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.