Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART THIRTEEN**  
  
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When Martin woke Bradley up the next morning, Bradley  
didn't like the pleased air his father had about him.   
He was pleasant as usual, but Bradley could tell he  
was thinking. ‘At last things are going to start going  
the way they're supposed to.’  
  
Bradley was nervous as his dad undid the light chain  
attached to his penis ring.  But Jason was right;   
there was no way to tell if Bradley's infibulation bar  
was unlocked unless one actually attempted to remove  
it.  As dad looked over his nude, hobbled, and penis  
ringed, son he reminded him that it was shaving day.  
"We want you looking sharp for Mr. Franklin."  
  
Once Bradley was unchained and out of bed, he waited  
for his dad to leave so he could pull his jackoff-wipe  
up tissues from under the bottom sheet.  He jacked off  
twice last night after his dad had locked him down,  
and the two tissues he had stashed under his pillow  
couldn't quite hold all the cum he had to deliver.  
  
Bradley had to body shave himself once every other  
day, and he was glad today was that day.  Because he  
knew his dad wouldn't fidget if he was taking too long  
in the shower, and one of the first things on  
Bradley's things-to-do list for the day was a nice  
morning jack-off session in the shower, just the way  
he used to do it.

Hal Franklin was a man with a strong presence, and  
made similar impressions on both Martin and his son,  
though each put different values on those impressions.  
He was a large man, about 34, who looked wholesome.   
His large and handsome face conveyed sincerity.  His  
bigness of frame seemed the right size in a trainer to  
Martin, but was intimidating to Bradley.  His hair was  
styled somewhat like a used car salesman to Bradley's  
thinking, and like a proper businessman to Martin.  
  
Martin found the fact that he wore cologne a bit odd  
for a man in his profession.  Bradley was more  
curious.  On one level the scent made Bradley find him  
somewhat attractive.  On the other hand Bradley  
thought the kind of critical thought he used to think  
when he was a free boy with time on his hands. "It's  
not considered good form for men to wear cologne in a  
business environment.  But wait; is dad's house and  
back yard a business environment?"  
  
After the cordial introductions Martin suggested that  
Bradley could make the two of them some coffee or tea,  
and they could then go off into the sitting room and  
get acquainted.  Hal said that he would prefer to get  
‘down to brass tacks’ with Bradley immediately, if  
that would be all right with Mr. Forestman.  Mr.  
Forestman assured him that it would be.  
  
Mr. Franklin surveyed the house and the yard and then  
announced. "Okay, Mr. Forestman, for starters I'm  
taking Bradley out into the backyard to get  
acquainted.  Please feel free to interrupt us for  
anything at any time, and don't hesitate to come out  
and see how we're doing."  Martin told Hal it ‘sounded  
good’, as Bradley got a sinking feeling in his  
stomach.  
  
Hal threw his arm around Bradley's shoulder and walked  
him out into the back yard.  At first the arm about  
his shoulder pissed Bradley off.  'Why should this  
stranger have a right to put his arm around me?'  'Who  
in the hell does this guy think he is?'  Hal was a  
big guy, the way some cops are big guys.  He felt like  
a cop to Bradley, and he worried about that arm around  
his shoulder.  Was he playing good-cop/bad-cop with  
him, friendly one moment, and punching him in the gut  
the next?  
  
Hal suggested they sit in the grass.  As they sat in  
the grass Bradley thought a thought that could lead  
him back into depression and eventually get him  
punished, 'Why in the hell should I have to spend my  
day with this yokel, when I should be getting ready  
for college?'  The sun lit up the faces of both the  
trainer and the social servant.  Bradley was actually  
sweating, which surprised him.  He was afraid, and his  
stomach churned.  He knew it would just be moments  
before Hal, who was being nice, would do something  
painful to him.  Hal smiled. "It's a nice day."   
Bradley acknowledged that it was.    
  
"Well Bradley, you know why I'm here.  Your dad told  
me about that storeroom incident last night.  He also  
told me that you were overall a very good and hard  
working boy.  And just by looking at you I can see  
that you are.  But the problem with last night was not  
that you didn't get more work done.  You are only  
human, and we humans can only do so much in a given  
amount of time.  The problem, the thing that annoyed  
your dad, was the exasperation you showed when he  
tried to find out why you didn't get more work done.   
It's that attitude which is defeating your progress.    
Social servants cannot behave in that way!  Being a  
good social servant is simply about dropping that  
attitude.  Instead of looking and acting annoyed, just  
be honest in a situation like that!  Just speak the  
truth.  Your dad would have understood.  You could  
have said. "I'm sorry Dad.  I tried, but I'm just in a  
lazy way, and I couldn't get moving.  I'm very sorry,  
father.  I will try to do better and be the best  
servant I can be!"   
  
Hal studied Bradley to make sure he was taking his  
words in.  "We tell social servants to take pride in  
themselves, and a lot of new social servants think  
that that's just a bunch of bullshit.  I think one of  
your problems is that you haven't been around other  
properly behaving social servants.  Your dad told me  
you haven't had your inventory day yet at Social  
Services, where all of the social servants who were  
indentured within the last 60 days are gathered and  
apprised.  That's coming up in just a few days for  
you, and I think it will do you a lot of good.  It's  
mainly a day of socializing with other social servants  
as the county records keeper does final paper work on  
its most recent stock.  You'll meet your brothers  
there as well, and it is generally a valuable and very  
happy experience for social servants."  
  
Hal tried to engage Bradley by giving him a playful  
smile, but Bradley was wary of trainers appearing to  
be nice guys.  So Hal next asked a couple of  
questions. "Bradley, be honest with me.  What was the  
most painful experience for you since you have been in  
training?"  
  
"The fact that my best friend Jeremy is avoiding me  
because I'm a servant."  
  
Hal nodded in sympathy.  "And what was the most  
humiliating thing for you so far in these last two  
weeks?"  
  
"The fact that my sister Flora saw my pictures on the  
county website."  
  
Hal smiled and patted the ground next to him. "Come  
over here Bradley and sit next to me!"  As Bradley  
scooted into place next to Hal and his folded leg  
touched Hal's leg, Hal put his arm around Bradley. "I  
have full sympathy with you for losing your friend.   
That does happen, and I have low regard for people who  
look down on social servants."  Hal's arm on Bradley's  
shoulder was beginning to feel good to Bradley.  
  
"But regarding your concern over your nudity, that's  
where you are leading a too sheltered life living here  
with your dad as a social servant."  Hal reached over  
and started to unbutton Bradley's fatigues from the  
side of the neck down.  He unbuttoned Bradley all the  
way down to his waist, in silence, then rolled the  
fatigues off and down from Bradley's upper body.  When  
Bradley's full upper body was revealed in the  
sunlight, Hal leaned back and looked at Bradley.   
"Wow!  You sure are a good-looking kid.  If your  
brothers are even half as good looking and well built  
as you, your dad is going to rake in a bundle!"  
  
Hal put his arm back around Bradley's shoulder and  
leaned closer, for a man-to-man bit of directness.  
"Bradley, here's the thing, we're both men, we both  
have a penis and scrotum hanging between our legs.   
The difference between us is that my tackle is free,  
and yours is not.  Free men have a right to privacy,  
social servants do not.  That's all.  No big deal  
really.  It's a fact of life for every social servant  
in the state of Vermont and for every other social  
servant or slave in every slave state in the union."   
Bradley didn't like Hal's words, but being so close to  
Hal, Bradley could feel the warmth his body exuded,  
thought his scent alluring, and was finding himself  
attracted to his new trainer.   
  
"Nudity actually helps with attitude adjustment, and  
that's one of the things that are missing in your dad's  
training of you.  I think adding that to the mix may  
be just the thing that's missing.  It's not enough to  
be nude only for a few hours of backyard training and  
exercise."  
  
Bradley explained. "Dad chose that as a solution  
because of the logistics problem.  My mother and  
sister are around most of the time."  
  
"If your dad is that concerned over something that is  
a part of life for social servants, then I need to  
discuss this with him.  If nothing else, if he is that  
concerned, he can have your mom and sister pack up for  
the next two weeks and live somewhere else.  But if  
I'm to make any headway here, you and your family have  
to realize that it's no big deal for a social servant  
to be naked.  I'll bet your brothers, only in their  
second day of training over at Social Services, have  
already dealt with and are over with that minor  
issue."  
  
Hal patted Bradley, who was looking sick, on the back.  
"Stand up now so we can finish getting you  
undressed!"  Bradley stood up and was ordered to  
unbutton the remaining buttons of his fatigues.  As he  
did so the sinking feeling in his stomach got more  
intense, and he suddenly broke into tears, started  
crying, and fell to his knees, pleading. "Please Mr.  
Franklin, don't hurt me.  Please.  I can't take it!"  
  
Hal stood the crying, trembling Bradley up, finished  
unbuttoning the last few buttons on his fatigues, and  
removed them.  He then hugged Bradley with both arms.   
"Bradley, stop crying.  I'm not going to hurt you.   
Not while you are behaving as nicely as you have been.  
I'm sorry you are so afraid.  But nothing is going to  
happen.  There are just a few things you need to do to  
be a proper ‘behaver’ who never has to be punished.   
It’s very easy; just be honest, polite, and  
enthusiastic at all times, and get over thinking that  
you have some kind of right to privacy.  Just accept  
the fact that for the next six years or so you do not  
have a right to privacy.  That's really all it will  
take for you to be on the right path."  Bradley's  
crying stopped, and he was beginning to feel a little  
better as he thought that what Hal said was needed to  
change his attitude wasn't too difficult to achieve.   
Hal held Bradley's chin. "Pretty easy, isn't it, big  
fellow?"  Bradley nodded 'yes'.  
  
After Bradley had fully calmed down, Hal looked into  
Bradley's face, gave him a warm and encouraging smile,  
which Bradley responded favorably to, and gently  
grabbed Bradley's penis with his right hand.   
"Bradley, you need to get used to this.  This is  
common protocol for leading male social servants.   
Let's go for a little walk around here, what do you  
say?"  Hal led Bradley by the penis in a slow walk  
around the backyard.  Hal commented on Martin's nice  
back yard as they strolled.  After a bit he asked.  
"How are you feeling, Bradley?"    
  
Bradley was honest. "I feel ashamed, like I'm being  
treated like a little kid."  
  
Hal was pleased. "It's good you are honest.  And what  
you are feeling is a perfectly normal and healthy  
reaction.  You should be feeling like a little kid,  
because you know what they always say. "It's no big  
deal for little kids and social servants to be naked."  
If you can get used to this, your life will be a  
piece of cake.  Really!"  
  
As Hal led Bradley about the yard by his penis,  
Bradley struggled with what he was going through.  He  
wanted to be preparing for college.  Yet instead a  
total stranger was in control of him, and holding him  
by the very symbol and center of his maleness.  How  
could he expect to maintain a shred of dignity?  
Yet as they walked, Bradley found in his shame,  
somehow, a feeling of pleasure.  It was a new feeling  
for him, and one that he could not begin to  
comprehend.  
  
Alban took some comfort in the fact that he only had  
to be in the stocks for about 24 more hours.  He was  
looking forward to being released.  His biggest  
regret, now that he learned how to stop wiggling too  
much in order to avoid a paddling, was that he  
couldn't see anything.  His stocks faced a wall, and  
he couldn't see anyone else in the room.  When they  
brought him and Quince in yesterday there were already  
seven boys in the stocks.  But since they all faced  
the wall, all he could see was their naked rumps as  
they entered the room.  He believed that since he was  
locked down in the stocks facing the wall, and was  
unable to see anything else, two boys were removed  
from the stocks and three more new boys were put into  
stocks, but he couldn't be sure.  He could only judge  
by what he heard; comments of the trainers, light  
talking the boys tried to do to each other when they  
thought the room was empty of overseers, cries from  
the other social servants, and the conversation of the  
guards, trainers, overseers, and social service  
officials.  
  
He looked forward to his next feeding.  The guy who  
spoon-fed him was a real cutie, and was very gentle.  
  
He was initially upset that plans he had made with his  
friends to join their band, ‘Devil Schnevil’, were not  
going to happen, but even locked in stocks there was  
so much going on.  In a sense he was now the focus of  
much attention, more so than he had ever been as a  
free boy, and there were lots of other guys in this  
place who were his age, so maybe it would be fun.  
  
He wondered how his brother Quince was doing, but the  
one time he quietly called Quince's name out, he  
didn't know there was an overseer in the room, and he  
ended up getting ten very severe strokes of the paddle  
on his bare behind.    
  
The resilience of youth was working strongly in  
Alban's favor.  Not so for Quince, whose manly pride  
was devastated.  Social service psychiatric officials,  
specialists in social servant behavior, observed and  
noted in Quince's file, which the trainers reference,  
that Quince would have a difficult and painful time in  
training.  For such types special care is provided by  
Vermont Social Services during training.  Vermont has  
a very good history of turning macho boys with too  
much pride and muscle, and not enough common sense,  
into very successful, hard working, quick-stepping,  
super polite, social servants.  
  
Martin surveyed Mr. Franklin and Bradley from the  
window of his bedroom, and everything was looking  
good.  They seemed to be chatting in a genuine way,  
and it appeared Mr. Franklin was getting through to  
Bradley. Martin was feeling more like an energized man  
now that he had his sons controlled.  
And when a man pulls off a really big money making  
deal, he feels empowered.  He wondered if that was the  
reason why he was fucking his wife with such renewed  
force and energy lately.  He gave his crotch a rub as  
he thought of himself as having successfully saved the  
family fortunes.  He felt as if things were on a good  
and right path, and he was responsible for it.    
  
The Vermont State Authority for Social Services, in  
one of its numerous television ad campaigns, promotes  
as one of the benefits of the social servant program  
the fact that parents can be assured that their  
children will be safe from harm, and unable to get  
into trouble with the law, while they are indentured.   
While Martin's sons were never the sort of ‘at risk’  
children to which the ad referred, Martin nevertheless  
took a similar comfort in his sons' indenturement.   
His boys would not only learn to be super obedient and  
polite from the experience, but being indentured  
during the period of their lives when hormones have  
the most powerful control over a young man's decisions  
and behavior can only be a good thing.  No more fear  
of unwanted fatherhoods, youthful drunkenness,  
reckless driving, romantic crushes pulling one off in  
the wrong direction with the wrong person, wasteful  
spending, easy addiction to porn via the Internet,  
youthful bad decisions with lifelong consequences,  
unhealthy obsession with youth trends.  Martin was  
convinced; social servitude for his three sons could  
only be a blessing for everyone.  
  
As Martin gazed out the window and watched his oldest  
son being eased into obedience in the yard below by  
Mr. Franklin, he thought of the time he was at  
Andrew's place, surveying the grounds where his boys  
would be serving.  All of Andrew's social servants  
were so polite; polite not only to Andrew, but to all  
of Andrew's guests, including himself.  The thought of  
having his own boys be so polite and obedient excited  
Martin.  Seeing so many well-behaved boys serving and  
obeying, all neat and polite, gave Martin a feeling of  
peace to know that his boys would soon be just like  
those boys: neat, polite, and obedient.  He felt a  
comfort in knowing his boys would be safe, secure, and  
always well behaved in such a heavily controlled  
environment.  As he continued to watch Hal work on his  
son, now so certain that he had made the right  
decision for his family, he thought how putting his  
sons into social service was a way of helping to  
preserve his family's happiness.  It's as if he was  
locking his sons in time at their present ages.  As if  
he had just somehow managed to preserve his sons'  
happy youthful days by 5 years and 8 months.  Overall,  
Martin felt much more self-assured.  If Hal was going  
to require greater firmness from him in controlling  
Bradley, he felt now that he would finally be able to  
deliver that firmness, since he was now fully  
convinced that a few hard knocks now, early on in  
Bradley's training, would eventually lead to very  
concrete rewards for everyone.  
  
Martin went back into his study and pulled out one of  
the manuals provided him by Social Services,  
‘Guidelines for Overseers of Familiar Social  
Servants’.  As he flipped through its pages once  
again, all of the things it recommended for handling  
family members who were social servants, which on  
first and second reading seemed distasteful to Martin,  
now suddenly made very good sense to him.  
He was beginning to understand why certain things are  
done to social servants, had to be done, in order to  
ensure success.    
  
After reading for a bit, Martin got up and looked out  
from the window of his study.  Bradley was lying  
facedown in the grass and Hal had his knee in  
Bradley's back, holding him down, and was smacking  
Bradley's thighs with a whipping stick about the size  
of a two-foot long ruler.  The punishment appeared to  
be ending, and whatever Hal was doing to Bradley  
appeared to be effective, because he heard Bradley  
answer a question very politely when the spanking  
stopped. "Yes sir!  Thank you sir.  Those are my  
intentions exactly, sir."  When Martin released  
Bradley, he stood up at attention and said in a firm,  
almost sincere sounding voice. "Thank you Mr. Franklin  
for giving me the discipline I need, and for treating  
me so well!"  Mr. Franklin replied. "If you're a good  
boy and do as you’re told, you can always expect your  
overseers to take very good care of you and treat you  
well."  
  
It all sounded and looked good to Martin, so he went  
back to his desk.  On his computer was an email from  
his Social Services contact person, Damian Appomattox,  
with an offer from a David Halsby, residing about 10  
miles away from the Forestman household, offering a  
significant sum for Bradley.  Martin pondered the  
offer, a very tempting one, and after a bit of  
consideration replied to Damian, telling him to set up  
an interview for Bradley with Mr. Halsby.  
  
In the kitchen to make himself some tea, Martin peeked  
out the window.  Bradley and Mr. Franklin were seated  
in lawn chairs and Bradley was talking excitedly, and  
Mr. Franklin was listening and smiling.  It really  
looked good.  Martin wasn't sure what was going on,  
but the atmosphere definitely had a good feeling.  Mr.  
Franklin appeared to possess a very effective training  
style.  After a quite severe and humiliating spanking,  
Bradley wasn't only not bitter or sulking, but he  
seemed to be actually quite content, even happy.   
Martin felt he found a trainer he could trust in Mr.  
Franklin.  
  
Martin went back to his study and made a phone call to  
his broker.  "Morgan, I think I've got this right, but  
I need to be sure.  For the investments we've planned,  
I originally wanted each of the boys to have separate  
accounts in their own names, mainly for psychological  
reasons.  But if I invested all three of the boy’s  
amounts in one account, it would pay off bigger  
dividends in 5 years and 8 months, correct?"  His  
broker answered. "By a considerable amount."  Martin  
continued. "And if I were to keep in my account all of  
the money I was originally going to put into their  
accounts, their payoff would be even larger, correct?"  
The broker affirmed. "Indeed, by a very considerable  
amount!"  
Martin was pleased. "Okay, then here's what I want to  
do.  Do not set up any separate accounts for my boys.   
Keep everything in my account.  Then in six years time  
I can divvy up to them what each has coming!"  
  
Martin was a happy man.  His thoughts of financial  
solvency and well-behaved sons filled him with  
euphoria.  He looked at the pictures of his sons and  
daughter about his desk, and was proud of them all.   
His musings were interrupted by a knock on his study  
door by Mr. Franklin.  Mr. Franklin told Martin his  
session with Bradley was over, and that it went very  
well.  Martin told Hal that from what he observed,  
things seemed to have gone very well, indeed.  
  
Hal's training of Martin on the proper handling of his  
social servant sons consisted of a two and a half hour  
chat in Martin's study, over a bottle of sherry, in  
which Hal tried to convince Martin that they were in  
the same boat, with the same stakes.  "We're both in  
the business of making boys behave; you, your sons,  
me, your sons and the sons of your neighbors.  All of  
the indicators in the social servant market are that  
we at the start of an historic upswing.  If the trend  
follows as predicted, your investment could pay off  
even more than what your peak speculations suggest.   
That is, of course, if your boys perform as  
well-behaved social servants, whether they are up for  
an interview, at auction, or in actual service.  All  
that I'm really trying to impress upon you here is  
that if you are to reap the market rewards that are  
out there, then it is imperative that if you have to  
punish your boys, that you do it with gusto.  Strong  
discipline delivered with gusto is required not only  
for the success of your own ventures, but for the  
success of the entire system!"  
  
Hal covered all the key topics outlined in the  
‘Guidelines for Overseers of Familiar Social Servants’  
manual; the importance of nudity for curing attitude  
problems, humiliation as a training tool, family  
participation in discipline sessions, heavy  
regimentation in the family setting, and the  
importance of consistent and firm discipline.  Hal  
concluded Martin's lesson/training session with one of  
his favorite kernels of wisdom. "One little thing I  
have always found important is that if you're going to  
punish a servant, the first thing to do is get  
comfortable.  Make sure you are relaxed and  
comfortable.  If you aren't comfortable, then you  
can't do your best work, and your punishment will not  
be as effective as it could be!"  
  
When Mr. Franklin left, Martin was quite exhausted.   
Because he had quite a few things to do, and didn't  
want to have to deal with a social servant son  
underfoot, he ordered Bradley to fix himself some  
supper, then bathe himself, and get into bed.  
When Bradley was in bed, at 6:30, Martin secured him  
to the bed with ankle and wrists chains, a chest  
strap, and ear and penis chains.  As he diapered  
Bradley he asked him what he thought of Mr. Franklin.   
"I liked him, Dad."  Martin was too tired to try and  
analyze Bradley's answer.  Martin closed the curtains  
and turned out the lights in Bradley's room, said good  
night, and closed the door.  
  
Alone in his bed, at 6:30, in a darkened room Bradley  
tried to understand all the things he was feeling.   
When he thought of Hal, his thoughts ranged from anger  
to lust.  Was his life real?  Was he really not going  
to be going back to college?  Was he going to be  
treated like this for the next six years of his life?   
Is being treated the way he was fair?  Is it just?   
How could he possibly be attracted to someone who  
would so willingly punish him for the slightest  
misstep?  
  
When Flora came to Martin to ask him a question about  
their winter vacation, Martin was glad for the  
interruption.  He realized that perhaps he didn't have  
quite as many things to do as he had feared.  Since he  
had put Bradley to bed so early, he thought Bradley  
might enjoy hearing about Flora's and his parents'  
vacation plans.  So he asked Flora to accompany him to  
Bradley's room.  
  
So as not to startle Bradley, Martin opened the door  
to his bedroom very quietly, flipped on the light  
switch, and walked quietly into the room.  And what  
Martin and Flora saw made them open their mouths in  
stunned silence.  Bradley, unaware of their presence,  
was jacking his dick with very broad strokes with his  
right hand as he thrust his hips rhythmically up and  
down to his pumping.  His eyes were closed in ecstasy  
and his mouth was opening and closing as if he were  
kissing or sucking some imagined object.  He moaned  
sensuously as his left hand tugged downward on his  
balls.  Sweat covered his face and chest.  
    
Martin went up to the bed and grabbed both of  
Bradley's hands and pulled them up and gathered them  
on his chest and held them there, as Bradley was  
stunned into reality.  As Bradley shouted. "Dad, no!"  
He struggled to tear his hands free of his father's  
grip, causing his 22 year old, concrete-hard,  
jism-covered, purple knobbed, cock to waggle from side  
to side.  Martin just looked down on his struggling  
son in disbelief. "What is going on here?  What is  
going on here young man?"   
  
Flora could not take her gaze away from Bradley's  
large cock, sloshing from side to side as he tried to  
wrest his arms free and cover himself.  Martin would  
normally have scooted Flora out of the room first  
thing, but he was so shocked by not only what he had  
just caught Bradley doing, but by the fact that  
Bradley had even been able to remove his penis  
infibulation lock.  
  
Bradley started to cry. "Please Dad, let me go!"    
The head of Bradley's cock was large, rounded, purple,  
and slick and shiny from the oozing goo leaking out of  
his piss slit.  To Flora, the head of Bradley's dick  
looked like a big round lollipop.  She wondered if it  
was good to suck on.  She was jealous; boys had big  
luscious looking lollipops hanging between their legs.  
She had to get a hold of one and soon.    
  
Martin was saddened by the events.  "Oh Bradley, I  
never thought that you would do something like this!"   
Bradley was shamed. "Dad, I'm sorry."  Martin,  
noticing Flora, was also angry. "Bradley, you should  
be so ashamed of what you have done!  Have you no  
concern that anyone of your family could have walked  
in on you?  Have you no self-respect?"  Bradley moaned.  
"Please Dad, cover me up."  Martin was firm. "Listen  
young man!  You've brought this on yourself!  You  
should have thought about the fact that anyone of us  
could have come in here while you were performing such  
a selfish act!"   
  
Bradley closed his eyes and tried to turn his face away  
from his father and Flora's stares.  His ears, chained  
to each side of the bed, prevented him from turning  
his face completely away from his family.  Martin  
continued. "You have really let all of us down  
Bradley!  I am so hurt.  I am so ashamed of you.  Just  
when I thought you were starting to be a good boy!"  
  
Bradley's entire face and chest by this time had  
turned a bright red.  Martin would not let up. "Just  
look at you!  Are you proud of yourself?  Have you no  
shame whatsoever?  Have you no regard for any of us  
that you would do this knowing we could walk in on  
you?"  It only frustrated Martin all the more that he  
could not get a response from Bradley, so he continued  
to berate him.  "Does it make you feel good to so  
brazenly expose yourself like this to little Flora?   
Do you think anyone would want to buy a social servant  
with such a filthy little habit?  Are you trying to  
embarrass me?  Is this your idea of how you can mess  
this whole thing up?"   
  
Bradley wailed. "No Dad, please let go of me!"  
  
"Now I want to know how you managed to unlock your  
infibulation bar!"  Bradley said nothing, but kept his  
face turned away, sobbing.  
  
Martin threw Bradley's hands down, took Flora by the  
hand, turned out the light, and as he and Flora  
exited, he slammed the door.  
  
Martin went to his study.  Because it was still fairly  
early in the evening, he called his Social Services  
contact person, Damian Appomattox, at his home for  
advice.  Damian informed Martin that it would have  
been impossible for Bradley to have unlocked the  
infibulation bar without help.  He told Martin that  
whoever had assisted Bradley in releasing him from  
infibulation had committed a felony, and the same laws  
apply as if someone had helped release a prisoner from  
bondage.  Damian informed Martin that Bradley was  
legally obliged to reveal who released him, and if he  
did not, the answer was to be whipped out of him, and  
the name of the guilty was to be supplied to Social  
Service's authorities.  There was no choice in the  
matter.  
  
Damian suggested that Martin make use of Hal Franklin  
in getting Bradley to reveal the name of the person  
who unlocked him.  Damian also informed Martin that  
Bradley, by allowing himself to be unlocked, had also  
committed a serious offense, a Lever Four, the  
highest-level offense a social servant can commit.   
Damian told Martin to try and reason with his son and  
reveal the name of his partner in crime, because if he  
didn't he would be whipped until he did.  Damian also  
offered practical advice. "If the whipping required to  
reveal the identity of his helper is so severe that  
you can't possibly give Bradley his Level Four  
punishment on top of it, the law does allow you to  
wait one week, maximum, before administering his Level  
Four."   
  
Martin put his head in his hands and wept.  His son,  
Bradley, who was once his pride, an ever-ready source  
of happiness and joy, was, in fact, just looking out  
for himself all along.  Bradley, whom he had loved so  
well, was nothing but a very selfish boy, uncaring of  
others; one who would willfully jeopardize all the  
good things Martin was trying to do for his family.   
Martin wondered if being a kind and loving father was  
worth it after all; especially when all he got in  
return for his efforts and his love was his son  
defiantly jacking his dick openly in front of him and  
his young daughter.