Traditional Values

By Randall Austin

**PART FOURTEEN**

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The following morning as Martin unchained Bradley from
his bed, he told him of the seriousness of the
situation as it was outlined to him by his Social
Services' contact person, Damian Appomattox.  He told
him he had to reveal the name of the person who
unlocked his infibulation ring, and that there was no
way out of it since such an act was a felony under the
law.  And since the name of the person who unlocked
him would be whipped out of him eventually, it would
be better for Bradley to reveal everything
immediately.

He also let Bradley know that he was to receive a
Level Four punishment for allowing his ring to be
unlocked.  Bradley, having read his social servant's
manual, knew what a Level Four punishment meant.
He cried as his dad released him. "Dad, I want to call
this whole thing off.  I'm not going to go through
with this."

"No way son, you are still in training and pulling out
during training was never an option.  This is not the
time for you to be talking like that.  Not while a
felony is being investigated.  And not while you are
due for a Level Four.  Just because the going is
getting rough, you are not hopping out now.  No way,
young man!  After you take your bath, you are to put
your bar and ring back on and lock it.  Hal is coming
over to spend another day with you today, and he will
make sure your bar is locked on properly.  He will
also do whatever it takes to help you reveal the name
of the person who unlocked you.  Now get in there and
take your shower, and be ready to serve us breakfast
by eight o'clock!  And if you come into the kitchen
with that frown on your face and this attitude on
display, I'll paddle your ass right in front of your
mother and Flora!"

Martin was about to rush off in anger, but paused and
recalled what Damian Appomattox counseled; never take
a familiar slave's offense personally.  "Bradley,
there is no reason for me to be so angry with you.
You made a big mistake.  Mistakes are common to social
servants.  And that's what you are now.  You need to
know that everything can be okay and back on track if
you simply do as you're told in the way a social
servant is to behave; with enthusiasm, politeness, and
honesty in all things."  He walked up to Bradley, gave
him a pat on the shoulder and half a smile. "I still
love you more than anything in my life.  Please don't
make it necessary for Hal to whip you!  I couldn't
bear that."

At the breakfast table that morning, Barbara, unaware
that anything of important had transpired, was in an
especially bubbly mood.  "Bradley, honey dear, how do
you like Mr. Franklin?  He seems like a very nice
man."

Bradley tried to smile as he served his seated parents
and Flora. "I like him okay, Mom."  Bradley was unable
to look anyone in the face, especially Flora.  Barbara
was concerned. "Why are you so serious today, Bradley?
Didn't you sleep well, honey?"

The silence was too much for little Flora. "Because
daddy is very unhappy with Bradley after what we
caught him doing…"

Martin interrupted Flora. "Now Flora, everything is
fine now!  You don't have to think about that
anymore!"

Barbara was curious and pressed for an answer, but
Martin stopped her. "I'll speak with you about it
later, Barbara, when we're alone."  Even Flora was not
aware of the seriousness of the matter at hand.  Both
had no idea that the reason Martin had given them a
big list of shopping errands to go on after breakfast
was so that they would not be around when Hal Franklin
arrived with his whip set.  And neither one knew that
Martin spent an hour before bedtime last evening
prepping a work room in the basement with a makeshift
whipping frame and soundproofing, so the neighbors
couldn't hear Hal doing his work of extracting
information out of Bradley.

Martin thought it best to show that everything was
business as usual, so he proceeded to gave out his
usual chore list to Bradley over the breakfast table.
"Bradley, we need to start getting the house ready for
when your brothers join us after their training.  All
three of you will be living here with us for two weeks
before you go into service, and…"  Barbara
interrupted with a big smile on her face. "Won't that
be a wonderful time dear, having our family all
together again after all of this training stuff is
over?"

Martin was annoyed with her interruption, but did not
show it.  After he gave Barbara and Flora a nod and a
smile, he continued. "Since I just won't have the time
to go running from room to room securing each one of
you down at night, and doing morning unlocking and
inspections, I want all three beds brought into your
bedroom here on the main floor.  It will save your
mother and me time in monitoring and securing you boys
if we confine you all to the same room. The only way
the three beds will fit in there is if everything in
your room is removed.  The bookshelves, desk, chairs,
clothes, stereo, television, computer station; it all
needs to be packed away and put into storage."

"Then to save time once your brothers are back here
living with us, we'll have a system whereby Quince
will chain you down at night, Alban will chain Quince
down, and either your mom, Flora, or I can chain Alban
down."  Little Flora silently gulped.  "And it will be
the same procedure in reverse in the morning.  Then,
after your morning baths you can all gather in your
room and I will do the daily inspection."

Barbara was uncertain about Flora's participation, but
Martin argued for it. "Times are changing, dear.
They're social servants, and their right to privacy is
in the hands of whoever ends up buying them.  The fact
is plenty of strangers are going to be seeing our sons
nude in the years ahead.  So why should it be
forbidden to their own family members?  Flora and
Alban always got a long well, so I don't think Alban
will mind if Flora assists in his care.  And thanks to
you, Flora has already seen everything there is to see
of our boys on the Social Service's website."

Barbara smiled an embarrassed smile at her own little
past misstep, and silently nodded in agreement.
Wonderful fireworks were going off in Flora's head.
Her prayer for a lollipop of her own to hold and care
for had already come true after only twelve hours!

Barbara and Flora were gone on their shopping trip no
more than ten minutes when Hal Franklin arrived with
four whips of varying sizes in hand.  Martin and Hal
had already discussed over the phone the ‘get down to
business immediately’ approach they would employ.
They both walked into the kitchen where Bradley was
doing the dishes.  He was about to say ‘good morning’
to Hal when he saw the whips, and stopped and stared.

Martin told Bradley to reveal the name of the person
who unlocked him.  Bradley said nothing, but he broke
into a cold sweat.  Martin then ordered him to
unbutton and remove his service fatigues.  Bradley
trembled, and his teeth chattered as he undressed.
When he was naked and still placing his fatigues over
the back of a kitchen chair, Martin went up to him,
and grabbed him by the arm, and led him to the door
leading to the basement.  They went down the stairs,
Bradley trembling, and Hal following with his four
whips.

Martin led Bradley and Hal into the basement workroom,
turned on the light, and shut the door.  Bradley was
shocked at what he saw.  He had not realized that his dad had
spent time placing pillows and blankets over the two
basement windows in the room in an attempt to
soundproof them.  He also saw that his father had
turned the workbench into a whipping table.  It was
cleared of tools and wood scraps, covered in a leather
training mat, and straps were fixed to the base for
securing Bradley's legs.

Bradley was led to the table, his legs strapped in
place, and his father bent him over the table just
enough so he could pull out each arm and they could
reach and be attached to two straps that were attached
to hooks in the floor joists overhead.

Hal spoke in a serious tone. "Bradley, we are not
playing games here.  We will not stop whipping you
until you give us the name of the person who unlocked
your infibulation bar."  Bradley was crying, "Please
Dad.  Don't!"

Hal was not interested in pleas.  He picked up his
seven-foot stock whip, pulled on it, and decided
against it.  He took instead his six-foot snake whip,
flexed his arms, and flailed it without warning across
Bradley's back.  The scream that Bradley gave out made
Martin glad that he had soundproofed the windows.
Martin was pleased with that first stroke; he was
angry with Bradley for making things come to this, and
he was thoroughly annoyed with his stubbornness, and
felt a momentary bit of satisfaction, of the ‘that'll
show you!’ variety.

But with the second stroke of the whip and the
following scream, Martin knew he could not take much
more.  Fortunately for him, Bradley had planned in
advance what his strategy would be.  If his father had
done the whipping, he knew he might have been able to
win.  But his father had wisely decided to let Hal do
the whipping, and Bradley immediately realized that
Hal did not intend to stop whipping him until he
revealed his secret, so there was no gain in holding
out any longer.  Even though he knew he could
withstand a few more blows of the whip, there was no
good reason to bear one more blow, so he screamed out.
"Please stop.  I'll tell you who unlocked me."

His father fairly rushed to release Bradley from the
whipping table.  Once released, Martin hugged Bradley,
and through his sobbing Bradley revealed that it was
Jason who had unlocked him.  Martin was incredulous.
"Why on earth would he do that?  He's a professional
trainer with the state?"  When Bradley replied that he
released him because he was in love with him, his
father was certain that Bradley was lying, and had Hal
come over and assist him in strapping Bradley back
down to the whipping table.  Bradley shouted that he
had a letter to prove it.

Both men then released their grip on Bradley and
accompanied him up the stairs and into his room where
he found Jason's letter, and gave it to them.  Martin
read it in silence, and a stunned look came across his
face. "You mean Jason's a homo?"  Bradley, surprised
by the question, just said. "I don't know Dad."
Martin asked how he fell in love with him.  When
Bradley replied again, that he did not know, Martin
asked what Jason had done to him. "Did he do anything
inappropriate to you, son?"  Bradley looked down in
embarrassment, but Martin, mistaking Bradley's
embarrassment for shame at something awful Jason had
done to him, went up and hugged his son.  He then
started to sob.  Bradley did not understand why his
father was weeping, until he spoke. "Oh my dear, dear,
Bradley.  What have I subjected you to?  Why didn't
you tell me Jason was doing stuff to you?"  Bradley
tried to explain that he didn't really do anything
bad; he just fell in love with him from being in close
contact with him.  But his father heard none of it.
He only knew that he had put his son under the total
control of a boy-fucking homo.

Suddenly the tables were turned on Martin as he now
thought of himself as the one guilty of wrongdoing for
putting such a monster in charge of Bradley, and of
Bradley as nothing but an innocent and silent victim.
Bradley knew what was going on, but realized it would
have been futile to try and explain reality to his
father. Bradley was happy that his father was no
longer angry with him, but unhappy that it was for
such a twisted reason.  Suddenly Bradley was very
worried for Jason.

Martin wanted to speak alone with Hal for a bit, and
being overly solicitous of Bradley told him he could
get dressed as they were about to leave the room.  But
Hal countered him. "Now hold on, Martin.  Things may
have been a little rough on Bradley, but remember, he
is still a servant in training and he really should
stay unclothed.  This is not some horrible act of
cruelty!"  He smiled at Martin, Martin realized he was
making a big deal out of nothing, and told his son to
take it easy while he and Hal talked, but to stay
naked.

When Hal and Martin came out of their conference half
an hour later, Bradley was working on the dessert for
the evening meal.  Both Martin and Hal smiled proudly
at Bradley.  Martin told Bradley that Damian
Appomattox had just told him over the phone that a
Level Four punishment was no longer due, but did
recommend, eventually, a Level One punishment
(basically an old-fashioned spanking) for failing to
come forward with information on Jason's offer of
seditious behavior.

As Martin was leaving the house to go to work, he
reminded Hal to prepare Bradley for Inventory Day,
which was coming up at Social Services.  Hal said he
would as he led Bradley to the big living room couch.
Hal sat down on the couch and he had Bradley get on
the couch and recline with his chest directly over his
lap.  That way he had direct access to Bradley's back.
He opened a bottle of antiseptic and soothing lotion,
and squirted it into Bradley's back.  As he rubbed it
in, he heard Bradley moan. "Does it sting?"  Bradley
replied. "No, it feels good."

Now that the unpleasant matter of Bradley allowing his
infibulation bar and ring to be unlocked was over,
Bradley could enjoy things again.  Hal's big hands
felt wonderful to Bradley.  Bradley relaxed as he
tried to sort out his thoughts.  He thought of the
sting in his back as he received his two strokes, and
the man who had delivered them to him was now trying
to soothe him.  Bradley could smell Mr. Franklin.  He
could feel his hands on his back.  Mr. Franklin was
his trainer.  He was going to be spending more time
training him today.  Mr. Franklin was going to help
Bradley become all that he could be.  Bradley knew
that if he did anything wrong the man who was now
doing nice stuff to him, would just as soon do stuff
to him that was not so nice in order to help him learn
to obey.  Bradley was naked on his lap.  Trainers have
that kind of control over social servants.  And that's
what Bradley was.  A social servant.  He got whipped
for withholding information, but now he was being
rewarded for cooperating.  Maybe the system was fair,
after all.

Hal was a man, rubbing his back.  And suddenly that
was what Bradley wanted very much right now, a man to
be close to him.  So great was his need that Bradley
felt no need to discriminate.  He was happy with Hal.
He wondered about Hal, if he had a wife or girl
friend.  Bradley almost fell asleep as Hal rubbed and
soothed his back.  When it was over Hal told Bradley
to turn around and scoot himself more forward so Hal
had access to his groin.

With Bradley's sexual organs now propped up on Hal's
lap, Hal gently grabbed his balls and lifted them up.
He examined the underside of Bradley's cock and balls.
He then took the penis and carefully examined the
infibulation bar and ring, to see if Bradley had
locked it as his father had requested, and to see if
there was any irritation from the piercing.  Hal
complimented Bradley. "Good, I see you went and put
this trouble maker away where it can't get you into
any more nasty situations!"  Bradley looked into Hal's
big green/blue eyes and wanted to reach up and pull
his face into his and kiss him.  Instead, he just
allowed himself to smile at Hal's silly comment about
his ‘trouble maker’.

The assumption that free men know how to use their
dicks more responsibly than social servants was part
of the culture, meant to provide a psychological
justification for the disenfranchisement of social
servants.  It was one of many cultural attitudes that
underpinned society's treatment of social servants.
Such an attitude has its payoff in Vermont for social
servants, where social servants are tended to be
patronized and found amusing, slow, lovable, always
horny, and endearing.  At least such an attitude is
preferable for a social servant than the one found in
states such as Kentucky, where slaves are regarded as
being on the same level as farm animals.

Bradley looked into strong freeman Hal as he handled
his dick.  The fact that in some slight way he
considered Hal to be smart, serious, not always horny,
and as one who probably used his dick responsibly,
meant that the attitude that underpinned society in
general had been inculcated, as well, into Bradley.

Jason had a busy day lined up on his schedule at the
Addison County Social Services Training Center.  His
first morning responsibility was to tally up the
demerit points of all the social servants, and then
deliver punishment to the those servants who had
accumulated totals which warranted discipline.

The first person he sent for was Peter Abelson, a 34
year old carpenter who was in his third week of
training.  Indentured for life because of a serious
accident he caused while driving while drunk, Peter
was a guy everyone liked.  Cute, affable, and buff.
While Jason certainly was enjoying watching the
handsome, bulky, carpenter strip for punishment, he
wasn't enjoying it as much as he would have in the
past because he was obsessed now with Bradley.  And to
Jason's eyes, no one could compare with Bradley.

He had Peter grab on to the punishment table, bend
over slightly, and stick out his butt.  "I've got 15
strokes of the paddle the State of Vermont wants me to
deliver to you.  So stick it out as far as it will go,
and we can get this over with real quickly.  Don't be
afraid to cry, it helps, and no one but I can hear
you!"

Jason whacked away, and after the seventh blow Peter
started crying.  Jason found that telling guys they
could cry if they wanted to always had the effect of
making them cry, even if the punishment wasn't one
that would necessarily make a grown man cry.  Seeing a
chunky cutey get a paddling can get the most jaded
overseer to stiffen, and Jason did.  His stiffy made
Jason think of Bradley.  He resolved himself to
finally call Bradley on his lunch break, and try to
get him to express his honest feelings about him.

As Peter was getting dressed in his fatigues after his
punishment, Jason's supervisor entered his office and
told him that he would take over the morning
punishments, since the Director of Addison County
Social Services wanted to see him.  Jason gave a ‘what
gives?’ look to his supervisor, and exited his office.