Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART EIGHT**

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Jason guided the sobbing Bradley gently to his room,
sat him down on the bed, placed the tawse and the
flesh-clutch on the floor beside the bed, and sat next
to Bradley.

Jason put an arm around Bradley's shoulders, and put
his head against his.  "You're going to be okay,
Bradley.  I can tell you that for sure.  I've been in
this business a long time and I have a good eye.  Once
you get over these first few days, the old you, the
you that loves to serve and be helpful, will come out
and you'll see that things aren't really so bad.  In
fact, you'll see that things aren't bad at all."

A small part of Bradley wanted to believe what his
cousin told him, and tried to take comfort in what he
said.  "You are just so embarrassed by your hobbles
and cock lock that you think everyone else is too.
Once all these things come off, I think you'll start
looking at things differently.  One of the things that
is making this transition difficult for you is that
you have way too much pride in the way you look.  Just
let go of it, and you'll feel a lot better."

Jason placed his other hand on Bradley's chest, and
gently fingered it.  "You have such nice skin."  He
brought his fingers down to Bradley's right nipple and
circled it.  "Man, you are so pretty!  The real reason
I always let you hang out with me when we were
younger, even though I was older than you, was because
I found you so hot looking."

Bradley remained silent as Jason fingered him.  As
Jason continued to feel Bradley up he erected, and
soon was cupping Bradley's tits, feeling and squeezing
them.  "Come on Bradley, stop that crying.  As a
servant your job is to please people, and already you
are doing that.  You are giving me a lot of pleasure.
You should be proud."  Jason moved his hand to
Bradley's thighs and legs and rubbed them.

Bradley realized what was going on, but he was afraid
to react.  When Jason's hand moved to his cock and
gently lifted it, Bradley tried to move away, "Oh no,
don't move away from me, Bradley.  You're staying here
beside me!"  Jason licked his lips.  "What a beautiful
cock you have.  For years I've wanted to see this
thing!  Man it's a beauty!"

Bradley asked, quietly. "What are you doing Jason?"

"I'm trying to help you relax.  Just calm down, and
enjoy this."  Bradley tried to back away with a "No!"
But Jason wouldn't have it.  "Come on Bradley, don't
ruin this.  Just let it happen."

When Bradley tried to stop Jason's hand from going for
his prick, with a quiet statement. "You can't do this to me."
Jason answered. "Oh, can't I?  Let's see if I can?"
Jason then cupped Bradley's unit, and smiled at his
victory.  Jason savored the moment, then bent over and
untied his boots, kicked them off, and removed his
socks.  He stood up and started unbuttoning his shirt.
"I want to get totally naked for this.  I want to feel
every part of you against me."  Bradley remained
seated on the bed looking at the floor as Jason
undressed.  When Jason was naked and hard he told
Bradley to scoot up on the bed and lie face down.
Bradley neither moved nor looked at his naked cousin,
but kept staring at his own knees.

Jason asked again, quietly. "Come on Bradley.  Get on
the bed for your fucking."  Bradley still didn't move.
"Don't make me hurt you, man."  Jason waited, and
Bradley did not move.  After a bit Jason reached on
the floor, threw the tawse on the bed, and grabbed the
flesh-clutch.  "Are you going to get on the bed like I
ordered you to?"  When there still was no answer,
Jason reached with the flesh-clutch to the top of Bradley's
right shoulder, just beside the neck, and with the
clutch grabbed a thick fold of skin and squeezed the
handles.  The clutch tightly pinched the folds of skin
in its jaws and Bradley yelped.  With the leverage the
flesh-clutch gave, Jason was easily able to guide a
howling Bradley onto the bed and get him into a prone
position. "There we go!  We finally got you into bitch
position!  Now spread those legs for me because I'm
coming in!"

Jason released the flesh-clutch and went to Bradley's
dresser.  He opened a drawer and looked about until he
found what he wanted. "This will do.  This is your
designer hair gel that Alban doesn't want you to use
any more.  It would be a shame to have this go to
waste."

Jason got on the bed in a kneeling position in back of
Bradley, and opened the tube of hair gel, and started
lubing himself up.  When his dick was nice and slick,
he threw the tube on the floor and guided his prick to
Bradley's hole.

"Okay Brad, your cousin Jason is coming home!"  As
Jason slid his slave-controller slowly into his cousin
he let out a low, slow, and lewd. "Ohhhh yeaaaaa!"
Bradley let out taut and frightened moans as Jason
slid his way in.  Once Jason was fully in he relaxed
in heaven. "Brad, you didn't squirm, yell, scream
and complain half as much as most new social servants
do.  Either you liked it or you've had experience.
Which is it?"  Bradley did not answer.
"Bradley, that failure to answer a question is
unacceptable, even at a time like this."

Jason was in ecstasy, but he had to exercise control,
even if it meant a momentary interruption of a hot
fuck, so he pushed himself into a kneeling-fucking
position, still with his cock imbedded deep into
Bradley's ass, tightly grabbed a large clump of
Bradley's hair, jerked Bradley's head backward and up,
and from his position in back of Bradley slapped
Bradley's face along the side.  Bradley screamed.
Still holding his head up and back by the hair, he
gave two more strong slaps to Bradley's face, and then
let go of his hair.  Bradley slumped his head back
into the pillow and bawled, as Jason eased himself
back into a prone position atop Bradley's back, and
then started a gentle back and forth pumping.  Jason
moaned in pleasure as Bradley bawled.  Jason soon got
back into sex mode and spoke tenderly. "Brad, I hated
to do that.  I love you man.  How do you think that
made me feel having to slap my favorite cousin in the
face while I'm trying to make love to him?  You have
to do what I say; you have to answer me whenever I ask
a question.  I have no other choice but to discipline
you when you disobey, since I'm a state employee."

The state employee slave trainer started to slowly
increase the speed of his pumping action. "Oh man,
there's nothing like fucking newly enslaved virgin
ass!  Fucking virgin ass is one thing, but fucking a
virgin slave ass is even hotter, because a slave's
gotta take it because a slave's gotta do whatever he's
told!  And that's what you are Bradley, a slave!  As a
state employee I'm never supposed to use that word,
it's considered a serious offense, but let's face it.
That's what you are: a slave."

"We trainers, where I work, call the slave boys we
fuck ‘cunts’.  Bradley continued crying in fits.  "Hey
crybaby!  Cut that out and enjoy this!  Be happy for
me.  You can't imagine what it feels like having your
boy twat caressing my wick.  It's glorious."

"Man you are so nice and juicy.  Better than most
pussy I've had.  Right now there are hundreds of boys
throughout this city, just like you, getting the
training they need so they can learn to behave and
obey.  You need to feel proud of your collar, snazzy
training paddles, infibulation ring, and this cock up
your ass!  These are all proud signs of boys in
training."

Jason changed position somewhat, pulled Bradley's
chest up so he could put his arms around Bradley and
cup his breasts. "Man, you are so nicely nippled and
titted.  They feel so good, Brad."  As he squeezed
Bradley's tits he pumped harder.

"When I heard that your dad had you agree to a term of
servitude, I just knew I had to come over here and
give Uncle Martin a helping hand.  I've been waiting
for this part your training most of all!"

Jason tightly clenched Bradley and put his face in
Bradley's hair and sniffed deep.  As he rubbed his
face around in Bradley's hair he moaned. "Gawd, Ginger
sure gave you a great haircut.  Too bad she can't
enjoy it the way I am right now!"

Jason knew how to relish sex, and slowed his pumping
down a bit.  "In fact, too bad for Ginger.
She won't be able to enjoy you for quite some time!
But I can say with authority, she sure was one lucky
dame while she had you.  How often did you two fuck
each other?"

Bradley didn't answer, but Jason was too worked up to
stop his performance for another bit of discipline.
"Brad, turn your head to the side.  I wanna kiss you."
Bradley didn't so Jason grabbed his chin and turned
his face by force.  Jason stuck out his tongue and
licked Bradley's lips. "Stick that tongue out for me!"
Bradley didn't, but when he realized that Jason was
fumbling in back of him for the tawse he stuck his
tongue out.  When he did Jason grabbed his head with
both hands and kissed Bradley hard, and made a forced
entry into his mouth with his tongue.  After one long,
wet, sloppy, tongue-fuck he pulled away in ecstasy.
"Holy fuck shit!  You are so fuckin fuckin hot!" And
then plunged his tongue back into Bradley's mouth.

When he pulled his tongue out, he stopped  thrusting.
"Okay, spread your legs out.  I want to feel my balls
flop on your ass."  Bradley obeyed. “Oh yeah!  Feels
good!"  Jason gave a few gentle thrusts to maintain
his peak erection.  "Can you feel my dick knob up
there, taking care of things up there inside of you?
Does it feel good?"

"Fuck man!  You are a total hottie.  Boy, if your dad
let me take over your training, I could bring him in a
ton of cash on you.  I know I could.  I'm going to
talk to him."

Jason, an experienced boy fucker, started up again
with a deep yet slow and gentle thrusting action.  "Oh
man, training you feels so good.  This is a beautiful
thing; an overseer teaching a social servant how to
submit, obey, and  behave.  These are beautiful
traditional things we are doing, and all around this
very city right now there are hundreds of other
hobbled boys like you learning traditional values.
Just like this!"  He gave a mighty ram of his pecker,
taking Bradley's breath momentarily away.

"Okay Brad, it's time for me to ride you to the finish
line.  I'm on my mount, riding him into obedience
land."  Jason eased himself up a bit and with both
hands he squeezed Bradley's buttocks. "Come on Brad.
I want you to start bucking your ass as I fuck you.
Let's go boy!"  Jason started in with strong and deep
fucking action.  He got no bucking action from the
servant as he requested, so after a couple more hard
squeezes of Bradley's bubbles, he went back down on
him and began some furious pumping action. "Oh man,
I'm in the home stretch.  Can you feel it too, Brad?
Surely you gotta be feeling vicariously something of
the intense pleasure I'm feeling.  This is too
fucking wild, man!"

Jason squeezed his arms tightly around Bradley's chest
and nuzzled his face into his neck and started the
thrusts that would lead to the final release.  Both
Jason and Bradley were covered in sweat, and their
hair glistened.  "Oh man, this is so goddamn fuckin
totally hot shit cool to be fuckin my Cousin Brad's
slave bubble-butt ass!  I like keeping it in the
family.  It’s more a family thing, and since you are
now a social servant, this is a perfectly right and
acceptable thing to do.  Brad, You and I are
exercising traditional values here!"  Jason
emphasized that with a violent thrust of his cock into
Brad's hole.  "It's a beautiful thing, Brad."  He
fucked deep.  "Right now, throughout this city there
are hundreds of boys like you doing what they're
supposed to be doing; obeying!  And there are guys
like me, doing what we're supposed to be doing;
teaching you social servants the beauty of traditional
values!"  He fucked harder and harder, and as he
started to cum he moaned loudly.  Whatever sound the
family heard far away from behind the closed doors of
Bradley's bedroom out on the back lawn or from other
rooms in the house they figured to be the sounds made
by the social servant as he learned the things he
needed to learn.

When it was over Jason rolled over on his side, and
acted as though the act he had just performed on
Bradley was mutually agreed upon; as if Bradley were
some guy he had picked up in a bar and brought home
for a fuck.  "Whew, Brad!  That was hot.  In my job I
pretty much get to pick and choose the guys I fuck, but
I have to tell you that you are not only one of the
hottest looking guys I've ever done, but you are one
of the hottest fucks as well!
I'm going to let your dad know how you performed
because this kind of information needs to go in your
online record.  Regardless of what your dad's feelings
are on this kind of thing he needs to know that this
is the kind of info that perks interest and gets sales
results."

Jason reached his hand over and ran it down Bradley's
chest, and gently massaged his nipples.  Bradley lay
frozen, not knowing what world he was in.  Jason
leaned over and playfully ran his tongue from
Bradley's mid chest into the crevice of his arm pit,
and snaked his tongue into the depths of his pit.
Bradley pulled away. "Come here guy, you can't get
away from me!" Jason said with a big smile.  He looked
Bradley in the eyes, with a smile on his face. "Oh
man, you are so beautiful!"  He lifted Bradley's arm
up and put his face into his pit and licked it.
Bradley squirmed.

Jason playfully pursued various parts of Bradley's
body with a grin on his face.  Bradley, with no choice
in the matter, let him.  But right now, at least,
Jason was acting like the Jason whom Bradley knew.  A
gay Jason, to be sure.  But a Jason who was speaking
in his normal, friendly, voice.  Not the mean Jason
shouting humiliating orders at him and whipping him
while he was down.
So he asked, quietly. "Jason?"

"Yes, Bradley?"

"Please don't hurt me anymore."

There was silence, and Bradley started to cry, and
Jason comforted him with tender words. "Hey, cousin,
I'm not going to hurt you."  He cradled Bradley's
head.  "Oh man, who could ever hurt you?"  He kissed
Bradley's forehead.

"But you did, Jason.  You did hurt me."

"I had to.  That's all just a part of training.  Sort
of shock therapy to get you to get to the place where
you can see that this arrangement is not at all a bad
thing, but a noble thing.  I had to use that foul
language and be a little harsh.  It works.  Look at
you now.  I bet you would do anything I asked you to
do now, wouldn't you?"

Jason glanced at his watch. "Oh man.  Look at the
time.  I'd love to stay here and make out with you all
day, but I promised your family I'd spend some time on
training you to quickstep in full-service mode.  We
had better hop in the shower!"

Alban, leaning for the last 15 minutes with his ear
against Bradley's bedroom door, bolted for his own
room when he heard that the servant and his trainer
were about to take a shower.