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.