**Boys Like You**

Part Two

By Randall Austin

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When he had collected himself, Randall signed the
three documents affirming that he had seen them.
Dean collected the documents and returned them to his
folder.  Dean explained, “In the folders I gave you,
Randy and Earl, are copies of the requirements of the
‘Stage One’ program, plus a daily work and class
schedule for Randy.  Randy, starting on Monday, every
weekday morning you will be catching the 7:30 bus and
going…”

Randall interrupted, “Hold on.  I’m not taking the
bus.  I’ve got a car.”

Dean shook his head ‘no’ with a look of sheepish
regret, “Sorry, Randy.  People in the rehabilitative
indenturement program are not allowed to drive.  One
of the things that’s on my ‘to do’ list from Social
Services is to confiscate your driver’s license, all
of your identification cards and badges, all of
your credit cards and your car keys.  It is now illegal

for you to drive.  And the state has already frozen all of your
bank accounts.”

Randall was slowly beginning to feel less like the man
he was only an hour ago.

Dean noted Randall’s resignation, “Randy, you pretty
much aren’t allowed to do any of the things you are
used to doing without my permission.  Even such a
thing as going out of the house has to be with my
permission.  And if you ever do go out in public, you
must always be wearing the special yellow jumpsuit
that folks in the rehabilitative indenturement program
have to wear at all times.  And so just to be on the
safe side, I want you wearing it at all times, even
here in the house.”

“Dean, what the hell?”

“Look bro, if you were to be spotted wearing something
other than that jumpsuit I would be fined, and it
would be a mark on your record.  Too many marks and
we’re talking about losing five years of your life.
I’m in charge, and I’m not going to let anything bad
happen to you.  We are not taking any risks.  So
you’re to be jumpsuited at all times, even in the
house, except when you’re on naked time.”

In disbelief Randall asked, “What did you say?”

Dean explained, “In your folder I’ve photocopied some
of the general guidelines on control the State gave
me.  It basically outlines various unacceptable modes
of behavior, and what I am legally required to do in
response should you ever display such behavior.  I
just copied it for you to let you see what I’ve been
saddled with.  I sure in the hell hope it never comes
to me having to do any of that stuff.  In public I
would have no choice but to act according to the
guidelines.  But here at home I do have some
flexibility and can take into account extenuating
circumstances regarding any misbehavior.  But one of
the recommended responses to a servant in the rehab
program who is sulking, sullen, or in any way
displaying ill humor is to order them to disrobe.
Apparently keeping a servant naked does wonders for
attitude problems.”

Earl nodded and joined in the conversation, “It sure
does.  I can testify to that.  It’s amazing, really.
A totally safe and humane procedure that works
wonders.”

Dean asked Earl if he used naked time frequently.

“Not really.  I don’t have to anymore.  I think the thing
that you will soon find out and be the most surprised
by in your first months of guardianship is that
discipline really works, especially if it’s memorable
enough for the servant.  I know that when we made our
servant Peter go bare for a day it had a dramatic
effect on him, and he has been super agreeable ever
since.  I just bet if it ever comes around that you
need to do it to little Randall; have him hobbling
around the house in his braces, all baby-naked,
bald-headed and jug-eared; it would make him think
twice about ever pouting again.”

Randall wanted to escape.

Dean continued, “As I was saying, starting on Monday,
every weekday morning you will be catching the 7:30
bus and going downtown to the Social Services
building.  From 8 to 3 each day you will be working
for the City Parks Department.  You’ve seen those
green vans pull up to the bus stops, then the doors
open and four or so yellow jumpsuited social servants
in the rehab program jump out and empty the trash,
pick up the paper, debris, and trash, scrape the gum
off the pavement, hop back in the van, and then go on
to the next trash container, public restroom, or bus
stop.  That’s what you’ll be doing.  Then after your
workday, they take you back to the Social Services
building, and from 3 to 7 PM you attend various
counseling sessions and rehab classes.  Then after
classes you catch a bus and come directly back home.”

Randall swallowed, “Those boys in the yellow jumpsuits
are in the rehabilitative indenturement program?”

Dean nodded, “Yup!”

Randall was looking more and more like a little
brother to Dean as his face furrowed, “But those boys
are bald and they walk funny, like they got shit in
their pants.  And some of them have weird giant bulges
in the crotches of their jumpsuits.”

Earl answered, “That funny walk of theirs is due to
their leg braces.  When they work in public the braces
are tightened to a number 7 or so.  Once you’re at
home, Dean is allowed to take the setting down to a 2
or 3, so it’ll give you more freedom of movement.
I’ll be showing Dean how to fix the settings when I
brace you up in just a little bit.”

Almost every word stunned Randall, and he listened in
silence as Earl continued, “And that bulge in their
crotch is the genital cage that attaches to the
genital cinch which I’ll be fitting you with in just a
little bit as well. The cinch is a metallic band studded with
shanks that go around the base of the cock and
balls.  The shanks make it easy to attach a cage that
locks away your genitals.  The model used here in Linn
County is quite a large contraption, but it’s
lightweight and completely protects the genitals from
any possible stimulation.  That’s why it makes such a
big, noticeable bulge in those servants’ jumpsuits.

If you see a servant boy in the rehab program with a
big bulge in the crotch of his jumpsuit, you know he’s
been naughty.  But that genital cage is what helps
naughty boys get back to being nice boys, real
quickly.  That’s the way they do punishment in the
rehab program, totally humane.  Dean’s got one of
those cock cages in his car, so we can show you what
it looks like up close.”

Dean joined in, “The cinch is standard on all
criminally indentured servants and those in the rehab
program.  It’s only a precaution.  If mom and I feel
that you’re not getting with the program, and it looks
like you could be in danger of not passing ‘Stage One’
successfully, then I would attach the cage to your
cinch.  Or, even though boys in the rehabilitative
indenturement program aren’t allowed access to
pornographic materials and that’s one of the reasons
the experts thought the ‘Stage One’ program would be
the right one for you; if I feel there is something
going on with your compulsive sex problem, say you
were always getting boners during your inspections or
such things, then I might have to go ahead and slap
that cage on you.  So no more unaccompanied time on
the computer for you, bro.”

Randall asked angrily, “What are you talking about
‘inspections’?”

“Randy, I’m not sending you off each morning without
making sure that there’s not a stubble of hair on your
pubes, pits, or pretty face.  They want you shaved
tight and clean, and I’m fined if you show up at work
not properly trimmed and kitted.”

Dean shrugged his shoulders, “I know that it all
sounds medieval, but the officials at DSS that mom and I
have spoken with, and all the material we’ve read, say
that genital-control is one of the most effective and
humane methods of discipline and control.”

In an attempt to lighten Randall’s concern, Earl
touched Randall affectionately, “You’re little noodle
is under your brother’s control now, Randy, so you
better be a good boy!”

Randall looked dazed, and Dean was concerned, “Look
Randall, just face it.  That’s the best way to get out
of a problem; face it and deal with it.  And the fact
is that you may have a problem; a compulsive obsession
with pornography.  I mean, bro, I’ll be honest; I
certainly enjoy looking at pictures of naked babes.  I
like a little porn now and then.”  Dean looked at Earl
and smiled, “Hell, who doesn’t?  But we found
thousands and thousands of pictures on your computer.

Don’t say there’s not a problem.  Then add to that,
mixed in with all those thousands of pictures of mainly
naked guys, are pictures of you posing like the best
of them.  You had your body all oiled up in some of
the pictures, you’re in weird poses, you got your hair all
done up like a whore-boy, and even doing muscle-boy
poses with an erection.”  Dean saw Earl shaking his
head in disbelief.  “So, Randy, don’t go saying you
don’t have a problem of some kind.”

When Randall just looked down without saying anything,
Earl spoke, “Don’t feel bad, Dean.  I’ve got a little
brother, too, who has a serious wanking problem.  It’s
embarrassing for me to admit it, so I know how you
feel.”

Randall looked like he would finally break down in
tears, so Dean faced him and grabbed both of his
shoulders, and give him a big smile, “Look at me, bro.
Now give me a smile.”  When there was no smile
coming, Dean continued anyway, “Now don’t you get bent
out of shape Randy.

All of these things are just precautions.  We’re only

doing this to you because we love you.  You’re not

like some total creep or anything.  Remember, the

‘Stage One’ program is designed to help and protect

you, not punish you.

There are hundreds of other guys out there just like
you who need the extra support that a program like
this can give.  Boys like you need to be taken by the
hand and given a little extra help and protection, a
little direction, that’s all.  I want you to know that
being in this role feels really special to me.  It
even feels good.  I think this whole experience is
going to help us bond with each other in a really
meaningful way.”

Almost inaudibly Randy asked, “What about school?”

“Your college has already been notified that your
studies have been postponed for one year.  The ‘Stage
One’ program demands your full time cooperation, so
you will not be continuing with your studies while in
the program.  So you will be set behind one year.  But
again, and this is important, the experts at Social
Services explained to us that for someone like you who
is so accustomed to success, being set back a year
will have a salutary effect, in the long run, on your
self-image.  It’s all a part of what makes for an
effective rehab program.”

Randall snorted, “I don’t get it!”

Dean explained, “The psychiatrist at Social Services
explained to mom and me that one of the things you
needed was to be brought down a peg or two.  He
explained that being set back in your academic studies
would sort of get you off your kind of ‘high horse’
thinking, where you take all of your success in life
for granted.  He said it’s one of the things the
program offers that really helps boys in the program;
helping them realize that no one is independent, and
that we all need to be team players.  According to the
psychiatrist, boys like you get into trouble because
you find life too easy, and that’s why you feel like
you are specially entitled. And that is also the reason

that you are subconsciously sinking into a self-destructive

mode by spending all of your time on that porn shit and
letting yourself get arrested.”

Dean wasn’t sure if he had explained that exactly the
way the psychiatrist had, but he continued anyway.
“The neat thing about the timing of this, it being mid
August, is that it won’t interrupt your schooling in
mid-term.  That way, if you successfully conclude the
‘Stage One’ program, you can enter your first year of
college, just delayed by one year.

It’s fairly common for kids to not enter college right

out of high school.  A lot of them take a year off to go
traveling, and such.”

Randall looked towards the window in the study, gazing
at the blue sky, “I just don’t know about any of this.
I’m going to give dad a call.  He’ll get me out of this.”

Dean was hurt, “Randy, what you just said was kind of
like a slap in the face to me.”

Randall was surprised, “How so?”

“Mom told me once, when dad first left us, that I was
to take extra good care of my little brother now that
he didn’t have a dad around all the time.  And I did
that bro.  I did my best to be there for you.  I was
like a father to you.  I drove you to school, picked
you up from your music lessons, and I helped you in your
studies.  Suddenly all I’ve done for you is nothing
and you want to run to dad.”

Randall was surprised to find out he had hurt Dean’s
feelings, “No, Dean.  That’s not what I meant at all.
I appreciate all you’ve done for me.  I’m just saying
maybe dad can offer some different kind of help for
me, get me out of this legally.”

“Randy, little brother, have you forgotten?  Dad’s not
the only lawyer in the family.  I’m a lawyer too.  And
I know, probably better than dad, what your options
are.  You don’t need to go running to him.”

Dean paused a bit, and then realized he needed to help
Randall understand the depth of his concern for him,
“Randy, I instigated this whole thing.  I was the one
who was even more worried for you than mom was.  Don’t
you understand that I’m the one who sort of got the
ball rolling on all of this?  I was the one who knew
that it was important to get you some kind of help.  I
looked at all of the options, and then I acted on my
concern.  I’m the one who directed mom to the Social
Services web site and showed her the help they could
offer us.  I think I know a little bit more about
what’s going on with you than dad does.  And now
you’re acting like what I’ve done for you has been
nothing but to mess up your life rather than to try
and help you.”
“Please, Dean.  Don’t be hurt.  I know you care about
me.  I wasn’t trying to put down all of the things
you’ve done for me.  I’m sorry.”  Randall couldn’t
believe that his brother was hurt that he had
mentioned seeking help from his father, and he also
couldn’t believe that he was apologizing for having
done so.  He was confused.

He was also completely caught off guard when Dean came
up to him and hugged him, “Thanks Randall.  Your
apology means a lot to me.”  The hug felt good to
Dean, “It feels kind of good having you under my
control again, Randy.  It’s like having a little
brother to care for all over again.”

Earl, too, was enthusiastic, “This is great.  You two
are really a couple of cool looking brothers.”

Dean grabbed Randall’s chin tenderly, and spoke
quietly, “Come on, Randy.  Try to relax, just for me.”
He looked sincerely into his brother’s face, “How
about a smile?”

Randall needed to relax, so he gazed into his older
brother’s face and accepted the comfort that was being
offered, and after a bit he smiled into the face of his
older brother.  When, next, Dean tightened his hug as
much as he could, Randall realized that before his
indenturement his brother would never have hugged him.

As he finally allowed himself to relax in his
brother’s embrace, Randall wondered, if only for a
moment, if maybe such a brotherly hug was well worth a
year of indenturement.  The hug felt wonderful to
Randall.  And he figured it must have felt wonderful
to Dean, as well, because it went on for so long.

And Randall was especially surprised when Dean started
to slowly rock back and forth as he clasped him in his
arms.  Randall almost forgot his predicament.  He felt
his brother’s lips touch his ear, and suddenly he felt
wonderful.  He then heard his brother whisper, whisper
his name.

He could not comprehend the rare ecstasy
that so comforted him.  He felt the warmth of his
brother’s breath on his ear, whispering, “Okay, little
guy.  Let’s get you into the bathroom.  It’s haircut
time!”

To Be Continued…

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