**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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