Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART FIVE**

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Randall Austin’s Archive Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>

The evening was still young as Steven got into his car
and waved good-bye to his brother and his two free
sons.  Martin went looking for his wife.  And Quince
and Alban, rather than doing the things they would
usually be doing this early in the evening, each went
to their separate rooms and closed the doors behind
them.  Alban also locked his door.

Alban turned on his computer and went back to the
Social Services web site and punched in the password
and ID.  He went to his brother's file, and the first
thing he did was a quick review of the photo's
section.  As he looked at the pictures his throat
dried, he swallowed in excitement, his mouth remained
open, and his eyes widened.  Alban did not understand
or try to analyze the breathless excitement he was
feeling; the strange feeling of power, the heady
sensation, and the tingling feeling that was coursing
through his body.  He gently rubbed his crotch through
his slacks as he reviewed the pictures.

Alban then went to the Social Services record on
Bradley and read all of the notes on him and the final
report.  As he did so he kept rubbing his crotch.
"This Vermont, top-rated, 22 year old male, in perfect
physical condition, with extraordinary good looks, and
possessing a warm and engaging personality, holds a BS
degree in Geology.  He is smart, quick, and literate."

"Bradley is available on initial lease for 5 years and
8 months.  Longer terms of service are negotiable."

Alban suddenly stopped rubbing his crotch.

"Bradley is freshly indentured and untrained. Vermont
Social Services Training Programs can train Bradley to
your specifications.  Contact an agent, listed below,
for options."

"Because Bradley possesses strong social skills and is
intelligent, home training is an option for the right
owners.  Such training can provide an attractive
recreational outlet for those owners so inclined."

"Bradley was infibulated on the first day of his
indenturement, August 25, 2011, so he will come to you
full of energy, doe-eyed, and eager to please."

"Bradley would be especially well suited to serve in
the high-end personal service category."

"Permanent body modifications are available as
options.  (See Rate List file.  Typical costs: 1 x 2
inch buttock or shoulder brand - $40,000.
Circumcision - $55,000.  Decorative Face Scarring
-$25,000 per 1 and half-inch line scar.)  The broker's
agent suggests an erotica cinema project which records
acts of permanent body modifications on this handsome
male as a viable means of recovering investment."

"Family retains visitation rights, and prefers that
the majority of Bradley's service remain in county.
Negotiable."

The erection and tingling sensation were long gone by
the time Alban finished reading the ‘product notes’.
He just sat at his terminal thinking.  After a bit he
collected himself, and rushed to Quince's room.

Without knocking he opened the door and hurriedly
entered Quince's room.  Quince was horrified and
shocked, and shouted, "jeezus crist!" at his brother.
Alban was shocked too.  Quince was standing totally
naked in front of his computer monitor with a steel
hard-on jacking to a screen full of shaved naked
female slaves he had gathered from the Social
Service's web site.  There were about 8 pictures
resized to fit the screen, and all of the females in
the pictures were in display positions with their legs
spread wide and their hands behind their heads, many
with the same dazed look Alban saw in Bradley's
photos.

"Oh man, I'm sorry bro!" said Alban as he examined the
pictures on the monitor and his brother's shriveling
erection.  Quince gathered his trousers and held them
in front of his crotch.  Alban tried to ease his
brother's shame, "Don't be embarrassed.  I was about
to do the same thing, but I found something on the
site I want you to look at."

Quince slipped on his trousers as Alban brought up
Bradley's file and opened up the record.  He told
Quince to read it.  Quince read the product notes and
sales pitch in silence, and when he was finished he
said, "Holy shit!  What should we do?  Bradley could
end up a social servant for life, marked up beyond
recognition.  Has dad been lying to all of us about
what his plans are?"

Alban suggested that they confront dad.  At first
Quince agreed, but as the two discussed the matter
they realized that their dad got Bradley to enter
service voluntarily.  They were both still of an age
where their father could have them indentured without
their consent.  Now they were both, suddenly, very
afraid of their dad and confused.  Alban got very
depressed, and Quince hugged him and told him not to
worry.  But Alban did worry, and so did Quince.

Now when they thought of their dearly beloved brother
chained down to his bed downstairs, it seemed a scene
of true horror rather than the mere and somewhat odd
training session that they were told all social
servants go through.

In the morning at 8:30 mom called the family down for
breakfast.  Quince and Alban were the first to be
seated at the table.  They said a glum “good morning”
to their mother, and in the distance heard dad open
the room to Bradley's door.  "Good morning, Bradley.
How are you doing?  Listen, mom and the boys and I are
going to have breakfast now, and then when we're
finished we'll release you and you can get cleaned up.
Then you will do the dishes, and when you're finished
you can fix yourself anything you want for breakfast.
Then Uncle Steven and Jason will be here around 10
and they want to run you though some exercises, and
give your brothers and I some lessons in getting
familiar with handling you.  So it sounds like a fun
day!  We'll see you in a little bit."

Moments later Martin entered the kitchen and sat at
the table cheery and wide-eyed, as if everything was
back to normal.

"Alban, Quince, how are you?  Did you sleep well?"

"Yes Dad."

"I just looked in on Bradley.  He looks well rested
and seems to be doing okay."

The cell phone rang and Barbara answered it while she
continued serving breakfast.  On the phone was her
sister Karen. "Yes, he seems to be doing very well.
It is such an excellent program the State has set up
and they have provided us with a lot of helpful material.
Oh, Bradley has not voiced any objections at all to
the program, as far as I know.  I think he's finding
it as new and exciting as we are.  We are still new to
all of this, so of course there were a few awkward
moments.  But Bradley is fine!  In fact, he's still in
bed.  We're letting our big man sleep in late, and
take it easy. Sure, and thanks for calling!"

Martin acknowledged how nice Barbara's sister's show
of concern for Bradley was.  He then addressed another
issue. "I don't know if you boys have had a chance to
check out the Social Services' web site yet, but
something about that online thing really bothers me.
I mean, social servants are human beings, not
commodities."

"Anyway, I know your mother gave you boys the password
to the Social Services site without thinking, and I
don't know if you realized it, but she felt very bad
about having done that, since I had warned her
beforehand that it was a rather ‘graphic’ site; one
which could be disturbing to family members."

"Not only are the online pictures something that siblings
should not see, but if you read the file on Bradley,
you would have seen all kinds of marketing gimmicks in
the ‘product notes’ section which are standard to the
industry, but are of the sort which I do not
approve."

"Did you boys by any chance check out Bradley's file?"
"No Dad!" both boys quickly answered, and then added
that they had just checked out the pictures, but
nothing else.

"Well, if you do you will find all kinds of options as
being available.  But let me tell you, it's just the
way the marketing people over there at Social Services
do things.  For example, if someone wants a social
servant for 8 years, and they see that Bradley is only
available for 5 years and 8 months, in that case they
would very likely just pass him over.  But if they see
that perhaps things are negotiable and maybe there is
a way that they can have him for the full 8 years,
they are then more likely to set up an appointment.
Once they see Bradley and realize what a prime ‘piece’
he is, that's just Social Service lingo, I hate to
use that word myself, but once they see him they may
find the product so attractive that they'll decide to
go with it, even if it is only for 5 years instead of
the 8 they wanted. Such gimmicks are just ways of
getting more people into the showroom to take a look
at the piece, and are standard practices in the
marketing industry."

After breakfast the three free Forestman males entered
Bradley's bedroom and released him from all the
straps, chains, cuffs, pins, and clamps which kept him
secured in his bed.  All three were curious if he had
wet his diaper, but no one asked.  Martin told Alban
to open the diaper, since he was put in charge of
Bradley's grooming.  When the diaper was opened it was
clear that he had pissed in it, and it was also clear
that he had a very clamped up erection.  He was as
erect as his bar and ring allowed him to be, and the
tip of his penis looked slightly sore.

Martin told Bradley to get out of bed and take a
shower, then to eat breakfast and do the dishes.  "And
when you're are finished come out into the back yard
in your fatigues and sandals, since Uncle Steven and
Jason should be here by then."

As Alban followed Bradley into the bathroom he enjoyed
the way the training paddles, by forcing Bradley to
keep his legs spread wide as he walked, helped
emphasize his bubble butt, and let his swinging balls
be clearly seen from the rear.  He told Bradley to
clean the cupboard underneath the sink when he did the
dishes. "Mom's been nagging me to do it, but I don't
see why you can't do it now."  In the bathroom Alban
watched Bradley get into the shower, fascinated at the
way his penis bar and ring kept his erection to a
minimum.

Quince waited for Alban to come out of the bathroom,
and when he did he took him aside.  "Do you believe
any of that stuff dad told us about the website
promotion?"  Alban hadn't thought about it, so Quince
explained, "Maybe dad just said what he did about all
the stuff on the site because he knew we had the
password and had probably seen it.  I think he might
have been lying to us, bro!  I think he doesn't want
us to believe what it says on the website, but it
wouldn't say options were available on a government
website if they were in fact not available."

Now Alban, who was finally looking forward to lording
it over his older brother, was uneasy once again. "I
don’t know what to think now.  I feel afraid.  What
should we do, Quince?"

Martin came around the corner unexpectedly and caught
his sons whispering.  "What are you girls gossiping
about?"  "Nothing Dad!" Both boys said red-faced.
"Well, I'm counting on both of you boys to keep an eye
on Bradley so he doesn't dawdle."

The cloud that had once again settled over the boys
lifted ever so slightly, or at least was momentarily
forgotten, once they were asked to ‘keep an eye on
Bradley’.