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.