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."