**Boys Like You**

Part Six

By Randall Austin

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

Dean made his way slowly and quietly up the stairs and  
went to the doorway of Randall’s bedroom.  Randall had  
his back to Dean as he was folding items that he had  
removed from a dresser drawer.  Dean leaned against  
the doorframe.  He smiled, more an internal smile  
than one visible on his lips, as he eyed his naked  
and hobbled younger brother’s oiled and reddened rump.  
  
To see Randall obediently doing something that Dean  
had ordered him to do filled Dean with the most  
intense delight.  Dean realized that it was his  
concern for his brother and the actions he took,   
which brought Randall to where he was now.  He looked  
at his naked, hobbled and ass-reddened, brother and  
wondered if Randall’s sense of entitlement had begun  
to abate.  Dean now had Randall in his possession;   
fully under his control.  Although Dean truly felt  
Randall was arrogant to a troubling degree and that  
his reckless behavior demanded some kind of control  
and those were the chief reasons he took steps to have  
his brother enrolled in the ‘Stage One’ program; he  
nevertheless was surprised at how good it felt to  
finally have Randall under his control.  
  
Dean looked at the expanse of Randall’s naked  
backside.  He felt a glow within.  He then let his  
eyes look more deeply at his brother’s naked rump.   
Randall’s buttocks were oiled, reddened, and  
prominent. The shine from the baby oil added to their  
allure.  The oil also made Randall smell like a baby,   
which Dean thought appropriate; after all, Randy was  
his baby brother.  
  
Randall was a runner.  His rump was a runner’s rump.   
Dean thought Randall had a better shaped rump than he  
did, it was better defined.    
  
Dean looked at Randall’s naked head, a servant’s head.   
Dean wanted to rub it.  He wondered if he should make  
Randall oil his head and if it would add to Randall’s  
humiliation and help reap positive results.  As Dean’s  
dick started to harden, Dean caught himself.  He  
questioned what he was doing.  Why was humiliating  
Randall turning him on?  Was he lusting after his own  
brother?   
  
Dean quickly put the thought aside and pondered how he  
was free to spend his day in whatever way he desired,   
but his brother was now no longer free to do as he  
chose.  Randall now had to do whatever Dean ordered  
him to do.  
  
Dean was aware of the humiliation Randall was going  
through.  He wanted very much for Randall not be  
distraught over his condition, yet he felt the  
humiliation and the pain of the tawsing Randall had  
received were truly needed to help Randall get to a  
point where he would eventually just face and accept  
his new status as a boy in a rehabilitative  
indenturement program.  Keeping him naked and hobbled  
would force Randall to confront his new reality.  
  
But Dean realized that if Randall were alone by  
himself his shame would not be so great, so Dean made  
his presence known, “Good work.”  
  
Randall neither turned to face Dean nor said anything.  
Dean spoke, “Once you finish packing everything away  
in boxes and get them in storage, this entire room  
needs a good scrubbing.  Windows, floor, walls,   
ceiling, everything!”  
  
Randall continued doing what he was doing without  
commenting.  After a bit Dean continued, “And of  
course you’ll have to strip your bed and launder all  
of the bedding, because you’ll be sleeping with me  
from now on.  When was the last time your blankets  
were washed?”  
  
Randall spoke, quietly, “I’m trying to do what you  
asked me to do.  Why don’t you just leave me alone,   
Dean?”   
  
Dean was firm, “Listen young man.  Let’s get serious  
here.  You are now an indentured servant and it is my  
job to keep you actively employed in useful service.   
State law requires it.  I’m not playing games here.   
This is your new life.  When you’re not at your county  
job or counseling classes, I am your overseer and I am  
to both monitor you and keep you engaged in useful  
service.”  
  
“Now answer my question!”  
  
Randall did not answer.  Dean was getting frustrated.   
“Randall, if you want to play hardball, I can do that.  
But I should think someone who is pig-naked and  
hobbled would realize that is probably not a  
sensible thing to do.”  
  
Randall, frustrated as well, sighed. “I don’t know  
when the blankets were last washed.  I never do that.   
Mom always does that stuff.”  
  
Dean replied, “Well that’s all about to change.”  
  
Randall took the pile of folded clothes and placed  
them on his bed next to the piles of clothes he had  
already folded.  Randall’s shame in his naked and  
hobbled condition was intense.  Dean noticed that  
Randall’s eyes were still teary.   
  
As Randall hobbled back to the closet Dean realized  
how conflicted his feelings were; he was happy to have  
Randall under strict control in an intensive rehab  
program, but he also wanted his brother to find peace  
with his situation and to just accept it.  
  
Randall grabbed an empty shoebox from the closest,   
hobbled to his dresser, and placed several bottles of  
cologne and hair products into the box.  He turned,   
and with the box in hand, hobbled past Dean. “These  
are the things you wanted me to place in your room.”  
  
Dean nodded, and as Randall made his way out of the  
room Dean was transfixed by the sight of his younger  
brother’s cinched sex unit, bobbing as he walked.  He  
liked the way Randall’s cock tip, with its quite  
large piss-slit, peaked out from the foreskin.    
  
Dean rubbed his forehead, and paused a bit.  He tried  
to shake the image of his brother’s penis from his  
mind.  He left the room and looked down the hallway.   
Randall was just entering his bedroom.  He followed  
after him.  
  
In Dean’s bedroom Randall placed the grooming products  
from the shoebox on top of Dean’s dresser.  Dean went  
up to the dresser and looked at some of the products  
Randall was placing on the dresser.  Dean, standing  
next to Randy, randomly picked up a bottle of cologne  
and smelled the spray tip, and commented, “This is the  
scent you would use whenever you went to visit your  
friend Frank.”  Dean held up the cologne for Randall  
to see and asked, “Is this your favorite scent?”   
There was no response from Randall.  Dean waited a  
bit, then asked “Or is it Frank’s favorite scent?”  
  
There was still no response from Randall.  Dean  
continued, “What did you two do together all the  
time?”  
  
Dean understood that Randall perceived his questions  
as taunting, when he did not intend them in such a  
way, and tried to reassure Randall. “Sooner or later  
you are going to have to give Frank and all of your  
other friends a call and tell them what’s going on.”   
When there was still no response from Randall, Dean  
touched him on the shoulder and in an attempt to  
cheer him, said. “I’ll tell you what; we can designate  
something like every first Saturday of the month as  
visitation day and if you are caught up on all of  
your chores, then that would be a day on which all of  
your friends can come and visit you!”  
  
Dean thought it was a cheerful, good, option.  Randall  
did not, because as far as he was concerned he never  
wanted any of his friends to see him bald, hobbled,   
and wearing a yellow social servant jumpsuit.   
  
Dean understood Randall’s failure to respond.  He was  
about to set the bottle of cologne down, but instead,   
on a whim, aimed it at Randall’s chest and sprayed it.  
Randall looked up surprised.  And he was more  
surprised when Dean took his hand and started rubbing  
the scent about his chest, between Randall’s two  
nipples.   
  
Dean placed his other hand on Randall’s shoulder and  
said, “Everything’s going to be okay, bro, if we work  
together as a team.  We each have a part to play.  If  
you do yours, I’ll do mine, and all will be well.”   
Dean noticed that Randall seemed to respond favorably  
to the gentle physical contact, for the beginnings of  
a smile broke out on Randall’s face.  
  
Dean continued, “Randy, I feel that everything is  
going to be okay.  It feels really good having you  
under my control like this.  You’re like my little  
brother once again and I get to train you all over  
again and help you become a responsible young man.”  
  
Randall, suddenly uncomfortable with Dean’s intimacy,   
asked if he could get dressed.  Dean answered, “No  
Randy.  You have to get over your inhibitions around  
me.  If I’m not ashamed of you in your naked, bald,   
cinched, collared, and hobbled condition, then you  
certainly shouldn’t be!  You need to learn to be proud  
of yourself.”  
  
Randall was frank, “I’m just a fucking servant!   
Everybody makes fun of us and thinks we’re all loser  
trash, regardless of all those ads that try to paint  
social servitude as an honorable profession.  I’m just  
a fucking servant that school kids are going to laugh  
at and make fun of, just the way school kids always  
laugh at and make fun of social servants!”    
  
Dean shook his head, “You are not JUST a social  
servant!  You are MY social servant, so that makes you  
one, very special, social servant.  But I will tell  
you that being proud of your new status is something  
that is learned and doesn’t come easily.  I don’t  
expect you to learn it in a single day.”  
  
“I know this because I’m in the same boat you are.  I  
also have to learn not worry about what you think  
of me.  I confess, I’ve been worried all day that  
you’d think I was some asshole brother trying to lord  
it over you just for the fun of it.  I, too, have to  
learn not care what you, as a social servant, think  
of me.  And just like you, when I’m naked in front of  
you, I also have to learn not care what you think  
of me, sort of, because you’re a servant and I’m free.  
I too have to learn to be proud of myself in front of  
you.  You are a servant now and I’m free, and we each  
have to accept and be proud of our roles in each  
other’s lives.”   
  
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The brothers’ first night in bed together, since  
Randall’s childhood, felt good to both Dean and  
Randall.  They both were so stressed out by the end of  
Randall’s first day in indenturement, that they took  
comfort in the nearby silence of each other.  They  
quickly fell asleep and slept very soundly.  When they  
awoke at 10:00 AM the following morning, they were  
surprised that they had slept so well.    
  
Dean made Randall sleep in his yellow social servant  
boxer briefs and he slept in a pair of steel gray  
boxers.  As they reclined in bed, before getting out  
of bed, Dean, on his side facing Randall, gave out  
orders for the day that were intended to help Randall  
adjust comfortably into his new life. “Today I want  
you to continue packing your things away and taking  
them down to storage.  You can work at your own pace.   
If you feel you need a break or a change, then just  
come to me and we can do something together: play a  
game of chess, go for a walk, or make us a snack.”  
  
“What the rehab program you’re in does not want is for  
you to have any free time by yourself, because we know  
what sort of things you have gotten into in the past.  
Remember, the purpose of this program is to help you  
break away from self-destructive habits, not to punish  
you.  So we need to work on breaking you out of your  
self-absorption; as well as your obsession with all of  
that porn shit.  The counselors at Social Services  
told me that such porn addiction is usually  
accompanied by compulsive masturbation.  So most  
likely you were a pretty heavy wanker.”  Randall  
looked aside, humiliated.  Dean continued, “Don’t try  
to deny it, bro.  This is the time to bring all of  
your bad habits out into the open so we can work on  
ending them.  I suspected you were a heavy masturbator  
all along; it’s nothing new to me.  So except when you’re  
practicing your violin, where I can hear you, you are  
not to have any free time by yourself.  And that  
includes bathroom time.  Remember, if you ever close a  
bathroom door while you’re in there, that warrants a  
chastening procedure.”  
  
“But don’t worry, your punishment won’t always be just  
paddlings.  Using the same punishment over and over is  
counter productive, so Social Services has provided me  
with lots of cool options we can use in the starter  
kit.  Over time I’m sure that I’ll find out which  
procedures you respond best to and once I get a knack  
for this punishment thing, it will help me to help you  
more quickly get to the place in your rehab program  
where you are supposed to be.”  
  
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During Randall’s first week in his social servant job  
with the county, he came home upset almost every day  
with a list of complaints for Dean.  He complained  
about his ordeals using the city bus system and how  
rudely he was treated by free people; he complained  
about the concrete-headed and dogmatic counselors in  
his after-work rehab therapy sessions; and most of all  
he complained about the abusive treatment he and his  
five co-servants received from their two overseers.  
  
Social servants in the ‘Stage One’ Iowa State  
Rehabilitative Indenturement Program work each weekday  
from 8 to 3 for the County Parks Department. The boys  
work in teams of six social servants.  Team members  
are not rotated, with the intention of having the boys  
in the ‘Stage One’ program get to know each other and  
learn team building, goal support, and socialization.  
The six team members sit in the back portion of a  
green Linn County Parks Department van.  There are two  
overseers assigned to each van, one of which is the  
driver.  Each van has its own territory and every day  
makes the rounds of all the public stops, bus stops,  
rest stations, and picnic areas on its route.  At each  
public area the van stops, the overseers open the back  
doors and the six yellow-jumpsuited social servants  
hop out and get to work cleaning up the area.  
  
The social servants perform such tasks as sweeping,  
emptying trash containers, picking up debris, scraping  
gum off the pavement, hosing and washing an area  
clean, painting, and doing minor repairs.  
  
Randall’s complaint to Dean was that the overseers  
treat the social servants not only rudely, but also  
abusively.  Randall explained how the two overseers,  
who were just a couple of years older than he was,  
constantly talk down to them and berate them in front  
of free people while they are working at the stops.   
He also told how when they are in public restrooms it  
is there that the overseers deliver any earned  
punishment within view of any free people using the  
restrooms.  
  
Dean asked if the overseers made them take off their  
jumpsuits.  Randall answered, “No, they just open up  
our rump flaps and paddle us.”  
  
Dean saw no need for alarm, “Well then, I don’t see  
reason why that’s a problem.  Just make sure you don’t do  
anything that earns you any punishment.”  
  
One Saturday morning, two weeks after having been  
indentured, Randall was once again frustrated with  
Dean’s inability to grasp the humiliation he was put  
through on a daily basis by his overseers. “They are a  
couple of football and cunt obsessed morons!”  
  
Dean was firm, “Watch your language there, Randy.   
That kind of talk against any overseer or guardian  
will not be tolerated and I want it stopped right  
now!  I’ve heard quite enough nasty talk about your  
overseers these past two weeks, and I want it  
stopped.”  
  
Randall was pissed, but held his tongue.  
  
Dean continued, “And one more very important item; if  
you are ever paddled or demerited for any reason while  
you are on the job, I want to know about it the moment  
you get home; because you will then receive a repeat  
of your punishment from me as a form of reinforcement.  
  
Randall was even more pissed, “I really don’t think a  
couple of trailer trash ‘booze and tit’ boys are  
competent to make any kind of judgment calls about  
what anyone deserves.  Certainly not any regarding  
me!”  
  
Dean stood up, “Okay, that does it, hotshot!  That  
kind of disrespectful language towards authority  
figures will just not fly!  Such talk is exactly the  
reason you are in this program, to straighten out that  
kind of ‘shoot from the hip’ arrogance!  This is the  
kind of thing my overseer manual tells me that I need  
to act on.  And I intend to follow my mandate; so go  
and get the paddle that’s hanging in the hall closet,  
then get that jumpsuit and shorts off, and go and bend over  
the back of the couch.”  Randall did not move or  
comment.  Dean encouraged him, “If you don’t do  
exactly as I say right now, young man, instead of 10  
swats I’ll give you 20!  Now move it!  And the next  
time I hear you talking disrespectfully about any  
authority figure, I will wash out your mouth before  
your spanking!  And that’s my promise to you, brother  
dearest!”  
  
Randall decided to do exactly as ordered.  He fetched  
the paddle, handed it to Dean, and started to undress.  
Once bent over the back of the couch, Dean approached  
him from the rear.  He stood and looked down on his  
bent over brother.  He was about to begin, but thought  
it best to prolong Randall’s humiliation.  Dean  
fetched the baby oil and started oiling up Randall’s  
rump.  As he did so Randall whimpered in fear and  
humiliation.    
  
Dean pondered in amazement how his brother just stood  
there and let himself be oiled up for punishment.  It  
meant that Randall understood that he was a social  
servant and had to do as ordered.  It was legally  
demanded of him.  Dean was nevertheless amazed by the  
way in which Randall was complying with the program;  
mainly out of fear, but still complying.  
  
As Dean oiled his young brother’s rump, a feeling of  
‘being in control’ filled Dean with a euphoria that  
was new and exciting.  Dean understood it to mean that  
things were on very right course.  
  
Once Dean started swatting Randall’s ass, he decided  
to get it over with quickly.  He delivered no verbal  
punctuation with each blow, and kept the beating going  
at a steady pace.  It was over within one minute.   
Randall howled throughout the paddling and after the  
last blow he reached back and rubbed his behind  
furiously with both hands while jumping around in  
pain.  Randall’s dick was not quite totally hard, but  
it stuck up and out quite handsomely.  Dean wished he  
had the nerve to take a video of Randall’s  
post-punishment dance, but did not want to appear  
voyeuristic.   
  
Dean commented, “A nice big ass is a real handy thing  
for a boy like you to have!  It’s through that ass of  
yours that I think I will have the most effective  
means of communicating with you!”  
  
Randall could not stand the fact that Dean was talking  
to him and treating him like he was his father.  He  
wanted to back talk Dean very badly, for back talk was  
a strong natural response for Randall.  
  
When Dean continued chiding Randall as a father would  
a young son, Randall could no longer take being so  
belittled. “Dean, I can’t stand you talking to me like  
this.  You’re not my dad!”  
  
Dean was somewhat hurt by Randall’s comment, because  
he was in fact feeling very much like an in-control  
father and was proud of his handling of his brother’s  
behavioral shortcomings.  Dean walked up to Randall,  
put a hand on his shoulder, and guided him towards the  
front of the couch, “Come here and sit next to me,  
bro.  We need to have a talk.”  
  
Randall, attempting to cover his erection with both  
hands, sat to the right of Dean.  Dean put his right  
arm over Randall’s shoulders, “Remember, you are not a  
bad kid.  ‘Stage One’ is not intended as punishment,  
even though punishment is meted out for behavioral  
shortcomings.  Rather ‘Stage One’ is intended to help  
you become all that you can be.  I’m not trying to be  
a ‘dad’.  I’m just doing what I have to do and saying  
the things that need to be said.”  
  
Randall started sobbing, Dean hugged him more tightly  
and Randall spoke, “Dean, I feel so shitty!  I can’t  
stand being, bald, naked, braced, and spanked.  And  
even if I were dressed, I can’t stand that fuckin’  
yellow jumpsuit.  I’m too ashamed to be seen in it  
Dean. I can’t do this anymore.  I can’t do any of  
this; I’m too embarrassed.  I don’t want to be a  
social servant!”  Randall started crying, “Please,  
Dean, take my braces off.  Please!  I don’t want to  
have to wear braces anymore!”  
  
Dean moved his lips closer to Randall’s ear and spoke  
more quietly, “Boys like you have to be braced.  I  
have no say in the matter.  The people who designed  
the ‘Stage One’ program know that boys like you need a  
little taming and braces are just one of the means  
used to help you.  It’s only meant to help you, bro.   
So that you grow into a fine young man, with clear  
goals and a healthy vision.”  
  
Randall closed his eyes and continued to sob quietly,  
ashamed that his brother considered him like some kind  
of animal that needed taming.  Dean’s arm around his  
shoulders felt comforting, but could not wipe out  
Randall’s despair.    
  
Randall felt Dean fumbling around and he assumed that  
Dean was trying to reposition himself in a more  
comfortable position.  Dean spoke quietly in Randall’s  
ear, “I know you’re all mixed up right now, Randy, but  
I really know what you need in order to start feeling  
better about things.  You just need to accept me as  
your overseer, to trust me and not be afraid of me.  I  
want this experience to be simple, easy, and clear for  
you.”    
  
Dean put his hand around Randall’s head and pulled it  
towards his chest.  The gesture was a strong one and  
sent a wave of emotion through Randall that caused him  
to sob even more, even as it comforted him.  Randall  
kept his eyes closed in an attempt to quell the tears.  
  
After a bit Dean asked, “Randy, why are you still  
crying?”  
  
“Because I’m naked and hard in front of you, for one  
thing.  I have no dignity.  And you think of me as a  
loser.”  
  
Dean continued holding Randall’s head lovingly against  
his chest.  It felt wonderful to Randy.  When Dean  
spoke, his voice buzzed in Randall’s ear as it lay  
against Dean’s chest. “There’s nothing to be  
embarrassed about.  You are not a loser; you’re a  
servant boy.  I’m your older brother overseer and I’m  
the one who ordered you to get naked.  So there’s  
nothing to be ashamed of.”  Dean squeezed Randy on the  
shoulder, “And besides, take a look, I’m hard too!”  
  
Randall opened his eyes and saw Dean’s prick sticking  
straight up from out of his unzipped fly.  He was  
speechless, mesmerized by the sight of his brother’s  
big, fat, bobbing, purple-headed, piss-stick”  
  
Dean’s face took on a lean, sensual, smile, “Go ahead,  
take a good look at it.  It looks like it’s trying to  
talk to you.  And look at our two dicks, together,  
bro, sticking up proud, two brother dicks, bobbing  
side by side.  It’s hard to tell which one belongs to  
the servant and which one to the overseer.  Mine is  
ten years older than you are.  And it’s in control of  
you now.  I’m showing it to you now because if I’m not  
embarrassed to show you my dick, so you should not be  
embarrassed that I see yours.”  
    
“You just said you were embarrassed because you were  
naked and hard in front of me.  Well, if I like seeing  
you working naked, wearing nothing but your collar,  
cinch, and braces, then you should be proud to be  
naked for me and want to show off for me, not be  
ashamed of yourself!  Just the way I’m not ashamed to  
let you see my dick.  It’s your job to take pride in  
whatever I tell you do.  If I want you naked in front  
of me, then you should be proud of yourself as you  
stand naked before me.  You should be eager to show  
yourself off for me.  That is your duty as a servant.   
To be proud of what you are ordered to do.  If this  
program is going to work we both need to be proud of  
our roles as we interact with each other.”    
  
Dean smiled more broadly and made his rod bounce  
lewdly.  Randall continued staring at his brother’s  
dick.  The sight of it brought emotional relief to  
Randall.  Randall was not aware that the pain he had  
felt at his extreme humiliation was suddenly gone,  
only that he was in a trance.  
  
Dean spoke quietly, “All that you need to do, Randy,  
is to focus on what I say and tell you do and all  
will be well.  And right now I want you to focus on my  
dick.”  Dean put his hands on Randall’s bald head and  
gently rubbed, “Just look at your older brother’s  
dick, little bro.  Just relax and take a good look.  I  
want you to get to know it really well.”  Randall’s  
own dick was by now as rock hard as his overseer’s.  
  
Dean whispered, “Randy, I want you to go down on me  
and do some mouth work on just my cock knob.  I want  
you to tongue massage my prick head and then gently  
stroke my piss slit with your tongue.”  Dean guided  
Randall’s head down to his cock.  Randall took the  
cock tip into his mouth willingly and gently tongue  
polished his brother’s knob.  Dean moaned, “Ohhhh bro!  
What a good little boy you are!”  
  
The silence in the Inslee house was broken only by  
Dean’s quiet moaning and Randall’s slurping.  After  
four minutes of mouth work Dean gently pulled  
Randall’s head away from his dick and had him sit up  
straight on the couch.  In silence Dean gently grasped  
Randall’s erection with two fingers and a thumb and  
began slowly manipulating it.  Dean asked quietly,  
“How are you feeling Randy?”  
  
Randall was in daze, mouth open and calm. “I want to do  
whatever you say, bro.  I want you to be proud of me,  
Dean.”  
  
Holding Randall’s prick felt to Dean like he was  
holding the core of Randall’s being.  Randall loved  
having his big brother hold his dick.  Dean spoke as  
he slowly pumped his younger brother, “Boys like you  
need to be taken in hand and given a little extra  
direction.”  
  
Randall moaned, “I know, bro.  I know.”  
  
As he continued gently pumping his brother, Dean  
asked, “Are you beginning to see that there’s more to  
life than slicking up your hair and dressing up in  
fancy clothes?”  
  
“Yes, Dean.”  
  
“Oh little bro, I promise to be here for you, guiding  
you along with each step you take.  I’m going to help  
you be a good little boy.”  
  
Randall never felt such deep, warm, and all  
encompassing, sensations of pleasure, “I’m going to do  
whatever you say, Dean, from now on!”  
  
As Dean pumped Randall to a climax he encouraged him,  
“I want you to go ahead and show your older brother  
what a man you are.  Show me what you can do, Randy!   
Let’s see how much cum a really good servant boy can  
make!  Make me proud, bro!”  
  
As Randall started breathing heavy and nearing his  
climax, he moaned, “I want you to be proud of me bro!   
I want to make you so proud!”  
  
“Give me everything you got, bro.  I need a lot from  
you!  Go ahead and make your older brother proud of  
you!”  
  
Dean pumped harder, “’Stage One’ was designed to help  
and protect you, bro.”  
  
Randall’s moaning grew in strength, “I know that,  
Dean!”  As Randall neared his climax, he pleaded,  
“Please help me, Dean, to be all that I can be!  I  
want to be a good boy.”  
  
As cum started spurting out of Randall’s cock, Dean  
was surprised at both the force of the eruption and  
the amount of cum, “Way to go, little bro!  What a  
stud server boy you are!”  
  
The brother’s lips met and their tongues darted into  
each other’s mouths.  Randall moaned in ecstasy as  
they kissed.  
  
After a couple of minutes the brothers parted lips,  
and Randall sat back in the couch, exhausted. The cum  
which had landed on his chest by now had made its way  
down to his waist and Dean ordered Randall to scoop  
up his cum and slime his dick with it.  Randall  
obediently obliged.  
  
As Randall lubed Dean’s dick his excitement rose  
again.  To get to know his older brother’s cock so  
intimately was beyond his wildest dreams.  He loved  
Dean’s cock.  It was big and looked like an older  
brother’s cock should look.  
  
As Dean got his cock lubed up he spoke, “Randall, you  
have to be a good boy from now on.  You are legally  
required to be a good boy.  And I am legally bound to  
make sure that you are a good boy.”  
  
Randall’s prick had risen again to the heights, “I  
know that bro.”  
  
Dean stood Randall up and pointed out their erections,  
“Look at our two soldiers standing at attention.”   
Both brothers made their cocks bob for each other.   
They laughed and kept making their cocks dance for  
each other.  Then, without saying a word, Dean guided  
Randall into a kneeling position on the couch.  
  
Dean removed his shoes, slacks, and undies, and got  
behind Randall.  He slowly guided his cock into  
Randall’s hole.  When he was in he stopped and  
relished the feeling, “I’ve got you poled now, Randy.   
Feel good?”  
  
“Yes brother.”  
  
Dean gave a few thrusts of his cock, “And how does  
that feel?”  
  
“Real good, Dean.  Thank you.”  
  
Dean instructed, “Now stick your ass up just a little  
higher.”  Randall did.  Dean moaned in pleasure, “Oh  
yeah.  Now wiggle it a little bit for me.  It’s my  
dick’s dancing partner.  Lead my dick in a little  
dance.”  
  
Randall happily spun, wiggled and churned his ass for  
his older brother overseer.  
  
After a bit Dean began thrusting his hips.  Slowly at  
first and then gradually increasing in speed as he  
neared his climax.  He moaned, “You need my rod up  
your ass, bro, to remind you that I’m in charge.  You  
have my full, loving, guidance.  As long as you obey  
me, I will make sure you are one very happy little  
servant boy.”  
  
Dean rode Randall to a thrilling climax that had him  
swearing out words as he came that he didn’t know he  
had in him, “Here it comes workboy!  Holy fuckin  
nipple sucking, cock-slurping, shiny-assed, slaveboy!”  
  
Once Dean recovered, he pulled out very slowly, and  
stood in back of Randall, looking at his naked rump,  
“Don’t move yet, Randy.”  Randy didn’t want to move,  
he knew only one thing; that while his brother was  
fucking him all of his pain and hurt was gone.   
  
Dean watched as his cum started to leak out of his  
brother’s ass.  He grabbed some tissues and lovingly  
cleaned up Randall’s behind.  As he wiped up the baby  
oil and cum from Randall’s rump, he spoke, “After I  
get you wiped up, let’s take a nice long bath.  And  
then, later this afternoon, someone special is coming  
to visit you.

To Be Continued…

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