wiggled his ass in  
circles for the overseer, “It’s a real nice honey pot  
you got on ya!”  Rashad guided his quite massive  
erection into Bradley’s hole, and started with a few  
slow full thrusts.  “Fuck, I love ramjacking white  
boys.  Does it feel as good to you too, rumpy?”  
  
As Rashad pumped himself to a climax, Bradley’s great  
big purple-headed erection slapped itself against his  
belly.  Rashad neared his climax, “Such a fuckin  
juicy, slimy, hole, you got, boy!  You’re boxed out as  
good as any woman!”  After Rashad came, he pulled out  
and fell onto the cot, and Bradley did the same.   
Bradley, on his side, starting stroking himself off,  
but Rashad put a stop to it, “Damn boy!  You know you  
can’t go jacking off without permission!  Now you stop  
it right now, or else I’ll have to give you ten more.”  
Bradley frustrated, rolled over to face Rashad,  
looked in his eyes, and asked, “Please sir, may I have  
permission to jack off?”    
  
“That’s more like it, creampuff!  Sure, go ahead, but  
don’t take too long.  You’re costing Maple Valley  
money by diddling around in here.”  
  
Bradley, who had a lot to be concerned about, managed  
to lose himself in pleasure as he jacked and quickly  
came.  
  
Rashad smiled in delight watching the former  
privileged rich boy being allowed to get relief on his  
authority.  “I bet you’re learning to appreciate the  
little things in life more, now that you’re a servant  
here at Maple Valley.”  
  
After Bradley came, Rashad remained reclining nude on  
the cot, with his arms in back of his head serving as  
a pillow, and ordered Bradley to stand at attention at  
the foot of the bed.  “Bradley, before I butt plug  
you, put your rubber under pants back on, lock them  
on, get you dressed, and return you to the floor, I  
want you to put your hands in back of your head and  
your elbows in back of your shoulders.”    
  
Bradley did as ordered.  He knew it was going to be  
another lecture.  The overseers at Maple Valley loved  
giving lectures to the rollerboys.  “You could be such  
a nice boy if you wanted.  Do you know why you’re  
getting a bullwhipping?  I think you do.  It’s because  
you don’t like to take orders, and we all can see it  
in your face.  If you would just take your orders with  
a smile, you wouldn’t have a whipping hanging over  
your head.  I’m going to be there watching you get it,  
and my heart will be going out to you.  And I’ll be  
hoping and praying for you that you finally get it;  
that you can finally understand that you’re no longer  
a rich, free, college kid.”  
  
The sight of the handsome and well hung submissive  
white servant turned Rashad on again,   
“Okay Bradley, my dick needs a cleaning.  Get over  
here and kneel beside the bed and give it a nice mouth  
washing.”  Bradley started lip polishing Rashad’s  
knob, and in no time Rashad was moaning his way to  
another climax.  After he came Rashad ordered Bradley  
to suck all of the remaining juice out of his  
nightstick.  As Bradley slurped out all the cum,  
Rashad smiled, “That’s it boy.  You look just like a  
little girl licking a lollipop.”  Rashad smiled and  
Bradley rehardened.  Rashad noticed, “There’s no time  
for you to go another round.  I want you to finish up  
by giving my dick knob a nice shiny finish, then we  
can put you back to work.”  
  
On the late morning on the day of Bradley’s scheduled  
whipping, Bradley was brought into Jeremy’s office by  
hospitality worker Ian Vincent, who was wearing the  
white coat of a fry chef and a low,  
flopping-to-the-side, chef’s cap.  Jeremy thanked Ian  
for bringing Bradley up from the Resort dining room,  
where Bradley was waiting tables.  
  
Jeremy spoke, “Bradley, I had a phone call about an  
hour ago from your dad.  He told me that he was coming  
out here to visit today because he wanted to talk to  
you and your brothers about some changes he was making  
in your service status.  I did go and see him two  
days ago, as I told you I would, about Maple Valley’s  
offer to purchase you three boys as lifers.  Your dad  
listened with great interest, had a few questions, and  
he said he would think about it.”   
  
“When I reminded him just now that today was the day  
of your scheduled bullwhipping he didn’t ask to have  
it stopped, but only said, “Then it’s a good thing  
that I chose today to come out there.”  So I assume  
that after he tells you whatever it is he wants to  
tell you about your new terms of service, he intends  
to watch you get your bullwhipping from the viewers’  
gallery.”  
  
Jeremy waited for the stunned Bradley to respond, and  
gave his head a quick shake of frustration.  “Ian, you  
can take Bradley back down to the dining room floor.   
But before you do, strap him into a mouth washing  
station and soap out his mouth for about five minutes.  
Bradley needs to learn to say ‘thank you’ when people  
do him the courtesy of passing on information.”  
  
Ian smiled proudly, “Yes sir, Mr. Rickers.  I’d be  
happy to.”  Ian grabbed a dazed Bradley and pulled him  
out of Jeremy’s office.  
  
Martin, in a visitor’s room of the Maple Valley Resort  
and Casino, waited for his sons to be brought in.   
Using one of the public pay phones was a young  
hospitality worker, ear-ringed and goateed, wearing  
the ostentatious Maple Valley janitor uniform.  “Hey  
ma, I got a job!  Finally, but it was the only thing I  
could get.  It’s herding slaves, basically.  They  
don’t call ‘em slaves here, but get this; they’re  
called social servants!”  Martin could hear laughter  
coming from out of the phone, and the hospitality worker  
laughed along,  “I know, it’s fuckin’ crazy!”  
  
As Bradley and his brothers entered the visitor’s  
room, accompanied by a hospitality worker dressed in  
the colorful Maple Valley retail employee uniform,  
he regretted having told Alban and Quince about their  
dad’s trip to Florida as explained to him by Jeremy.   
They were sullen ever since he told them, and he  
thought it would have been better had they been spared  
their anxious uncertainty.  
  
Seeing their dad for the first time in almost two  
months, Martin appeared almost as a stranger to his  
sons.  He was thinner, more poised, and seemed more  
decisive.    
  
Martin walked over to the boys and hugged them, and  
could hardly wait to explain the reason for his visit.  
“Seeing you at last again, I can’t begin to tell you  
how happy I am.”  
  
“Boys, because I believe in traditional values, and  
want to sincerely promote all that the flags of our  
nation and of our state stand for; and because I  
believe that the social servant system can benefit the  
lives of all citizens, both servant and free; and  
because I have seen the positive results of your  
social servant training in your own lives; and, most  
of all, because I have never felt so much love for  
you, I have therefore decided to make a few changes in  
your terms of social service.”