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.