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.