Traditional Values

By Randall Austin  
  
**PART THREE**  
  
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As everyone took their seats at the table there was an  
awkward silence, but once everyone was seated and saw  
all the familiar faces of siblings, parents, and an  
uncle, a reminder came to everyone that this had once  
been, for the most part, a very happy and  
well-adjusted family.  A family in which everyone  
loved each other.  The ice began to melt somewhat as  
food was passed around and everyone commented on the  
nice meal which mom and Flora had prepared.  
  
And Flora was already, again, her curious and cheery  
self, "Bradley, how does that thing on your wiener  
feel?  It looks like it would hurt."  
  
Bradley tried to play cool, "What thing, Flora?"  
  
Mother thought it best to be forthright, "Honey, your  
brothers and sisters accidentally got to see your  
pictures on the Internet."   
  
Bradley put his head down, his face turned red. Martin  
glanced a furious look at Barbara, and put a  
comforting hand on Bradley's shoulder.  
  
Quince tried to lighten the mood, "You're a regular  
porn star now, bro!"  
  
Alban smiled, "Every social servant on that website  
is a porn star.  They really shave em clean."  Big  
smiles on the faces of the two younger brothers were  
followed by a serious frown in their direction from  
their father.  Lowering his voice Quince leaned  
towards Alban's ear, "Did you check out that chick  
named Susan Imanti?  Her pussy lips hung half way down  
her legs!"    
  
Dad was disgusted by his two free sons, "Stop that  
kind of talk right now!  This is obscene.  I forbid  
all of you from ever going back to that site!"    
  
After an awkward silence, dad made a serious attempt  
to get things back to normal, "Listen, all of you.   
This is an awkward time.  You need to know that  
Bradley will be wearing the ankle cuffs; training  
paddles, and ring only until he's sold.  He is going  
to be living nearby, and if he isn't one hundred  
percent happy with the arrangement he ends up in after  
a period of a couple of months, I am going to reclaim  
him, as is my legal right here in the state.  If that  
happens, we will all be in for some major changes, but  
I intend to see us survive as a happy family.  I want  
all of you to go out of your way and treat Bradley  
with the full dignity that he deserves, and to be  
extremely grateful for what he is doing for all us!"  
  
And it worked.  Everyone felt somewhat relieved after  
that, even Bradley, who finally took up a fork and  
jabbed a potato.  When everyone saw that he was  
finally eating, they started eating in greater  
comfort.    
  
But the thought of it not working out put some concern  
into the thoughts of Bradley's brothers.  If it didn't  
work out they knew they would probably have to move  
out of their nice house, no private school for Alban,  
no more free handouts for Quince.   
  
As the meal progressed, and everyone seemed more  
relaxed, Martin asked Bradley, "So, how are you doing  
son?"   
  
Bradley just nodded a quick ‘yes’ and offered a  
somewhat bitter smile.  Steven noticed.  Dad tried  
again to cheer his son up, "Do you want to use the car  
and visit Ginger tonight?"  Bradley shook his head  
‘no’.  "How about joining all of us on a nice beach  
walk?"  
  
When Bradley shook his head with another sullen ‘no’,  
Steven had to speak up.  "Oh boy!  Martin, we have a  
problem here!"    
  
"How so, Steven?"

"Look, we all know Bradley is the sweetest kid in the  
world.  But think what will happen if you are called  
for an appointment and he acts the way he is now.  You  
just asked him a series of questions and he didn't  
even have the common courtesy to answer you with  
anything more than moping gestures.  Do you think  
anybody would buy him when they see that kind of  
attitude, especially at the price your asking?"  
  
Uncle Steven took a drink of coffee and continued,   
"There's no problem with him being a little confused  
right now as he tries to find himself, but this is  
what I warned you about when you were planning all of  
this.  I told you that even the nicest boys need a  
little behavior training if you expect them to make a  
decent show in the sales room."  
  
"Well then, what are you proposing?" asked Martin as  
if he didn't know, but now realized he might have to  
reconsider his initial decision to have Bradley forego  
any social services training.  
  
"At the very least, the county's three week basic  
training program.  It'll not only get him in shape for  
interviews, clarify social servant protocol, but most  
important, for his sake, save his ass down the line  
from a lot of punishment for misstepping.  It can all  
be avoided if he knows what's expected of him."  
  
Dad was decisive, "No, Steven.  I think for now I'll  
stick with my initial decision.  In the days ahead I'm  
just going to have Bradley read the training materials  
provided by the county.  He's smart, reasonable, and  
naturally obedient.  I want this to be a loving family  
thing.  I believe his brothers and I can best offer  
the support that he needs at this time, rather than  
some ruffians at Social Services."  
  
Alban was excited, "We're going to help you train  
Bradley, Dad?"  
  
Martin attempted to make the idea seem more appealing  
to Bradley, who was still sulking, "I suppose you  
could put it that way.  But your role will be to just  
be extra loving to Bradley.  That is the support I  
want you to give him.  That's what I mean."  
  
It didn't conjure up an image of ‘training’ that Alban  
found very interesting, so he got up from his chair,  
took his plate, and said, "I'm finished eating, Mom."   
Barbara responded, "I want you and Quince to clear the  
table and do the dishes before you do anything else."  
  
Steven reached his arm across the table and touched  
Barbara's arm, "Barbara, I think this would be a good  
time to help Bradley get out of his sullen mood by  
having him do such a chore."  
  
Barbara was a little flustered, "Well, I suppose.  I  
don't see why not.  But I thought it would be good to  
let Bradley relax a bit."  
  
"And go back to his room and mope for the rest of the  
day?"  Steven looked at Martin, somewhat perplexed.   
"I thought you wanted me here to offer advice.  I  
mean, do whatever you two want, but I warn you, you're  
going to have to start getting things in order pretty  
soon or it could get ugly.  I've seen it happen  
before."  After a silence, "It's just the dishes, for  
gosh sakes!  It's not like we're asking him to build  
the pyramids!"  
  
Dad smiled a bit, "Okay, okay!  Alban and Quince, you're  
off dish duty for now.  You're on next time."  
  
Both Alban and Quince high-fived and walked out into  
the backyard.  Martin got up from his chair and  
suggested that his wife, Steven, and he go out into  
the back yard and chat.  As they exited the dining  
room, Martin looked at his son still seated at the  
table, "You heard.  Do the dishes then join us out in  
the backyard, son."  
  
"Dad, I'm 22 years old.  I've been paying you room and  
board this summer from my job.  It's not my duty to do  
dishes."  
  
"It is now son.  Just do it.  As Steven says, it's  
just the dishes."  As Martin walked out he heard an  
exasperated "Fuck!" from Bradley.  As Martin took his  
seat in the backyard lawn chair he thought it best not  
to mention that to Steven.  
  
But the moment he settled in, he changed his mind and  
thought it better to seek help,  "Okay, Steven.  What  
am I supposed to do? As I walked out just now I heard  
Bradley say ‘fuck’ after I told him to do the dishes."  
  
"I'm glad you told me that.  The way he is acting is  
perfectly understandable, and he'll continue acting  
that way until the law is spelled out.  He doesn't  
know the law.  That's why he's acting this way.  The  
law is that he has got to be obedient to every  
command, move quickly, be efficient, and be polite at  
all times.  Enforcing that will be unpleasant for a  
few days, but after initial firmness most social  
servants quickly find their place.  That's why  
training at an outside source is recommended.  Most  
parents find it hard to offer their indentured  
children the necessary firmness.  But it can be done.   
But, you are right, having training done in the home  
is always less traumatic then at a training center.   
But it won't work unless you do what has to be done."  
  
Barbara asked, "So what do we do in this case?"  
  
"The guidebook you were given spells it out very  
clearly.  It suggests various punishment options for  
various missteps.  The important thing is to be  
consistent.  What needs to be done, if you want this  
thing to succeed, is that we all go in there right now  
and confront him, tell him what he did wrong, why it  
was wrong, and then either wash his mouth out with  
soap or…", he paused a bit, concerned about  
Barbara's presence, "this is according to state  
guidelines, give him a good ball squeezing."    
  
Barbara winced, "Let's just do the mouth washing."  
  
Steven was pleased, "That's good.  It's important to  
let him know that if he swears again, he can expect  
another mouth washing.  And the most important thing  
for both of you to realize as his parents is that you  
are simply enforcing traditional values.  What we are  
about to do is sanctioned by not only the state, but  
by the federal government.  Good parents like you  
throughout this entire country are at this time doing  
the exact same thing you are about to do and that is  
help a child be all that he can be.  The role of  
social servant is a dignified one, and that role is  
honored by parents like you who help ensure that their  
children bring the necessary dignity to their  
station."   
  
Both Barbara and Martin shook their heads in  
agreement.  
  
"Call your sons and let’s go into the kitchen!"  
  
Martin had a quick chat with Alban and Quince about  
what was about to happen and why, and what procedures  
would be followed.  When finished, the three of them,  
along with Barbara and Steven entered the kitchen,  
where Bradley was standing at the sink, cleaning  
debris from the dishes.  They all approached him and  
he turned towards them, worried.  
  
Dad spoke, "Bradley.  You are now a social servant.   
It is an honorable position to serve in.  The law  
requires that you be obedient to every command given  
you by your overseers and owner, that you always do  
what you are told to do immediately upon being told,  
that you perform each assigned task as quickly as  
possible while maintaining top quality job  
performance, that you perform all tasks in an  
efficient manner, and that you are polite at all times  
in all matters and situations."  
  
"Because just now you used a swear word as I was  
walking out of the kitchen the law mandates a  
disciplinary action.  Your brothers and I are now  
going to wash your mouth out with soap.  We hate to do  
this because we love you so much.  But you need to  
know that if you use another swear word, we will do  
this again.  And if you fail to follow any of the  
requirements of your station which I have just  
mentioned, you will be punished with an appropriate  
disciplinary action each and every time you violate  
the law."  
  
Bradley stood speechless with his mouth open as dad  
went in back of him and quickly and tightly gathered  
his arms behind his back.  Alban took a bar of soap at  
the sink and ran warm water over it.  Quince stepped  
in front of Bradley, motioned to Alban for the soap  
who then gave it to him, and pinched Bradley's nose.   
Bradley opened his mouth to breathe, Quince rammed the  
bar of soap into his mouth, and worked it back and  
forth, and released his nose.  Bradley struggled to  
shake his head away but Alban reached up and grabbed  
his head and held it tightly as Quince worked the soap  
in and out of Bradley's mouth.    
  
Steven saw that things were going well, "Good job,  
boys!  Good job!  Keep it up!"  
  
Bradley was sputtering and coughing.  Quince kept  
working the bar of soap as instructed and Alban  
tightened his squeeze on Bradley's head.  "Are you  
going to watch your language from now on, son?" asked  
Martin from in back of him.  Bradley moaned an  
affirmative "uh-huh" through his anguish.  Steven told  
the boys to keep going at it.  
  
When it seemed like Bradley might be starting to  
vomit, Steven called for an end to the mouth washing.   
Quince took the bar out, and Alban and Martin  
released Bradley, who turned towards the sink and  
started spitting out the soap.  He grabbed a dirty  
coffee cup, filled it with water, and rinsed out his  
mouth.  His family and Steven watched him rinse out  
his mouth in silence.    
  
When he had rinsed his mouth clean of the soap he  
started to hobble out of the room, sniffling and not  
looking at anyone.  "Where are you going, Bradley?"  
Asked Martin.  Bradley said he was going to get a  
towel to wipe his face.  His dad was firm, "No you are  
not.  We have towels here in the kitchen.  You are not  
leaving this kitchen until these dishes are done!"  
  
Bradley froze in his tracks, looked down, and then  
started crying out loud.  He sunk to the floor and  
grabbed his head.  His family watched him.  His dad  
suggested that everyone leave Bradley alone.  As  
everyone exited the kitchen Martin walked to his  
bawling son and touched him on the shoulder, "I know  
its hard son.  But everything will be downhill from  
here."