Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART NINE**  
  
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As Bradley and Jason came back outdoors after their  
shower, the eyes of the entire family were on them.   
Jason stopped Bradley just outside the front door and  
said, quietly. "How does it feel, Bradley, having my  
spunk up your ass?  I don't know about you, but it  
makes me feel kind of special, like we're connected in  
a unique way."  Bradley was even more humiliated by  
such talk than he was from the fucking itself.  And it  
appeared to Bradley that Jason had no qualms about  
what he did.  Jason kept smiling at Bradley as if he  
were his special ‘girlfriend’.  Bradley turned red  
from embarrassment.  Jason loved it. "Hey, Blossom,  
you're even cuter when you blush!"  Bradley felt every  
shred of pride he ever had slip away as Jason smiled  
at him and looked him over.  Jason touched him on the  
arm, and the two of them made their way back to the  
cluster of lawn chairs where everyone, except Alban,  
was seated.  Everyone admired how handsome the two  
lads were after their shower, looking refreshed with  
their hair glistening.  Bradley was wrapped with a  
small white towel about his waist.  "Two such handsome  
lads!" Barbara smiled.  
  
Jason continued walking out to his car to pick up some  
supplies, as Bradley took a seat on one of the lawn chairs.   
"How is everything, son?" Asked Martin.  Bradley did  
not respond.  Up in his room, Alban was moving in  
great haste to wipe up the cum from his chest and  
the bedspread.  The thought of his sexy cousin fucking  
his hot brother made him cum with a violence he had  
never before experienced.  He was still breathless  
several minutes after having shot his load.  But even  
after having cum two times already that day, he still  
didn't want to miss one second of the training action  
about to take place out in the back yard.  
  
Eventually Alban got back to the lawn party at the  
same time as Jason did, who was placing the supplies  
he got from his car on the picnic table.  Jason told  
Alban to check out Bradley's hair.  "Notice, Bradley  
dressed his hair just the way you ordered.  So I did  
the same thing to my hair!"  Alban told them they both  
looked great.  Jason wanted to boast of the progress  
he had made. "Bradley reached for the hair crème  
without even having to be told by me.  He remembered  
to obey Alban's order.  I think we are making progress  
here, and I think you are all going to be pleased with  
the new Bradley!"   
  
Martin shook his head in admiration. "Oh Bradley, I'm  
so proud of you."  
  
As Jason handed out small sized tawses to everyone, he  
explained. "Training a social servant to quickstep in  
full service mode is a round-robin event where  
everyone gets a chance to participate in encouraging  
and helping a servant learn to behave.  Hubert will  
not be participating in this round, so it's up to all  
of us to keep Bradley quickstepping.  What we're  
basically going to be doing is keeping Bradley moving  
and obeying at top speed."  
  
When he handed a tawse to Barbara she knew it was time  
to leave. "Good heavens, I have so much housework to  
do.  I'd better leave this to you men.  Come along,  
Flora, I need your help."  Flora wanted very much to  
stay and see what was going to be done to Bradley, and  
insisted that she be allowed to stay.  But she was  
once again overruled by her father.  
  
When Barbara and Flora were out of sight, Jason   
explained how training was done at the Addison County  
Training Center. "Out at Addison County we trainers  
frequently get rod-naked, except for our boots and  
whip, when we're training boys one-on-one."  
  
Everyone was curious, but Alban posed the question.  
"Why is that?"  "It gives us a greater flexibility in  
our movement; allows for a full range of body  
language; keeps us more closely connected with the  
servant we're working on; emphasizes the physicality  
of training and discipline; facilitates sexual  
training; and since social servants' thoughts and  
opinions are not admitted into the public discourse,  
it reinforces for owners, trainers, and overseers the  
fact that they never need to be concerned in the least  
with what a servant may think of them."  
  
Casually Jason added. "I think it would be totally  
cool if we all got naked for this.  Then Bradley  
wouldn't have to feel like he was the only one so  
exposed, and he wouldn't feel so ‘different’.”  
  
Martin was quick to respond. "No, I think we had  
better not.  I realize there is a unique culture  
around social servants, and maybe Bradley can  
experience some of that if his owner decides to send  
him for some specialized training.  But my choice to  
have Bradley do preliminary training at home is based  
on the fact that he's a smart kid, and I don't want to  
traumatize him with anything too out of the ordinary,  
especially this early on in his servitude."  
  
Quince asked what ‘sexual training’ was, and Martin  
again responded quickly to prevent Jason from  
answering. "We really don't have time to discuss  
things like that, it isn't relevant, and we're all  
gathered here, hopefully, to just have a good time and  
help Bradley ease into his new role in a game like  
setting."  
  
Jason acknowledged Martin's wishes and held up a  
tawse. "Okay everyone, I need to know if all of you  
want to participate in this round robin event."   
Everyone shook their head "yes", as if indicating they  
were interested in learning some new party game.   
"State guidelines suggest that anyone who will be  
assisting in controlling a social servant with the  
flexi-tawse, take a swat on a clothed body part, and  
one on the exposed buttocks."  Everyone was  
apprehensive, yet showed amused smiles.  Jason  
explained. "The flexi-tawse is a state-of-the-art  
tawse developed by the California prison system.  It  
can be used on any part of the body except the head  
and genitals.  What makes it unique is that it's  
bounce or flex quality creates an intense sting, yet  
it is actually quite difficult, because of that  
bounce, to abrade flesh, and therefore unlikely to  
cause any internal damage.  It is basically one of the  
most humane instruments of servant control available.   
But because it stings like hell anyone who gets to use  
it on a servant really should be aware of how intense  
a single blow can be, so one can gauge one's use of it  
so as to wield it in a judicious fashion.  Thus the  
state guidelines on the matter."  
  
Everyone agreed that that made very good sense.  Jason  
asked everyone if they were ready, and then he went  
down the line swatting the men on the arm if they were  
wearing long sleeved shirts, or on the upper leg if  
they were wearing a short-sleeved shirt.  Everyone  
yelped when he hit them, and then everyone would smile  
and tell each other that they took it like a ‘proud  
social servant’.  The atmosphere as the men took their  
clothed swats was almost party-like.   
  
There was initial shyness about the buttocks part, but  
Quince took the lead by unbelting and unzipping, and  
simply rolling his pants down in the rear.  Jason came  
up to him, took a wide swing of the tawse, and Quince  
screamed.  Everyone was shocked at first.  Quince  
grabbed his buttocks with both hands and shouted  
"jeezuzchris", and then chuckled, and so did everyone  
else, as he continued rubbing his buttocks.  Steven  
and Martin took their blow like the adults they were,  
though Martin let out an uncharacteristic "holy crap!"  
  
  
Little Alban was shy at first, and Jason secretly  
looked forward to giving him a really severe blow.   
When he got his blow he screamed the high pitch scream  
that little boys do.  His after-swat smiles and  
laughter took a longer time to come, because his blow  
was severe, and because he was now faced with a major  
problem; the swat had caused his buttocks to be so  
flushed that his little prick was now standing up  
hard, and he was too embarrassed to stand up straight  
from the leaned over position he was in to take the  
swat.  He rolled his trousers back up with his rear  
facing the crowd, and was ashamed to turn around.   
Jason, in the business long enough to know what was  
going on, offered the comfort that he also knew would  
humiliate the shit out of little Alban. "Hey, Alban,  
don't be ashamed.  You got a boner.  It happens all  
the time.  It's from all the blood rushing to your  
buttocks.  It doesn't mean you’re a sex pervert."   
Everyone laughed, even as everyone noticed the tenting  
in Alban's pants.  Alban's face was as red as his  
butt.  Perhaps the joke was on everyone else though,  
because even though Alban was looking forward to this  
training session, he had been afraid that he might get  
a hardon and have to hide it or make some excuse to  
leave.  He was now cleared of any suggestion that he  
might be taking a perverse pleasure in the training of  
Bradley.  
  
When Jason ordered Bradley to lose the towel about his  
waist, pulled him into the middle of the yard, and  
then told everyone to gather in a circle around  
Bradley, the tingling in little Alban's penis was more  
piquant and intense than he had ever before  
experienced.  Alban now knew that he was, in fact, a  
sex pervert, and was relishing it.  
  
Jason laid out the game plan. "Here's the deal,  
everyone.  We take turns giving a command to Bradley,  
and it is the job of all of us to encourage Bradley to  
accomplish the task as quickly as possible.  We do  
that by a variety of means; compliments, verbal  
reprimands, threats, or strokes of the tawse.  I think  
you will all find it interesting to see how this  
exercise will expose you as to what kind of overseer  
you would make.  The important thing is to keep  
Bradley moving at all times at top speed.  But  
remember, this is something we want to keep light,  
since it is basically a yard game.  It is one of the  
recommended training procedures for use on social  
servants who are family members, because it can be a  
lot of fun, and yet it still can teach a servant  
valuable lessons in obedience."   
  
"Now I will give the first command, and I want all of  
you to improvise commands along the same lines when  
it's your turn.  It's a real fun yard exercise, and I  
think you'll all agree."  Steven thought to himself  
that the whole thing sounded like it would be pretty  
boring.  Martin was thinking the same thing as Steven,  
even that it seemed rather silly.  
  
Jason walked over to where there was a twig in the  
grass, picked it up, and threw it to a far corner of  
the yard, then ordered. "Okay Bradley, I want you to  
scramble over there as fast as you can, pick it up,  
bring it back here and give it to Alban.  As you hand  
it to Alban, say, ‘This is for you, my grooming master  
and brother dear’."  
  
A momentary flicker of anger crossed Bradley's face,  
but then his face appeared as if he thought. "What the  
heck!" Then he walked, not too quickly, with his legs  
spread wide because of the hobbles, and picked up the  
stick.  Jason shouted out. "Oh come on, Bradley!  You  
have to move faster than that."  Everyone laughed.   
Jason told everyone they all had to pitch in and  
encourage Bradley to speed it up so he wouldn't have  
to tawse him.  Everyone shouted out something. "Be a  
good boy and move it so Jason doesn't have to spank  
you!"  "Faster now!  Atta boy!"  Bradley speeded up  
his pace on the way back, and handed the stick to  
Alban, and said. "This is for you, my new master and  
brother dear."  
  
Jason was behind Bradley in an instant and gave him a  
smack on his ass with his hand.  Bradley shouted,  
"Owwww", and rubbed his butt.  "Learn to remember what  
you're told to say.  I said ‘grooming master’, not  
‘new master’.”   
  
Steven was next and told Bradley to get down on his  
haunches, put his hands in back of his head, and start  
duckwalking in a circle.  As Bradley stooped down and  
started duckwalking, everyone was beginning to see  
that this game could be fun. Jason gave out some more  
game strategy. "Remember guys! This is a training  
session, for gosh sakes, so don't be afraid to get  
verbal or physical!  Do you want Bradley to go on the  
showroom floor with the same kind of enthusiasm he's  
showing now, as he duckwalks at his own leisurely  
pace?  The idea is to get Bradley moving at the kind  
of speed a social servant is supposed to move.  And  
don't be afraid to use your tawses; that's what  
they're for!"  
  
Jason's cheerleading brought smiles to the faces of  
the overseers, and Bradley, aware of what was really  
behind everyone's smiles, picked up his duck walking  
pace.  Steven shouted out "Faster!", and, to  
everyone's surprise, Bradley started waddling even  
faster.  This brought more smiles from everyone as  
they saw that they really could make Bradley take  
orders.  Steven shouted out, "Faster still!", and  
Bradley did it.  
  
Jason had good advice. "Remember everyone; you need to  
reinforce good behavior with positive feedback to the  
servant.  Social servants thrive on compliments and  
plenty of pats on the head.  Training a social servant  
is very much like training a dog.  They both love  
compliments, and compliments really do help to keep a  
servant performing at peak output!"  
  
Steven took Jason's advice and shouted out. "Good boy,  
Bradley.  Nice!  Keep moving!"  Alban's prick remained  
at full hilt and was starting to ooze.  Everyone threw  
out words of encouragement. "Way to go, Brad!"   
"That's our boy!"  "You're duckwalking like a pro!"  
  
Duckwalking with training paddles on was awkward, and  
the paddles hit each other at one point, and Bradley  
fell to the side, having to catch himself with his  
hand on the ground to prevent him from falling  
completely over.  Quince joked. "What a clutz!" Then  
Steven shouted. "Okay, you can stop now.  But you're  
doing better, Brad!  Good work!"  
  
Bradley got up, humiliated at being treated like a  
dog.  The overseers were fully interested now, and  
next up it was Martin's turn to give his son an order.  
"Bradley, those two yard waste bins at the end of the  
yard need to be taken to the garage, so do that now."   
Jason added. "And as quickly as possible!"  
  
As Bradley walked back to get the bins, Jason shouted,  
"If you don't pick up your speed I'm giving your ass a  
tawsing when you get back here!"  Alban and Quince  
smiled as they watched Bradley walk as fast as he  
could with his training paddles.  As Bradley tried to  
move the bins he realized that they were full of  
waste, and quite heavy.  Martin encouraged him. "Come  
on son, they're not too heavy for you.  You have to go  
a little faster."  
  
Quince encouraged. "You can do it bro!  Your ‘da  
bomb’!"  Alban was too sexually mesmerized to  
participate in any way other than by watching the  
action.   
  
As Bradley carried the first bin to the garage he  
looked, at one moment, like he might cry, and then at  
another moment he looked like he was angry. When he  
deposited the first bin Steven shouted out. "If you  
don't move the second bin with greater speed than the  
first, Jason won't be the only one tawsing your ass  
when you get back here!"  
  
Jason encouraged the free men. "Way to go, Dad!   
That's the way all of you need to encourage a worker  
servant.  That is exactly the tone you need to use."  
  
Bradley moved the second bin with greater speed and  
thus avoided a tawsing from Jason and Steven.  When  
Bradley made his way back to the center of the circle  
of free men, Quince gave out his order with surprising  
authority. "Bradley, I want you to run in place, right  
here."  Running in place while wearing training  
paddles can only be accomplished by keeping the legs  
spread wide and lifting the knees quite high with each  
step.  The free men watched in silence as Bradley  
started jogging in place.  Steven encouraged. "Good.   
He obeyed immediately.  He's trotting like a little  
pony!"  
  
Quince told him to swing his arms broadly with each  
step.  Bradley didn't at first and Quince swatted his  
ass.  Bradley screamed and started swinging his arms  
as he did his embarrassing jog.  
But Quince was able to offer compliments for good  
behavior just as well as the adults could. "That's the  
way.  You are looking good!  Now let's speed that pace  
up just a bit!"  Bradley did as ordered, and everyone  
said. "Good boy!"  
  
Quince was having fun. "Now with each step I want you  
to keep swinging your arms, but also raise your head  
up, then down, with each step."  Bradley tried  
somewhat awkwardly.  Steven encouraged. "You need to  
coordinate your steps!"  Bradley couldn't do it, and  
let out a few sobs.  Steven continued. "Concentrate on  
what you're doing!"  By slightly slowing his pace  
Bradley was finally able to take a step, raise or  
lower his head, and swing his arms in one movement.  
  
Unknown to Alban, the oozing of his prick had created  
a huge stain in the front of his trousers.  With no  
reason to be concerned about the tenting in his pants,  
Alban forgot to consider a potential stain problem.   
Quince saw the stain and knew that   
Alban was not just hard from the rush of blood to his  
buttocks from the tawse stroke.  Quince was a bit more  
experienced at controlling erections, but he knew what  
Alban was experiencing.  He had been going through the  
same thing ever since he first saw Bradley in hobbles  
lying on the floor of his father's office.   
  
Quince noticed the stain in Alban's pants was getting  
larger as he looked at it.  He smiled to himself,  
looked back at Bradley, and ordered him to try pick up  
the pace of this trotting in place.  When Bradley did,  
Quince and Jason high-fived.  Bradley was tiring fast.  
Martin told Bradley to cheer up, and get a smile on  
his face. "All we're having you do are a few  
exercises!  Try to have some fun!"    
  
Quince said that Bradley looked tired, but Jason  
encouraged everyone to keep him jogging in place.  
"We're making progress here.  He'll be okay.  Let's  
just keep him moving!"  
  
There is an adage that says. "Catholic boys and girls  
have more fun."  The meaning is simply that doing  
something forbidden makes the act more exciting, wild,  
and fun, than it would be if it were not proscribed.   
In a similar way, owners and overseers of social  
servants in Vermont have more fun than slave owners  
and overseers in other states.  The reason is that in  
very liberal Vermont the term ‘slave’ is not allowed,  
and there are strictures on all matters of the control  
of servants found in no other state.  But it is also  
widely known that owners of social servants have great  
leeway in the control of slaves, and that all the  
codes in the books are considered more as guidelines  
for an enlightened society rather than hard statutes.   
Thus the free men gathered around an obeying Bradley  
were following all the polite guidelines used in  
Vermont.  But as they stood around the trotting naked  
Bradley, watching him sweat, his locked up cock  
bouncing up and down, his training paddles firmly  
locked to his ankles, and his collar glinting in the  
sun, they all knew he was, in reality, a slave who had  
to do what he was told to do.  They were all, indeed,  
having more fun than any slave driver in darkest  
Kentucky ever did.  
  
But there are some things one doesn't talk about in  
Vermont.  They all knew that handsome Bradley can no  
longer go to bed when he wants to, can't watch TV,  
take a shower, or eat when he's hungry, without asking  
for permission.  They are also well aware of the fact  
that he can't even jack off anymore.  But these things  
that they are all so well aware of are never talked  
about in Vermont.  Instead, they politely refer to  
Bradley as a ‘social servant’.  And as they stood  
around watching Bradley with happy smiles on their  
faces, referring to the exercise he was being forced  
to perform as a ‘fun, yard game kind of thing’, they  
knew that they were in fact making Bradley trot like  
an animal because that's what one has to do to social  
servants to get them to behave.  
  
And Martin and Steven, at least, were also well aware  
of the kinds of other things that happen to social  
servants in training, especially those who could be  
sold as personal servants.  And both men knew that  
Jason probably did these things to servants every day  
at his place of work.  But these things are never  
discussed in Vermont.  
  
The afternoon training session continued gradually  
with each free person getting more and more casual in  
the use of the tawse.  Even Alban got in a couple of  
good swats.  By the time it was over Bradley was  
covered in red swat marks, and ready to obey any  
command.  He was truly a changed boy after that  
session with his family.  Bradley's internal ‘system’  
took on a new mode, one that was determined to obey,  
and one that disconnected itself from his family.  He  
was now determined to obey to avoid punishment and  
humiliation, but he also could no longer consider his  
family the way he used to, so he was determined to no  
longer care about them.  It was a sad thing to do, but  
it was also the only thing he could do to gain  
psychological comfort in his situation.  
  
As Jason was collecting the tawses he noticed the huge  
wet stain in Alban's trousers, and alerted everyone to  
it.  Martin was outraged. "Alban, you and I need to  
have a serious talk later!"  Alban was shamed beyond  
belief and ran to his room.  The family, at last, knew  
that he was indeed taking some kind of forbidden  
pleasure in the training of Bradley.  Quince and Jason  
took the greatest of pleasure in Alban's humiliation,  
and each had to fight to control themselves from  
showing both smiles and erections at Alban's  
humiliation.   
  
Martin ordered Bradley to put the towel back around  
his waist and called to his wife.  She came out on the  
back porch and asked if they would like some snacks.   
Everyone said "yes".  Jason took a slave stake he had  
brought from the car, and pounded it into the ground  
about 30 feet away from the picnic table.  He reached  
under Bradley's towel and attached a four-foot  
lightweight chain to his penis infibulation ring and  
led him to the stake by the chain.  He secured the end  
of the chain to the eyehole in the ground stake, and  
left Bradley standing there, chained by his penis to a  
stake in the ground.  As he walked back to the picnic  
table he explained. "We'll keep him there and out of  
our way until we're finished eating."  Martin said. "I  
see.  Okay.  Good!"  
  
Hearing that he was not going to be joining the  
family, Bradley laid down in the grass and tried to  
rest, chained to the stake like a dog while his family  
ate.  
  
Barbara and Flora had it explained in humane terms why  
Bradley was staked to the ground, so it did not seem  
like a big deal to them.  Jason was especially good at  
explaining the sorts of things he did to servants in  
humane sounding ways.  "It's a special meditation,  
reflection, period for Bradley.  I very much believe  
in giving servants quality time to themselves."    
  
Occasionally throughout the meal Bradley's name would  
come up, and everyone would compliment him on how well  
he did today.  After the lunch all the family members  
made their way over to Bradley and patted him and told  
him he was looking good, or that he did well, or that  
they were proud of him.  
Little Flora had hoped she would get to see her big  
brother's penis and it's bar and ring up close when  
she came and talked to him, but the towel covered  
everything from her view.  
  
As the lunch ended, Steven had to excuse himself,  
saying he had promised a friend he would help them do  
a little moving for a couple of hours.  Martin  
graciously offered Bradley to help them.  When Steven  
offered to pay Martin for Bradley's use, and Martin  
refused, Steven felt badly about it. "I feel so bad  
taking him for the rest of the day for free.  Can't I  
at least give you a twenty, or take you out to lunch  
sometime, or something?"  
  
Martian was adamant. "No way!  He's free.  Take him!   
He's on me!"  
  
In return, Jason made a generous offer to his uncle.  
"Martin, how would you like it if I took Bradley over  
to my place for the weekend.  It would give you a  
chance to get him out of your hair for a bit.  It  
would be no problem for me, since I have Hubert to  
help me keep an eye on Bradley.  Newly indentured  
social servants need as much attention and training as  
new puppies, and it can get to be quite a handful  
having one around twenty four hours a day, every day.   
No matter how well behaved they may be, it can be  
stressful having a newly collared servant around.  If  
I took him, I could also be providing ongoing  
training, as well."  
  
Martin was overjoyed. "That would be wonderful if you  
were to do that.  Thank you so much.  And I know  
Bradley would love it as well."  
  
Steven was proud. "That's my boy!"  He patted his son  
on the shoulder and smiled proudly.  Steven's boy  
beamed back a million buck smile.  Flora noticed  
Jason's strong, white, teeth, and wondered if his  
penis got as big as Bradley's did in the County Social  
Services website.  Quince wondered if Jason was  
planning to get rod-naked when he trained his brother  
one on one at his place on the weekend.    
  
Bradley the naked slave dog chained by his penis to a  
stake in the ground, hearing what was up for the rest  
of the day and on the weekend, was determined to be a  
good boy from now on.  He realized he would not be  
hurt if he did what he was told.  What surprised him  
was that he found in such determination a certain and  
strange comforting feeling such as he never before  
experienced in his life.  It surprised him.