Traditional Values

By Randall Austin  
  
**PART FIVE**  
  
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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’.