**Boys Like You**

Part Five

By Randall Austin

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Earl offered encouragement to Dean in his resolve to
punish his brother, Randall. “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!”

Dean was satisfied, knowing that the desire he had to
severely punish his brother was not only justified,
but necessary, right and good.  Dean looked at his
brother with parted lips and his breathing deep and
measured.  Dean’s determined expression scared
Randall, who wanted to crawl into one of the cupboards
of the utility room in order to escape his brother.
When Dean approached Randall and grabbed him by the
shoulder, Randall whimpered, “Please Deano, don’t hurt
me!”

Dean did not answer but only pulled Randall forward by
his shoulder to face Earl.  Dean took Randall’s
whimpering submissiveness as a sign that Randall knew
he deserved punishment.  Dean was about to address
Earl, but Randall grabbed his brother’s arm. “Please,
please, Dean.  Don’t hurt me!  I’ll do whatever you
say.  I promise I’ll watch myself, be good, and do
whatever you say.”

Earl interrupted him, “You bet you’re going to do
whatever Dean says; you have no choice in the matter!”

Dean put an arm around his brother and spoke with
sincere affection, “Bro.  I’m sorry.  I hate that it’s
come to this.  But I’m not going to risk having you
slip into the Total Reform program.

Dean collected himself, took on a business-like
approach, and looked to Earl, “I believe this is
classified as an ‘ordinary infraction’?”

“You are exactly right.”

Dean wondered if the braces were damaged, and asked
Earl that if they were in fact damaged, would that
require extra, compensatory, punishment.  Earl
answered, “I don’t think you have to worry about Randy
having damaged the braces.  They’re pretty sturdy.
The folks who designed them are well aware that angry
slaves might try to hammer their way out of them.”

Dean calmed himself down somewhat, put a hand on
Randall’s shoulder, and in a voice that conveyed his
frustration spoke to him. “I shouted at you because you
made me very angry.  I’m pissed because you got
yourself into such trouble so soon.  I care about you,
and didn’t expect things to come to this point on your
first day of service.  We have to go ahead with this,
bro.  I hate it, but I love you more!”

Randall felt a need to explain his behavior, and did
so with a broken voice, “I was up in my room folding
my clothes, like you asked me to do and suddenly I
just started crying.  I broke down.  Then, Dean, I got
mad.  I didn’t know how to control myself.  I got
really angry and just came down here and started doing
this out of anger.”

Dean answered, “I know Randall.  I understand.”

As Earl and Dean looked at the frightened Randall,
Dean asked Earl if he could stay a bit longer to help
out with what needed to be done.

Earl was glad to oblige, “This is your first time,
best buddy and I’m not going to desert you now.”

Dean thanked Earl, “I’m going to go out to the car and
bring in all of the supplies Social Services gave me.
Earl, would you kindly take Randall into the living
room and prepare him for an ‘ordinary infraction’
discipline session?”  Earl nodded his consent and
offered a suggestion, “You don’t just want his
buttocks’ flap opened for this.  For his first
punishment to be memorable I think it would be best if
we got Randy servant-naked!”

Dean nodded, “Whatever you say, Earl.  I think you
know best.”  As Dean proceeded to his car parked out
in the garage, Earl placed a hand on Randall’s
shoulder and guided him back towards the living room.
As Randall was guided back to the living room, wearing
his jumpsuit, he felt like the lowest convict that
ever found himself in a concrete and steel prison.
From being a respected and influential, intellectual,
activist and violinist only this morning, to being
treated, just hours later, like a despised criminal
being herded towards a deserved punishment. Randall
felt a sinking feeling in his stomach as he had never
before felt.  Worst of all, he felt, himself, like he
deserved what was coming.

The march to the living room marked a very dramatic
and new era in the Inslee household.  28-year old Dean
was now not only able to physically discipline his
18-year old brother, but was legally obliged to do so.
Both brothers could feel the change of status in the
very core of their beings; Dean as he brought the
servant supplies from Social Services into the house
and Randall as he wept and marched his way into the
living room under the watchful eye of Earl.  This was
not some game, this was real.  All three men in the
house knew that Randall was now indeed an errant
servant deserving of punishment.

Once in the living room Earl faced Randall, “Okay,
let’s get this jumpsuit off!”  Before Randall could
start undressing, Earl was unzipping the front of
Randall’s jumpsuit for him.  He pulled the zipper all
the way down to the crotch, and then reached into
Randall’s yellow servant boxer briefs, and unlocked
the leash from Randall’s genital cinch.  When he had
done that, he ordered Randall to finish disrobing
completely, “Sandals and boxer briefs are to come off
as well!”

Randall made sniffling sounds as he undressed.  Earl
loved watching sniffling slaves undress almost more
than anything else.

When Dean walked into the living room carrying a
bottle of baby oil and a tawse, Earl was incredulous,
“Dean, that tawse!  Is that what Social Services
supplied you with in your starter kit?”

Dean was curious, “Yeah.  Why do you ask?”

Earl was excited, “Boy, Iowa State Social Services has
come a long way!  That’s the Gropius 260, the same
model I use.  Randall is in for a real reckoning
session!”

Dean went right up to the naked Randall, who was
facing away from Dean and Earl and covering his crotch
with his hands.  As Dean started to guide Randall to
the couch, Randall again pleaded, “Dean.  Bro!”  Dean
continued guiding Randall to the couch, and Randall,
desperate, removed his hands from his genitals and
grabbed Dean by his upper arm, “Dean, how can you do
this?  We’re brothers!  Please give me one more
chance!”

Earl commented, “Dean, take a good look at what you’re
seeing.  This is a very typical scene; a servant
begging to be released from punishment.  Notice how
Randy, just like a real social servant, no longer
cares who sees his cock and balls; all he wants is to
get out of this punishment.  He’s already lost that dignity
common to free people.  All he wants is an easy way
out.”

Dean sat down on the couch and ordered Randall over
his lap.  Randall hesitated, but when Earl moved in
closer to assist, Randall draped himself awkwardly
over his brother’s lap.

Dean took the bottle of baby oil and opened it. “In
the ‘Tips and Pointers’ class for new guardians and
overseers, which I attended last weekend at Social
Services, they recommended the oiling of the buttocks
before a spanking.  They said the effectiveness of the
discipline is intensified.”

Earl added his knowledge, “That’s right.  It
intensifies the pain.  You do the same thing to the
shoulders and back if you’re going to be doing a
whipping.”

Dean squirted some oil onto Randall’s rump and started
rubbing it in.  Dean smiled as he massaged the oil
into both of Randall’s muscular buttocks. Earl
instructed, “Make sure that you oil up all the areas
you’re likely to be giving a swat to, so include the
sides of the upper legs and the inner thighs.”

Dean, reflecting, commented as he massaged his
brother’s buttocks, “I’m oiling up my little brother
for his first spanking as a social servant.”

Earl took out his digital camera and obliged, “It’s a
special moment.  Do you want some snapshots for the
family album?”

Dean was pleased, “Sure.  That would be great. Thanks
for thinking of it!”

Randall protested, “Dean, you can’t let him take
pictures of me like this, without any clothes.”

Earl snapped a picture and said, “Are you forgetting,
Randy, that you’re no longer, like, a free boy?”

Dean tried to comfort Randy, “its okay, Randy.  Earl
is right.  It doesn’t make any difference anymore.”

Randall squirmed, “What are you talking about ‘it
doesn’t make any difference anymore’?”

As Dean slipped an oiled hand in between Randall’s
thighs and massaged, he answered. “It doesn’t make any
difference if people see you naked now, since you’re a
social servant.”

Randall shouted out, “That’s bullshit!”, and turned
his face away from Earl’s camera when he saw him
taking aim.

As Earl snapped more pictures, he spoke to Dean,
“You’ll be happy with yourself if you keep a photo
record of everything starting from day one.”

Randall tried one more time, “Dean, I’m a human being.
You can’t let him take pictures of me like this.”

Dean tried to comfort his brother, “They’re just for
our family album, bro.  I don’t intend to show them to
anybody.”

Earl tried to lighten the mood, “Randy, I thought you
like having naked pictures taken of yourself.”  When
neither Dean nor Randall responded to Earl’s reference
about what was found on Randall’s computer, Earl
changed the subject. “Dean, I want to get a good shot
of you oiling up Randy’s behind.  Look at me and
smile.”  Dean obliged and Earl snapped the photo.

Dean had all the surfaces of Randall’s rear end that
he was likely to swat oiled, but for good measure he
took the baby oil and squirted a good amount more onto
the meat of Randall’s buttocks and rubbed it in.
Randall’s buttocks glistened as Dean, businesslike,
massaged the oil into his brother’s rear, as Randall
let out quiet sobs of humiliation.

Earl encouraged Dean, “That’s the way, Dean.  Get that
ass nice and shiny!”

Dean, entranced from oiling up his younger brother’s
buttocks for his punishment, was in reverie when he
picked up the tawse.  Earl broke the trance, “That
Gropius 260 is a serious pain tool, Dean, so be aware
of the fire power you’re wielding.”

Dean nodded, “I will”

In nervous anticipation, Randall started kicking, and
attempted to get off of Dean’s lap.  Dean held Randall
down and ordered him to stay still.  Earl came forward
holding up the leg brace key, “Here, let me help out!”
Earl locked both of Randall’s leg braces at the knee
lock, so Randall could not bend his knees.  When he
had finished, Earl patted Randall on his baldhead,
“There pal. Try kicking now!”

Randall realized he was indeed knee locked, and
distraught by his situation, pleaded, “Please Dean,
tell Earl to get out of here!”

Earl answered, “Don’t worry Randall. I have to leave
soon.  I’m just staying a little bit longer to help
you two bros out with your first discipline session.
I want to help make sure that this goes real smoothly
for the both of you.”

Dean picked up the paddle and looked questioningly at
Earl.  Earl gave Dean the thumbs up sign; Dean
shrugged his shoulders and raised the paddle for the
first blow.  Dean was surprised with the very first
stroke of the Gropius 260, because of its molded,
state of the art contour, moved through the air with
quite a bit of resistance.  When it made contact with
Randall’s right buttock the loudest sound ever heard
in the Inslee household erupted from Randall.

Randall’s scream caught Dean and Earl completely off
guard, and thus when Randall attempted to bolt, he
made headway.  But because his leg braces were set to
full lock mode, and he couldn’t bend his knees, he
rolled off of Dean’s lap.  Randall was quickly able to
grab on to the arm of the couch, and use both of his
arms to stand himself up.  When he tried to run away,
he found out that because his braces were locked at
the knee he couldn’t move without stretching out his
legs, and almost tripped.

Earl caught Randall and prevented him from falling
and, smiling, asked, “Trying to go somewhere?”  Earl
guided Randall back over Dean’s lap, and Randall
almost fell right back in place.  Earl then offered
help to Dean, “Let me help you, Dean.  I’ll hold Randy
down by the shoulders for the next couple of swats
until you regain control.  Then I’ll resume taking
snapshots of the session.”

It was a plan that worked.  Each swat of the tawse was
followed by a different kind of scream from Randall.
First a yell, then a plea, then choked crying, then a
promise to behave, then a shriek, then more promises
to behave.  Once Dean was comfortably in control he
was able to put one of his arms over Randall’s back to
restrain him, while he wielded the paddle with his
other arm.  Earl was able to leave his post holding
Randall down and return to his role as event
photographer.

Randall continued to try and get away and Dean was
frustrated, “Damn it, Randy, stay put!”

Earl suggested, “Remember, Dean, if a servant gets too
jumpy in that position you can always reach underneath
and grab their balls!”

When Randall again howled and begged his brother to
stop the tawsing, Earl was swift to offer Dean
encouragement, “Don’t let up now!  You’ve got your
little brother over your lap and he’s in need of
guidance real bad.  Show him he’s got an older brother
who loves him.  Lay into him with all you’ve got!”

The inspiration worked, and Dean kept firing away.
Earl continued, “I love little Randy too, man, so lay
some good ones on for me!”

Dean did.

As the last three swats were delivered, Randall cried
out, “Oh my gawwd Dean, please stop.  I can’t take
anymore.  I’ll do whatever you say.  I promise!”

Dean, like Randall, was glad that the punishment was
over, and freely admitted it to Earl, “You know, I
don’t think I could have given Randy the entire twenty
swats he had coming if it wasn’t for you being here,
Earl.”

“Thank you.  I was very happy to oblige.”  Earl
reached out and rubbed Randall on the head and with
his other hand touched Dean on the shoulder, “We had a
good session here, fellas!  You both did good!”

Dean helped the sobbing Randall stand up. Randall’s
face was soaked in tears, and Earl, still snapping
photos, got some close-ups.

Dean was struck by Randall’s steel-like,
purple-headed, hardon, “Jeeze!  What the fuck?”

As Earl snapped some shots of it, he explained, “Dean,
boners like that are the norm for ass work as severe
as Randy just received.  There’s a lot of high
pressure vascular action going on his rump area right
now, and it could be an hour or longer before it fully
subsides.”

Dean appreciated the explanation, “I see.”

Randall took some hobbled steps toward his jumpsuit,
which was lying on the floor.  As he tried to reach
for it, it was apparent he couldn’t bend down to reach
it.  Earl came forward with the brace key, “Here
Randy, let me ease up the brace setting for you.”
Dean stopped him, “No!  Earl, I want to keep Randy as
he is for a bit, until he settles down.”

Earl agreed, “Good idea, Dean!”

Dean explained, “I think keeping Randy naked and
hobbled, with his oiled and paddled butt on display,
will help him face and accept the reality of his new
status.’’

Dean turned towards Randall, “Randy, I want you to get
back to your room and continue packing all of your
things away.  And I want to see some real progress
made on your packing.  I don’t want you dawdling up
there, because if I don’t see enough progress made on
packing your things away, I will not hesitate to
re-oil that proud-boy rump of yours and lay on some
more strokes of the tawse!  Do you hear me?”

Randall only looked at the floor, and Dean repeated
the question in a commanding tone, “Randy, I asked a
question!  Did you hear me?”

Randall mumbled “Yes”.  Dean was surprised, yet
pleased, at the firm tone he had just taken with
Randall.  Earl was so thrilled with Dean’s firm
approach that he almost wanted to high-five him.
Randall could not believe the officious tone his
brother had taken on.  It frightened Randall and
reminded him of the way Dean behaved in the past when
Dean would barge in on him in an inebriated condition.

Randall looked out the window again, saw that the sky
was still blue, and wondered if what was going on was
really going on.

Earl spoke quietly to Dean, but Randall could hear,
“Randy’s only been a servant for two hours, and
already you’ve had to oil up his butt for a waling
session.  I’m beginning to get a clue as to what kind
of servant Randall will be and as things are I
suspect that you’ll have to bring out the Gropius 260
with some frequency.  But I do know what could help
you to have fewer problems with Randy in the future.”

Dean was eager to hear what Earl had to say. “Both of
you need boundaries laid out; Randy needs to learn
basic social servant protocol and you, Dean, need to
be comfortable with the freedom of control you have as
Randy’s legally appointed overseer.”

It sounded good to Dean, and Earl explained,
“Remember, the ‘Stage One’ program Randy is in will be
concentrating on his therapy and counseling sessions,
and not a lot of time is spent turning the boys in the
program into fine tuned servants.  The reason for that
is the boys are put to work during the day in grunt
work for the county, and the overseers of those
programs have no need for the finer details of social
service.  They monitor the boys as they work and if
the boys are slacking or not following procedure, the
overseers simply either apply swift discipline or else
hand out demerit points.  They don’t care about
finesse.  It works and saves the county a fortune on
social servant training.”

“Now, if Randy fails the ‘Stage One’ program and is sent
on to the state’s five-year Total Reform Indenturement
Program, then that is a totally different story.  Even
though Total Reform is a forbidding and stringent
hard-labor program, the boys in that program are first
sent through a full seven-month training session.  And
that training doesn’t count towards the five-year
sentence, so the Total Reform program is actually
almost a six-year time commitment, when you count in
the 2-month long exit therapy program.  But because
the boys in the program are trained to a ‘T’ in social
servant protocol, the majority of them turn out to be
absolutely compliant quick-stepping, hard-labor
drudges, with few behavior problems.”

“Since Randy is, after all, a servant now, it would be
helpful to have him trained in some of the basics of
service protocol.  It could help make things go a lot
more smoothly around here, because then Randy would
have a clear picture of what are a servants
‘boundaries’.”

“Dean, if you would like, I can have my neighbor’s
son, Simon Kettlestick, come over and train Randy in
the basics of service protocol.  Simon is only a
junior in high school, but his family is in the
business.  They own Kettlestick’s Social Services
Supply House.  Little Simon wants to be a professional
overseer when he grows up, and he already has a Level
‘C’ servant handler’s permit.  He’s eager for hands-on
experience, so I’m sure he’d be happy to come over
here and put Randy through the hoops without charging
you too much.  He’s a good kid.  You’ll like him,
Randy.”

Randy frowned, “Dean, I don’t want any high school kid
here trying to boss me around.”

Dean shook his head disapprovingly, “Randy, he’s not
going to be bossing you, he’s going to be instructing
you.  If you go to a doctor for an ailment and he
prescribes medication, are you not going to take the
medication if the doctor happens to be younger than
you are?  It sounds like Simon could be good for you.
Why do you think someone with his certificate is
called a ‘handler’?  They’re called handlers because
they’re trained to handle boys like you.  As a
certified handler, Simon should have a lot of valuable
pointers for you.”

Earl commented, “Randy, you need to know that the age
thing makes no difference when it comes to social
servants; servants follow orders whether they come
from an 8 year old or an 80 year old.  It’s an
important lesson you need to learn.”

Randall, despite his tawsing, was feeling an inner
defiance; what his brother called his ‘willfulness’.
The only thing that held his tongue in check was the
fear of another spanking, which he knew his brother
was now in the mood to do if he felt he needed it.
Randall hated the fact that his brother really had him
under his control and could discipline him if he
didn’t like his behavior.  But Randall’s nature
demanded that he respond, so he did so in what he
thought was a diplomatic manner, “Dean, I’m not going
to be any trouble, all I wanted to say was…”

Dean cut him off, “Not another word from you.  Up to
your room right now and start packing!”  Randall was
furious at Dean’s abrupt treatment of him, but did not
show it.  When he started to walk towards the stairs
that led to his bedroom, he could only do so with wide
spread legs, because of his locked braces.  As Randall
walked out he knew that both Earl and Dean were
watching him hobble out of the room and he hated
thinking of the fact that they were probably enjoying
seeing him walking in a hobbled fashion, with his
shiny, oiled, and reddened, behind on display for
them.

When Randall was out of the room, Earl commented,
“That red butt really looks good on Randy!  Do you
need any more proof that spankings really do work?”

Dean responded, “I was really surprised.  I could tell
that Randall was super pissed off right now.  Normally
I would have gotten nothing but lip from him.  But he
was definitely managing to curb his defiance just now,
and I liked it.  It’s a major change!”

Earl nodded, “As long as Randy knows he can expect
swift and severe discipline if he misbehaves, he’ll
keep himself in check.”  Earl paused, brushed his
nose, and said, “What was really great about this
session to me was that it proved that Randy really
knows that he’s a servant.  He’s not accepting it yet,
but at least he knows what he is.”

Dean asked how Earl knew such a thing and Earl
explained, “I’ve spanked lots of teen butts in my day,
both slave and free, and one thing I’ve noticed was
that…”

Dean stopped him in mid-sentence, “Hold on!  I know
that your family has always had servants and you’ve
been around them all of your life and have probably
spanked a lot of them.  But how on earth did you ever
get to spank free-boy teen butt?”

Earl smiled, “Good question.  I have two sisters and
both of them have a bunch of kids.  Whenever I would
baby sit for them through the years, which was often,
they would always insist that I hold their kids to the
same standards I held our servants to, treat them in
the same respectful way I treated our servants and
discipline them in exactly the same way I discipline
our servants.”

Dean laughed, “You lucky fuck!”

Earl winked at Dean and continued his explanation.
When you spank a teen butt, whether slave or free, boy
or girl, the butt jiggles, wiggles, and reddens in
exactly the same manner.  But what is different is
what comes out of their mouths as you spank them.
If you spank normal, free, teenagers they’ll howl,
cuss, and swear as they’re getting spanked.  But spank
teenaged social servants and they’ll carry on in
exactly the way Randy did during his tawsing just now;
promising to be good, promising to obey, promising to
do this and that, promising that they won’t be any
more trouble!  I guess servants behave that way
because they know that as servants they’ve have to take
extra punishment for back talk and there’s no way out
of it.  Servants soon learn that such punishments are
a regular part of their lives and shouting out
promises to behave at least insures that the
punishment won’t go on any longer than it has to.”

Earl paused and touched Dean’s left arm, “Anyway, the
good news is that you made real headway, buddy!  You
made a strong impression on Randy just now.  He now
knows that he really is a social servant.  And I don’t
think you’ll have any problem being a caring and
effective overseer. But he’s still holding onto a lot
of defiance that he’s keeping in check for now only
because he finally knows that you mean business.  But
I want you to know that there are ways of getting that
defiance out of a boy like Randy”, Earl slowed his
speech and emphasized each word, “and turning him into
a real sweet submissive.”

Dean asked quietly, “How is that accomplished?”

Earl looked into Dean’s face, and spoke quietly as
well, “Do you think you can handle what I have to
say?”

“Sure, Earl.  Why would I not be able to handle what
you say?”

“Well Dean, it is now your job to make sure that you
are meeting all of Randall’s needs.  After all, he’s
in your total control.  Boys who are slaves really do
want to rely on and trust their overseers, but they
need to know how much their overseer will be there for
them if they really do surrender themselves and trust
their overseers to take complete control of their
lives.  They really do want to feel comfortable
letting their overseers call all the shots in their
lives.”

“You, Dean, need to not only let Randy know that
you’re in total control of him, as you did very
successfully just moments ago; but Randy also has to
know that if he trusts you completely he will be
protected and rewarded in special ways that only an
overseer can offer well-behaving servants.”

Dean’s face showed that he was uncertain of Earls
meaning.  Earl continued, “Dean, you’ve got yourself a
real, live, servant now, so use it!  If you take full
advantage of the situation, both of you will be lot
happier.  If a servant knows that if he misbehaves he
will soon be punished, he will keep himself in check.
But if a servant knows you will also make him feel
very good, with special rewards, if he behaves, he
will be eager to please.  In case you didn’t know it,
Dean, servants look to their masters like schoolgirls
look to rock stars.  Totally obsessed and awed.  And I
know Randy looks up to you already.  Randy could be
one really, sweet, well behaved, pliant, little boy;
if you’re not afraid to offer him the things he
needs.”

Dean asked, “What kinds of things?”

Earl smiled, “You have to find out for yourself what
Randy needs and wants.  That shouldn’t be too hard to
do, given that you’ve copied the entire contents of
his computer onto your hard drive.”

Earl’s comments had Dean deep in thought.  Earl knew
that Dean had been through an experience that was
almost as trying for him as it was for Randall.  He
figured Dean needed some time to himself, so he patted
him on the back, “I gotta run, pal.  You take care.
And keep me posted!”

Dean nodded, thanked Earl again, and Earl took his
leave.

Dean leaned against the wall where Earl had left him
and looked at the staircase that led to the upstairs
bedroom where Randall was packing away his things,
doing as Dean had ordered.  Dean pondered his new
status as chief overseer of his brother.  It was a
sweet feeling.  He had intended to let Randall
continue packing his things away for a couple of
hours, but found he was having a hard time leaving
Randall alone.  He was like a kid with a new puppy.
He couldn’t leave it alone.

To Be Continued…

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