Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART THIRTY - CONCLUSION**

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Seeing their dad for the first time in nearly 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 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.”

“I had arranged, originally, to have you serve terms
of 5 years and 8 months with the Maple Valley Resort
and Casino.  But I no longer find that adequate,
because, simply put, you have turned out, in a way I
never expected, to be such superb servants.”

Alban started to cry.  Martin, not even thinking of
his boys’ feelings at the moment, continued. “You, my
dear sons, were born to serve, and that is a beautiful
thing.  And that beautiful aspect of your natures
needs to be supported and nurtured to the fullest.”

Bradley could bear it no longer and started to plead,
“No, no Dad!”

Martin smiled, “Yes, Bradley.  Yes!  It’s just so
beautiful to see you boys in uniform, obeying,
serving, and hopping to commands.  I simply can’t let
it stop!”

Quince, the last to break down in horror, stammered,
“But Dad, we love you.  We love you!  Why are you
doing this to us?”

“Because I love you boys more than I ever realized!”
Martin was exultant; his sons fairly crushed.

The boys had been told enough times by their dad that
he loved them, only to have such declarations be
followed with unpleasant consequences.  So none of the
boys was prepared when Martin, continuing his
explanation of their new terms of service, said, “And
because I love you so much, and cannot bear to be
parted from you, I have therefore decided to remove
you from service here at Maple Valley and bring you
home to serve.”

The boys fell silent.  “Sons, a lot has happened.
Your mother has separated from me.  She actually
thought I was intending to sell you for life.  When I
had you boys at home in training I loved so much the
way you were polite and obedient and helpful, that Hal
suggested I get a servant for myself.  But I could
never afford a servant like you, so I decided instead
to check out part time slaves, such as serfs, because
they are something I can afford.”

“But I was having other problems besides the ones with
your mother.  Society has promoted servitude as a good
thing.  Maybe it is or can be.  But I finally had to
confront the issues that made me uncomfortable with
your indenturement, and sought counseling from Father
Lucarelli.  I now believe that a system of just and
fair servitude is only possible with enlightened
owners and overseers.  Unfortunately such people are
rare to the system.”

“During my financial crisis there were so many people
telling me that putting you boys in social service
would be the answer.  I was told social servitude was
a good thing, and that it helped to mold people into
upstanding citizens.  I heard it so many times, that I
gradually believed it.  But, finally, when I was told
these last weeks, by my advisors, to not have any
contact with you boys while you were getting settled
into service here, I found it unbearable.  I had had
enough sleepless nights worrying about you boys.
Finally I took Father Lucarelli’s advise; to act on my
love for you.”

“And what my love for you dictates is that I bring you
home where your special gifts of service can be used
for the good of our entire family.  And that means
that you should be benefiting as much as anyone else
from your service.”

“As you may have heard, Jason has been released from
servitude, but he can no longer be employed by the
State Social Services Agency.  Uncle Steven is
therefore helping him to start a restaurant, one with
a theme that Steven, Jason, and I thought up as we
were trying to decide what could be done to help
ensure the restaurant’s success.  It was inspired by
Maple Valley’s success with rollerboys in flamboyant
and revealing costumes.  You boys will be working at
Jason’s restaurant, not on roller skates, but as
waiters dressed in fancy costumes.  All of your
earnings will be yours to keep.”

“And at the same time as you work at Jason’s
restaurant, all three of you will be attending school.
In Vermont the cost of education for social servants
is ‘zero’ because the state is attempting to promote a
well-educated social service population.  That means
that with almost no tuition, most of your earnings
from your jobs at the restaurant can be invested.”

“Therefore I have decided, Bradley, that you will
remain a social servant until you get your master’s
degree.  Alban, you will remain a servant until you
get your bachelor’s degree.  And Quince, you will
remain a servant until you complete a basic course in
business administration and receive a trade diploma as
a master airplane mechanic, something you have told me
you were interested in.”

“Since Alban intends to major in finance, he will be
in charge of setting up your bank accounts and
managing your investments.  He will also handle the
money I have for you boys in my account reserved for
you, and remove it and handle it in any way that he
judges, based on his research and consultation with
his teachers, that will give the best investment.”

The boys were stunned, frozen with their mouths half
open, almost unable to express their joy.

“As you may not know, Uncle Steven has also separated
from his wife, and he and Jason are living with me
now.  The three of us will be your overseers, helping
to make sure you maintain top grades, do your work at
the restaurant, and maintain the house.  Also helping
to keep an eye on you, as well, will be Jason’s dog,
Hubert, who is so happy to be reunited with Jason!”

“Your mom and I have become friends once again, but we
are going to stay separated.  Mom and Flora will be
visiting and staying over with us on a regular basis.”

“Since I believe so much that your social service
training has helped you, Steven, Jason, and I, shall
continue to be providing you with ongoing training,
monitoring of all of your activities, and corrective
measures whenever they are needed.  What I like about
the social service system most of all is that it
allows parents of servants the right to use physical
discipline on their children at the age when they need
it the most; just as they are passing from their teen
and young adult years into their more mature young
adult stage.  You boys are in the most difficult phase
of your lives right now, and I can’t tell you how
happy I am to have this turbulent time in your lives
under my guidance and control.”

Any free boy who had never been through servant
training would be horrified to find out that their
parents expected to control them until they reached
their mid-twenties.  To Martin’s three boys it was the
happiest news they had ever received.

But most of all the boys could hardly believe the news
that they would all be back at home again as a family,
and that they finally had proof that their father, in
fact, loved them as much as he had been telling them
he did all along.

It is well known that servants whose circumstances are
bettered, or whose terms of service are reduced,
frequently fall into a mode of behavior that can only
be described as fawning.  And Bradley, Quince, and
Alban were no exceptions.  They were so happy to be in
a situation that to them was almost ideal, that they
were solicitous of their overseers to a fault.
Martin, Steven, and Jason, heard more “Yes sirs”, “No
sirs”, and “May I sirs”, in a single day than most
overseers hear in a week.

The overseers, of course, loved it.  Jason,
understanding the provenance of such servant
courtesies more than most, was thrilled being around
such obedient, wanting-to-please, servants. And
Martin, who loved having obeying sons about, thought
he was in heaven.

If the boys saw what they imagined to be the slightest
look of displeasure on the face of their overseers,
they took to finding the cause of their displeasure.
“Is my uniform buttoned improperly sir?”; “Is my hair
messed up, sir?”; “Sir, Do you want me to put more
cologne on my scrotum?”; “Did I do something wrong, Dad?”

To the three overseers, it seemed at times that Alban,
and to a lesser degree, Bradley, were almost begging
for punishment. “Did I displease you, Jason?”  “Can I
do anything to make it up, Dad?”  “I feel so bad for
making this mistake, Uncle Steven.”

From their first day of indenturement, Quince and
Alban had a much easier time accepting social service
than Bradley did because they were more trusting.  For
them it was an easy thing to believe what they were
told in training, “Think of it as a period of freedom,
where you have no complex cares in the world except to
do your task at hand.  Everything else will be taken
care of for you.”

Bradley, more mature, and knowing human nature better
than his brothers did, could not relax in service
chiefly because he could not bring himself to trust
people and their motives.  But once the three boys
returned home from Maple Valley, their acceptance of
social service was complete.  Not only could they at
last accept and trust what they were told, but also
service turned out to be personally rewarding for them.

And social service in the setting of the Forestman
family brought about an incredible transformation of
not only the servants, but also of their overseers.
The bond of trust and love between servant and
overseer was nourished by the social servant
arrangement, and helped to foster obedient servants
and compassionate overseers.

When Martin and Steven came down to breakfast one
Saturday morning, the three servants were preparing
breakfast for the family as they always did, in the
nude.  But as they took their seats at the kitchen
table they noticed that the three boys were brass
balled.  “Why did you brass ball ‘em, Jason?” asked
Steven.

Jason, already seated at the table reading a magazine,
put the magazine down. “It’s something they used on me
in training to help me focus on a particular task, and
it really worked.  I just wanted to see if brass
balling the boys would end up with us getting an
especially delicious breakfast this morning.”

“Good thinking!” complimented Martin.

The three overseers smiled as they watched the
three servants gingerly preparing breakfast, careful
to keep their legs spread wide apart as they worked,
lest the two brass balls suspended at knee level from
cords cinched about the base of their cocks, clashed
together and hit them in their knees.

Jason gave a big on-the-lips kiss to his dad as he sat
down at the breakfast table, and one to his Uncle
Martin.  Martin gave Jason’s chest a love poke as they
kissed.

The servants made a joke about something and laughed,
and Hubert, reclining on the kitchen floor, sat up and
barked.  Jason patted Hubert on the head, “Good boy,
Hubert!  No horseplay, boys, while you’re preparing
breakfast.”  All three servants quickly apologized and
worked on in silence.  The three free men chatted as
they watched the servants’ bubble butts wiggle about
as they finished preparing breakfast.

Once the breakfast was served, Jason removed the brass
balls from the boys and invited them to join them.  At
the first taste of the omelet everyone agreed that the
brass balls had an effect.  “Let’s use the brass balls
more often!” suggested Martin.  The boys were
thrilled, and thanked their overseers for the compliments.

Alban, sitting across from Jason, playfully placed his
foot against Jason’s crotch.  Jason smiled and waggled
his finger at Alban in mock warning, as if to say,
‘That could earn you a spanking’.  Alban laughed like
the mischievous servant that he was. Quince observed
what was going on and, taking a cue, reached his hand
to Uncle Steven’s crotch and gave it a squeeze.  Uncle
Steven could only laugh, and leaned over and gave
Quince a big kiss, “How you doing today, big fella?”

Quince said that everything was great.  Steven rubbed
Quince on the head like one would do to a good little
boy, then asked Alban, “How’s it going, tiger?”  “Real
good, Uncle Steven.  I got an ‘A’ on my math test!”
Everyone complimented Alban, and Quince reached over
and gave Alban’s cheek a love squeeze and made a
smoochie-kiss gesture with his lips.

When Quince refilled the orange juice pitcher and went
around the table refilling everyone’s glasses, Jason
gave a gentle tug to his servant dick, “You’re doing a
great job, honeysuckle.”  Quince beamed from cheek to
cheek as his fat dick stirred.

Steven and Martin smiled at each other, and Steven
reached down and rubbed Martin’s thigh.  As Steven
rubbed Martin’s thigh, Martin announced that Flora and
Timothy would be spending the day with them, and that
later in the day a bunch of his new friends from the
dance class and club, which he and Steven belonged to,
would be coming for drinks.  “It should be a fun time.
They’re nice people.”

When everyone was finished eating breakfast, Jason
stretched out in his chair, “Oh man, I need a backrub.
Quince, you get to do the honors.  Go to my room and
get my bed ready and prep it for my massage.”  Martin
had a better idea, “Hold on a minute.  This is
Saturday after all.  We have a lot we’re going to be
doing together today, so I say let the boys prep the
house for our guests now, then after our guests have
left we can all service each other during our meditation time.”
Everyone, including Jason, thought it was a great
idea.  The servants started to clean up the dishes,
and as each overseer left the kitchen, they went up to
each servant, gave them a kiss, and thanked them for
the splendid breakfast.  The servants were dick-hard
as they washed the breakfast dishes from so many
expressions and demonstrations of love.

After the house was cleaned up, the servants bathed,
and then got dressed in their sailor boy uniforms.
Flora and Timothy arrived shortly after Steven did a
uniform inspection of the boys.

Flora and Timothy loved visiting her dad and her
brothers.  The new Forestman household was aglow with
love and happiness, and it was palpable and
infectious.

The Forestman males had a pleasant talk with Flora and
her Timothy.  Flora proudly told her family how
Timothy was excelling in all of his studies.

At one point when Martin took out a camera to shoot a
few snapshots of Flora and Timothy standing arm in
arm, Timothy apologetically told Martin to “Please
wait a second”, and he proceeded to remove his
clothing.  To Timothy, accustomed to the Patton’s
European servant formality, it was the only proper way
for a servant to be photographed.  When Martin
realized what Timothy was doing, he smiled and nodded
his assent, and waited for Timothy to undress.

The entire family stood around and watched Martin take
photos of the two young lovers.  When the shoot was
over, Timothy showed no interest in putting his
clothes back on.  It was as if he wanted to be bare
for his girlfriend and her family, to let them know he
had no secrets, and had nothing to hide.  Martin’s
servant sons were impressed.

Martin’s guests started arriving soon after the photo
shoot, and all three Forestman servants, and Timothy,
pitched right in, taking their coats, asking them what
they would like to drink, and, in general, being super
helpful servants.

Eighteen men, from Martin and Steven’s dance class and
club, ranging in age from 22 to 60, found themselves
treated to unexpected first class service.

In the kitchen as the four servants were getting
drinks, Quince said that he felt that if Timothy was
nude, they should also be.  They all agreed, and soon
four nude servants entered the living room carrying
trays of drinks and food for the guests.

Martin was proud of his sons wanting to be supportive
of Timothy by also serving in the European style.  The
very pleased guests were quite interested in the
servants, and soon were asking the servants many
questions about social service. “What was it like?”  “Was
training difficult?”  “Did they like being servants?”
“Why were they nude?”  “How did they feel being naked in
front of everyone?”

All four servants were happy to answer questions,
pleased to be the center of so much caring attention.

Quince explained, “It always feels good to me being
nude in front of free people, because it means I am
totally exposed and can have nothing hidden from free
folks.”

One of the free boys said, “This is cool, man!”
Another voice agreed, “Like totally, dude!”

Timothy eagerly added, “It’s perfectly okay for free
folks to see us social servants in the buff.  Just
like it’s no big deal when folks see naked babies, so
it’s no big deal if they see us naked.”

One of the free boys said, “I’m almost envious of the
way servants don’t go around trying to hide their
weenies, trying to pretend they got some big secret in
their pants, the way we free guys do.”

Alban elaborated, “Like what is so totally weird to me
is that when I’m naked in front of free people, when I
normally should be feeling all vulnerable and stuff,
that is when I find myself feeling the most protected.
It’s like totally weird and totally cool at the same
time.”

Quince readily agreed, and added,  “The reason it
feels good being exposed to free people is because you
are placing yourself in their trust by being nude, and
they in return want to help make sure that you have no
false pride, or any secrets that could hamper you from
effective service.  By being bare in front of free
people we are openly admitting that we want to be
observed, monitored, and guided every step of the way.
I certainly appreciate all the help I can get in
being kept on track.  When I was first indentured I
was envious of free boys.  But now I am glad I am who
I am, and that there are free boys out there willing
to guide, monitor, and lead me.  Free people are great
the way they want to help guide us servants.”

One of the guests asked how the servants get to the
point of such acceptance of servitude as the four
servants demonstrated.  Bradley answered, “Once I was
finally surrounded by truly caring overseers, I
realized that not following an order was the same as
outright abuse of a free person.  I changed my ways
the moment I realized that when I failed to obey or I
balked, I was out rightly abusing my dad, Uncle Steven,
and Jason.”

Bradley continued, “I mean, hey, we're all in this
together.  We’ve all got a stake in this.  I'm not
going through anything that any other social servant
isn't going through.  I was able to get over any
resentment when I truly came to realize that the
system is fair.  If I have to get punished it's only
because someone cares about me.  If we servants try to
be all that we can be and let free people help us in
this endeavor, then life is truly beautiful.  In
training we were always told that we were the special
people.  But now I’m at the point that when I behave,
I actually feel special!"

The guests were impressed.  Quince was stoked, and
prouder than ever that he was a social servant, “In
front of all of you I just want to say ‘thank you’ to
you, Dad, Uncle Steven, Jason, and to you too, Flora,
for helping me to become such a hard working and proud
servant.”  Quince felt wonderful having the eyes of
the entire room on him, admiring him.

Martin shook his head to fend off tears, and all of
the guests burst into spontaneous applause at Quince’s
expression of gratitude.

Barbara entered the house as the applause was dying
down, and was soon being greeted by all of the nice
male guests.  She had seen her sons nude since they
were back living at home, but seeing them nude, along
with Timothy, in front of so many people, and
appearing so happy, put her at ease.  It also
confirmed for her what Martin had assured her; social
service can be a good thing and have a positive effect
on young males if it is just and fair, and in a loving
environment.

Barbara explained that she came to pick up Flora and
Timothy, but Flora and Timothy were having such a good
time that Flora asked her mom if they could stay a
bit.  Barbara was happy to oblige, since she too was
having a good time.

Flora loved that at last she could see her brothers
and her boyfriend as they should be seen.  Her worn
printouts of her brothers in the nude from the Social
Service’s website couldn’t compare with the real
thing.

At one point Barbara, the ever gracious and alert
hostess, noted that the snacks were running low, so
she announced that she would go and get something
tasty.  When she came back several minutes later
carrying a platter full of sliced vegetables and a
pitcher of carrot juice, the Forestman boys were
incredulous.

Alban asked, “Mom what kind of snack is this?”  Quince
wondered too, “Yeah Mom, where are the cookies and
milk?”

Barbara smiled, “I just realized, in the same way that
Martin has, that I love my family way too much to
serve them cookies and milk any longer.  It just isn’t
healthy.  I’m not letting my family be subjected to
anything that is less than one hundred percent
beneficial to them!”

The three unabashed naked servant sons went up to
their mother and hugged her affectionately. Bradley
announced, “You’re the greatest, Mom!”  As Martin
shook his head in pride, a tear fell from his eye.
Quince noticed the tear, and went and hugged him,
“Thanks Dad, for being you!”  Little Flora gushed, “I
got the best brothers in the whole wide world.”  Alban
went up to Flora, hugged her, and said, “And Bradley,
Quince, and I have got the greatest little sister in
the whole wide world.”  The assembled guests “ohhed”
and “ahhhed” as the happy Forestman family laughed and
reached for snacks from the vegetable platter.

When the guests had all left, Martin grabbed Alban by
his prick, Jason grabbed Bradley’s rod, and Steven
grabbed Quince’s, and led the servants into the
recreation room.

Quince put on some rhythmic exercise music as the
overseers undressed.  Once everyone was nude the
family started doing a series of quite strenuous
exercises to the music.  When the full set of
exercises had been completed almost 25 minutes later,
and all six males were heavily sweating, they sprawled
out on the floor to regain their strength.

After catching his breath, Jason rolled over and
embraced Bradley, and gave him a kiss.  Bradley sang
in his ear the tune he had made up to the poem Jason
had sent him, “I many times thought peace had come,
when peace was far away.”  He stopped singing, and
said, “Jason, you risked your freedom to unlock my
infibulation bar and ring.  I will never get over it!”
The boys kissed and their tongues entered each
other’s mouth.

Martin and Steven stood up and embraced.  Eventually
Martin spun Steven around and jammed his cock into his
butt crack.  With Martin embracing Steven from the
rear, Steven reached over and pulled Quince over to
stand in front of him with his back towards him.
Steven pulled Quince tightly towards him as Martin’s
prick was entering Steven’s hole.

Bradley and Jason saw that the family love circle was
starting to form, so Jason went in back of Martin and
snaked his dick into Martin’s ass cheeks as he kissed
the back of his uncle’s neck.  Bradley came up to the
rear of Jason and started rutting on his butt.  When
he was nice and hard he started working his prick up
into his lover’s hole.

As Bradley’s dick made its way into Jason’s hole,
little Alban came up behind his much loved oldest
brother and ran his hands over his muscled back.  He
slowly got his slender dick super hard and entered
Bradley’s hole as Bradley squirmed in sheer delight.
Quince guided the group into a full circle and wrapped
his arms around his little brother and slowly eased
his dick, the largest of the Forestman clan, up into
little Alban’s eager and happy hole.

The entire mound of Forestman male flesh was aglow
with moans of delight as they humped to the music.
The happiest family in all of Vermont came together as
one, bonded by familial love in its highest and
holiest expression.  The ecstasy the Forestman family
experienced on an almost daily basis was rewarded them
by the very heavens themselves for their courageous
act of taking the traditional values of tyrants, and
replacing them with the original and truest value,
love.

All three sons eventually ended up being released from
indenturement and returned to freedom within weeks of
each other.

Thanks to the ever watchful and caring oversight of
Jason, Steven, and Martin; Bradley and Alban both
received their respective degrees with honors
attached.  And Quince, because of his father’s
foresight and insistence that he get an administrative
certificate along with his airplane mechanics license,
is now, at his young age, the head of airplane
maintenance for a major airline in the area.

Jason and Bradley share an apartment in the University
district, where Bradley has begun teaching, and where
Jason continues to run his hugely successful
restaurant.

When Alban was freed after his graduation, he asked
his dad if he could board at home while he obtained
his master’s degree.  His father said, “Why of course
you can, Alban.”  Alban was tongue tied as he tried to
explain his intentions; “But Dad, I mean… what I’m
trying to say… Dad; I was wondering if you and Uncle
Steven could continue to offer me, like, guidance?
You know, in the way you have been.”

His father was overjoyed at the request and assured
Alban that he and his brother would be happy to
continue offering guidance, support, and correction.
It has been a successful arrangement.  Alban is once
again heading towards a degree with honors, and when
he is an especially good boy he is allowed to join
Martin and Steven in their bed at night.
Thanks to the work Barbara and her sister, Karen, did
on socializing with the Patton’s, they slowly were able
to convince them that freeing Timothy would be the
right thing to do.  Timothy and Flora got married in
secret soon after he was freed, and they are now
undergraduate students at the University.  The fears
of Flora’s parents and the Patton’s that the marriage
would fail because of youth have happily proven to be
unfounded.

Timothy, majoring in physics, and Flora, majoring in
sociology, are mature for their age and deeply devoted
to each other.  Martin and Barbara, very supportive of
the young couple, cannot put their finger on what
makes their marriage so successful and unique.  Flora
has seen no need to reveal to her parents that Timothy
does all of the housework in the nude!

The Forestman males have started a practice of
gathering several times a year for a reunion at
Martin’s mountain cabin.  There the boys happily
submit to their former overseers for continued
examination, encouragement, and testing.  The boys
always come away from their family reunions
replenished, refreshed, and aglow with a fervor to be
the best they can be.

The entire Forestman family has been freed from a life
of bondage to ‘traditional values’ by, ironically,
trying to adhere to those very traditional values. The
family has been so divinely rewarded because Martin
sought to examine his conscience.  When he felt an
uneasy stirring over something which society told him
to ignore, he did not.

For Martin’s examined conscience not only has the
Forestman family been blest, but so too are blessed
all those who witness and see.  The good the family
accomplished in breaking the chains of the insensate
and damning thing called ‘traditional values’ filled
their days with wonder and joy.  And the greater good
they accomplished in opening wider the landscape of
love resounds triumphantly still, and is imperishable.

THE END