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.