Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART SEVEN**

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Bradley, wearing nothing but a pair of social servant
training shoes, ankle cuffs with attached training
paddles, social servant collar, and his cock lock or
infibulation bar, stood naked in front of everyone.
As Jason and Hubert came towards Bradley, he covered
his privates.  Jason smiled at Bradley's modesty,
patted Hubert, his big German Shepherd, on the head,
and gave Bradley some instructions. "Hubert is going
to be helping us keep tabs on you today.  He will be
monitoring and controlling you today, so he needs to
get a scent identification on you.  I want you to
squat down on your haunches and put your hands in back
of your head so Hubert can sniff your arm pits and
balls."

Bradley, hesitant, frowned.  Jason placed his training
whip on Bradley's right shoulder and that offered the
encouragement he needed to squat down.  When he put
his hands in back of his head, Hubert came over.
Because Bradley was squatting on his haunches, his
knees were spread wide, and his dangling sex unit was
very exposed.  Jason gave a command to Hubert and
Hubert barked, and immediately starting sniffing
Bradley's armpits.  After checking out both pits he
put his snout to Bradley's cock, and then poked
underneath with his snout to the area in back of his
balls.  Bradley let out a worried moan, and Jason told
him to be quiet and remain still and let Hubert check
him out. "He won't hurt you unless you resist."
Hubert then did a quick lick of Bradley's balls and
Bradley let out a nervous moan.  When Hubert had
gathered the information he needed he backed away and
looked up at Jason and barked.

Jason complimented the dog. "Good boy, Hubert!  Good
boy.  This is Bradley, and you are in charge of
Bradley today.  Have you got that, Hubert?"  Hubert
gave three happy barks.  "Good boy!"  Then addressing
everyone Jason gave some background. "Hubert was the
dog I was assigned to for five years at Social
Services in Addison County.  He's helped me train
hundreds of social servants.  When he was retired, I
just knew Hubert and me belonged together.  We're the
best of friends."  Everyone smiled and complimented
Hubert.  Everyone except Bradley who stood up from the
uncomfortable crouching position he was in.

While everyone was still focused on Hubert, and before
anyone knew what had happened, Jason gave a fierce
stroke of his training whip across Bradley's back, who
was thrown into such pain and shock that he stumbled
into a kneeling position, and had to quickly put out
his arms to stop himself from falling completely over.
As Bradley screamed in agony Jason shouted. "Who the
fuck said you could get out of position?  Get back in
the position you were in, right now!"  When Bradley
cried, "Please". Jason gave him another severe stroke
of the whip across the side of his left thigh.
Bradley was crying out loud as he scurried as fast as
he could to get back into position on his haunches
with his hands behind his back.  Jason was furious.
"You fucking cornhead!  Why in the hell did you make
me do that to you?"

Bradley just cried, and saw Jason raise the whip
again. "When I ask a question, you answer it, boy!"

Bradley was quick to answer. "I didn't know.  I just
thought it was okay."

Jason stood in front of the squatting, sniveling,
Bradley and spread his legs apart, put his arms
akimbo, and still holding the coiled strap in his left
hand, and the training whip in his right, said. "Let
this be lesson number one; You don't do anything
without permission, and you do everything I ask you to
do, without hesitation.  If you promise to do that,
then I can put this training whip and choke strap away
right now!"  Bradley continued sniveling.

Alban and Quince were wide-eyed, quiet, open-mouthed,
awed, breathing-heavy, and hard.  So was their uncle,
Steven.  Everyone noticed the red, painful looking,
whip marks that had formed on Bradley's back and leg.

The brutality of Jason's corrective measures, and the
dramatic and unexpected authority he exhibited, which
held everyone in shocked silence, were everyday
occurrences to the young trainer of social servants,
and he smiled, happy, as he ordered Bradley to stand
up and apologize to his family for being so stupid.

Bradley was quick to begin. "I'm sorry."  Jason jumped
in. "No, no!  That's not what I asked you to do.  I
told you to apologize to your family, address each of
them by name, and tell them you are sorry for being
such a stupid and slow learner of servant protocol.
Now do it!  And stop covering your sex equipment.
It's no longer used for sex so you have no reason to
be ashamed of it or any need to hide it.  Keep your
hands at your sides."

Bradley called everyone by name and apologized in the
demeaning fashion he was ordered.  Jason smiled widely
as Bradley cringed in shame.  "Okay, Bradley, that was
good.  What I'm going to do now is keep you busy doing
some laps about the yard."  Jason then addressed
everyone. "What we're going to do now, and for the
rest of the day, is to keep Bradley busy doing a
variety of things.  That's really all there is to
training.  If Bradley does as he's told, it will
simply be a day of exercise for him.  No big deal.  If
he's smart and has learned to obey, he'll never have
to feel the whip again."

Jason conveyed a sense that the worst was over, and
the family began to relax somewhat after the shocking
whip strokes.  And he continued to assuage their
concerns. "And all the exercise he'll be doing today
will be relatively easy for him, since we've got his
cock locked up.  That infibulation bar and ring turn
social servants into human dynamos.  They've got all
that pent up libido that needs to be freed, and hard
work and exercise are great outlets for its release.
Just wait until you see him tear around this track!"

Jason grabbed Bradley's arm and pulled him towards the
edge of the yard and gave him instructions on how he
wanted him to jog along the outer perimeter of the
back yard.  "Okay, start jogging!  And keep your legs
spread nice and wide so your training paddles don't
trip you."

Bradley stood, awkward, unsure of why he was to do
what he was told.  Jason was getting impatient. "Come
on, I said get a move on it!"  He gave Bradley a
slight shove and Bradley stumbled about, almost
falling into the bushes.  "Is there some reason you
don't want to run for us?"

Bradley got back to position but was looking to Jason
to see when he should start running, but Jason took it
as a sign of intransigence. "You wanna play hardball?
I can do that!"  He took the broad belt and put it
around Bradley's upper chest; he brought the end of it
through the buckle and cinched it tight, and pulled on
it.  The buckle was an auto-cinch, so it stayed locked
in the tightest position to which it was drawn. Jason
tugged on the belt to get Bradley to move.  The tug
was unexpected and Bradley's training paddles hit each
other and he fell to the ground. "Hey dumbshit!
Remember to keep your legs spread apart when you run,
or have you forgotten that you're hobbled?"  Bradley
was stunned on the ground, and Jason started pulling
him along in the grass by the belt. "Come on, get up,
and start running."  Bradley was dazed and couldn't
easily get up as Jason dragged him through the grass.
Bradley grabbed at the belt that Jason was pulling and
Jason whipped both arms away from the belt.  Bradley
screamed and cried.

Jason pulled the fallen Bradley in a humiliating
fashion through the grass, and asked. "Do I have to
pull you around this track or are you going to get up
and start running?"  There was no response from the
frantic Bradley, who was unable to collect himself to
events, so Jason started flailing Bradley with the
whip as he pulled him along.  Bradley screamed in
intense agony and in a spurt got himself off the
ground and started running, awkwardly with this legs
spread wide.  Once he was up and running Jason stopped
the whipping.  In seconds the whip marks showed up
clearly as red lines where he was whipped on the
shoulders, back, ass, and legs.  Bradley heaved and
cried as he ran.

Once Bradley was moving at a regular clip, Hubert
joined him and started running along side of him and
slightly behind him.  Jason ran along with them a
little bit, and once he saw that Hubert was in control
he dropped out of the run, and shouted. "Atta boy,
Hubert!  Keep him moving!"

Once Hubert saw that Bradley was obeying and was
moving at a steady clip, he ran off a few feet away
from him so he was tracking a smaller concentric route
about the perimeter.  That way Hubert didn't have to
run as fast as Bradley to keep up with him.  Each time
Bradley started to slow his pace, Hubert would run
towards him barking, and once he caught up would start
leaping up at him and barking, as if he was
threatening to bite his thighs or shins, or some
dangling appendage.  Each time he did that Bradley
picked up his pace.

As Bradley ran about the perimeter of the yard the end
of the belt that was cinched about his chest hung down
to his knees, and it swung as wildly as his balls and
penis did because having to run with legs spread wide
made the body sway from side to side with each step.
It was comical.

Jason came over to the lawn-chaired Forestman males
and his smiling father, who complimented him. "Damn
fine work, Jason!"  Jason beamed back like a little
kid. "Thanks Dad!  I think we're getting there!"  He
poured himself a glass of iced tea, and then repeated.
"Yes sir, I think we're getting there!"

Alban was more frightened, fascinated, exhilarated,
and fucking hard, than he had ever been in his entire
life.  As Jason sat down next to Alban he kept
watching Bradley trot about the yard.  Bradley looked
quite ridiculous running with the training paddles
that forced him to keep his legs spread wide apart as
he ran.  But, of course, that was the idea of training
paddles; to make a social servant feel so foolish and
different from the rest of humanity that he wished he
were invisible; to turn the social servant into such a
shamed being that he will do immediately whatever he
is asked to do so as to avoid having any attention
whatsoever called to himself and to the humiliating
way he is hobbled.

Jason shouted out a little encouragement to Bradley.
"A little faster now!  You're a social servant now, so
swing your arms and lift your head proudly!"

Then addressing the group. "Remember, you can always
outsmart a social servant and win any confrontation
with humiliation and a whip.  And that approach is the
one that seems to be working with Bradley.  He already
seems broken in.  I really think Bradley is not going
to end up being a typical social servant who runs
around with a constantly reddened butt, so typical of
the species!  He's too smart for that!  He's going to
be an 'obeyer boy’."

Jason saw Alban looking fearfully at the whip he toyed
with.  "Hey, little guy, don't be afraid of this
thing.  It looks a little scary, but a training whip
with its small braid is just basically a stinger.
Those whip marks decorating Bradley will be gone in a
day or two.  If you think this thing is awesome, wait
until you see the whip out in my car I'm going to use
on Bradley later today when I train him to ‘quick
step’ in full-service mode.

Alban gulped and started thinking about a scene where
he was in a bedroom in a big house and a fire had
engulfed the entire house, and he was in the last
unburned room in the entire house.  Just outside his
door the raging fire consumed the wall, and carpeting.
He could feel the heat outside his bedroom door.  He
was three stories up, too steep to go out the windows.
Thick acrid smoke was starting to fill the room, and
he could hardly breathe.  He could feel the heat start
to be unbearable, but no place to go.  He prayed he
would pass out before he felt a single flame singe a
single one of his hairs, but suddenly he saw the walls
to his bedroom first blacken, and then burst into
flames.  His bedroom was on fire and cinders and
exploding wood bits were flying.  There was no air
left to breathe, and it would be seconds before the
first flames grabbed him.

With his erection finally down, Alban knew from
experience he had to move in haste.  Typically his
fire fantasy gave him about 30 seconds of erection
down time.  In school it gave him just enough time to
reach the nearest bathroom.  He excused himself
hastily. "Dad, I gotta get something to eat!"  He
almost ran across the yard to the back door of the
kitchen.  Once in the house, his dick started rising
as he made his way upstairs to his room.

As Bradley trotted about the track with Hubert on his
heels the thought of his best friend, Jeremy Rickers,
came to him.  He met Jeremy when they were both
freshmen in college, and they ended up rooming
together for the last two years of college.  He and
Jeremy were so close that he would not be ashamed to
tell Jeremy of his predicament, the way he was with
his girlfriend, Ginger.  Bradley smiled inside when he
thought of the last time he talked to him, almost a
week ago.  Jeremy was telling him once again how his
dad didn't want him to go on to graduate school, but
to help out with the family business.  During that
conversation Jeremy still had not made a decision,
even though the deadline to start grad school was fast
approaching.  Bradley needed to call Jeremy.  He
smiled as he thought of how he would call Jeremy later
that day and tell him that he, Bradley, was now a
social servant!"

Alban, up in his room that looked out onto the
backyard, parted the curtain to his window ever so
slightly.  He had a good view of the entire yard, and
of Bradley running.  He unzipped his trousers, pulled
out his cock, and started pumping as he watched his
brother learning to be a good social servant.
Bradley's metal collar glittered in the sunlight, and
his legs, spread wide because of the training paddles,
allowed his cock and balls to do big back and forth
flip-flops.  Alban never before came so quickly nor so
powerfully in his entire life.

Martin, Steven, Jason, and Quince, were rejoined after
awhile by Alban.  They chatted for about half an hour.
At one point when Bradley simple couldn't go on and
stopped, Hubert bit him on the leg, breaking the skin
and drawing blood in two points.  Jason assured
Bradley's father that the bite marks were okay and
that they would be treated in a little while, but that
it was important that he be made to run for a bit
longer.  Jason encouraged the social servant with the
threat of the training whip. "Come on, you can do it.
There are boys just like you all over the city who are
at this moment being whip-trained to trot proudly!"

When the iced tea pitcher was empty, Martin asked
Quince to refill it.  "Dad, make Bradley do it.  I'm
not a social servant!"

Totally exhausted, Bradley called out. "Dad, please
let me stop!"  Jason gave the okay and shouted to
Bradley that he could stop running, and called Hubert
off.  Bradley sank into the grass where he stopped
running, and sprawled out on his back.  After a brief
rest Jason told him to go get himself a drink in the
kitchen, and to come back out with another pitcher
full of iced tea.  Bradley was happy to go into the
house.  From the living room Flora could catch
glimpses of her older brother every time he passed by
the door.  She wanted to get a closer look at her
naked brother, but she knew it would embarrass him if
she went into the kitchen, so she stayed in the living
room, pretending to read a book.

When Bradley brought the tea outside, Bradley noticed
that Jason was not present.  Martin asked Bradley to
refill everyone's glasses, and as he did so he
couldn't look anyone in the face.  Jason soon returned
from his car carrying a very large coiled, black,
thick, whip, a tawse, several strange looking gadgets,
and rolls of chains with weird looking clamps,
fasteners, and clips attached to them.  When Jason set
all the things he got from the car on the picnic table
where Bradley was placing the pitcher of iced tea,
Bradley saw them and slumped down to the ground,
covered his face with his hands, and broke down
crying.

Jason was quick to offer reassurance. "There is no
reason to cry, Bradley.  None of this stuff gets used
if you do what you're told!"  Bradley continued to
cry.

Martin tried to help. "Did you hear that Bradley?
That stuff is only for if you are naughty and don't do
what Jason tells you to do."

Quince, too, tried to offer comfort. "All you gotta do
is behave, Brad.  Don't let it worry you."

Bradley kept crying, and all the free men looked at
each other.  Jason made a decision. "Tell you all what
I'm going to do; I'm going to take Bradley to his
room, clean out the little bite marks Hubert gave him,
and help him get over his crying fit."  Jason went
over to Bradley, who was sitting in the grass, still
covering his face and sobbing, and gently grabbed his
shoulders. "Come on Bradley, cousin, everything is
going to be okay."

Bradley stood up, and still with one arm around
Bradley's shoulders, Jason grabbed the tawse and what
looked like a pair of pliers with a very broad clamp
on the end, and led Bradley off to the house to offer
him special comfort.