Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART FOUR**

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The family reconvened out at the backyard lawn chairs
to discuss their strategy.  As they were taking their
seats, Quince was pleased, "I think it went well Dad."

Dad nodded in agreement, "Hopefully that was the worst
of it."

Alban too was catching on to his new role, "I think he
took it as well as could be expected."  Martin thought
it was rather presumptuous of his youngest son to
assess his oldest brother as if he were a seasoned
trainer, but Steven encouraged it, "That's good to see
all of you taking an active role now in Bradley's
training.  Believe me, it has to continue this way.
I'd recommend Martin that you assign specific duties
to each of your family members in terms of monitoring
Bradley, as the ‘Guidelines’ booklet spells out.
Perhaps you could have Quince review his chore list
each day and make sure everything is done properly,
Alban could be his grooming and bathroom monitor,
Barbara could daily review chapters of the training
manual with him, and you, Martin, maintain an active
role as his chief disciplinarian, although in a few
days Quince, and maybe even Alban, can take over some
of those duties.

The family lightened into the discussion of control of
the family social servant a bit more easily now, and
Steven was pleased that they had come so far in just
one afternoon.  At one point in the conversation Alban
excused himself to get a drink, and asked everyone if
they would like something to drink.  He took their orders
and went into the house.

A few moments later Alban came out to where the lawn
discussion was taking place without any drinks in his
hand.  "Dad, Bradley's taking a shower!"  Steven
wondered, "Who in the hell said he could take a
shower?"  Alban answered, "That's what I would like to
know!"  Steve asked if Bradley had finished washing
the dishes and Alban said that he had.  Steven told
everyone that this was precisely the kind of thing
that needs to addressed; Bradley doing things without
permission; "We need to go in there right now and
confront him.  Barbara, I think you should stay out
here, we'll take care of this!"

Martin, Steven, and the two free sons marched into the
house.  They opened the bathroom door, and Quince
pulled opened the shower curtain.  Bradley shouted,
"Hey, what's going on?"  His dad ordered, "Get out of
that shower, young man!"  Bradley, with his back to
his family, didn't know what to do.  Martin raised his
voice; "I said get out of that shower right now!"
Bradley turned the water off, covered his privates
with his hands, and stepped out of the shower, awkward
and worried.  His dad grabbed onto his arm as he
stepped out, causing Bradley to bump the tub with his
ankle hobbles and almost trip.  Bradley let out a
hushed but sibilant "shit!"  Martin grabbed both of
Bradley's shoulders and gave him a fierce shaking,
"What were you just told about swearing?"  When there
was no answer he slapped his son across the face.
Bradley screamed and cried, "I'm sorry Dad.  I'm
sorry!  It just came out!"  Everyone was shocked at
Martin's unexpected violent action, but no one was
more shocked than Martin himself.  Bradley kept one
hand over his privates, and the other hand he used to
wipe tears from his eyes.

Dad and his two free sons and Steven watched Bradley
cry a bit, and when dad had calmed down he said, "All
that we are here to tell you son, is that from now on
you have to ask permission to do things.  You are not
a free boy now.  We just want you doing things the way
you are supposed to do them so that when you are sold
you can settle in more easily into your new
lifestyle."

"Now you can finish taking your shower, but in the
future you will have to ask Alban if you can shower or
bathe, since I am putting him in charge of your
grooming and bathroom activities.  If he's not here,
then you can ask any one of us for permission to
bathe.  Okay, I guess that's all.  Alban, is there
anything you want to say to your brother before we
leave?"

"Yes.  From now on when you are using the bathroom I
want you to leave the bathroom door open at all times.
It will just make monitoring you a little easier.
And also, from now on you are to style your hair with
crème or pomade instead of the gel you always use.  I
think a higher shine will make you look better.  And
that's starting right now!"

Steven was pleased and addressed Martin, "That is
exactly the kind of detail you will want to consider
when you take Bradley out to interviews.  That kind of
‘product enhancement’, as they call it, could allow
you to set and get a higher price on Bradley.  Good
work, Alban!"  Dad, also pleased, smiled and nodded at
Alban.

Steven continued on the same track, "Martin, whatever
you do, before you take Bradley to any interviews,
make sure you review the pamphlet you were given by
Social Services titled, ‘Marketing and Presentation’.
It is full of just such ideas to help cinch the sale.
Such things as proper grooming go without saying, but
it suggests a wide range of other body enhancing
procedures as well, such as lightly scenting his neck,
nipples, and scrotum; the use of rouge on his cheeks,
lips, nipples, and glans; a good buttocks spanking
just before entering the showroom to give the
traditional social servant ‘glow’ to that part of the
anatomy; arm bands and leg bands and tasteful jewelry;
a genital cinch to make him look like he's well hung;
and apparently butt plugs with stylized tails hanging
out of them are quite popular in the showrooms these
days."
Martin shook his head approvingly as he took it all
in, as Bradley stood shivering from the cold.

Steven noticed, "Okay, we better let Bradley finish
his shower before he catches a cold."  Then as they
all started to leave Steven looked at everyone
approvingly. "I think we are making progress here."
Martin started out the door, and stopped, "Bradley,
when you are finished I would like you to join us out
in the back yard!"  As everyone filed out of the
bathroom Steven, the last one out, was about to close
the bathroom door, but then recalled Alban's request.
The four of them then headed to the kitchen to get
drinks, and from there they rejoined Barbara in the
back yard.

The Forestman family, minus Bradley, and with Uncle
Steven, was quite pleased with the progress they were
making in taking control of the new social servant in
their household.  As they sat and drank their iced
drinks in the early evening there was a feeling,
finally, that the right thing had been done.  They
were in the money again, Bradley was controllable, and
they were all committed to making sure he was
comfortable in his new role.

About half an hour after he had been allowed to resume
his shower, Bradley came out, as instructed, and
joined his family.  He had obviously dawdled while
showering, but the family decided to make nothing of
it.  He approached the family wearing his bathrobe,
pulled up a lawn chair, and sat down in it.

Steven shook his head at Martin to indicate there was
a problem.  Martin asked what the problem was, and
Steven leaned over and whispered in Martin's ear, "The
bathrobe.  Who gave him permission to wear the
bathrobe?  He has to learn to ask!  He needs to be
punished by being sent to bed right now.  This needs
to be done.  It should be smooth sailing from now on
if you're firm with him on this issue."

When the rest of the family saw Martin and Steven
whispering they knew something was up.  Alban and
Quince were prepared to be brotherly friendly with
Bradley, but now they could see that brother Bradley
was obviously not behaving the way a social servant
brother should be, and they both immediately decided
to not engage Bradley in any friendly banter.  Bradley
knew he was in trouble.

Martin took over, "Bradley, who gave you permission to
put on the bathrobe?"

"No one, but because of my ankle cuffs this is the
only thing I got that I can wear besides the fatigues,
and the fatigues are uncomfortable Dad."

"Son, that's the kind of thing you have to ask
permission for.  You are always to wear the fatigues.
Anything else you need to ask permission for."

"I didn't know that Dad."

"That's okay Bradley.  But we need to impress upon you
that this is serious business.  Therefore, we are
going to go by the book, so to speak, and the state
guidelines indicate that an early bedtime is not out
of line for this offense.  It's a sort of punishment
called ‘enforcement’ discipline, and it is used in
situations where a reminder of proper behavior is
needed.  So go to your room right now, and we'll be in
shortly to get you secured and diapered."

Bradley was super pissed at this point, but he didn't
particularly want to be around his family, so he left
in a huff.  But he already knew better than to swear.

Steven noted that fact once Bradley was out of
earshot, "Notice how he didn't swear, yet he wanted
to.  See, he's learning!"  Steven beamed, as Alban and
Quince nodded in agreement.

Steven then filled in the family new to the culture of
social servants on what was about to take place and
why. "All of you, especially you two, Alban and
Quince, need to understand what's going to happen now.
What your dad and I, with your help, are about to do
now is secure Bradley to his bed.  It may at first
seem a little harsh to you, but in reality it is a way
of sending him a strong message about his need to
behave so that we do not have to resort to painful
methods of discipline.  So what we are about to do is,
in fact, a kindness.  Chaining him down to his bed
will help him see that he has to behave if he wants to
be treated with respect.  He is no longer a free boy
like you two.  The sooner we can all help him
understand and accept that, the better off he will
be."

Martin had his boys get the large box of supplies
which the agents at the processing center gave him.
When they looked inside, they didn't know what any of
the stuff was for, but Steven said this would be an
excellent chance for him to show everyone what all the
various devices were for.

Martin and Steven entered Bradley's room, and they
were followed by the two free boys carrying the large
box of control devices.  Bradley recognized the box
they were carrying and gulped.  Steven took control,
"Bradley, we need you to get that robe off, and get
totally naked.  Alban, go and get some baby oil and
baby powder."  Alban left and Bradley turned his back
to everyone and removed his robe.

Steven pulled Bradley's bed away from the wall and
made some adjustments to the mattress position. Alban
came back with the baby products and Steven ordered
Bradley to lie on the bed, on his back.  He did so,
kept his eyes closed, and his hands over his genitals.

Steven then went into the box of control devices and
threw a whole pile of things on the bed.  He help up
two lengths of chains with clips on one end and
hooking devices on the other.  "These are the chains
that secure Bradley's ankle cuffs to the bed.  This
clip snaps and locks on to the eyebolt in his cuff,
and the other end can be made to circle around any
portion of the bed leg and then be locked into one of
the chain links."  He quickly chained Bradley's two
ankles down to the bed legs.  Just from the sound of
the clanking in the otherwise silent room, one could
tell the chains were heavy and the locks were strong.
Alban and Quince watched wide-eyed their brother got
chained down.  Alban's mouth was slightly open.

Steven then took a broad three inch wide canvas strap
and through it across Bradley's chest.  He stooped
down and joined the two ends of under the bed into a
connector loop.  He pulled it till it was taut against
Bradley's chest, the top edge running along just below
Bradley's nipples.  "This chest strap is in a catch
and is expandable by a couple of inches.  Even though
I am securing Bradley down in a very thorough manner,
he will still be able to turn half ways and  sleep on
either one of his sides if he wishes to change
position.  These control devices are very humane."
Bradley's face scrunched up for a moment like he was
going to cry.

Steven then took a pair of wrist cuffs with attached
chains and locked them on Bradley's wrists.  The ends
he locked to the bed frame.  Steven stood up and
looked down at Bradley, "The wrist chains allow for a
fair amount of hand and arm movement.  For example,
he'll be able to swat away a mosquito from his face if
he needs to."  Steven's smile indicated he was
attentive to Bradley's potential needs.

When Steven went to dig through the box of control
devices, and Bradley realized they weren't through
with him yet, he could not hold back his crying any
longer.  Martin comforted him, "Easy there, son.  I
just want you to know that we're with you!"

Steven came back to the bed carrying two strange
looking clamps attached to light caliper chains.  A
three inch rectangular piece of lightweight metal had
three small screws attached to it.  Steven sat on the
bed and attached the metal piece to each of Bradley's
ears.  Each plate was attached to the length of the
ears by three screws.  Steven tightened each screw
just until Bradley winced in discomfort, then he would
release the screw just a bit.  From each plate was
attached a lightweight chain.  When the plates were
secure to Bradley's ears, he attached the chains to
the side of the bed nearest each ear.  As the family
all closed in to watch Bradley get ear clamped,
Bradley finally broke down crying.

Steven offered comfort, "Now, now, Bradley.  Don't you
worry!  You still have plenty of freedom of movement
even with the ear clamps on.  I've left plenty of free
play."

Bradley shouted an angry, "Fuck you, you bastard!"
Through his crying.  Steven pulled Martin aside and
they spoke in whispers.  After a brief exchange Steven
went to the big box of control devices and took out
two thumb/toe screws.  He went to Bradley's cuffed and
chained down feet and attached a thumb/toe turnscrew
to each big toe.  Bradley stopped crying and looked
terrified.  Martin spoke, "Listen, Bradley, dearest.
Even though Uncle Steven is the one who is going to
tighten the toe screws, this is not anything personal.
We are just trying to help you learn that you can't
talk that way to free men."  He nodded to Steven and then
Steven started tightening the toe screws.  Bradley
yelped in pain.  When both screws were tightened to
Steven's satisfaction he stood up and folded his arms,
and watched Bradley cry, scream, and struggle against
his restraints.

Alban and Quince also folded their arms and watched
their brother writhe in agony.  Steven whispered in
Martin's ear that this was all for the best.

Bradley moaned, "Please Dad.  They hurt like hell.
You'll injure my toe.  Please Dad!  I love you!  Don't
hurt me!"

Dad rubbed his hand over his mouth, but Steven
whispered assurances to him that this was not as major
a deal as it seems, but that it would help Bradley in
important ways.

Alban was fascinated with Bradley's hip's thrusting to
break free.

Quince couldn't believe his smart older brother was
now no longer in control of his own life.

Steven couldn't believe the progress his brother's
family was making in controlling their new social
servant.

Alban, at only 16 years, started to perspire.

After two minutes Steven removed the toe screws, and
Martin asked Quince to massage Bradley's toes.

Martin asked Bradley, regarding Quince's massage,
"Does that feel better, son?"  Bradley, still crying,
answered that it did.  "Son, I want you to know
something very important.  Just because we had to
punish you just now does not mean that you are a bad boy,
or an evil boy.  Not at all!  I want you to know
that.  You are just going through what new social
servants go through every day.  It's just a way of
helping you fit in and be more like other social
servant boys.  We are simply trying to impart
traditional social service values."  As Martin spoke,
Steven dug through the box of control devices one more
time.  When he found what he was after he shouted,
"Ahhh!  Voila!"

He went to Bradley and leaned over and snapped a lock
attached to a slender chain onto his penis ring.
Bradley moaned when his already sore and still
unhealed penis felt a tug.  Alban could not contain
his curiosity. "What's that for, Uncle?" As Steven
knelt down to gain access underneath the bed while
holding the length of medium caliper chain which was
attached to Bradley's penis ring.  Steven answered,
"If Bradley should get angry he might try bucking
really furiously, and that would create a lot of
racket which could be heard in other rooms and
possibly disturb your sleep.  But if Bradley realizes
any violent movement might tear his foreskin, this
thing will make him think twice about trying to break
out of his restraints and creating a ruckus."

"I see.  That's clever," answered Alban.

Steven explained, "Now the final thing we are going to
do to you is put on your diaper.  Don’t be embarrassed
by this because social servants frequently have to
wear them.  They are common.  It is now almost 7 PM,
and so it's likely you are going to be in your bed for
twelve hours or longer, therefore we need to diaper
you.  We can't have you waking up your family just so
you can tinkle.
These social servant diapers are very absorbent, so
feel free to let it flow all you need to.  Don't hold
it in, just go ahead and make yourself comfortable; if
you have to go, then just go.  Social servants do it
all the time."

He took a very large diaper from the box, sat on the
bed, told Bradley to scoot his butt up, and aligned
the diaper under him.  When it was in place he told
Alban to baby oil his brother up, "Use lots of oil,
because it's likely he'll be sitting in his own piss
for quite a while!"

Thoroughly bisexual Alban had always had a crush on
his oldest brother.  He rubbed the baby oil about
Bradley's shaved groin with special affection.  "Scoot
your butt up again, Bradley, so Alban can get your
bottom."  Bradley, still with eyes closed, did as
Steven ordered.  Alban didn't get any oil on Bradley's
penis, and didn't know if he should, but figured he
should, but Steven understood his hesitation, "You
will have to oil the penis.  The penis is subject to
rashes and irritation just like everything else down
there."

Oiling his brother's unit gave Alban, and everyone
else, a good chance to examine the infibulation bar
and ring.  As Alban rubbed the oil in he could feel a
slight shift in the size of his Brother's organ, and
he was able to observe how the bar and ring allowed
for a slight erecting, but could see that the tip of
the penis would slide into the ring if he got too
hard, and it looked like that would be painful, so
Alban stopped the oiling.

He then sprinkled baby powder all about Bradley's
shaved pubes, and rubbed some on his buttocks as well.
When Bradley was all oiled and powdered Steven had
everyone gather around to show them how the social
servant diaper was secured.  When Bradley was all
pinned up Quince said in genuine affection, "You look
nice and cozy, bro, in your didi."  Everyone else was
too serious to smile.  Bradley kept his eyes shut,
unable to look at his own family members.

Steven shook his head satisfied and said, "Well,
that's just about it.  I think he'll be okay."  All
four free men, already gathered around the bed, folded
their arms, looked down at the diapered and heavily
restrained Bradley, and nodded that they too thought
Bradley would be okay.

Martin spoke, "Well son, you're a social servant now,
and I want you to know that I'm mighty proud of you.
Son, there is nothing to be ashamed of.  I want you to
know that when we had to correct you today it was not
because we think you are bad, or lazy, or stupid.  Not
at all.  I have never been more proud of you as a man,
and I have never loved you more!"

"And you need to know and feel that same pride for
yourself.  There is nothing to be ashamed of in your
duty fatigues, your training paddles, your collar, or
the bar and ring that secure your penis.  Those are
all signs of the trade and you should be proud of
them.  And if you are feeling shamed or humiliated
right now because you are diapered, collared, hobbled,
and restrained, then you need to know that there is
nothing at all shameful about any of it. You’re a
social servant now and this is how social servants are
trained.  Right now throughout this city there are
hundreds of boys just like you in diapers, collars,
rings, hobbles, and restraints.  This is all just part
of your training.  You need to raise your head high
and realize that that is just all part of the proud
social service culture that you share with hundreds of
other boys throughout the city."

Uncle Steven offered his support as well, "That's
right Bradley.  Your dad is right on.  As you know you
have always been my favorite nephew.  Nothing has
changed!  Not one bit.  I love and admire you, and am
very proud of you.  And I hope, as your dad said
earlier, that you don't take anything I offered your
family in the way of education assistance personally.
I know some of the punishments may have been a little
unpleasant, but if you make a commitment to find pride
in your status, there shouldn't be any more punishment
necessary."

"And I want to reinforce what your dad just said about
not being ashamed.  Earlier when you were sulking in
your room, we couldn't understand why you were so
down, and why you wouldn't at least want to see your
girlfriend, Ginger.  Your mom suggested that perhaps
it was because you were ashamed of the way you were
dressed, or perhaps of wearing the collar.  Or that
perhaps that Ginger would find out that your cock
is no longer available to you, at least for the fun
stuff.  Let me tell you, Bradley, how wrong you are to
be ashamed of any of these things.  There are hundreds
of social servant boys throughout this city right now
who have their penis's locked up just like you do to
help them learn to obey and behave. Your uniform,
collar, hobbles, and penis bar and ring are things to
be proud of, because they are signs of forthright,
hard-working, people."  Steven went and rubbed Bradley
on the head.  "You'll be okay, kiddo!  And god, what a
great haircut Ginger gave you!"

Martin was suddenly flushed with munificence,
"Bradley, since it is so early and you might have a
hard time falling asleep, I'll tell you what I'll do.
If you like I can call up Ginger and let her visit
with you here.  I'll let her keep you company for one
hour.  Would you like that?"  Bradley shook his head,
"no".

Martin asked the free men, "So, what's the plan for
tomorrow?"

Steven had the answer, "We want to stay on the same
course.  And because I want all of you to keep up the
good work, I hope you don't mind if I come back bright
and early tomorrow morning to help out again, and
spend the day with you.  And maybe I can get Jason, my
son, to come along and offer his expertise."

Martin smiled at the news, "Oh, Bradley would
doubtless be happy to see him, since as a youngster he
always looked up to his older cousin Jason with such
admiration.  Won't that be swell Bradley, if Jason
can come along with Uncle Steven tomorrow and help
out?"

Bradley didn't respond, but Dad and his sons were
happy for Steven's offer of additional help.  Steven
elaborated, "I want to increase the comfort level of
all of you; Bradley with being a social servant, and
you free men with handling social servants, especially
one who happens to be a family member."  To make a
point Steven reached over and gently grabbed Bradley's
ringed, barred, and chained, penis.  As he held it up,
he spoke, "You need to get to this comfort level.  You
have to view this as just another body part, just
like, say, a hand.  Another part of him just like all
the rest of him that you need to be in regular contact
with to examine, control, and scrutinize.  Every part
of him is now your responsibility.  Don't let Bradley
down.  This sort of contact has to be done on a
regular basis, and the sooner you get used to it the
more secure you'll be in handling Bradley."

Steven let go of Bradley's penis and continued.  "We
will also want to get Bradley on an exercise regime
that's more rigorous than his current half hour a day
at the gym.  Jason's pet dog used to be an Addison
County training dog.  Addison County uses guard and
training dogs at their social servant training sites
to keep the boys in line and up to speed while in
training.  The dogs monitor such things as running and
exercising.  If Jason is free tomorrow, I am sure he
would be happy to bring Hubert over tomorrow, and
Hubert can supervise Bradley's running of laps and
exercises out in the back yard.  If Bradley slows up
at any given task, Hubert offers encouragement."

Quince and Alban smiled widely, and dad said, "That
would be a great idea!"

As Martin thanked Steven for all of his help, he took
out a sheet and covered Bradley.  Then over that he
placed a blanket.  He asked his son if he would be
warm enough, but Bradley just made an undecipherable
sound.  So dad placed another blanket on the side of
the bed, "Here's another blanket if you need it, son."

The free men and boys all said 'good night' to
Bradley.  Martin, the last one out, turned off the
light, and closed the door.