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!"