**Boys Like You**

Part One

By Randall Austin

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

Place: Cedar Rapids, Iowa  
  
Background: In the first half of the 20th Century youth with behavioral  
problems were frequently sent to ‘reformatories’.  The modern equivalent  
of the reform school system is the rehabilitative indenturement program,   
where troubled youth are sent to work during the day; to help pay the  
state for the cost of running the rehabilitation program, and in the  
evening they attend various counseling programs.  
  
Situation: 18-year old Randall J. Inslee was a precocious child, who  
developed his talents and became an excellent violinist, a top student,  
and, unusual for one only about to enter his first year of college, an  
effective, socially concerned, political activist.  His mother doted on  
him; and his 10-year older brother, Dean, although proud of his younger  
brother and a successful lawyer himself, was always somewhat jealous that  
his more multi-skilled brother always ended up being the one in the  
spotlight.  
  
The period when Randall was age 12 through 14 was an especially combative  
time for the brothers. Dean, then a young grad student, frequently came  
home drunk with his friend Earl, and the two would barge into Randall’s  
room at late hours and taunt him.  They would jeer at Randall’s tastefully  
decorated room, tear posters off the wall, call him a “violin playing  
sissy”, and make fun of the fact that he was always super well groomed and  
dressed up all by himself late at night.  
  
Once Dean hit the final stages of his law studies, he gave up his rowdy  
ways, and in general stopped tormenting his brother.  The brothers then  
started treating each other in a rather more cordial fashion, and within  
the last year both brothers began showing an honest respect for each  
other.  
Because the brotherly relationship was always under strain; partly  
because of youthful competitiveness, partly because of egos, partly  
because of their ten-year age difference, and partly because of differing  
philosophies and values; the two brothers never shared things of an  
intimate nature.  Randall was gay, but not openly so to his family.  He  
didn’t try to hide it and his mother and Dean never asked about it.  In  
the same way, Dean and his best friend, Earl, were bisexual.  Although  
Dean and Earl never had sexual relations with each other, they became good  
friends with each other because of their common sexual orientation.   
Because of their conservative beliefs, they spoke about sexual matters  
with each other only infrequently; and when they did talk about sex, it  
was in a generalized macho-posturing way.  
  
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In the past, when a knock on his bedroom door was followed by it being  
opened by his older brother, Dean, accompanied by his best pal, Earl,   
Randall would have been frightened.  When it happened again on an early  
Wednesday afternoon in mid-August, four years since the last barge-in  
event and Randall saw Dean and Earl entering his room, he was caught off  
guard and therefore was surprised rather than frightened.  
  
Randall only looked wonderingly at the two, and Dean’s words and demeanor  
gave Randall no cause for alarm, “I’m sorry, Randy, I wasn’t really sure  
if I would find you here.”  
  
Randall smiled, “No problem.  What’s up?”  
  
Dean asked, “Do you have a moment?”  
  
Randall nodded, “Sure!  Come on in.”  
  
Dean was pleased, “Good.  Do you think we could chat downstairs?  I have  
Earl with me, and we don’t want to invade your private area here in your  
room.”  
  
Randall was amazed at how considerate and mature his brother and Earl were  
acting, compared to when they were younger. “We can go downstairs.  But I  
have no problem with you two being here, in my room.”  
  
Dean explained that Earl was not a family member and therefore he would be  
more comfortable if all three of them chatted in an area that was not  
Randall’s private space.  Randall acknowledged his appreciation of Dean’s  
consideration, and the three of them went down into the room that used to  
be Randall’s father’s study.    
  
Mr. Brian Inslee separated from Randall and Dean’s mother when Randall was  
eleven years old, and his presence was felt chiefly in his generous  
financial support of his family.  He remained in formal contact with both  
of his sons, displayed great concern for their wellbeing, but actually  
spent very little time with them.  It was clear to both Dean and Randall  
that their father obviously felt a need to distance himself from his wife  
and their children, they never understood it, but because they both led  
such well balanced and active lives they never felt compelled to explore  
the reasons for their parents’ separation.  
  
Dean invited Randall and Earl to have a seat in one of the large  
comfortable chairs situated around a centrally located coffee table.  On  
the coffee table were three folders.  
  
As they sat down Earl complimented Randall, “That’s a real nice tie you’re  
wearing.”  
  
Randall was proud, “Thanks.  It’s one of my favorites.”  
  
Earl continued, “But you always dress great.”  Earl tapped Dean on his  
shoulder, “You and I should start paying more attention to the way we  
dress!”  
  
“I know that I should.  Randall has always been trying to get me to be  
more fashion conscious.  I just can’t figure it all out.  The only way I  
can feel safe and secure is in my Brooks Brothers suit.”   
  
Everyone laughed, and when the laughter died down, Dean began, “Randall.   
What I have to say is important.  It’s kind of a big deal, and it’s kind  
of not a big deal at all, so… well.  What I’m trying to say is there is  
no reason for you to be upset.  And I don’t want you to be upset.”  
  
Randall now looked concerned.  
  
“Bro, your mom, our family physician, Dr. Clark, an official from the  
state DSS office, and I, have been having some talks over the last couple  
of months.  Some important decisions have been made on your behalf and I  
have to explain to you what’s up.  I have some important papers to show  
you.”  Dean handed out a folder to Randall and Earl and kept one for  
himself.  “I made copies of my originals for the both of you.”  
  
Randall’s stomach flurried from the uncertainty of the situation as he  
opened the folder.  Inside of the folder Randall saw legal documents from  
the Iowa State Department of Social Services and he swallowed hard.  Dean  
explained, “What we have here, Randy, are documents certifying that you  
have been committed to ‘Stage One’ of the Iowa State Rehabilitative  
Indenturement Program, effective at 10 AM this morning.”  
  
Randall blurted out, “What the hell?”  
  
“Hold on Randy.  Listen to what I have to say before you let yourself get  
upset.  It’s not as bad as you might think.”   
  
“But this is crazy!”  
  
“Randy!  Please stay calm and just listen to me.  Everything’s okay  
buddy.  Nothing bad is going to happen to you.  I’m here to make certain  
of that!”  
  
Randall started breathing heavily, and a worried look on his face turned  
his soft features hard.  
  
Dean began in a soft voice, “Mom has been real concerned about you for the  
last couple of years.  You’ve been arrested six times.  Six times, bro!   
Not only is mom concerned, but it has caused her much personal grief, and  
so she began talking with some behavioral experts, and they suggested to  
her that a rather unwholesome pattern was developing.”  
  
Randal was mad, “Oh crize!  Those were mainly group arrests for protests!   
Most seasoned activists are proud of their arrest records.  I know that I  
am!”  
  
Dean countered, “What about throwing that brick through the window of that  
lab researcher’s house?  You nearly scared his wife and child to death!”  
  
Randall shook his head, “Bro, get real.  Someone has to take a stand  
against the kind of research and abuse of the environment that’s going on  
at Frankfort-Carlton Industries!”  
  
Dean nodded almost in agreement with Randall, “I know bro.  But Dr. Clark  
explained to mom how individuals can sometimes mask anti-social tendencies  
by taking on what seem to be good causes, and then using the forums  
provided in those causes as platforms for their own anti-social, hateful,   
even violent, tendencies.  Some experts believe that certain individuals  
use such activist forums as excuses to vent their anger at the world.”   
  
Randall shook his head in disbelief, “Do you honestly believe that about  
me, Dean?”  
  
Dean sympathized, “I know.  It struck me as crazy too, at first.”  
  
Randall was almost furious, “Dr. Clark is a seventy year old anal  
retentive fogy.”  
  
Dean nodded, “Some of the stuff he says sounds old fashioned to me as  
well.  But it wasn’t just Dr. Clark who convinced mom.  The people at  
Social Services looked at your police record, your academic record,   
everything.  They put it all together, analyzed it, and then explained to  
mom and to me, rather convincingly I must say, that because you are so  
smart and talented, that it is especially important in your case that  
safeguards are taken to protect you so that you don’t get on a destructive  
and/or self-destructive path.”  
  
Randall shook his head in disbelief, “Jjjezzuzcris man, that is such  
fucking shit!”  
  
“I really sort of felt the same way at first, Randy.  I know, or at least  
I tend to believe, that you don’t have any destructive tendencies.  But  
what the head psychiatrist at Social Services explained to mom and me was  
that the very fact that you are so well balanced in everything, except at  
those rallies you attend, that you may be going through a self-destructive  
phase.  And an individual who is going through such a phase is totally  
unaware of it.  It is exactly your kind of dual lifestyle; where on one  
hand you are the super talented and dedicated violin player, so precious  
and so worth protecting and nurturing; and on the other an angry rock  
thrower, who acts without regard for the consequences of his actions;  
that is what concerns the experts.”  
  
Dean swallowed, and looked like what he was about to say was difficult,   
“And Randy, dude, I think it’s come time for us to air some of our dirty  
laundry.  It’s hard for me to tell you this, bro, cause it could look like  
I was being sneaky or something, but I had to confiscate some of your  
things from your room: some notebooks and some toys.  And I had a computer  
expert come here and copy your computer’s hard drive and unlock some  
files.”  
  
Randall gave a look that was both worried and angry.  Dean tried to calm  
Randy down before continuing, “It’s for the best, Randy, because good will  
come out of it.  I didn’t want to have to do it, because I respect your  
privacy, but there comes a time when love has to override respect.  The  
computer guy unlocked all of your locked files, and what I found, bro…  
and I’m being honest… I felt duty bound out of my concern for you to  
share with our consultants at Social Services.  Bro, I think you know what  
I’m talking about.  First there were all of those pictures of yourself,   
bro, naked.  And the fact that they were mixed in with other pornographic  
images was disconcerting.  The psychiatrist at Social Services explained  
that sexual narcissism is an issue of concern when it’s considered alongside

other aspects of your personality, such as your lawless behavior when  
your with your activist pals.  And couple all of that with your sense of  
entitlement, the way you feel superior to everyone, critical of everything  
and everyone.  I’m not exactly sure the way the psychiatrist put it, but  
it was troubling to him because you obviously think of yourself as the  
center of the universe.”  
  
Randall’s sense of embarrassment at his naked self-pictures almost overrode  
his anger, but he still expressed himself, “I don’t think it’s anyone’s  
gawdamn business that I have pictures of myself that I may have wanted to  
share with someone else.”  
  
Randall’s anger only tended to reinforce for Dean that the psychiatrist  
was correct.  Dean continued, “But that’s not the worst of it, bro.  I  
found in your writings these little poems and stories.  Really dirty  
little poems.  There was a story about a man in prison being raped.  There  
was a poem about being tied up.  I read them and thought, ‘Wow, what’s  
happened to my little brother.  What is all this filthy shit?’  But worst  
of all bro, was that there was so much of it, bro.  That was as bothering  
as the content.  I was shocked, Randy.  Just how much time are you  
spending doing this porn shit?”  
  
“And then I found some of your… what can I call them? Toys!  It was  
hard for me to bring myself to tell mom about some of what I found.  There  
was that cock dildo, and all those cock straps and rings.  What in the  
fuck are you doing up there in your room with all that stuff.  Mom and I  
thought all of this time you were up there studying.  And you must have  
spent a fortune on some of that crap.  Where is that money coming from?   
Is it coming from money you’re supposed to be using on school?”  
  
“I wondered, is Randy some kind of secret pig boy? I thought to myself, I  
can’t let my little brother continue to wallow in such shit!  I have to do  
something.”  
  
“When I showed those writings to mom and the psychiatrist, and told them  
about all of your sex toys, that kind of did it.  The psychiatrist put it  
all together and concluded that all of it, your self-porn, the hours you  
waste on filth, your destructive tendencies, pointed to a clear pattern of  
unacceptable behavior that needed intervention.”  
  
Randall was stunned.  Dean continued, “I know it’s a bit overwhelming  
Randy, but those Social Services experts came up with all kinds of data  
and case histories that convinced mom she needed to be concerned and take  
action.  And then when they let her know that the Stage One program was  
designed to help and protect you, not punish you, and also that it was  
only for one year, then it finally convinced mom she needed to do this.”   
  
Randall could only shake his head and sigh, “Holy shit!”  
  
Dean nodded in agreement, “I know how you’re feeling, Bro.  That it’s come  
to this really sucks!  I know you must be all embarrassed suddenly being  
exposed to the light like this.  Your filthy little secrets out in the  
open.  But it was only a matter of time before it all came out.  You need  
to be cleansed, little bro.  Big time!”  
  
Randy spoke quietly, “This is really fucking arrogant of you, Dean.”  
  
Dean spoke quietly, “Randy, can you hear yourself?  Why are you talking to  
me that way?  I love you.  Mom and I are trying to help you.”  
  
Randy couldn’t contain his anger, “I bet if I brought over some computer  
expert, we could find some pretty interesting stuff on your computer too.”  
“Bro, no time to get defensive.  I’m not trying to make too much of the  
sex shit, nor did the experts at Social Services, but it’s the overall  
picture that troubled the experts.  But don’t get me wrong, either; that  
sex crap is a serious matter, and Social Services intends to work with you  
on that problem.”  
  
Dean paused a bit, realizing that Randall had been seriously humiliated by  
the public revelation of his pornography obsession, “I’m aware that  
sometimes those ‘psych people’ come up with wacky interpretations. And  
mom is aware too, that a lot of the things that psychologists say are  
just bunch of gobbledygook.  But since the Stage One program is just for  
one year, and because you are so precious to us, we both decided to go  
ahead and give the so-called ‘experts’ a chance.  I mean, they can’t all  
be wrong.”  
  
Randall’s face furrowed, like he was about to cry, so Dean reached out his  
hand and touched him gently on his leg.  He spoke quietly, “Randy, I can’t  
begin to tell you how much mom was worried that you might take what we are  
doing for you in the wrong way.  Neither mom nor I think you are a bad  
kid, or unbalanced.  Just the opposite, in fact!  Maybe mom and I are too  
protective of you.  But we both feel that if we didn’t do something, and  
the experts were right and you went down the wrong path, then neither one  
of us would have been able to ever be at peace with ourselves.”  
  
Dean and Earl looked at each other, and nodded in silent agreement that it  
was a tough situation that was going about as well as expected.  After a  
bit of silent commiseration, Dean spoke, “Let me explain a little about  
how this whole thing is going to work.  Mom and I have had to spend quite  
a bit of time with the folks at Social Services; their psychiatrists,  
their trainers, and their lawyers; that we learned quite a bit about the  
system.”  
  
“Also, that’s the reason I have Earl here.  I thought he could be helpful  
to both of us.  Earl lived in Florida until he was 20, then his family  
moved here to Cedar Rapids.  Earl’s family has always had either slaves or  
social servants for his entire life, so he is very knowledgeable about  
these things.  I thought it could be helpful to have him here, so that if  
either you or I have any questions, we can ask Earl.  And Earl, I would  
like you to feel free to jump into our conversation at any time if you  
have any information that could shed light on the discussion.”  
  
Earl nodded seriously, indicating his willingness to help.  
  
“I’ve also asked Earl to bring along photos of some of his family’s  
servants, so he can show us what a typical day is like for servants.”   
  
“But most importantly, Earl is also going to help make this day a lot less  
traumatic for you.  If it weren’t for Earl being here, I would have had to  
take you down to the Social Services processing facility to get a few  
things done to you that need to be done to boys in the Rehabilitative  
Indenturement program.  Earl knows how to do all of these things, so he is  
saving us a stressful trip out to the processing center.”  
  
Randall was nervous, “Bro, what are you talking about?”  
  
“Just a few standard items that all boys in the Rehabilitative  
Indenturement program have to get fitted with: a little collar and a  
cinch, and some braces.”  
  
Randall shook his head and, in a voice that sounded like it would break  
into tears, protested, “Braces?  I don’t want to have to wear braces,   
Dean.  What kind of braces?”  
  
“Leg braces are pretty standard, Randy.  After a couple of days you won’t  
even know you have them on.  Earl will be putting them on you in just a  
little bit.”  
  
Dean paused a bit, relieved that Randy had stopped whining, “The braces,   
cinch, and collar, are what’s in some of those packages in the back seat  
of my car, which you asked me about earlier.  It’s all stuff Social  
Services gave mom and me when we signed the papers this morning committing  
you to Rehabilitative Indenturement.  There’s also a couple of uniforms,   
sandals, reading materials for the both of us, and a few other items that  
mom and me are legally required to have on hand.”  
  
Randall did not want to hear any more details about what was in the back  
seat of Dean’s car.  But he wondered where his mother was, and asked Dean.  
Dean explained that his mother was making a trip to Arizona to visit her  
sister.  “She’s going to be gone for a month.  Social Services suggested  
that it would be good for her to be out of the house while you are getting  
broken in.”  
  
Randall’s face was a giant frown, “What are you talking about, Dean,   
getting ‘broken in’?”  
  
“Bro, it’s just a period where you get used to your new schedule, and all  
of the things you have to do.”  
  
Randall suddenly shrugged his shoulders and decided to stand firm, “Look.   
You can say I’m in ‘Stage One’ if you want, but I’m going to be doing as I  
please, and I’m not following any schedule other than my own!”  
  
Dean remained calm in the face of Randall’s defiance, and calmly took  
three papers out from his folder, “I have three papers here that I have to  
have you sign.”  
  
Randall smiled sarcastically, “Well, I’m not signing anything, because I  
don’t agree to join this program.”  
  
Dean scratched his cheekbone, “You are already in the program.  Your  
signature wasn’t needed for that.  I have to get you to sign these three  
documents as verification that you’ve seen them.”  
  
Randall stood up, then started to walk in circles, “Look Dean, I’m not  
signing anything.  You and mom can sign all the papers you want, but I’m  
not participating.  This is all silly.  It’s gone far enough.  Get mom on  
the phone and tell her to get her ass back over here!”  
  
“Randall!”  
  
“She’s been drinking a lot lately.  She’s the one who should be committed  
to some program!”  
  
Dean watched Randall vent.  After awhile he said quietly, “You didn’t mean  
any of what you just said, correct?”  
  
Randall said nothing, but sat back down in the chair, frustrated.  
  
Dean spoke, “The reason I need you to sign these three papers, Randy, is  
because I, too, am now under the law.  I have put myself on the line by  
agreeing to be your chief guardian or overseer, and therefore I am legally  
responsible for you fulfilling the requirements of the program.  I didn’t  
have to take on this responsibility.  I did it because I love you.  If I  
hadn’t agreed to it, you would now be in custody of the state, in the  
rehab unit of Social Services.  By having me as your guardian, you get to  
live at home during your period of indenturement.  And if you fail at the  
program, I am legally responsible!  I did it for you, bro. Because I love  
you.”  
  
Randall was moved at hearing of Dean’s commitment, but still spoke with  
some contempt in his voice, “What are the three papers you want me to  
sign?”  
  
Dean held up a document for Randall to see, “This document is your order  
of indenturement, specifying that you have been committed to ‘Stage One’  
of the Iowa State Rehabilitative Indenturement Program as of 10 AM this  
morning.”  
  
Dean passed the document on to Randall and held up the next document,   
“This document simply spells out the requirements of the ‘Stage One’  
program, and the consequences of failing to meet the program’s standards.   
‘Stage One’ is a piece of cake.  You’ll be living at home, and if you do  
well, you’re out of the program in one year.  However, if you fail to  
maintain a higher than ‘fair’ status on a regular basis, then it gets  
serious; you’re then taken from our home and sent on to ‘Stage Two’, which  
is the Iowa State’s five-year Total Reform Indenturement Program.  And  
that would be a totally hairy and serious situation, not only for you, but  
for mom and me as well.  How do you think we’d feel knowing that for five  
years you’d be in an intensive labor program, slaving away wearing nothing  
but a catheter condom and hard-labor foundry boots?”  
    
Randall grabbed the document, but rather than study it he merely stared at  
it in disbelief.  Dean waited a bit until Randall had time to take in what  
he had just heard, and then he held up the last document, “This document  
designates me as your chief overseer.  That means I have full charge over  
you and the final say on all control matters.  Mom designated me for the  
position because she felt she wouldn’t be up to the task of calling for  
any special procedures for you should they be needed.  So, little brother,   
this means that I’m sort of in charge of every aspect of your life now.”  
  
Randall put his head in his hands, and asked, “What do you mean, ‘special  
procedures’?”  
  
“Bro, we don’t foresee anything like that being needed.  But should there  
be problems; say you weren’t complying with the program requirements, and  
they were hitting me with fines for your non-compliance; then, in that  
unlikely case, certain humane discipline procedures are recommended.”   
  
As Randall continued to hold his head in his hands, he shook it in  
disbelief.  Dean spoke, “But Bro.  Not to worry.  That’s why I agreed to  
sign on as your chief controlling overseer, because together we’re going  
to make it through this thing with no problems.  Because I love you, man!   
I fucking love you, and I am going to take such good care of you!”  
  
Dean reached his hand over and rubbed Randall hard on the shoulders.   
Randall dropped his hands from his face, looked at Dean, attempted a  
smile, and Dean could see that there were tears in Randall’s eyes.

To Be Continued…

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