**Boys Like You**

Part Three

By Randall Austin

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Nothing made Randall fight his predicament more than  
when Dean ordered him into the bathroom to get his  
hair clipped off.  Dean was taken aback at Randall’s  
intense resistance.   
  
Earl attempted to reason with Randall, “Look Randall,  
I hate to be blunt, but your days of being Mr. Fancy  
Hair are over, at least for a year.  And the sooner  
you accept that things are going to be a little  
different now, the sooner you’ll have an easier time  
of it.  So just let your brother do what he needs to  
do.”  
  
Dean put a hand on Randall’s shoulder, “Come on bro,  
take your shirt off now and sit down on this stool.”  
  
As Randall reluctantly complied, Dean encouraged him,  
“It’ll be just like old times.  Remember how when you  
were a kid I used to give you your haircut.”   
  
As Randall removed his shirt the sight of his smooth  
skinned torso delighted both Dean and Earl.    
  
As Dean plugged in the clippers he spoke, “When you  
had your last hair styling appointment two weeks ago,   
mom and I had already made the commitment to have  
you indentured.  But she didn’t want me to say  
anything to you then just in order to save you $40 at  
the salon.  Social Services says it’s always best  
not let a person know ahead of time of an involuntary  
indenturement.”  
  
Earl explained, “It’s the old ‘always take ‘em by  
surprise’ tactic!”  
  
As Dean plugged in the clippers, Randall started  
fidgeting.  As Dean looked for the turn on switch,  
Randall pleaded, “Dean, please don’t do this to me.”  
  
Dean found the switch, turned it on, and said, “We  
have no say in this matter, Randy.  All the boys in  
‘Stage One’ have to be clipped and shaved.”  When Dean  
slid the clippers into Randy’s hair and the first  
clump of his beautifully styled hair fell onto his  
bare chest, Randall started sobbing out loud.  Dean  
tried to comfort Randall, “It’s exactly like when you  
were a kid.  You would always cry when I clipped you!”  
  
Watching a proud kid like Randall get clipped and  
tamed was always a major turn-on for Earl, as it is  
for most people who handle servants with any  
regularity.  Earl was a socially aware, smart, young,  
man, who was used to being around and controlling  
servants.  It is not uncommon for overseers to erect  
while controlling slaves.  Such simple things as  
giving out work orders to social servants, or showing  
them how to do some new task, can fill an overseer  
with that special ‘pride of control’ feeling that is  
one of the rewards of dedicated overseership.  But,  
Earl, like most overseers in the United States, out of  
standard accepted social decorum, does not allow  
himself to erect around slaves when in public. As Earl  
did what he had to do, mentally, in order to  
discourage his erection, he still managed to enjoy  
himself while he watched Randall quietly sob during  
his shearing.    
  
Earl was typical, also of experienced servant  
handlers in that in his early twenties he found his  
heterosexuality turned into bisexuality from being  
around a lot of male servants.  Seeing the  
bare-chested and fit Randall being clipped and tamed  
made Earl want to give him a feel.  Feeling up a trim  
young male slave is something Earl would freely do in  
private, but being aware of how new Dean was to  
servant control, he refrained himself from touching  
the freshly indentured Randall.  Earl knew that in the  
days ahead Dean would probably be asking him a lot of  
questions about the things he found himself  
experiencing as he took over the total control off his  
younger brother.  
  
And Dean, although his demeanor was very serious as he  
took on his first duties as overseer; mainly to let  
his brother know that he was empathetic to the  
difficulty he was having in accepting his new status;   
was nevertheless, like Earl, enjoying the subjugation  
of his brother. As he clipped his brother as he sat  
slave-like on the stool, Dean did not know why he  
found satisfaction in his new power over his brother.   
He thought it was because, as he believed, that he was  
helping his younger brother become a better person.    
  
Dean was gentle with his brother as clipped him.  He  
knew that it was especially hard on Randall to lose  
his beautiful hair.  “Randall, this is only temporary.  
But a lot of guys really get to like the feel of  
having a shaved head once they try it.”    
  
As Dean brushed the hairs off the torso of his totally  
head-buzzed brother, who’s tear stained face was one  
giant frown, he spoke to Randall. “Okay dude, I’m  
going to let you finish up.  You need to clip and  
shave your pits and nads.  You can hop into the shower  
and do it.  You need to shave your head too, so if you  
need any help with that, just yell.  But you probably  
should learn to do that yourself, because once you  
start your job and classes in the rehab program, you  
have to be freshly shaved every day.”  
  
Randall hesitated to strip, so Dean tried to encourage  
him, “Come on Randy, you have to learn not worry  
anymore about me seeing you bare.  You’re a servant  
now.  It’s a different kind of relationship we have  
now, and as a servant boy there’s no longer any reason  
to worry about being seen naked by free folks.  And  
besides, once you’re finished shaving, Earl and I are  
going to be getting up close and personal with you as  
Earl fits you with your ‘Stage One’ gear.”  
  
Earl and Dean hung around the hallway outside of the  
bathroom as Randall showered and did what he was  
ordered to do.  They freely looked into the bathroom  
from time to time to watch Randall, behind the shower  
curtain, lathering and shaving himself.  Randall  
seemed to be taking his time doing his business, but  
Dean refrained himself from ordering Randall to speed  
things up.  He didn’t want to appear bossy on his  
first day as overseer.  When Randall was finished, he  
dried himself off and wrapped a towel around his  
waist, just as his brother reentered the bathroom to  
fetch him.  “Okay, Randy, let’s go up to my bedroom.   
It’s time to get you collared, cinched, and braced.”    
  
  
Randall asked why they were going into Dean’s bedroom,  
and Dean explained, “Because your bedroom is now off  
limits to you, at least until we get all of your  
things packed in boxes, and stored away downstairs.   
From now on you’re going to be sleeping with me in my  
room, because starting from this moment when you’re not at  
work or in therapy sessions, I intend to keep you on a  
short leash around the house.  I want you within eye  
shot at all times.”  
  
Bald Randall stopped in his tracks, shocked once again  
by what he had just heard.  Dean’s hand was soon on  
his shoulder guiding him up to his bedroom.  The first  
thing Randall saw in Dean’s bedroom was Earl sitting  
on the bed opening some packages.  Dean instructed  
Randall, “Okay, Randall, go and sit on the bed next to  
Earl so that he can get to work on you.”  
  
As Randall sat on the bed he held on to the towel  
about his waist to secure it.  He looked somewhat  
dazed, and spoke, “I just remembered I have an  
appointment at three this afternoon.”  
  
As Earl removed some stickers from a collar, Dean  
spoke, “As soon as we’re through with you, you can  
check out your new schedule in your folder, then you  
can call anyone you need to and tell them what’s up.”   
Randall nodded.    
  
Earl placed the lightweight, silver collar, around  
Randall’s neck to make a measurement.  Randall felt  
warm to Earl.  Earl made the adjustments and placed  
the collar back around Randall’s neck. “Once I close  
these two ends, this thing is on permanently.”

Earl liked the feeling of having his face so close to  
Randall’s face.  He closed the ends of the collar,   
then felt about to make sure it was a good fit. “It’s  
good.  If I had made any mistakes in sizing it, we  
would have had to make a trip to Social Services.   
They’re the only ones with the tools to remove it.”  
  
Dean commented on the collar, “It’s pretty nice  
looking.  If it weren’t for those two ‘D rings’ on it,   
it would almost look like a piece of jewelry!”  Dean  
asked Earl if the ‘D rings’ were for leashing Randall.  
  
“No!”  Earl fingered one of the ‘D rings’ on the collar,   
“These are for tethering.  Keeping him chained to one  
place.  One of the most common forms of humane  
discipline, for example, is to attach a four or five  
inch, light weight caliper chain from his collar to  
the wall, and keep him tethered for several hours.”  
  
Dean nodded, “I see.”  
  
Earl continued to explain, “These days servants are  
most commonly leashed by their genital cinches.  A  
small chain is attached to the ‘D ring’ on the genital  
cinch; it goes through a hole in the bottom of their  
jumpsuits, and runs up to and is secured to a waist  
loop.  Then if you ever want to leash him, say on a  
grocery trip or something, you would attach his leash  
to the chain attached to his waist loop.”  
  
“It is common to leash servants only to cinches or  
collars that have choking capability, so that if a  
slave tries to bolt, the cinch automatically tightens.  
The genital cinch I’ll be attaching to Randall has  
just such a choking feature.”  
  
As Earl spoke, Dean fingered Randall’s collar.  Seeing  
Dean’s interest, Earl commented, “It’s amazing the way  
the modern collars are so lightweight.  That collar  
Randall is wearing not only can’t be cut off, but it  
has a GPS tracking chip, and electro-control  
capability.”  
  
Dean saw a worried look on Randall’s face, “Don’t you  
worry about that; mom and I, ordinary citizens, aren’t  
authorized to use electro-shock control.  It’s only  
for law enforcement officers.  It’s totally standard  
for all social servants.  Both the criminally  
indentured and the self-indentured have to wear them.   
It’s nothing to be afraid or ashamed of.  The  
electro-shock control is just in case you should ever  
get out of hand and the police need to bring you  
down.”  
  
Earl took the leg braces from out of their box,  
approached Randall, and touched him on the shoulder,  
“Okay, trooper, why don’t you just go ahead and  
recline on the bed, so I can get these braces on you.”  
Randall hated Earl’s condescending tone.  Randall  
leaned back slowly, keeping a hand on the towel about  
his waist.  When he was on his back he straightened  
out his body and his towel.  
  
When Earl slipped the braces on Randall’s legs,  
Randall was startled by the cold metal.  Earl held up  
a key for Dean to see and instructed him to stand  
beside him so he could demonstrate how to secure and  
adjust them.  As Earl started to show Dean how to  
secure the braces Randy started squirming and kicking.

“I don’t want you to put them on me.  I can’t stand  
it.”  When Dean told Randall to calm down, Randall  
started to get up off the bed.  Dean immediately  
placed both hands on Randall’s shoulders and gently  
pushed him back down on the bed. “Remember, Randy,   
this is the purpose of the ‘Stage One’ program; to  
put a little control back in your life.  Remember,   
what we’re doing is designed to help and protect you,   
not punish you.”  
Earl instructed, “You hold him down Dean.  Once I get  
these braces on him I can set them so he can’t kick at  
all!”  Randall felt totally defeated, being held down  
by his older brother as Earl leg braced him.  As Earl  
worked on the braces, he instructed Dean, “When you  
send him off to catch the bus each morning, they have  
to be set to #7.”  Earl showed Dean how to adjust the  
settings at points on the braces by the ankles, knees,  
and hips.  “When he’s at home you can take them down  
to #4 or #3.  It will give him greater flexibility of  
movement.  Although it’s generally recommended that  
you keep them set high all the time for the newly  
indentured during their first month or so of service.”  
  
Earl also showed Dean how the braces could be used as  
punishment devices.  “Each of the two main brace  
supports on each side of the legs has built in  
screws.”  Earl demonstrated, “Now notice as I turn the  
key on them they emerge from the brace. You just give  
it a few turns and soon the screws are up against the  
flesh.  Notice if I give it a few more turns it starts  
digging into the flesh.”  Randall yelped and Earl undid  
the screw.

“There are four screws on each main support, on both

the upper and lower leg portions of the brace, so there

are a total of sixteen screws for each leg.  Now, you don’t,

of course, want to tighten them so much that they tear

into the flesh.  That isn’t their purpose.  What you want

to do is just have them so they are digging into the flesh

to cause discomfort.  These brace screws are a quite effective  
means of getting a slave to do things your way.   
Imagine the discomfort, from having all those screws  
digging into you.  With the braces locked on, the  
slave can’t escape the discomfort, and he’ll soon be  
begging you to loosen the screws, and promising to  
behave!”  
  
Dean said, “Neat!”, then immediately he regretted saying  
it in front of Randall.   
  
When Randall let out a sigh, Dean again attempted to  
comfort him, “It’s almost over pal.  You’re doing  
great.”  
  
Earl joined in, too, “You sure are.  I know the first  
day of indenturement is not easy on servants, and you  
are doing beautifully!”  Randall was finding Earl’s  
patronizing an assault on his dignity, and was  
beginning to get angry.  
  
Earl took the genital cinch from the package.  It was  
made from the same synthetic material as Randall’s  
collar.  Earl held it up for all to see and smiled  
broadly, “Okay, folks, here it is.  Now it’s time to  
do the fun part!”  Earl nodded at the towel about  
Randall’s waist, “Well, Randy.  It’s time for us to  
meet your little soldier!”  
  
Randall closed his eyes, Earl sat down on the bed next  
to him, and opened up the towel around Randall’s  
waist.  Earl swallowed at the pretty sight before him,  
and tried to cover his lust with banter, “So this is  
the guy you’ve been spending so much time with  
lately!”  The joke was not appreciated by either  
Randall or Dean, so Earl took a professional tack,  
“You did a good, clean, job of shaving yourself.”  
  
As Earl used both hands to manipulate the root of  
Randall’s cock, he explained himself, “I know this is  
a personal assault, Randy, but I have to make sure  
your balls are out and fully forward.  Once I get them  
out and forward, this will just take a second.”  And  
it did.  As Earl closed both ends of the cinch about  
the root of Randall’s cock, he explained, “This is  
just like the collar.  There’s no removing it now.  It  
will lift your package a bit, Randy, and it can be a  
bit uncomfortable for the first day or so.”  
  
Earl, though he was somewhat clammy from having to  
stifle his sexual excitement at handling Randall’s  
beautiful private parts, pointed out some features of  
the cinch to Dean, “You’ll notice the cinch is studded  
with shanks.  The genital cage, which you have in your  
supplies from Social Services, has instructions for  
attaching it to these shanks.”  
  
Dean was curious, “I’m eager to see how all this stuff  
affects Randy’s ability to walk.  Randy, why don’t you  
get off the bed and take a few steps for us so we can  
see if there are any problems.”  
  
It was awkward for Randy to get off the bed, and when  
he realized he could only bend his knees in rather  
deliberate fashion, he was disheartened. “They’re too  
tight.  They’ve got to be too tight.  Dean, they hurt.”  
Earl instructed Randall, “Try walking towards Dean and  
me.  I’ll be able to tell then if I have them too  
tight.”  As Randall began his slow steps smiles broke  
out on the faces of Dean and Earl.  Because of the  
setting of the braces, Randall had to keep his braced  
legs stretched somewhat apart.  
  
Earl commented, “That bow-legged walk is what you get  
from the #7 setting.  When you get over here, I’ll  
bring the setting down.”  
  
As Randall hobbled along, he felt like crying.  Earl  
whispered to Dean, “It’s quite a sight seeing them  
walk in those braces, with their legs stretched out  
wide, their bald head making them look all jug-eared,  
and their dick and balls sticking out because of that  
cinch.  It’s kind of comical, but it helps a boy to  
realize that he’s really a social servant now. I love  
it!”  
  
Dean and Earl made Randall walk back and forth one  
more time, then Earl knelt down and readjusted the  
settings of the braces to #3.  Randall was relieved to  
find out that it was much easier to walk at the lower  
setting.  Dean handed Randall a yellow pair of social  
servant boxer briefs and a yellow jumpsuit and told  
him to put them on.  Just before Randall buttoned up  
the front of the jumpsuit, Earl went and attached an  
18-inch light caliper chain to a ‘D ring’ on Randall’s  
genital cinch.  He guided the chain through a ribbed  
hole at the base of the crotch area of the jumpsuit,  
and attached the end of it to a loop on the exterior  
side of the jumpsuit.  Earl instructed Dean, “If you  
want to leash Randall, you attach it to this part of  
the chain on the loop.”

Dean and Earl stood back to appraise the jumpsuited

Randall.  Earl commented, “There you go, sport!

Now you’re looking like the real thing!”  
  
Randall, feeling totally humiliated, was nevertheless  
quite angry, “Earl, you are really fucking annoying me  
with the way you’re talking to me, like I’m some  
little kid or something.”  
  
Earl was quick to apologize, “Gosh, I’m sorry, Randy.   
I didn’t even know I was doing that.  I guess it was  
from habit.  I kind of think of our family’s servants  
as my younger siblings and I just get to talking at  
them that way.”  
  
Dean looked questioningly at Earl, and Earl understood  
Dean’s concern, “Language like that definitely needs  
to go into Randall’s log.  It’s entirely up to you if  
you want to punish him for it, but it does need to be  
logged, as it is unacceptable behavior.”  Randall  
folded his arms, and it was evident he was pissed.  
  
Earl spoke, “There is one important thing I want to  
warn both of you about.  This may shock you, but you  
need to be aware that the State, frankly, isn’t real  
concerned about someone in the ‘Stage One’ program  
racking up a bunch of demerits and failing to pass the  
program.  Dean, when you submit your report on Randall  
each week to the state, you are not going to be  
getting a phone call from some bureaucrat telling you  
how concerned he is about all of the demerit points  
Randy is accumulating.  If Randy fails ‘Stage One’ and  
has to go into the five-year Total Reform program, all  
the State sees are dollar signs.  It’s pretty boys  
like Randy who bring the most money into Iowa State’s  
coffers, especially for a five year term of service.”  
  
Earl continued, “As you know Dean, you have an  
appointment on Friday for Randy’s Social Services  
physical, and after the physical Randall has an  
appointment with Becky Bloomer.  She’s this forty-year  
old woman with the job at Social Services that most  
gay guys would die to have. She’s Social Services  
appraiser of male social servants.  She’s the person  
who does a thorough inspection of the newly indentured  
bucks, and then assigns them a market rating.  That  
market rating is a very important bit of information.  
Social Services needs Randy’s market rating for  
business purposes.  So just remember, Social Services  
is a business, and Randy, in their eyes, is a  
commodity with a price tag.”  
  
Dean asked Earl what a ‘buck’ was.  
  
Earl replied, “A ‘buck’ is male slave, or social  
servant, in the age range of 17 to 30.  Randy is,  
technically, a ‘young buck’.  The term refers to the  
age group and gender of the class of servant that has  
the potential to bring in the highest dollar amount  
per pound of flesh.  And believe me, that’s how Social  
Services now views Randy, as a commodity they would  
love to have on stock for as long a time as possible.”  
  
Dean and Randall were learning a lot.  Earl continued,  
“That’s why, Dean, it truly is up to you to take  
charge.  If I had a brother I loved and really wanted  
to protect and make sure he passed the program, I  
would be acting on my concern.  As ugly as it seems,  
you need to make the consequences for such language as  
Randall just used really unpleasant.  Dean, you signed  
a paper agreeing to be Randy’s chief overseer.  That  
carries a great responsibility, normally.  But when  
you’re talking about your own brother, I think you  
have no choice but to be serious, damn serious, about  
it.”  
  
Dean put an arm around Randall, “Do you hear what he’s  
saying, bro?”  
  
Randall, feeling ever more trapped as the day went on,  
did hear and understood.  He nodded and apologized,  
“I’m sorry for talking to you in that way, Earl.  I’m  
just frustrated.  It’s hard.  These leg braces feel  
awful.”  
  
Earl commiserated, “I know, it’s hard, Randy.  But I  
also know that in a couple of days you’ll be used to  
the braces.”  
  
Dean, with one arm draped over Randall’s shoulders,  
pulled Randall close to him, “It seems like demerits  
could rack up quickly, bro.  I’m sure in the heck not  
going to punish you now as it was you’re first time.   
But I love you bro.  If it happens again, I’ll have to  
do something.  I’m not going to watch you slip into  
the Total Reform program.”  
  
Earl was excited, “I have an idea.  I understand how  
this moment was a little awkward, and you, Dean, don’t  
want to punish Randy this time.  But in the photos you  
asked me to bring of typical scenes in a servant’s  
workday, I have some photos of some actual punishment  
sessions.  We can show those to Randall, so he knows  
what will happen to him the next time he commits  
unacceptable behavior.”  
  
Dean liked the idea, “Sure, that sounds like a great  
idea!  Bring them out.  It can serve as a kind of a  
vicarious punishment session for Randall.”  
  
The three men walked back to the study and took their  
seats around the coffee table.  Earl dug out the  
photos he wanted from his briefcase, “I have to warn  
you, these photos are pretty raunchy, but we’re all  
guys, right?”

To Be Continued…

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