Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART SIX**

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When Bradley entered the back yard after having
completed washing the dishes, he was greeted with
whooping shouts and applause.  He saw everyone
gathered at the far end of the yard, clapping and
waving their hands at him.  His father shouted out.
"There's our man of the hour!" and told him to join
them.  Uncle Steven shouted out an upbeat, "He's
looking good, looking good!"  As Bradley made his way
towards the group he could see that Quince and Alban
had slightly amused smiles on their faces as they
watched him hobble over with legs spread wide, so as
to avoid having the training paddles attached to his
ankle cuffs cause him to trip.

Uncle Steven and his son, Jason, however, looked at
him with genuine interest in seeing how he was doing
and the fact that ankle hobbles didn't seem foreign to
them only attested to their experience in dealing with
social servants.  The fact that they weren't laughing
at him in fact comforted Bradley somewhat; here were
some guys who, at least, were not going to be making
fun of the way he was outfitted and looked.

Martin and Barbara were pleased to see that Bradley
was no longer a basket case.  His eyes were no longer
reddened with tears.  And Flora was just happy to see
her brother outside again, and not chained to his bed.

When Bradley reached the group, Jason came over and
hugged him tightly. "Brad, god it's good to see you
again.  I think it's been four years.  Once you
started college, we just lost all regular contact.
But that's the way things happen."  Jason stood back
and looked Bradley over.  He nodded approvingly.

Jason was six years older than Bradley, and the two of
them were good friends for most of their younger lives
up until Bradley entered college.  Now 28 years of
age, and already a seasoned trainer of social
servants, Jason conveyed a calmness about the whole
business of social servitude that comforted everyone
gathered in the back yard.  Jason was dressed in
khaki's, boots, and a dress shirt.  Bradley noticed
the large German Shepherd, Hubert, that stayed by
Jason's side.  The dog looked calm and intelligent.

Jason patted Bradley on the shoulder. "So, here we are
to sort of celebrate your first full day as a ‘servant
of society’.  I don't know if any of you know it, but
that is the Vermont honorific form of social servant.
Kind of snazzy, huh?"  Everyone smiled.

Jason smiled and continued, genuine in his pleasure at
the moment. "I have to tell you Bradley, and you too
Martin, since this was your decision, that this is a
very nearly perfect match; Bradley and social
servitude."

Bradley knew that Jason was genuine and asked Jason
why he said that.  Jason touched the side of Bradley's
arm in affection. "Because you have always been the
most considerate and helpful person in the world and
you are that way to everyone; because you are always
sweet and genuine and because your disposition is one
of honor and integrity, the fit is obvious; you were
born to serve!  You love to serve, you are just a
naturally considerate person who wants to help and
please others, so what better position could you be in
than that of social servant?"

Martin and Steven nodded approvingly at Jason's
wisdom.  Steven said. "That does make sense.  We shall
see.  Maybe once Bradley has some experience under his
belt, he'll seek a lifetime position.  It happens, you
know."

Jason responded. "Some of you look surprised to hear
that that happens.  But it does.  And the reason it is
happening with more and more frequency is because
society is beginning to understand that the calling to
serve others is the noblest of all professions.  And
as society evolves and begins to treat social servants
with the respect they deserve, more and more social
servants are finding true fulfillment in their roles
as servants."

He had everyone's interest, and continued. "When dad
called me last night to tell me how things went here
yesterday, I knew I had to come here today and help
you folks out.  Dad told me that he wanted to come out
here today to help increase the comfort level of
Bradley being a social servant, and your comfort level
in handling and controlling Bradley.  When he said
that, every warning signal there is suddenly started
alerting me to a code red danger situation over here!"

Everyone looked at each other, curious and very
interested.  Jason looked at his father. "Dad, I mean
you no disrespect, and I know you have done some
successful brokering of social servants in your day,
but I have to tell you that that kind of talk about
‘increasing comfort levels’ of social servants and
owners is something out of the dark ages.  It comes
from just plain wrong, unenlightened, thinking!"

Steven threw up his arms with a smile, as if to say,
"Look at stupid me everyone.  What in the heck do I
know?"  Everyone laughed and then looked back to Jason
to explain.

"There should have to be no awkward and painful
adjustment periods for either, social servants, their
families, or their owners.  Why?  Because if serving
others truly is the noblest of all professions, should
we not all be taking joy and delight in that fact.
Especially since someone we know and love has been
placed in that honorable station.  We should be
celebrating it, not all downcast and gloomy over it!"

Everyone was listening rapt, as if much weight had
been lifted.  Even the face of Bradley showed more
relaxed than it had been since he was collared,
ringed, and hobbled.

Jason continued. "Martin, you and your family are
blessed!  You are celebrating and supporting the
noblest of our values, service to others, by having
Bradley indentured.  What you have done is a beautiful
thing, as sacred as the sacrament of marriage, and
these first few days of Bradley's service should be a
special time for everyone, just like a wedding
ceremony.  Indenturement is a traditional thing that
celebrates our values.  Our beautiful values!  Our
traditional values!"

Bradley's entire family was hearing what they needed
to hear.  The smiles on their faces were almost as
big as the smile on Hubert.

Jason continued in his role as cheerleader. "So
everyone smile.  This is a happy day.  This is a
happy event!"  Jason then went and stood in front of
Bradley. "And you, Bradley, should have the biggest
smile of all, since you are the one chosen for such an
honored position."

On the spot, and caught off guard by the awkward
moment, Bradley said. "Thanks Jason."  To Bradley's
mother that 'thank you' sounded like Bradley had just
said he was the happiest person in the world.

Martin arranged lawn chairs about the area of the
landscaped yard where they were gathered, and invited
everyone to sit down.  Barbara had left at one point
earlier on, and when she came back with a tray of
coffee and tea, Steven asked her why she didn't have
Bradley do that chore.  Barbara answered that she
wanted Bradley in on the discussion, since the
conversation was about helping to make the adjustment
easy on everyone.

Jason heard that comment and jumped on it. "There you
go again!  Talking about this whole thing like it is
some horrible thing to endure and get accustomed to,
to get adjusted to, when in fact it is one of the most
beautiful, traditional, arrangements available to us.
Why can you not accept that it is a noble and
beautiful calling, all of you?  What are you all
afraid of?  I don't see the problem?"

Steven lowered his voice a little. "Well, Jason, I
think it has to do with the fact that it is seen as
somewhat of an involuntary arrangement, and maybe…"

Jason stopped him. "Hold on here!  You mean this was
done against Bradley's will.  Bradley, is this true?"

Bradley, again caught off guard, stumbled. "Well, no,
but I didn't really know how I'd be treated.  I was
just kind of trying to be helpful to dad, I didn't
think much about it."

Jason questioned the social servant. "What do you mean
about how you would be treated?  Have you been
mistreated?"

Bradley collected himself. "I think so.  I was forced
to wear these hobbles, I was infibulated, I was given
a strapping by Uncle Steven, I had to go to bed early
last night for no reason, I was chained down to my
bed, I was made to sleep in a piss soaked diaper, and
I had no say in any of it.  I would call that
mistreatment!"  Barbara whispered something in Flora's
ear, and she was heard to say. "I wanna stay, Mom."

Jason was calm, paused a bit, and answered. "I
understand what you are saying.  First of all, let’s
get over the temporary bits.  The hobbles, the
infibulation bar, the chaining down, the diapers, and
even the strapping, are all, most likely, temporary.
That stuff really can cloud a new servant's view of
his noble position.  But all of these things are
traditional here in Vermont for new social servants."
Jason asked Bradley if he had read the materials
provided by Social Services, and Bradley answered that
he read some of them in bed last night.  "If you had
read all of the material your dad has for you from
Social Service, you would then have had a clearer
understanding of all of these things.  Actually, you
have let yourself down by not being up to speed on
these issues.  All of these things are actually very
much part of something like a fraternity initiation,
and they should be enjoyed for being the special
moments that they are.  They are all parts of a rite
of passage, a rite that establishes a beautiful bond
between yourself and free men."

Jason then addressed everyone. "What is absolutely
necessary for achieving a successful arrangement
between social servants and free persons is for social
servants to be treated with the respect they deserve.
If yesterday was a difficult day for Bradley, I would
suggest that it was perhaps due to some mistakes made
by your overseers and I intend no disrespect towards
my father and my dear Uncle Martin and his family."

Alban was entranced by his charming cousin.  He had an
honest boy look, a look that mothers' like to see in
their sons.  His slightly smaller than average ears
made his head look larger than ordinary, thus giving
him an intelligent look along with an alluring
physical appeal.  Jason's brown hair was spotted with
soft curls, highlighted with sand-blond streaks, and
shone in the sun.  Alban admired Jason's khaki's and
thought they looked cool on a guy like Jason.  Maybe
he would get himself a pair.  Alban moved his chair
closer to Jason's so he could smell the alluring
gentle, mysterious, smell he gave off.

Quince, looking always like a football player, though
he didn't play football very well, envied his cousin
Jason, who was a natural leader and took the spotlight
well.  Jason was not quite as intelligent as Bradley,
but he was a leader of men, and that was a trait
Quince admired.  Quince thought the thought he always
thought when he was around charismatic guys. ‘I bet he
can get any woman he wants’.

Martin was open. "I'm sure we made mistakes in
handling Bradley.  So I would be happy for any
suggestions and tips you could give us."

Jason was eager to help. "I think what happened
yesterday was probably more a failing of attitude
rather than any action you took.  The important thing
to know is; if you are going to do something, then do
it with conviction.  That is so important; sort of
stating and living by 'this is the way things are now
and I'm proud to be a part of it'.  That is the
attitude you have got to have, all of you, and that
includes Bradley."

"In other words, to put this whole training thing in a
nutshell, what needs to be done is from now on you
simply and plainly tell Bradley what you want him to
do.  Don't make a big deal out of it, because it isn't
a big deal.  You are simply asking him to serve you.
And that is an okay, non-evil, totally cool thing to
do!"

"And you Bradley, when you are told to do something,
just do it.  But as you do it you need to have the
attitude that it is a privilege to do whatever you
have been asked to do.  You need to identify with the
whole culture and community of social servants
throughout this state, country, and even the world.
It is a culture that realizes that to serve others is
an honor, and one of the noblest acts a human being
can perform.  You need to raise your head with a
smile, be proud, and realize that you are one of the
honored many!  In this city alone right now there are
hundreds of boys just like you, hobbled, cock-locked,
and in training.  And that is to say nothing of the
thousands of boys throughout this city who are already
fully-trained, actively serving, social servants,
proud to be wearing their collars, and happily doing
whatever they are told to do."

As Jason spoke his words of enlightenment, everyone
except Bradley kept getting happier and happier.
Jason made it all sound not only easy, but a wonderful
thing to be a part of.  Having a family member who was
a social servant was a blessed event.  The family now
realized it needed to be happy, as if there were a
wedding in the family.

Steven was learning too. "Well, that was easy enough!
Does everyone sort of understand what Jason is trying
to say?"  Everyone, except Bradley, shook their heads.

Jason looked around. "You're back yard is totally
enclosed and private because all of the trees and
shrubbery about your place.  This is a perfect
training area for servants!"

Steven asked. "Well then, Jason, how about giving us a
little demo here.  See if you can get Bradley to do
something."

Jason smiled, patted the empty lawn chair to the left
of him, and said. "Bradley, cousin, come and sit here,
next to me."  Bradley did so, and smiled as he sat
next to his cousin.  Jason smiled at everyone, "See,
everyone, mission accomplished!"

Everyone laughed.  Bradley only smiled, and through
his smile he tried to understand what was going on.
He had already resigned himself to doing whatever his
family asked him to do.  Last night as he lay chained
to his bed he flipped through the materials provided
by Social Services out of boredom.  What Jason had
just told everyone was what was in the material he
read.  It actually seemed a bearable, even livable
situation if only he could have gotten over his
humiliation.  Sitting in the lawn chair he looked at
Jason, who still seemed like a nice guy.  And sitting
on the other side of Jason was his brother, Alban.  He
worried about Alban, who was too quiet these days.  He
was humiliated being seen dressed in slave fatigues
and hobbled in front of his family, especially his
brothers.

Martin asked. "But seriously Jason, is there any way
to ensure that we all maintain those level-headed
attitudes.  The material I have read warned about some
dangers; resentment building up in social servants,
and unfair treatment of social servants from
overseers.  How do we guard against such things?"

"That's precisely what training is about.  Good
training, of the kind I give."  Jason stretched and
ran both of his hands through his hair.  Alban was
fascinated by Jason's tousled hair.  "Okay Martin,
here are your options; you either let me take over
here for the rest of the day, no interference at all
with anything I do, and come this evening you will
have a trained, helpful, pliant, social servant or
you can pay Social Services big bucks for their three
week training course for Bradley.  Which is it going
to be?"

Martin was overjoyed. "Oh Jason, that sure is swell of
you to give your time like this!"

Steven beamed. "That's my boy!"  Jason said. "How
could I refuse?  Bradley is my favorite cousin!"

"It'll be great to see you two spending time together
again.  Let me know if there's anything you need or if we
can do to help you."

"Thanks Martin.  The only thing I really need is for
you, as well as Quince and Alban, to be present for
most of the day.  There will be some one-on-one
training later in the day, when I will need to be
alone with Bradley, but for most of the day I need
members of the immediate family around.  It helps form
an impression.  Since this is really a family matter.
Having family around helps."

"That sounds great, Jason.  When you need to be alone
with Bradley you can use either his bedroom or my
study."

"Okay, thank you Uncle Martin."  Jason stood up, and
stretched calmly.  He had been looking forward to this
day ever since his father told him that his cousin
Bradley was put into social service.  He walked over
to Barbara.  "Aunt Barbara, I would just like to alert
you that it's standard for newly enlisted social
servants to be kept naked during training.  I don't
know what your family's comfort level is with this
kind of thing, so you and Flora may want to take your
leave."  Bradley overheard the request and his gut
sank.

"Yes, Jason.  Thanks for letting us know.  Come along
Flora, we should let the men be alone."

"But Mommy, I want to stay and watch.  Why can’t I?"
"Because, dearie, it might embarrass Bradley."

"But Mommy, I've already seen everything there is to
see of Bradley on the website.  Why can't I stay?"
Martin settled the matter. "Flora, please go with your
mother.  It just is not appropriate for you to be out
here."

As mom walked away with her daughter in hand, Jason
walked over to the picnic table where he had set a
training whip and a long, three inch wide, black strap
with a choke-buckle on one end.  He picked them up and
walked over to the seated Bradley and said. "Okay
Bradley, it's time for you to get naked!"

Bradley was taken aback by the sudden change in
Jason's attitude.  Confused and speechless, he
fumbled.

Jason tapped the training whip against his leg. "Come
on.  Get up and strip!  I don't give social servants
an order more than once!"  Bradley was shocked and
confused.  Was his family going to let this treatment
of him go on?  He looked at his father.  His father
bit his lip and was silent.

Jason tried to ease Bradley into an acceptance of his
status. "All throughout the city right now there are
hundreds of boys and girls, just like yourself,
entering into this beautiful mode of service.  And all
of these boys and girls are naked as they learn how to
serve and please their overseers.  Nudity is
traditional in training.  Like a fraternity
initiation. No big deal!"

Bradley stood, nervous.  Jason coaxed. "Come on, Brad,
I'm a nice guy.  I'm not going to hurt you.  Not if
you just do what you're told."

Bradley slowly started unbuttoning his fatigues along
the sides.  Jason prompted him along. "There you go!
It's all about helping one another; trainers helping
new servants learn what they need to learn, and
servants helping trainers have a hassle-free day."

Jason smiled at Bradley's family watching Bradley
slowly unbutton his fatigues.  "See, Bradley's
learning to behave!"

Bradley was sweating as he stooped down to undo the
buttons along the side of his leg.  So were Quince and
Alban.  Jason continued. "All throughout this city on
this very day servants in training are getting spanked
and paddled as they learn the ropes.  You, Bradley,
are in that grand fraternity.  You should be proud!"

Jason stretched, and gave a couple of swishes through
the air of his long, slender, and taut training whip.
It whistled.

As Bradley removed his servant fatigues, Jason
approached him. "That's my boy!  I need those buttocks
bare and available for any smacking I may have to do!"
Alban swallowed and erected, and then turned an
almost green color, worried that someone might know
what had just happened to his little pecker.

Jason snapped his fingers at his dog, who got up from
lounging in the grass and came over and stood in front
of him.  The dog looked up at Jason, smiling with his
tongue hanging out.  Jason began the introductions.
"Okay everyone; it's time for you to meet Hubert!"