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!"