Traditional Values

By Randall Austin  
  
**PART TWO**  
  
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Randall Austin’s Archive Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>

At home, as soon as Martin and Bradley had set off for  
the County Social Services Administration Center,  
Martin's wife, Barbara, gathered the remaining  
Forestman children and told them what was going on.   
Because indenturement is understood by most citizens  
of Vermont to be an acceptable financial arrangement,  
not too much was made of Bradley's new status by his  
siblings.  For Bradley's siblings it was kind of like  
being told that he was going off to Australia for a  
few years; new and different, maybe exciting, and  
totally unknown.  
  
His mother explained to her children that Bradley  
would soon be online on the County Social Services  
Administration Center website.  The children quickly  
went up to their rooms to get on to their computers.   
The website was a glamorous affair, soothing music  
played as a voiceover spoke of the grand benefits for  
everyone who participates in Vermont's Social Services  
Programs.  
  
There was a field for registering online if you were  
interested in ‘participating’.  Barbara gave her  
children the access code which Social Services gives  
to family members, and it brought up another scene of  
domestic bliss, soft music, and a huge scroll down  
list of airy photos with the smiling faces of folks of  
all ages.  Soon after logging on Bradley's pictures showed  
up.  Just his face, a somewhat forced smile, but the  
hazing effect made him look good.  Alban announced  
that Bradley was now online and shouted out  
instructions on where to find him on the site from his  
room.  But when the family members tried to click on  
his photo and the photos of the other social servants  
nothing happened.  
  
But soon their mother got an email alert, with the  
full access password from Social Services, and shouted  
out excitedly, "I just got the password.  It just came  
in: ‘rt700forestbrad’.  Mom read first an email from  
her sister that had also just arrived, before she  
checked out her son's publicity shots.  As she started  
to enter the full access password, she wondered why  
her children weren't shouting out in excitement at  
seeing their brother.  
  
The series of almost 40 thumbnail photos of her son  
that showed up on her monitor when she entered the  
password and clicked on Bradley's picture left her  
frozen at her terminal.  Eventually she shook her head  
in disgust at the error she had just made in giving  
out the password.  There on the screen were nude  
photos of her son from every angle, even a close-up of  
his penis with the foreskin tied up with a bar and  
ring.  It was only after two minutes of shaking her  
head at her own stupidity that she clicked on one of  
the photos.  There was her son as she had never seen  
him in over 12 years.  In one full-length photo his  
eyes were red and swollen.  In a photo of him from the  
rear there appeared to be an angry red cane mark  
across his left upper buttock.  In another photo he  
held his lips out of the way so as to reveal his  
teeth.  On one photo he held up his scrotum with  
fingers on each side pulling it wide apart.  On the  
close-up of his ringed and barred penis she couldn't  
even make out what the strange thing did or was for.   
The photos showed that he had been shaved of all pubic  
and underarm hair.  And in the last series of four  
photos he was completely erect and shown from all  
angles.  Photos obviously taken before they put that  
thing on his penis.  In one of the erection photos his  
face was red from embarrassment, and tears could even  
be seen in his eyes.  There was silence throughout the  
house.  
  
The entire family heard dad's car drive up to the  
house, the doors slam, and could hear dad and Bradley  
going into dad's office.  
  
In dad's office, Bradley quickly unbuttoned his slave  
fatigues, since his ankle hobbles prevented him from  
taking them off in the same way he had put them on.   
He grabbed his own trousers, sat on the couch, and as  
he tried to pull them on he quickly realized he would  
not be able to get any of his own slacks on because of  
the ankle hobbles.  He threw his trousers to the side,  
put his head in his hands and started crying again.   
There was a knock at the door and Martin, upset,  
shouted, "Just leave us alone for a few minutes,  
please!"  
  
After a few minutes, Martin reminded his son, "These  
cuffs are just temporary.  Come on, son.  Let's  
realize that.  Once we get settled in everything will  
be the same."  Realizing Bradley would need something  
to wear, dad took the fully unbuttoned fatigues and  
laid them out on the floor.  Bradley knew the easiest  
way for him to get them on would be to do it the same  
way they had dressed him at the processing center; to  
let someone else do it.  So he went and laid naked on  
the back half of the fatigues.  As his dad knelt down  
and started folding the other half of the fatigues  
over his son, and as he buttoned him up, he got a nice  
clear view of all they had done to his son.  His  
collar was wide, lightweight, and somewhat tighter about  
the neck than he had expected it to be, and looked  
very serious.  His armpits and groin were shaved  
completely hairless.  With his son's foreskin tightly  
clamped, barred, and ringed to keep his penis from  
erecting, his penis was kept perpetually in its  
smallest state.  Along with his shaved groin he almost  
looked like a ten-year old boy down there.  And that  
clamp encircling his foreskin, with an inch and a half  
bar going vertically through the foreskin just in  
front of the clamp, and a ring that went through holes  
in both ends of the bars; to his dad it looked like  
it would be very painful if his son got so much as  
even a slight erection.   
  
Once he was fully buttoned and sandaled, dad said,  
"Let's go meet the family."  When they exited there  
was no one there to meet them but mother.  She hugged  
Bradley, but for one brief moment was frightened of  
him in his stark green buttoned-down-the-side fatigues  
that went only half way down his lower legs to  
accommodate the ankle cuffs and hobbles.  When he  
walked she gulped, when she realized he had to keep his  
feet wide apart to walk.  She watched him hobble his  
way back to his room in silence.  She could tell he  
had been traumatized.  She exchanged glances with her  
husband in silence.  When he finally asked where the  
kids were, she said, "I think they're afraid."  
  
Martin and Barbara Forestman were worried about their  
newly indentured son, Bradley.  He was not only in his  
room with the door closed refusing to come out and  
visit with his family, but even after being back home  
for over three hours after his processing he could  
still be heard sniffling and sobbing in his room.   
Barbara suggested that Martin call his brother Steven  
for advice, because he had experience in dealing with  
social servants.  Martin called Steven and Steven said  
he would come over and see if he could help out.  
  
Bradley wasn't the only sullen member of the family.   
Barbara decided to check up on her other children, and  
as she walked into Flora's room she found her daughter  
at the computer looking at some social services'  
pictures of a boy who was about her age. She was  
completely unbothered by her mother's arrival, and  
asked, "Mom, why are these social servants  
photographed without any clothes on?"  
  
"Because, dearie, people want to make sure they aren't  
buying someone who isn’t strong or healthy."  
  
"Mom, why is this boy here, since he's so young?"  
  
"Because, dearie, his parents probably thought it  
would be the best thing for him."  Flora clicked on  
the close-up shot of the boy's penis.  
  
"Mommy, it says this boy is my age, but yet he doesn't  
have any hair down there, just like Bradley doesn't  
have any hair down there.  Don’t boys grow hair down  
there until later?"  
  
"No, they do grow hair at the same time girls do,  
honey, but, again, they are shaved so folks can see  
that their skin is healthy and clear all over.  That's  
all dear."  
  
"Mom, why do all of the boys have that thing on their  
peepees?"  
  
"It's just to help keep them clean, dearie.  It's just  
so that they don't get infected."   
  
As mother finished answering Flora's questions, she  
urged her daughter to get off the computer and not  
visit that website again.  As she and Flora came down  
the stairs they saw Martin and Uncle Steven leading a  
hobbled Bradley into dad's office.  Martin waited  
until Steven and Bradley were in his office, and then  
closed the door to leave the two alone.  Martin  
rejoined his wife and Flora in the sitting room  
outside of his office.  
  
After awhile the voices in dad's office rose and  
occasional words could be made out.  Hearing the  
commotion, Alban and Quince joined the family in the  
sitting room.  "What's going on, dad?" asked both  
boys.  
  
"Uncle Steven is having a talk with Bradley.  Trying  
to get him to relax."  As voices rose, and Steven was  
heard to shout, "You are a social servant now and you  
will act like one!"

Mother announced that she would  
prepare a lunch for the family and Uncle Steven, and  
asked Flora to help her prepare the meal.  As they  
exited they heard Steven trying to put some sense into  
Bradley, "It’s not like you're not going to be  
remunerated for your services.  Not only do your  
owners provide for all of your needs and upkeep, but  
also your dad is taking a sizeable portion of your  
sale and investing it for you.  Now get up and do as I  
tell you to do!"  Flora wanted to stay, but mother  
guided her out into the kitchen.  
  
Occasional shouts and some swearing from Bradley  
continued to be heard for several more minutes.  After  
one very loud, "Just fucking leave me alone!" from  
Bradley there were suddenly no more words exchanged,  
but a lot of scuffling could be heard. After a bit the  
scuffling stopped, and that was followed by a loud  
crack of a belt smacking into bare flesh followed by a  
howl from Bradley.  Then another crack and scream.   
Then another.  Alban and Quince exchanged glances of  
disbelief, and if they were shocked, one can only  
imagine what Bradley was going through.  They could  
picture what was going on.  Uncle Steven was a strong  
man, an athlete and weight lifter.  He would have no  
problem holding Bradley down as he belted his ass.   
But still they had a hard time comprehending what  
changes in the family were taking place.  Bradley was  
a 22-year-old man, and he was getting a strapping on  
his probably bare ass in his own house by his favorite  
uncle.  
  
Martin got up and closed the doors of the sitting room  
to help prevent the sounds from going into the  
kitchen.  He was uncomfortable and tried to explain  
the situation to his boys, "Uncle Steven knows that  
sometimes a little bit of firmness can help with  
adjustments and lead to a better environment for  
everyone where social servants are concerned."  
  
The belting continued and so did Bradley's screaming  
and yelping.  After about six strokes Uncle Steven paused  
for a moment to catch his breath, and then said, "I'm just  
trying to help you to wake up, Bradley, and see that  
this whole thing is not a big deal if you just accept  
it!"  The strapping resumed, as did Bradley's cries.   
After several more cracks of the belt, when Bradley's  
howling finally turned into a sort of heaving gasping  
for breath, accompanied by pleas to 'please stop' the  
punishment, and to promises that he would behave, the  
cracking of the belt against bare skin finally  
stopped.  After a moment Steven came out of the office  
and closed the door behind him.  "I think it would be  
good to let him cry it out for a few minutes, and then in  
about 15 minutes maybe you two boys could go in there  
and help him get back into his fatigues.  He'll need  
help getting dressed from now on."   
  
Everyone was quiet, and suddenly everyone knew that  
things were no longer the same.  Uncle Steven sort of  
took charge.  He gathered the materials given to  
Martin at the processing center and handed the book,  
‘Guidelines: Dealing Effectively with Social  
Servants’, to Quince, and told him and Alban that it  
would behoove matters if they studied it, so they  
could help out their father in the days ahead.  They  
both nodded their heads, making sure their uncle could  
see that they were good boys, who did what they were  
told.  
  
He gave the large manila envelope of colorful posters  
to Alban, and told him he could help out while waiting  
for dinner by posting them about the house.  Martin's  
instincts were strongly against posting them, but he  
didn't want to give the appearance to his family that  
he was confused and uncertain, so he let Steven call  
the shots.  Suddenly Steven was seen as the expert,  
though no one knew exactly why.    
  
When Barbara called out that dinner would be ready in  
five minutes, Steven told the boys to go into their  
father's office and help Bradley get dressed.  Steven  
instructed, "Don't you dare make fun of his condition.  
When you get him dressed bring him to the dinner  
table.  If he says he's not hungry, tell him we want  
him at the dinner table.  We are a family, after all!"  
  
When the boys went into the office, Bradley was lying  
face down on the floor on top of the front half of his  
unbuttoned fatigues, with his head in his arms.   
Quince knelt down beside him, put his hand on  
Bradley's back, and spoke quietly, "Oh Brad, I'm so  
sorry.  We are all so fucking upset over this."   
Bradley grabbed at Quince's knee a couple of times as  
a gesture of thanks, as both Quince and Alban took in  
the sight of their brother's very raw and red  
buttocks, and the strange looking hobbles on his  
ankles, which they did not know about.  The awe  
provoking collar about Bradley's neck emphasized his  
nudity, making him look all the more exposed,  
vulnerable, and servile.    
  
"Its meal time bro, we have to get you dressed."  
Bradley told his brothers to pull the other half of  
his garment over his back, and to button up the sides.  
Alban and Quince did as Bradley told them.  Bradley  
shuddered when the material first touched his  
buttocks.  When he was buttoned up they helped him up  
and walked with him out of the office.  In the hallway  
Bradley headed for his room, and Quince spoke up,  
"Brad, you have to come to the dinner table.  Uncle  
Steven told us to tell you that you have to come."  
  
Whatever desire to be alone Bradley had was dismissed  
by thoughts of again upsetting his Uncle Steven.   
Weary and resigned Bradley made his way towards the  
kitchen, with his brothers following behind.  Alban  
and Quince watched in fascination as their brother tried  
to walk with his legs spread far apart because of the  
training paddles on his ankles.  It looked kind of  
funny.  They both looked at each other and had to  
stick their tongues way out in an effort to stifle  
their desire to laugh.  Quince hit his younger brother  
on the shoulder.  Bradley sensed that he might be the  
object of his younger brothers' amusement.