**Boys Like You**

Part Four

By Randall Austin

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(A Win-Win Situation)  
  
Randall, Dean, and Earl, returned to the study and  
took their seats around the coffee table once again.   
Earl dug out the photos he wanted from his briefcase  
and spoke, “I have to warn you, these photos are  
pretty raunchy, but we’re all guys, right?”  
  
Being back in his father’s study made Randy feel, this  
time, very awkward.  The dark paneled room, with its  
dark leather chairs, was in strong contrast to  
Randall, wearing his yellow rehab jumpsuit.  Earl and  
Dean, dressed in their young professional off-work  
khakis and dress shirts, along with their styled hair,  
also highlighted Randall’s bald, jumpsuited,  
appearance. And Dean and Earl didn’t have to move  
their legs in an awkward fashion, because they were  
not wearing leg braces.   
  
When Randall attempted to sit down, he realized that  
the braces would allow his legs to bend into a sitting  
position only very slowly.  As he sat there with Dean  
and Earl he no longer felt the security he felt as a  
talented young man when he took the very same seats  
with them earlier in the day.  An air of depression  
slowly descended on Randall, and there was within him  
a longing to cry.  Things had moved too quickly in the  
last hour, and he had no time to process them, to  
assess them, and certainly not to accept them.  
  
Earl was oblivious to Randall’s depressed state, and  
smiled as he passed the first photo to Dean. “Here’s a  
few shots of our slave, Brendan, alligator clamped.”   
When Dean saw them he gasped, “Fuckinshit man!”  
  
Earl explained, “I know it looks horrible, but it is a  
totally humane form of punishment.  Dean, there’s a  
set of alligator clamps in the starter kit which  
Social Services gave you.”  
  
Dean fleetingly wondered whether or not he should pass  
the photo on to the depressed Randall, but decided  
that he should.  When Randall saw the photo, it  
literally gave him a scare, and he quickly moved it a  
distance away from his face.  
  
Earl spoke, “It looks bad, but it’s classified as a  
totally humane procedure.  In assessing a punishment,  
you always need to consider the alternatives.  Let’s  
say a couple of days down the line Randall is sulking  
and bitching, so you, Dean, do what the state manual  
suggests and you paddle his ass real good.  But then say  
that paddling makes him more defiant, what do you do  
next?  According to the manual you use the tawse on  
his arms, legs, and thighs.  But you can only do so  
much of that before you’re in danger of breaking the  
skin.  And it can be especially hell when it’s your  
own dear brother, a really sweet kid, like Randall.”    
  
“That’s when you have to turn to ‘humane’  
alternatives; procedures which in no way physically  
traumatize the body.  Humane procedures you could use  
on Randall are such things as locking him to the wall  
so he can’t move, rinsing out his piss slit with  
alcohol, securing a punishment lollipop in his mouth,  
locking up his genitals in the chastity cage, or using  
alligator clamps like the ones in the photos.”  
  
Earl pointed out a clamp in the photo for Dean and  
Randall, and explained. “Here’s how they work; you  
take an alligator clamp, grab a fold of the flesh from  
somewhere on Randy’s body, say his right bicep.  It’s  
a soft clamp and will only pinch and burn if he  
attempts to move.  This clamp has a chain that  
attaches to another clamp, which you then attach to,  
say, his right nipple.  The nipple clamp is attached  
by a chain to another clamp, which in turn attached to  
another part of his body, say to his left forearm;  
that in turn is connected to a clamp on his left ear.   
Anyway, you get him all clamped up, with as many as  
twenty clamps, and soon he finds out that he can’t  
move without causing himself pain.  But if he remains  
perfectly immobile, he won’t feel a thing.  You then  
just leave him alone to stew for a couple of hours.   
After awhile, I guarantee it, Randall will be pleading  
with you to release him, and promising to behave like  
nobody’s business.”  
  
“Even though these things look terribly uncomfortable  
in the picture, the fact is that as long as the slave  
remains immobile, he will be totally pain free.  It’s  
only if he begins to wiggle and squirm that he will  
feel the clamps tugging at his flesh.”  
  
“And that is why the word ‘punishment’ really can’t be  
used for this kind of discipline.  Because this is a  
form of servant discipline classified as ‘enhancive’.   
Enhancive discipline is actually salutary, so it is,  
in fact, not only beneficial to the slave, but is an  
outright good, positive, and nurturing thing to do to  
a servant.”  
  
Earl saw that Dean was getting more comfortable with  
discipline if it was couched in positive terms, so he  
continued his explanation, making sure he had the  
attention of Randall as well. “Enhancive discipline is  
not, of course, a new concept.  It is one form of  
self-disciplines common to ascetics.  For example;  
remaining immobile and contemplating on the truth of a  
situation is common to many of the world’s leading  
meditative practices.”  
  
“It really doesn’t make too much difference which  
humane punishment options you chose for Randy; be it  
clamping, tethering, urethra rinsing, chastity  
belting, caging, mouth washing, gagging or whether  
or not you use one option or several at one time; the  
important thing is that Randall is going to be  
experiencing a safe, proven-effective, life enhancing,  
experience.  And as a result, you will end up with a  
more pliant and malleable servant; one that is both  
labor efficient and eager to please.  It’s a win-win  
situation!  In the end, all parties benefit, but Randy  
benefits the most!”  
  
“And that is why social servitude, if it’s approached  
in the right light and accompanied by proper  
directives, can be a form of self-enlightenment.  
Far from being a negative experience, servitude can be  
a positively life-enhancing experience if the  
servant’s chief overseers are attuned to the goals and  
values laid out in the program, and are committed,  
rigorous, consistent, and fair, in the application of  
discipline.”  
  
“What this all comes down to, Dean and Randall, is  
that the firmer you are with Randall, Dean, the more  
you apply discipline in a consistent manner, and  
reinforce good behavior with plenty of praise, the  
more Randall will derive positive benefits from his  
indenturement experience.”  
  
Dean was impressed, “Gosh, thanks for explaining it to  
us in this way, Earl.”  
  
“No problem.  It’s my pleasure.  That’s why you asked  
me to be here.”  
  
For the shell-shocked Randall, Earl’s explanation  
offered a more positive way of looking at his  
situation, but he was not able to think clearly at the  
moment about what he had just heard regarding  
enhancive discipline.   
  
Earl pulled out another set of photos.  “This next  
pile of pictures is of our slave, Reginald.”  As Earl  
put the photos in order he corrected himself, “Forgive  
me guys.  I come from Florida, what can I say?  A  
servant’s a slave in Florida, and slave’s a servant in  
Iowa.”  He laughed, but Dean and Randall did not join  
him.  
  
Earl passed a photo to Dean, “Here’s a picture of  
Reginald shaving in the bathroom.”  
  
Dean commented, “He’s a handsome guy.”  
  
Earl passed out another photo, “Oh yeah!  Dad only buys  
‘good lookers’.  Here’s another picture of Reggie  
loading some furniture into a moving van.”  He passed  
out more photos and explained each.  When he passed  
out one and said, “Here’s Reggie taking a shower”,  
Dean exclaimed, “Wow, kind of personal.”  
  
Earl was used to people new to the culture of  
servitude needing time to get used to seeing openly  
nude servants, “Remember, he’s a servant.  Privacy is  
a non-issue for him, as it is for all servants, and  
just as it was for Randall a little earlier when we  
watched him shave his body, and I cinched him.  You’ll  
both soon get used to that.”  
  
“Here is the first of his punishment photos.  These  
are photos of a punishment he received for buying a  
bunch of stuff online without my permission.  Here you  
can see him draped naked partially over my lap and  
partially over the couch.  That tawse in my hand is  
the ‘Gropius 260’.  It’s German made.  Its business  
end is basically a 4 by 11 inch rectangular paddle  
made of a state of the art synthetic called  
‘plasti-leather’.  It’s totally synthetic and  
designed for human flesh.  Even a light tap with that  
baby feels like the worse stroke of a large hairbrush.  
I’ll let you borrow it!”  
  
As Earl passed the photos to Dean and Randall he  
explained what they were looking at.  
  
“Next picture you can see him twisting and yelping.”  
  
“Next picture you can see him trying to jump out of my  
lap.”  
  
“The hand on his back trying to hold him down in this  
next photo belongs to my friend, Andy, who is taking  
the pictures.”  
  
“In this next picture you can actually see the sheen of  
sweat that has formed on his back.”  
  
“Here’s a good close-up of his face in agony.”  
  
“Here he is after the punishment and reclining on the  
fuck-table with his legs spread and pulled up to his  
chest.  It’s a good shot of his asshole.”  
  
Dean swallowed hard and let out a “Wow!”  
  
“Here’s a close-up of Reginald’s face.  As you can  
see, he hated the fact that I was taking pictures of  
the punishment even more than the actual punishment.   
But believe me, he doesn’t ever go online anymore  
without my permission.”  
  
Dean commented, “He looks totally humiliated and  
defeated.”  
  
Earl smiled, “That’s the point!  Punishment coupled  
with humiliation can really help drive a lesson home,  
especially with straight macho boys like Reginald.”   
  
After a bit Dean wondered, “So, why did you make him  
get in that position, with his legs up exposing his  
asshole?”  
  
Earl lowered his voice, “Well, I didn’t fuck him after  
the punishment, if that’s what you’re wondering.  But  
I put him on the table just to remind him that, if I  
want to, I can do whatever I want with him.  It’s good  
to remind servants of that once in a while.”  
Earl passed out the next picture, “Here’s Reggie after  
his punishment standing on the punishment stool in the  
middle of my living room with his hands in back of his  
head.  Look at the boner on him!  They usually are  
hard for almost an hour after a really severe ass  
paddling like the one he got.”  
  
Randall, who had been looking at the photos in shocked  
silence, stared at the picture of Reggie standing on  
the stool for a long time.  Earl noticed, “I keep them  
on the punishment stool for about an hour after a  
discipline session.  If their boners aren’t down by  
then, they stay on the stool until they do go down.”  
  
Earl passed out another photo, “Here, take a look at  
this.  This is a photo of a UPSS delivery guy standing  
next to Reggie on the punishment stool.  Look at the  
smile on the face of the delivery guy.  He wanted me  
to take a few shots of him with the naked slave for  
his friends, so I obliged him.”  Earl passed out the  
rest of the series of photos as Dean and Randall  
reviewed them in silence.  
  
When the last of the photos was examined, silence  
continued as Dean nodded his head as if to say, “Quite  
a set of photos!”  He affirmed what he meant once he  
had collected himself, “Very informative.  Thanks a  
lot, Earl.”  
  
Dean turned to Randall, “What did you think, Randy?”  
  
Randy nodded his head in a slow ‘no’ as if to express  
disgust and say, ‘Don’t ask me’.  
  
Earl opined, “I bet they’re making Randy think that it  
just might be a good idea to start obeying!”  
  
Dean and Earl nodded and smiled at each other.  Dean  
spoke, “Earl, I want to thank you for spending time  
with Randy and me today.  You have been really  
helpful, and I know that your presence here has really  
helped to make this day a lot less stressful for Randy  
and me.”  
    
Dean turned towards Randall, “I need to chat with Earl  
for just a bit in private.  So, Randy, I’d like you to  
go up to your room now and start packing everything  
away in boxes.  Start by folding all of the clothes  
hanging in your closest and sorting them into piles on  
the bed.  Eventually everything in your room has to be  
boxed and stored away: your clothes, books, electronic  
equipment, your pictures, photos, posters on the wall,  
all of your shoes, everything.  You can pack your  
things in any way you want, so you will know where to  
find them when you’re released from indenturement.   
The only things you are not to store away are your  
violin and music.  You will continue to practice your  
violin for at least 90 minutes each evening.  Also,  
put all of your hair grooming products and cologne in  
my room.  You won’t be needing any of your hair  
products, and I will be the one deciding on whether or  
not I want you scented as you do your chores.”  
  
The order to pack all of his things away made Randall  
very angry and defiant and filled him with disgust  
for his brother.  But he voiced no objection, as he  
was happy to be able to get away from both Dean and  
Earl.  
  
As Randall hobbled out of the room both Dean and Earl  
kept their eyes on him.  Earl wished he had such a  
young, handsome, jumpsuited, morsel among his own  
servants.  Not that the servants he controlled were in  
any way lacking.  After all, his father only purchased  
‘good lookers’.  But as with so many of life’s  
pleasures, for many people, the more one has, the more  
one wants.  When Randall was out of sight, Earl  
commented, “He looks good in that jumpsuit.”  
  
Dean answered, “Randall has always looked good in  
whatever he wears.  I’m not surprised he looks good in  
a yellow servant jumpsuit.”  
  
Earl tapped Dean on the arm, “You have to admit,  
though, it sure was satisfying seeing him get tamed  
down.”  
  
Dean answered, “It was.  I was surprised that I found  
it so satisfying.  But I’m worried about him.  He  
seems so down.”  
  
Earl put his hand on Dean’s shoulder, “It’s never  
easy, buddy.  Especially, the first couple of days.   
But you’ll both ease into it within a few days.  You  
need to know that so you can stand really firm at this  
period of Randall’s life so that you can give him the  
help he needs.  And you’re only going to help your  
brother if you follow, strictly, the guidelines Social  
Services laid out for you.  Do you think you’ll be  
able to handle it?”   
  
Dean nodded, “I think I can do it.  Your  
forthrightness here today has really helped both Randall  
and me get a good handle on this whole business of  
servitude.  I can’t thank you enough.”  
  
“No need to, Dean.  It was my pleasure.”  
  
Dean shuffled, “What I wanted to ask you in private  
was about something you said about Reginald.  On that  
table after his paddling with his legs spread and  
pulled to his chest… umm, you said you wanted to  
remind him that you could do anything to him you  
wanted.”  
  
Earl understood Dean’s unspoken question and smiled.  
“Make sure that you read Social Services pamphlet  
#4480.  #4480 spells out in clear terms what a ‘social  
servant’ is, and an owner’s or overseer’s rights and  
responsibilities.  I’m sure there’s a copy of it in  
the supplies Social Services gave you.  If not, go to  
their website and get it online.  It will make it  
clear to you that social servants do have full  
protection under the law.  But they are servants and  
they are property.  Basically, you cannot unduly  
punish a servant.  But a servant cannot take offense  
at any non-violent action.  So if you should ever  
swear at it, call it names, put your hands on it to  
guide it, touch it in any way you want, those actions  
are no different than if you had sworn or touched,  
say, your refrigerator.”  
  
“Pamphlet 4480 explains that humiliation is not  
regarded as punishment, thus it can never be regarded  
as undue.  A little humiliation never hurt a servant,  
and most often it does a lot of good.  Reginald and I  
are actually very good friends.  We play chess almost  
every day.  But he knows his place because I keep him  
under tight reign, but in a manner that is fair.  He  
knows his boundaries and stays where he belongs  
because he knows what happens if he doesn’t.  Under  
the guidelines spelled out in Social Services  
publication number 4480 servants are property first  
and foremost.  It doesn’t mean we don’t treat them  
with the respect due a human being; it only means that  
we are allowed to treat their servant status  
objectively.”  
  
“And regarding indentured siblings; to preserve the  
required objective approach in dealing with them, all  
matters of blood relationship are wiped out, legally,  
once one becomes indentured. Thus, if someone is  
indentured and his parents die, all of his inheritance  
would then be divided among his siblings. He would be  
entitled to nothing.  Randall is a servant first and  
your blood relationship is no longer of any  
consequence.”  
  
“To give you some idea of how entrenched this notion  
is, let me give you an example. In the conservative  
South, if a male has sexual relations with an  
indentured sister, it is not classified as ‘incest’.   
In some states such an act would still be considered a  
crime, but it is not classified as incest.  Of course  
things are a little more levelheaded here in the  
Mid-West.  But even here in little old Iowa, a servant  
is meant first and foremost to serve, is expected to  
serve, and is legally bound to serve in whatever way  
you request.”  
  
Dean nodded, pleased to hear that the general  
guidelines on the status of servants and on the  
handling of social servants seemed reasonable and made  
sense to him.  
  
Earl continued, “Certain categories of servants have  
more limitations.  The self-indentured can specify  
what kind and degree of servitude they want.  But  
someone in the rehabilitative indenturement program,  
like Randall, is your basic, ‘bottom-of-the-rung’  
social servant with no strings attached.”   
  
Dean took everything in that Earl said with great  
interest.  He felt that his bond of friendship with  
Earl had been strengthened today, and so he had no  
hesitation in placing his hand affectionately on  
Earl’s shoulder. “Thanks for everything.”  
  
Earl felt the same way and gave Dean a hug.  As Dean  
led Earl down the hallway towards the kitchen, in  
route to the house’s garage exit, Earl spoke. “Don’t  
hesitate to call me with any questions that arise.”  
  
Dean was grateful, “I’m sure I’ll be phoning you a lot  
in the days ahead.  Thank you so much for the offer.”   
  
As they passed the utility room they heard a loud  
clinking sound; a sound like metal striking metal.   
Dean stopped in his tracks, “Did I hear something?  I  
don’t have the washing machine running.”  
  
Dean entered the utility room followed by Earl.   
Sitting on a stool with his left leg up on his right  
lap was Randall.  His jumpsuit had been pulled up  
passed the knee, and Randall was striking at the knee  
setting’s control lock on his leg braces with a pair  
of pliers.  
  
Earl was first to exclaim, “What the fuck?”  
  
Dean shouted, “Randall!”  Randall quickly put his leg  
down and pulled his jumpsuit back down over his leg.

“Social Services is only loaning us these supplies.   
Do you know how much that pair of control braces  
costs?  Over $500!”  
  
Randall was scared, and like a truly frightened child  
his face displayed fear as he tried to explain  
himself, “Dean, I don’t know what happened.”  
  
Dean, extremely angry, roared, “Shut up, you fucking  
little shit!  I’ve been trying to make this whole  
thing as easy as possible for you.  And all you can  
give me is your usual willful behavior.  I’ve had  
quite enough!”  Randall, worried, backed further away  
from Dean.  
  
Dean paused a bit but his anger did not abate, so he  
continued venting, “This kind of behavior is the  
reason you’re in this program, hotshot!  It’s the  
reason you’re wearing that yellow jumpsuit!  Take a  
look in the mirror and examine yourself, Baldie!  Face  
the music!  You’re a braced, collared, cinched, and  
shaved, social servant in a yellow jumpsuit!”  
  
Dean shook his head in disgust and continued, “This  
little action of yours is so typical of you.  Mom and  
Dad have given you any and everything you ever wanted,  
but when they would asked you for a little something  
in return, some concession on your part, if it wasn’t  
to your liking, then there was no way you’d give an  
inch.  Same thing here today; I sign myself up as your  
chief overseer so you can stay at home, I bring Earl  
here so you can avoid the stress of going out to the  
processing center, I lay the plan out for you clearly,  
and let you know you’ve got my 100% total support, and  
then you, the first moment you’re out of my sight, go  
and try to destroy state property!”  
  
Dean walked up to Randall, who cringed, and put his  
face next to that of his brother, “Let me tell you  
something Randy; this attitude of yours isn’t going to  
fly anymore!  Not anymore.  Not with me in charge!”  
  
“When I think about what you were doing, I realize how  
pathetic you really are; there you were whacking away  
at something that didn’t belong to you, just like some  
punk breaking stuff for the fun of it.  But Randy, you  
need to face something, work-boy; you’re no longer a  
pouffed up, hotshot, free boy!  No sir!  You are an  
indentured servant who has to do whatever I say.  You  
have no choice in the matter but to obey my every  
order, exactly as I say!  And I say you’re due for a  
major ass whipping!”  
  
Randall was once again terrified of his brother, as he  
had not been since the last time his brother assaulted  
him while drunk, over four years ago.  He started to  
cry in fear, “Dean, I’m sorry.”  
  
Dean lowered his voice, confident in his disapproval  
of his brother’s behavior, “I bet you are!  But it’s  
too late now for you to get out of what you have  
coming.  I’ve already given you a second chance.”  
  
Earl was glad to see Dean getting firm, and thought  
that some encouragement from him could help fortify  
Dean’s determination. “That’s the way, Dean.  You are  
on the right course, so just do what you have to do.   
And remember; don’t think for one moment that the  
punishment you are about to give your brother is in  
any way a bad thing, a wrong thing, or a less than  
good thing.  In fact, it is the opposite.  Such a  
punishment session, if you deliver it with  
determination and whole-hearted conviction, will be a  
totally life-enhancing, life-enriching, experience for  
Randy.  You need to stand firm in your conviction,  
accept that special ‘pride of control’ feeling that  
goes along with dedicated overseership, and know that  
what you are doing is an act of pure brotherly love!”  
  
“Go ahead, Dean, and do what you have to do, and keep  
your eyes on what will be the payoff of this  
discipline session; you will end up with a more pliant  
and malleable Randy; as well as a Randy that will be  
on the way to becoming labor efficient and eager to  
please.  Again, it’s a win-win situation!  In the end,  
everyone benefits.  But it is Randy who will benefit  
most of all!”

To Be Continued…

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