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.”