**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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