Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART TWELVE**  
  
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When Martin and Bradley returned home from ‘dropping  
off’ Alban and Quince at the County Social Services'  
building, Martin told Bradley he wanted to have a chat  
with him, but first he had to make a few important  
phone calls.  
  
Bradley, at first relieved that he was not the one  
dropped off at Social Services, was now getting  
anxious as he realized that he perhaps had reason to  
be concerned, if his dad was not forthright from the  
beginning about his plans for his brothers, then how  
much could he trust him to be telling the truth about  
is own arrangement?  
  
Bradley was about to plop himself on the couch when  
there was a knock on the door.  A postman had a  
registered letter for Bradley Forestman.  Bradley  
signed for it, and wondered if his father would have  
let him have the letter if he had answered the door  
instead.  So Bradley went to his room, closed the  
door, opened the letter, saw that it was from Jason,  
and read:  
  
"Dear Bradley,  
  
If I see your signature on the receipt I will know  
that you got this letter.  Bradley, I apologize to you  
for what I did to you.  I had no right to do the  
things I did to you, my own cousin.  I acted like an  
animal.  Please forgive me.  
  
I love you Bradley.  I can't get you out of my  
thoughts.  You are the sweetest person on the planet.   
If I can ever again be near you I would do all in my  
power to make your life happy.    
  
I mean that, and to prove it (and I'm risking my job  
by putting this in print) I want to come over and  
remove your penis ring.  I can fix it so you can put  
it back on without locking it.  
  
I just offer that as a sign of how I feel about you.   
How I would risk my livelihood for you.  I am not a  
jerk, and I think you can recall that before you were  
indentured, I treated you pretty swell.   
  
I want to make life pleasant for you.  I want to do  
more than share the same last name with you. I want us  
to share our lives.  I would do anything for you.   
Give me a call, please, Bradley.  Give me another  
chance.  
  
I many times thought peace had come  
When peace was far away,  
As wrecked men deem they sight the land  
When far at sea they stay.  
  
And struggle slacker, but to prove,  
As hopelessly as I,  
That many the fictitious shores  
Before the harbor lie.    
  
Your own, eternally devoted,   
  
Jason"  
  
Bradley was conflicted; he was lonely, he was very  
horny, but would it be worth the risk of being  
discovered and possibly punished for such an act?  But  
most of all he wondered if Jason was for real; a brute  
one moment, and now a tender, poetry-quoting,  
romancer.  
  
One of the most painful aspects of the last two weeks  
for Bradley was the fact that Jeremy Rickers had  
avoided him.  Bradley and Jeremy met in their freshman  
year at college, became best friends, and for the last  
two years roomed together at college.  Two closeted  
boys who realized in their junior year they were gay  
and admitted it to each other.  And two shy boys; too  
shy to initiate any expression of their feelings for  
each other, until their senior year, when their love  
bloomed and led to wonderful things.  
  
When Bradley realized that Jeremy was completely  
ignoring him because he was a slave, it would normally  
have been enough to break his heart, but because of  
the trials he was going through as a new social  
servant, the love loss became, almost fortunately, a  
secondary concern.  
  
Now Jason, a handsome lad whom Bradley once had a  
crush on as a younger boy, was offering Bradley  
tenderness and an unlocked penis.  Bradley, for the  
first time since his indenturement, was hungry in a  
big way for sexual release.  That alone was enough of  
a spur to make him call Jason and tell him he would  
call him back when he was alone.  
  
When Bradley's dad called him into his office, Jason's  
warm letter made Bradley feel as if he were wearing  
armor that could protect him from the hurt of bad  
news, should there be any bad news.  But there  
appeared to be none as Martin, smiling, encouraged  
Bradley to have a seat as he entered his office.   
Martin sat at his desk and Bradley took a seat on the  
short couch in front of his desk.  "Son, how I've been  
waiting to have this talk with you!  When I took you  
into this office a little over two weeks ago to offer  
you a choice in this matter, I at that time did not  
lie to you, but I could not present all of the facts  
at that time because it would have caused needless  
anxiety for your brothers."    
  
"I came to the decision early on that if I went with  
any plan of social servitude, all of my boys would be  
involved.  But you were of the age where the choice  
was yours to make.  If you had said 'no' to my offer,  
I then would have scrapped the plan entirely and none  
of my boys would ever have been indentured.  But when  
you agreed, the only fair thing was to have your  
brothers be a part of it, as well."  
  
"Initially when I pondered having only Quince  
indentured, I received a call from a friend of a  
friend, his name is Andrew, who told me he would be  
interested in purchasing Quince.  I then told him of  
my strict requirements.  He said he would call me back  
after he had considered the offer.  When he did call  
back, I had made up my mind at that time that it would  
be all of you boys, or none of you boys.  He said he  
liked that even better, and that he was in fact in the  
market for a total of six new boys.  Since his chief  
requirement, besides intelligence and good looks, was  
that any boy he purchased had to be callipygous, and  
since all three of you boys are, he stated that he  
would be happy to abide by my strictures of keeping  
you boys together, with full visitation rights, for a  
period of 5 years and 8 months maximum.  I then told  
him that it would all hinge on your decision."  
  
Bradley asked. "What does callipy… callepp…"  
Martin pronounced it clearly for Bradley,  
"Callipygous".  
  
"Yeah, Dad, what does that word mean?"  
  
Martin blushed slightly, then smiled. "Tell you what!   
Why don't you look it up!"  
  
Bradley didn't press for an answer since he had other  
questions. "But how does Andrew know if we are what he  
wants?  Why would he agree to buy something without  
knowing what he's getting?  
What if he takes possession of us and is unhappy with  
us?"  
  
Martin was roundabout. "Let's just say Andrew has some  
reliable sources whom he trusts.  On top of that,  
Andrew has been dealing with social servants in his  
business for many years, and is quite capable of  
fine-tuning any social servant he purchases to his  
expectations.  I've been out to his place, and I can  
assure you his social servants are a happy lot."  
  
Bradley's intuition was to trust his father, and he  
made eye contact with his father to try and verify his  
good faith.  Martin looked deep into Bradley's eyes in  
return, and nodded a nod that indicated he wanted  
Bradley to trust him. "My broker will still set up  
appointments with prospects who can offer  
significantly higher bids than Andrew is offering, so  
in the weeks ahead there will doubtless be a few  
prospective buyers checking you boys out, but all of  
my requirements still hold.  But since I like Andrew  
so much, and I know he will make a good owner for you,  
I am pretty committed to him, and have told him so.   
And he is comfortable with me checking out other  
offers."  
  
Martin sipped his tea, scratched his chin, and gave a  
big smile to Bradley. "Now the good news for you boys  
is that the amount of the sale that will be invested  
for you over your term of social service will be  
considerable.  This is honestly a swell deal for all  
of you.  The job market is tight right now, and  
Quince's employment prospects were, frankly, not very  
good right now.  Alban is a bright boy, but he really  
is not ready to start college just yet.  He needs a  
little life experience under his belt, and then I  
think he'll appreciate college more.  And for you,  
when you get out you will have enough money to pay off  
undergrad loans and grad school tuition, and  
concentrate full time on your studies.  And for all of  
you, what you will end up with at the end of 5 years  
and 8 months is more than you could ever have saved  
working full time at a job and paying living costs."  
  
Bradley nodded at the good news, but went back to an  
earlier subject. "Dad, who is Andrew, whose friend is  
he?"  
  
"Son, once again, like my decision to not tell you  
early on that Alban and Quince were also going to be a  
part of the program, I think it is best to let this  
matter be a pleasant surprise for you later on, when  
Andrew actually comes and takes possession of you."   
  
Bradley knew he would not be able to get an answer to  
that question out of his father, so he asked another  
one. "Dad, why are Quince and Alban being trained at  
Social Services and not me?”  
  
This was another question Martin was eager to answer.  
"It's a good question, and I hope my answer lets you  
see how much I love and respect you.  I told my  
contact person and advisor at Social Services that  
because of the voluntary sacrifice you are making, I  
did not want to subject you to any unnecessary trauma  
of training away from home.  I told him you were a  
bright boy who wanted to be a good social servant, and  
were willing to obey.  It was he who suggested that  
without the sort of strong measures used by  
professional training services, you would need to  
spend more time in training mode.  He suggested five  
weeks.  So two weeks earlier than your brothers you  
were indentured.  And in three more weeks you and your  
brothers will have your training completed, and you  
will be ready for social service!"  Martin beamed, as  
he looked appreciatively at Bradley, and then took  
another sip of tea.  
  
"Are we going to be delivered to Andrew when Alban and  
Quince complete their training?"  
  
"Not quite.  Unless someone else does end up buying  
you, which is unlikely, Andrew will not be able to  
take ownership of you boys until about two weeks after  
Alban and Quince complete their training.  Andrew ran  
into a financing snag, which means he will first be  
able to take possession of you boys in about five  
weeks.  So you boys will be living here at home after  
your training for about two weeks before your new  
owner can take you.  It will be fun, having my three  
social servant sons all together for a while before  
they begin their service!"   
  
Bradley was apprehensive about the answer to his next  
question, but he was nevertheless curious. "So if we  
all have three weeks of training left, how am I going  
to be trained?"  
  
Martin, again, got a question he was pleased to  
answer. "It's good you ask.  I need to discuss this  
with you.  As you know, I have a contact person at  
social services who advises me on these things.  He's  
a bit concerned about my ability to train you on my  
own and now that Jason is out of the picture as one of  
your trainers.  He wants me to keep you in training  
several hours each week with someone other than  
myself.  So he recommended a trainer who can not only  
work with you, but can also offer me some training in  
the handling of you.  So I'm interviewing a new  
trainer for you and me later this afternoon.  He comes  
with a very good resume and recommendation from Social  
Services!"  
  
"As far as my training of you, my contact person urged  
me to follow the suggestions spelled out in the  
‘Guidelines for Overseers of Familiar Social Servants’  
manual.  There are a few things he wants me to do  
which need to be done to ensure that you do not slip  
into ‘free-boy mode’, so to speak.  It's not, of  
course, that you are not free.  You, like all social  
servants, are valued for your free and creative  
spirits.  In fact it's that freedom of spirit which is  
encouraged in all social servants and helps them to  
serve with energy and conviction."  
  
Bradley was annoyed with the gobbledygook. "What are  
you saying Dad?"  
  
"It's not what I'm saying son, it's what the voice of  
experience and the law is saying."  Martin smiled to  
soften what he was saying. "Basically, I'll just be  
keeping you on a shorter rein, that's all.  What I'm  
supposed to be doing is to be in 'in your face' 24  
hours a day, but in a positive and loving way.  The  
goal is to offer you continual, non-stop,  
reinforcement.  None of this is a big deal, of course.  
In fact, it's all a good thing.  I think it will  
bring us closer together as a father and son!"  
  
Martin, satisfied, stood, and sipped the last of his  
tea.  
  
Bradley reached down and stuck a finger into each one  
of his ankle cuffs, to which his training paddles were  
attached, to scratch himself.  Martin, about to exit,  
stopped and asked if they were too tight.  Bradley  
told him they weren't too tight, but that they  
sometimes itched.  Martin was happy to remind him that  
they were coming off in three weeks.  Bradley stood  
and reminded his father that he had promised him that  
he would insist that his new owner not make him wear a  
penis lock, and asked if it was coming off in three  
weeks, as well.  Martin told him that it was first  
coming off when his owner took possession of him,  
sometime after five weeks.  "Andrew is removing it  
soon after he gets you, but he is typical of some  
overseers in that he does use penis locking for  
periods of time as a form of punishment on any of his  
boys who misbehave too often."  Martin gave his son an  
affectionate hug. "So you don't have to worry!"  
  
While dad and his three sons were off to Doctor  
Conrad's, Barbara was filling little Flora in on the  
wonderful and exciting new changes about to take place  
in the lives of Alban and Quince.  Little Flora went  
back to her room after her chat with mom as excited as  
Alban and Quince were said to be, eagerly looking  
forward to seeing all of their charms on the Social  
Services website.  She checked and checked the website  
throughout the day, but they were not showing up.  
  
When they finally did show up on the website, in the  
early evening, Flora was shocked at what she saw.   
Even frightened.  Alban and Quince both were totally  
bald; their heads were shaved along with everything  
else.  And their collars, unlike Bradley's, were big  
and wide and forced them to keep their heads slightly  
elevated.  Also unlike Bradley, they had rings all  
over.  The sides of their noses, not the septum, were  
pierced, and each boy had two nose rings, a large ring  
on each side of the nose.  And both boys had three  
piercings along the edge of each ear, with large rings  
through each hole.  Six ear rings on each boy.  Each  
nipple was pierced and fitted with a giant three-inch  
tit ring.  And, like Bradley, the penis of each  
boy had a clasp about the tightly gathered foreskin,  
with a piercing directly in front of the penis head  
through which ran a vertical, locked, infibulation  
bar.  But unlike Bradley, they had an additional  
foreskin piercing in front of that, near the most  
forward part of the foreskin, and through it was a  
giant six-inch hoop-ring which hung down between their  
legs. They looked like pig-boys, with their baldheads,  
double nose rings, multiple earrings, dangling cock  
hoop, and giant collar.  Her brothers were now two  
bald, naked, beasts of burden.  
  
Barbara also told Flora that they would be more  
severely hobbled than Bradley, and that she was not to  
laugh at them when they came home in three weeks.  But  
they were not hobbled in the pictures, which were  
meant to offer attractive photos to potential buyers.  
  
Flora wondered what hobbles were for, and explored the  
website further.  There was much useful information on  
the County Social Services website.  She found  
pictures of common types of hobbles, read what they  
were for, and was quite overwhelmed at what she found  
out.  
  
She carefully studied the photos of her brothers with  
their erections, taken before they were infibulated,  
and she was fascinated in the variety of her three  
brothers' erect cocks.  While Bradley's cock was  
almost pretty, Albans was thin, but quite long, with  
lots of foreskin.  And Quince's was positively huge  
when erect, and still fat.  Quince had Flora's  
favorite erect cock of all her brothers, but she liked  
Bradley's cock best of all the non-erect cocks.   
Looking at cocks, Flora almost forgot her initial  
anguish over her brothers' predicaments, until she  
noticed that in a photo of Quince taken from the rear,  
there was a clearly visible whip mark running from the  
shoulder half way down the back.   
  
With her curiosity over her brothers' penises out of  
the way, Flora was again able to focus on the  
predicament of her two brothers whom she loved, and  
she could take no more.  She ran out of her room and  
down the stairs crying, and into the living room,  
where her parents were watching, ‘That's my Binky!’   
Martin and Barbara were laughing at the episode's  
concluding antic: Binky had tried to put extra  
chocolate brownies into his young master's lunch pail,  
and was being spanked over the knee of his kind and  
loving owner for trying to give extra dessert to his  
young son.  As the owner spanked, he chided Binky by  
saying to his wife and to Binky. "Our little Binky  
thinks he can win his young master over by offering  
extra sweets.  But we know that what makes Binky  
sweetest of all is when he behaves, does what he's  
told, and takes his spankings with a smile!"  The  
camera zoomed in on the face of the mischief-prone  
slave as he was getting spanked, and the adorable and  
popular puppy-faced actor who played Binky looked into  
the camera and gave the audience a broad wink and a  
smile as the happy concluding theme music played over  
the canned laugh track.  As the show's credits started  
to roll, Barbara noticed a crying Flora standing to  
her side, and asked what was the matter.  
  
As Barbara was about to get up, Flora cried. "I just  
saw Alban and Quince on the county website.  What are  
they doing to them?  They look so frightened."  Martin  
signaled for Barbara to stay seated and for Flora to  
come over to him.  As he fielded the question he gave  
Flora a big hug. "Flora, dear, there is nothing at all  
to be concerned about.  They look a little unhappy  
because it's their first day.  But the reason for  
their fancy rings is because that is what their new  
owner wants.  They have to have all of that stuff for  
the job they will be doing."    
  
"What job is that, Daddy?"  
  
"Honey dear, I can't tell you that just yet, because  
we want it to be a big surprise for everyone!  But I  
can assure you that both Quince and Alban will be very  
happy in their new jobs!  I'm going to see them now,  
in fact, and I'll send them your love!"  
  
After Martin and Barbara assured Flora that Alban and  
Quince were okay and were probably right now being  
pampered after their long day in processing, Martin  
went to Bradley and told him he had just spoken with  
his agent at Social Services.  He said that the agent  
had suggested that it would be best if Bradley did not  
visit his brothers until after their initial four-day  
orientation.  Bradley asked why and  Martin was  
frank. "It simply could be somewhat disturbing to you.  
New boys in training with the county are kept in  
stocks for two days.  They are in a room full of newly  
admitted social servants, kept naked, bent over in a  
stooped position with their heads and arms in a fixed  
yoke.  They shit and piss in position, are hosed down  
every two hours.  They sleep and are fed in the  
stocks, and any moaning, talking, or extreme  
twitching, is countered with a vigorous use of the  
paddle on their behinds by the trainers.  The reason  
for the stocks is that when the two days are up,  
almost anything seems better, and they are then very  
pliant and willing to obey."    
  
"When they are released from the stocks, they are then  
kept for two days with their heads and arms in a yoke  
that fits their shoulders, but they can move around  
and sit down.  This graduation process, from the  
stocks to the yokes enforces for them that things will  
get better if they behave.  And then when they are  
released from their yokes, the real training begins!   
But even that, as severe as it is, will seem like a  
piece of cake after two days in the stocks and two  
days in the yoke.  And they behave because they have  
all been told that they will be sent back to the  
stocks if they create even the slightest disturbance.   
It's actually a humane system because it gets desired  
behavior out of the boys a lot more quickly than being  
whip trained, with a lot less trauma."  
  
Bradley felt sorry for his brothers, and as he thought  
of them he was easily able to forgive their sadistic  
treatment of him over the last two weeks.  
Martin explained that he was dropping Barbara and  
Flora off at Aunt Karen's house while he visited with  
Alban and Quince, and that Bradley was to keep busy  
while they were away cleaning out the basement  
storeroom. "Make sure it's finished by the time we get  
back!"  
  
Even before the family car was out of the driveway,  
Bradley was on the phone to Jason.  Bradley insisted  
that Jason park his car away from the house, and that  
they meet in a part of the back yard hidden from the  
house in case the family came home earlier than  
expected.    
  
When Jason arrived Bradley led Jason out into the  
backyard in back of the garden shed.  There Jason  
hugged Bradley tightly, and waited to see how Bradley  
would respond.  When Bradley hugged Jason back, Jason  
looked him in the eye and moved his lips closer to his  
lips.  Bradley did not back away, but moved his lips  
slightly closer.  Then they kissed.  A long, quiet,  
kiss.  Jason sank to his knees, unbuttoned enough side  
buttons on Jason's fatigues to expose his cock,  
inserted his key into the infibulation bar, unlocked  
it, and took it off.  He stood up and showed Bradley  
how he could secure it back on, without locking it, by  
just twisting one end of it.  He showed him how to  
lock it in case he was going to be closely examined by  
an authority figure.  He then knelt back down, and  
lovingly closed and buttoned up Bradley's fatigues.   
Bradley thought how Jason was now behaving like  
gentleman and a lover, and not like a rapist.  Jason  
stood, handed Bradley the pieces of his cock lock, and  
told him to call him if he accidentally locked it back  
on.  They hugged and Jason said he could not stay.   
Bradley was disappointed.  He walked Jason to the edge  
of the yard, and Jason made Bradley promise he would  
call him soon.  
  
When Martin and his family made it back home, Martin  
immediately made his way to the basement storeroom,  
where Bradley was working away.  To Martin it looked  
as if hardly anything had been done. "What have you  
been doing son?"  
  
"Dad, there were lots of phone calls, these boxes are  
heavy, I couldn't find any cleaning supplies, and I  
was looking for them for the longest time."  Martin  
sensed that Bradley was not being honest, and that  
upset him.  But most of all Martin was getting  
frustrated with his own inability to be really firm  
with Bradley.  He loved Bradley.  He knew Bradley was  
now a social servant, he knew there was nothing wrong  
with disciplining a slacking social servant (in fact  
it was mandatory).  He knew he would sooner or later  
just have to buckle down and lay into Bradley for his  
own good, and he told him so.  When Bradley just  
frowned and looked annoyed, Martin told him things  
were going to change around the house and that he  
intended to start taking firmer control of matters.   
"This afternoon I interviewed that gentleman  
recommended by Social Services, Hal Franklin.  He  
starts working with you tomorrow morning.  Then when  
he's finished with you at 3 in the afternoon, he'll  
spend time with me and give me training and all the  
procedurals on handling you more effectively."   
  
Bradley set the box he was carrying down and said.  
"I'm thirsty Dad" Then made his way out of the  
storeroom.  Martin was angry. "Things are going to be  
different around here, Bradley, starting tomorrow!"