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.