Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART TEN**  
  
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The following morning as Martin, Barbara, Flora,  
Quince, and Alban ate breakfast, Martin told the boys  
that after they unchained, bathed, and fed Bradley, he  
wanted to see them in his study.   
  
The boys were apprehensive. "What's going on dad?"   
Martin wondered. “Why do you boys always act as if  
something is ‘going on’?  This is a family, and I'm  
simply gathering Bradley and you two, as his chief  
overseers, to see how things are going.  I hope you  
boys are getting more comfortable in your roles as  
Bradley's temporary supervisors.  And I hope you took  
in some of the things Jason said about the importance  
of firmness, and of indicating to Bradley in some way  
that you intend to follow a course of firm, even  
strict, discipline if he isn't respectful of both his  
position and your position.  Self-respect is  
especially important for Bradley at a time like this,  
and if you see him slouching or acting depressed, you  
need to let him know it's because of a lack of self  
respect, and let him know, as well, that you are not  
going to allow it."  
  
As Alban's cock twitched excitedly under the table,  
Flora was beginning to feel left out. "Why can't I  
help out with Bradley, Dad?"  Martin smiled at little  
Flora, so eager to help out. "Actually I would let you  
help out eventually if Bradley were going to be  
staying with us as our own social servant.  But for  
the first couple of weeks things can get pretty  
'hairy' helping a new social servant learn the ropes."  
  
Barbara suggested that Flora could probably assist in  
overseeing Bradley after he was sold. "When Bradley  
comes home to visit us for a couple of weekends each  
year, he will then, doubtless, be a lot easier to  
control, and your father and I will be very happy for  
your help."  
  
Barbara then remembered that her sister wanted to  
visit Bradley. "Oh, Martin, Karen wants to visit  
Bradley later today.  I told her it would be alright."  
  
Martin was forthright. "Of course it's alright.  But I  
just hope she doesn't go on as she has before trying  
to make you feel guilty for allowing Bradley to be  
indentured."  
  
Barbara knew Martin had to bite his tongue whenever  
the subject of Karen came up, but appreciated his  
forbearance.  "I've been telling Karen some of the  
positive things we have learned, and she seems to have  
dropped the judgmental attitude."  
  
Martin let out his breath. "I sure hope she has!"  
  
Martin and his three sons all entered his office at  
the same time, and as they were taking their seats  
Martin asked Bradley. "How are you doing son?"  Martin  
didn't wait for an answer because he knew Bradley  
wasn't answering such questions with too much  
enthusiasm, so he quickly asked another one. "How did  
everything go with helping Steven and his friends  
yesterday?"  
  
"It went okay Dad" Bradley answered.  
  
"Steven told me that you were very well behaved and  
helpful yesterday, so after the moving Steven let you  
join him and his friends for snacks.  That sounded  
like fun.  Did you have a good time?"  
  
"Yes, Dad."   
  
"How did they treat you, son?"  
  
"They were very nice to me, Dad.  They treated me like  
I was a normal person."  
  
Martin chided. "Now Bradley, you are normal, and that  
is the treatment you can expect from people all the  
time if you behave and do as you're ordered."  
  
Martin then looked at Alban and Quince. "How is  
everything going with you boys and Bradley?  Are you  
treating him respectfully and is he doing everything  
you tell him?"  They both nodded 'yes'.  "Did you boys  
have any trouble chaining him down to his bed last  
night?"  They both nodded 'no'.  
  
Martin continued. "One of the things we all have to do  
is maintain our respect for ourselves and for each  
other.  Alban and Quince, you both have to realize  
that you are not any better, not by a hair, than  
Bradley just because he is a social servant.  What he  
is doing for us is going to reward not only himself in  
the long run, but also all of us, as well.  You need  
to be ever aware of that fact, and grateful to Bradley  
for his sacrifice.  And you Bradley, since you have so  
graciously agreed to this, you need to keep reading  
the social servant's manual, learn all the rules of  
conduct, pay attention to what experienced overseers  
such as Steven and Jason can teach you, continue to  
read all the self help guides provided for you by  
Social Services, and learn the social service mantras,  
so that this whole thing can be successful for all of  
us."  
  
"Now about this matter of respecting one another, I  
need to ask you, Alban, what was going on with you  
yesterday out in the yard during the round-robin yard  
exercise."  Alban sank in his chair and turned red.   
It did not stop his father from expressing concern.  
"Alban, are you masturbating a lot?"   
  
Caught off guard by his dad's embarrassing question in  
front of his brothers, Alban gave a stupid answer. "No  
Dad.  I never do that!"  As soon as he uttered his  
response everyone knew, and Alban knew everyone knew,  
that he was a big liar.  Dad was silent; Alban turned  
even redder, and then stuttered and mumbled something  
which sounded a bit like the start of a sobbing fit.   
But he stopped and looked down at the floor, trying to  
hide his red face from everyone.  
  
"Son, are you telling me you never masturbate?"  
Alban fought back tears of shame. "Dad… why… why  
here?"  
  
"Alban there's nothing wrong with masturbating.  Why  
are you lying to us?"  
  
"I'm not Dad."  Alban's face scrunched up and he  
wanted to cry.  
  
"You're not lying to us?  You mean you don't  
masturbate?"  
  
Alban started to cry. "Dad, please."  
  
"Quince told me he walked in on you doing it just a  
few weeks ago."  
  
Alban looked a horrified look at Quince and tattled.  
"Yeah?  Well I walked in on Quince doing it too, just  
a few days ago!  And to pictures of naked social  
servant girls from the Social Services website!"  
  
"Listen Alban, I'm not trying to embarrass you by  
revealing your masturbatory habits.  I mean here to  
address the issue of what you did in front of all of  
us yesterday, of what is appropriate public behavior,  
and the need to control one's self in public.  But you  
interrupted me by starting off with an outright lie.   
And if you're lying to me about something about which  
there is no need to lie about, then I have to wonder  
if you are in fact able to control not only your  
lying, but control yourself in other ways as well.   
Son, are you having a problem controlling yourself  
from ejaculating in public?"  
  
Alban was squirming. "No Dad.  No.  I didn't know it  
happened.  I don't know what happened.  I think I was  
just feeling so sorry for Bradley."  
  
"We were having a fun exercise yesterday.  That's why  
your behavior was so strange. Why were you feeling  
sorry for Bradley?"  
  
"Well, you know, he was like getting tawsed by  
everyone."  
  
"Son, we were having a family training exercise.  The  
flexi-tawse is a humane tool.  You heard Jason say so.  
I want to know what's going on with you ejaculating  
in public."  
  
"Dad, I didn't know I did that.  I mean, it didn't  
feel good or anything.  Not at all.  Dad I didn't feel  
a thing, that's why I didn't even know that it  
happened.  It wasn't like I was feeling good down  
there.  I didn't know it happened."  
  
"Alban, should I make an appointment for you with  
Doctor Conrad?"  
  
"NO!"  Shouting 'no' to such a question had Alban  
thinking everyone would now think he had something to  
hide, so he quickly changed his decision. "I mean,  
what I meant to say, was 'yes', dad."  
  
Martin looked at Alban for a bit, then said. "I'm  
taking Bradley in for a physical tomorrow to our  
family doctor at the request of Social Services, so  
you can come with us and I'll have Doctor Conrad check  
you out as well."  
  
Alban closed his eyes, frustrated and shamed, and  
wondered if he needed to be concerned that he was  
going to be examined along with a social servant.  He  
looked at Quince, and Quince was silent, not wanting  
to get involved in the issue.  
  
"Alban, I'm just concerned because you'll be in charge  
of Bradley for about another week and I don't want you  
around Bradley if you are finding this too stressful."  
  
Alban was now even more concerned and apprehensive.  
"What do you mean, Dad, just one more week.  What's  
happening then?"  
  
Martin shifted. "I meant that it's likely Bradley will  
be sold in a week, and…" Quince interrupted him.  
"But how can you say that, Dad?  There hasn't been a  
single call for an interview yet."  
  
"My broker at social services screens all requests for  
interviews.  Remember, I have some very firm  
requirements of any future owner of Bradley, and that  
can severely limit the number of people who request  
interviews."  
  
Dad thought further about the physical thing, and  
looked at Quince. "I'll tell you what, Quince, you can  
come along with us and get a physical too."  
  
"Dad?" Asked a worried Quince.  Martin explained.  
"This would be a great time for you to get a physical  
as well.  You'll be entering the job market soon, and,  
son, if you can show on your resume a recent physical  
that declares you in good condition, that will just  
get you one step ahead in your job search."  
  
Not really certain why he should object, Quince  
nevertheless voiced his unwillingness to having a  
physical.  Martin put his concerns aside. "It'll be a  
fun family thing, my three boys getting a physical  
together!"   
  
"And speaking about fun things, Bradley, why don’t you  
call up your friends and have them come over for a  
visit?"  
  
Bradley was glad his father brought the subject up.   
He was determined to let his father know that by  
accepting a term of social servitude, it had cost him  
friends.  "I have called Jeremy Rickers, my best  
friend, and he spoke on the phone with me briefly. He  
said he was busy at the time, but that he would call  
me back.  He never has.  And I made a call to Ginger  
last night and her mother said she wasn't in.  Ginger  
has heard what's up, I'm sure.  She's avoiding me,  
just like Jeremy. They're both through with me, Dad."  
  
Alban and Quince felt for Bradley, and looked at their  
father for an answer.  Martin felt the worst of all.  
"Son.  I think some people just need some time.  And  
some, of course, do not, and they make up their minds  
outright that they are uncomfortable or unwilling to  
socialize with social servants.  There is nothing I  
can do.  I am very sorry this has happened."  
  
Bradley was not completely sorry. "I am glad to find  
out about Ginger.  If she would shun me or anyone  
because of this, I want nothing more to do with her.   
But Jeremy and I were real friends, and he and I  
thought alike about things.  Or so I thought."   
Bradley looked down, there was silence, and tears were  
seen falling from his eyes.  Martin indicated the  
meeting was over.  As Alban and Quince left the room  
in silence, Martin got up and went over and sat on the  
couch next to Bradley, and gave him a strong fatherly  
hug.  "Bradley, I'm so sorry.  There are lots of  
painful things that happen to folks, not just social  
servants.  I love you son, so much.  Please believe  
me, I am so, so, proud of you.  You are our family's  
hero.  I mean that!"  He kissed Bradley below the ear,  
tenderly messed his hair, and told him Aunt Karen was  
coming to visit him later in the day.    
  
They sat together for several minutes.  When Bradley  
had collected himself, Martin told him that it was  
time for him to check in with Quince and Alban and get  
his list of chores for the day from them.  "Remember  
to do as they say.  If you just do what they say, with  
no hint of balking or being contrary, and show a  
willingness to obey at the outset, you will feel  
really good inside.  Give it a try.  I think you'll  
like it."  
  
Later in the day, as Bradley's family sat in the  
living room watching the fashionable and hugely  
popular sitcom, ‘That's My Binky!’, about a fiercely  
loyal, lovable, but antic-prone, slave, while Bradley  
was finishing up washing the dishes of the family's  
evening meal, his Aunt Karen and her husband,   
Stuart Bledsoe, made a noisy entrance into the living  
room.  Bradley heard everyone laughing it up in a big  
way.  He always had a fondness for Aunt Karen, a  
big-hearted and, in contrast to her sister, Barbara,  
open minded woman.  She and her husband, both lawyers,  
let it be known to Barbara, when they heard of their  
plans for Bradley, that they felt she was making a big  
mistake.  
  
When she came barging into the kitchen moments later  
looking for her favorite nephew, Bradley saw why the  
family was laughing.  Karen was wearing the standard  
green social servant fatigues with buttons down the  
side, and sandals.  And she had her hair pinned up to  
look like the short hair of a female social servant.   
Bradley smiled inside and outside when he saw her.   
They hugged, and she gave him a big sloppy kiss.  
  
She and Bradley went into a sitting room just off from  
Martins study, and closed the door.  They had a talk  
that was frank and loving.  As they spoke, Bradley was  
fully at peace for the first time since being  
indentured.  
  
In the living room the family chatted with Stuart.   
Seeing that the family was watching ‘That's My  
Binky!’, Stuart let the family know that he considered  
the sitcom to be trash. "Americans watch this crap,  
and think that this is the way slavery is.  It is  
typical of the way American's get what they think is  
news and form their values; from the mass-media  
pop-culture."  
  
Stuart had a way of making people think that he was  
rather critical of them.  Fortunately the chilly air  
that had overtaken the living room was quickly warmed  
by the sound of Jason's Mustang pulling into the  
driveway.  He knocked a couple of times, and before  
anyone could get to the door he let himself in.  
"Surprise!  How's everyone tonight?"  
  
Martin introduced Jason to Stuart. "I don't think you  
know Karen's husband.  This is Stuart Bledsoe."    
Jason's warm smile and firm handshake appealed to  
Stuart.  "And who is Karen?" Asked Jason.  
  
Martin was amazed. "Karen is Barbara's sister.  I  
guess you never met her since she grew up on the West  
coast.  Amazing!"  Martin shook his head in surprise  
and asked. "It's great to see you.  What brings you  
here?"  
  
"When I got off work I was thinking it would be rather  
selfish of me to go home and hang out with the guys.   
I thought I could better use my time by stopping in  
and see if I could help you out in any way with  
Bradley."  
  
Martin was pleased. "That sure is swell of you!   
Bradley is visiting with Stuart's social servant right  
now in the sitting room."  Martin gave a wink and a  
smile to Stuart, who smiled back.  "I'm sure he'd love  
to see you."    
  
Jason nodded at Martin and Stuart and made his way to  
the sitting room.  The door to the room was closed, so  
he opened it and entered.  Karen and Bradley were  
sitting on a couch at the far corner of the room  
wrapped in conversation.  
  
Jason smiled on seeing Bradley. "How's it going, big  
guy?"  Karen was annoyed at the intrusion, and shot an  
angry glance in Jason's direction, and turned back to  
Bradley.  Jason, used to interrupting social servants  
engaged in conversation, was caught by surprise at  
being cut off, and continued. "Okay Bradley, why don't  
you and I go into your room so I can check out how  
you're doing?"  
  
Bradley was momentarily confused over what he should  
do, and Karen was concerned that he was upset, and  
spoke harshly to Jason. "Look!  Can you see that we're  
busy?"  She gave him a hand gesture ordering him to  
leave the room.  
  
Jason was on Karen in an instant, pulled her up off  
the couch, grabbed her arms and forced her down to the  
floor, and shouted. "You slippery assed,  
horse-fucking, cunt!  Down on your knees."  Karen let  
out a piercing scream.  Jason slapped her hard across  
the face. "Where in the fuck were you trained?"  Just  
as Martin, Stuart, Barbara, and the free boys rushed  
into the room, Jason slapped Karen again. "If you  
don't shut up I'll ram something down your throat  
that'll gag you for good!"    
  
Martin and Stuart rushed to Jason and pulled him away.  
Stuart was furious. "You goddamn thug!  Martin, call  
the cops!"  
  
As Barbara and Bradley comforted Karen, Martin  
explained to Jason and Stuart what the situation was.   
When Stuart found out that Jason was a state certified  
trainer with Social Services, that made him even more  
determined. "I'll sue you, and I promise you that you  
will pay big time!  I'm going to make a lesson of you  
and everyone like you!"  
  
When Jason countered that he was acting in a legally  
correct fashion, since she was wearing the social  
servant uniform, Stuart asked Jason if he had seen a  
collar on her, and if he had seen a state ID number on  
that collar.  
  
Jason, not as dumb as Stuart first thought he was,  
countered back by telling Stuart that although he  
should have checked for a collar, Karen, as a lawyer,  
should have known better than to risk wrongful  
identity, and therefore was acting irresponsibly.   
  
Martin walked Jason out to the kitchen, and  
commiserated as Jason explained how hard things were.  
"I'm so fucking tired of being considered the bad guy.  
And it's folks like Stuart and Karen who lead the  
good life and make all the trouble.  It isn't fair!"  
  
Martin assured Jason that a heartfelt apology would go  
a long way towards cooling everyone down.  Jason made  
the apology with considerable skill, pulling out the  
‘gosh I messed up big time’ act, the good charm that  
he had in spades, a note of genuine sincerity, and a  
dazzle of teeth that reminded Barbara and Martin, at  
least, that he was a good kid after all.    
  
Jason went into the backyard with Quince and Alban and  
tossed a ball around with them for about an hour.  The  
three of them knew that everybody in the house was  
talking about Jason, but Jason wanted to wait it out.   
He had to see Bradley.  
  
Bradley and Karen finished their conversation, as  
Martin and Stuart talked about the need for top  
quality employees in the Social Services agency.  
  
When they left, Martin tried to assure Jason that  
Stuart and Karen had cooled down, somewhat.  Jason  
said he wanted to comfort Bradley, and apologize to  
him.  So he took Bradley to his room and closed the  
door, and apologized.  
  
Bradley sat on the bed and Jason sat next to him, and  
declared his love.  "Bradley, something happened to  
me.  I've never felt this way about anyone before.   
But I love you.  I love you.  Love you like I have  
never loved another human being.  You are in my  
thoughts all day long."  Tears came to Jason's eyes.  
"I adore you, man.  I adore you."  He fell to his  
knees, sobbing, and put his head in Bradley's lap.  
  
After a minute, Bradley touched his shoulder.  He let  
Jason cry in his lap, but offered no returned  
affection.  When he was cried out he sat back on the  
bed. "Bradley, do you feel anything for me too?"  
  
Before Bradley could answer there was a tapping on the  
door and Jason said. "Come in" Then Martin entered.  He  
asked to see Jason alone.  In the kitchen he told  
Jason that he just got off the phone with his lawyer,  
and although his lawyer told him that probably nothing  
would come of the incident with Karen, it was  
important that he no longer let Jason have any contact  
with Bradley, as it could suggest that he, Martin,  
encouraged and approved the use of such tactics as  
Jason demonstrated on Karen.  
  
"Can I just go in there and say goodnight to Bradley?"  
  
"No Jason, I'll tell him you said ‘goodnight’.”  
  
In his car on the freeway back to Addison County,   
with the windows rolled up, Jason cried out loud as he  
never did before in his life, and shouted out loud.  
"Bradley Forestman, I love you.  I love you!  I love  
you!"