**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>