**Boys Like You**

Part Two

By Randall Austin

This story is erotic fiction meant for mature readers and should only be read by adults over the age of eighteen years old. Please do not use my stories without my permission and please forward all comments to [randallaustin2011@hotmail.com](mailto:randallaustin2011@hotmail.com)

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

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…

For more of Randall Austin Stories, Please join his Archive group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>