**Boys Like You**

Part Seven

By Randall Austin

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

As Randall and Dean sat in the bathtub after Dean had  
successfully poled and tamed his little brother, Dean  
explained that he and his friend Earl were going to a  
Linn County Lawyers Association meeting that  
afternoon and because Randall was in the ‘Stage One’  
program, he was not allowed to be left alone without a  
‘babysitter’ and therefore Dean told Randall he had  
decided it would be an excellent time to have Simon  
Kettlestick, the young overseer and Earl’s neighbor,  
over to give Randall a crash course in basic social  
servant protocol.  
  
When Randall protested, saying that anyone who decides  
at age 15 that they want to be a professional servant  
handler was no different than someone who decides at  
age 15 they want to work in a slaughterhouse; both  
were clearly the choices of people with dark problems.  
Dean set Randall straight. “Simon already has a  
Level ‘C’ servant handler’s permit.  It’s not as easy to  
get that as you think.  A big part of what goes into  
modern handler’s training is motivational techniques.   
Earl tells me that he often has little Simon over to  
give his slaves, Brendan and Reginald, pep talks!”  
  
When Randall scoffed, Dean gave him a warning look  
and the freshly chastened Randall immediately  
apologized. “I’m sorry, bro.  That was the old me  
reacting.  I really am going to try and change my  
attitude, and not be so cynical.”  
  
Dean rubbed Randall on the head. “I’m so proud of my  
little brother making an effort to try a new way.  I  
knew you had it in you.”  Dean’s head rub sent waves  
of pleasures through Randall.    
  
After the brothers took a brief rinsing shower, Dean  
handed Randall a big towel. “Come on bro.  Let’s get  
you started on doing my personal service.  For  
starters, I want you to towel dry me.”  Randall felt  
at once a pang of resistance at his brothers demand,  
but it was immediately diminished when he thought of  
how defiance could get him punished; and it was  
diminished further when he realized that he really did  
want to towel dry his brother and it was diminished  
even further when his brother started complimenting  
him on the good job he was doing drying him off.  As  
Randall dried his brother off and accepted that  
service was something that made him feel good and if he  
really accepted his lot, a wonderful, sweet, feeling  
of subservience swept over Randall and hardened his  
dick.  
  
After towel drying, Dean had Randall clip his finger  
and toenails, give him a massage, apply  
antiperspirant to his underarms and gel and comb his  
hair.  By the time Randall had completed his brother’s  
personal services his dick tip gleamed with a drop of  
precum.  Dean pointed to it. “You are not to touch  
that thing without my permission!  If I get a good  
report on your behavior from Simon when I get home  
from my meeting, then we can consider addressing your  
needs.”  
  
“Remember Simon’s status as a certified handler means  
that he has full authority over you legally while I am  
away.  You are to do whatever he says.”  
  
As Dean got dressed in his Brooks Brothers suit,  
Randall put on his yellow boxer briefs and jumpsuit.  
Earl arrived soon afterwards, wearing a crisp, gray,  
expensive suit.  In contrast to their fine clothes,  
Randall felt, in his yellow jumpsuit, like a servant  
through and through.  As he served the two young,  
successful, lawyers a cup of coffee as they awaited  
the arrival of Simon Kettlestick, Randall tried to  
think of other boys throughout the city doing the same  
thing he was.  He wondered if they too had thoughts  
that they were laughable as they hobbled around bald,  
braced, collared, cinched, and jumpsuited.  
  
Earl commented to Dean on Randall’s behavior, “He has  
certainly made progress.  Quite impressive, Dean.”  
  
Dean bowed, “Why thank you!”  
  
Earl looked at Randall. “With Randy’s new right  
attitude, he will be a real ace servant once Simon  
helps him get his basic protocol down.  And he really  
needs it!  For example, the way he just served us our  
coffee is the way we, you, Dean, and I, would serve  
coffee to our friends.  But that isn’t how a properly  
trained servant with correct etiquette would ever do  
it.”  Earl addressed Randall, “You don’t just hold out  
a cup and say, “Here, take it.”  What you do is  
approach the free person, observe first if you will be  
distracting them if you speak, do a slight bow of the  
head, then always use a proper form of address, then…”  
  
As Earl continued speaking Randall looked at him in  
contempt.  His old defiance was still present, but now  
he knew to check it.  But he also wondered if he were  
to be deferential to Earl, would he then start feeling  
good inside the same way he did when he was obedient  
and deferential to his brother.  He decided to try it,  
“Thank you Earl.  That is good to know.  I really have  
a lot to learn and look forward to my time with Mr.  
Kettlestick.”  
  
Earl was taken aback, “Wow!  That is some change man!”  
Earl patted Dean on the back, “You’ve been making the  
right moves dude, in getting this little guy on  
course.  Whatever you’ve been doing to this work boy,  
keep on doing it.  It’s working wonders!”  
  
Randall was amazed; even with Earl’s condescending  
tone, the same, strange, sweet, feeling of  
subservience swept through him.    
  
There was a knock on the door and Dean ushered Simon  
Kettlestick into the living room to introduce him to  
Randall.  Randall sensed an officious air about Simon  
and disliked him immediately.  Simon, being an earnest  
young handler who took his role and the role of  
servants seriously, made no such prejudgments of  
Randall.  
  
Simon was short, dark haired, lithe and well groomed.  
He had clear brown eyes, a thin and well-shaped nose  
and looked athletic.  He was neatly dressed in slacks,  
shirt and a trainer’s vest.  He carried with him a  
long and compact version of the standard trainer’s  
case.  And though he was serious in nature, Dean did  
not consider him to be in any way officious or  
pompous: only a serious young man who took life  
seriously.  
  
Dean spoke, “Simon, Earl has raved to me so often  
about the excellent motivational work you do with his  
servants.  Any tidbits of wisdom which you could offer  
to Randall would be most appreciated by both Randall  
and myself.”  
  
Simon smiled earnestly, “Thank you, Mr. Inslee. I am  
humbled and flattered whenever anyone compliments me  
on my work with servants, because I take my work very  
seriously.  I take my work seriously because I take  
servants seriously.  I would be most happy to offer  
any information to Randall that I believe is relevant.  
After I get to know him a little, have an assessment  
chat with him, I’ll be better able to judge in what  
areas he needs assistance.”  
  
Dean was impressed; to his mind anyone who displayed  
such poise and grammatical correctness at the age of  
15 was certainly mature.  To Randall it was a reason  
to be concerned.  
Dean was beaming, “Well this should be just  
wonderful.”  Dean reminded Randall to behave, “Now  
remember Randall, to behave yourself and do whatever  
Simon asks.  Simon, please remember that you are in  
charge here.  Randall has been a good boy lately, so I  
don’t expect there to be any problems.  I have already  
told Randall that if you give him a good behavior  
report, then I’m going to let him jerk and squirt this  
evening.”  
  
Simon did a schoolboy smile that was so broad it  
scrunched up his nose and revealed all of his teeth.   
He seemed to relish the fact that he would be the one  
deciding whether or not Randall could do what free  
boys do all the time.  Randall went red with  
embarrassment, almost feeling betrayed at Dean’s  
making something so private so public.  Dean noticed  
Randy’s reaction and commented, “Randall, get over it.  
You’re a social servant now and privacy is no longer  
anything you need to be concerned about.”  
  
Earl filled Simon in on the issue, “Randall’s had some  
real problems controlling his urges, and that’s one of  
the reasons he’s in this rehab program.  The way I  
understand it is that basically if you left Randy  
alone with himself, he couldn’t keep himself away from  
porn and his hands away from his crotch.”  
  
Simon shook his head and took on a serious look,  
realizing for the first time that he was dealing with  
a social servant who has some real problems.  He tried  
to reassure Dean, “Don’t you worry, Mr. Inslee, I  
won’t let Randall out of my sight.  And if does try to  
take advantage of my good nature, he won’t get away  
with it because I’m not only real good at seeing  
through servants and their tricks, but if I catch them  
being sneaky in any way I have some nifty methods of  
teaching them to be honest.”  
  
Earl and Dean smiled, pleased, and Earl supported  
Simon’s claim, “You can trust what Simon says, Dean.   
His father tells me that they have a wide circle of  
friends who use Simon as their babysitter for their  
servants, and whenever Simon has been in charge there  
have never been any problems.”  
  
Simon did a slight happy bow, “Thank you Earl.”  Simon  
looked at Dean, “Please don’t worry about anything,  
Mr. Inslee.  Randall’s in good hands with me and I  
don’t expect there to be any problems”  
  
As Dean and Earl made their way to the door, Dean  
said, “You two kids have a good time now!”    
  
As they exited, Simon was enthusiastic, “We will!  I  
hope you two gentlemen have a good afternoon!”  
  
Simon looked about the living room and asked Randall,  
“Shall we chat in here?”  
  
Randall shrugged his shoulders, “Sure, why not?”  
  
Simon took a seat in an easy chair and Randall sat on  
the couch.  Simon was surprised, “I didn’t say you  
could sit.”  
  
Randall was puzzled, “Oh!  Well I guess you didn’t.”  
  
Simon waited to see what Randall would do and when he  
saw that Randall was going to remain seated, he  
realized that Randall really did not have any training in  
the basics of servant protocol.  Simon took out a  
notepad, scribbled something on it, crossed his legs  
and asked, “Randall, give me a sense, if you will, of  
just how you are finding the ‘Stage One’ program; your  
goals, your feelings, how your initial orientation  
failed or didn’t fail to meet your expectations,  
whether your paradigm of social servitude was  
consistent with the societal matrix and whether or  
not the imparting of assumptions of both society in  
general and your own could reclude or give cause to  
reclude, your effectiveness, productivity, and your  
long term viability as a social servant.”  
  
Randall did not know whether to laugh or be afraid.  
He scratched his head, “Well, so far… you know, what  
can I say?  I’m wearing this yellow jumpsuit.  Doesn’t  
that sort of say it all?”  
  
Simon scribbled in his notebook.  He looked up at  
Randall, stared at him, then asked, “Are you mad that  
I’m here?”  
  
“No.”  
  
Simon kept staring into Randall’s eyes, “I’m seeing  
hostility coming from you.  Would you care to explain  
that?”  
  
“I’m not hostile, I’m not mad, I’m not upset.”  
  
Simon kept staring into Randall’s eyes, “I don’t  
believe you.”  
  
Randall shrugged his shoulders, “Well! ….Okay then.”  
  
“I want you to stand up and put your hands at your  
sides, and…”  
  
Randall interrupted him, “Look, I was told you wanted  
to talk to me about standard service procedures.  I’m  
here and I’m listening, but I don’t intend to go  
hopping around while you snap out orders.  This is the  
weekend and Dean told me weekends would be mellow.   
If you want to talk, go ahead.  I’m all ears.”   
  
Simon realized he had a challenge, but he remained  
calm, “I don’t ‘talk’ to social servants.  I either  
instruct them or I give them orders.  But I do not  
talk to social servants.”  
  
Randall sighed, “Suit yourself.”  
  
“The reason you’re behaving the way you are right now,  
is because…”  Simon stopped himself and began  
again, “Wait… let me start over and phrase this in  
language a social servant can understand.”  
  
As Simon thought of how he would explain what he was  
trying to say, Randall was fuming with anger at the  
arrogant and pretentious kid who was put in charge of  
him.  
  
Simon found his voice, “The reason you’re acting the  
way you are is because you are unhappy with yourself.   
We see it all the time in the newly indentured.”  
  
Randall, as angry as he was, was nevertheless  
fascinated with the odd and precocious high school kid  
acting like a seasoned handler.  He wondered where  
Simon got all of his ‘lines’.  
  
Simon continued, “But fortunately, for you, we have  
progressed from the ‘do as I say, or else’ days of  
servant control.  My dad still belongs to that school  
of thought.  He still believes that servants should be  
kept naked all the time.  Very old fashioned.  But in  
fact, Randall, things are just the opposite now.  What  
we in the servant control business do now and what I  
would like to do here today, is to help servants feel  
better about themselves, to feel happier and to be  
happier.”  
  
“What you lack, Randall, is passion.  And it is  
passion that is going to get you lots of pats on the  
head from your overseers and free folks.  It’s a  
servant’s passion for excellence that turns him into  
an ace.  And you, Randall, are already an ace, only  
you do not know it!”  
  
Randall stared at Simon, speechless, his mouth open in  
an ‘O’ shape.  
  
Simon stood up and acting like a motivational speaker  
who was standing before a large crowd, spread his arms  
in front of him, “The three pillars of passion are  
self-belief, courage, and perseverance.  Each one of  
us has something unique to give back to the world.   
But we can only give it back to the world if we are  
passionate about excellence.”  
  
“Now Randall, let me ask you something.  How many  
times have you set a project for yourself and said, “I  
want to get that done by next week”, but when next  
week comes the project is still untouched?  If you’re  
like the rest of us, that’s happened more than you  
would care to remember, right?”  
  
Simon smiled at Randall, expecting him to answer, so  
Randall, embarrassed, nodded in agreement.  
  
Simon continued, “Now why do you think that happens?   
Why can’t we get things done that we say we want to  
get done?”  
  
“It’s simply that we lack passion for the task before  
us.  So what we need to do is build a pillar on which  
our passion can thrive and voila; the job gets done.   
That’s all there is to it; the next time you have a  
job to do and don’t want to do it, just believe in  
yourself, find the courage to get the job done and  
persevere until the job is completed.”  
  
Simon walked a little to the side, as if he were in a  
large auditorium, put his hands into a new oratorical  
position and continued, “Now you and I know, Randall,  
that life isn’t always so cut and dried.  We all face  
challenges and trials day in and day out.  Both  
servants and free people.  We all have challenges.   
We’re all in this together, folks. Life is not all  
rainbows and daisies.”   
  
Randall wondered if he was in the presence of a  
madman.   
  
Simon looked directly at Randall, “Maybe you stub your  
toe, or maybe you lose something valuable, or maybe  
your overseer is in a bad mood.”  
  
Simon brought his hands together, prayer like, in  
front of his chin, “Randall, let me let you in on a  
big secret!  Are you ready?  What I want you to know  
is that your overseers, guardians, and/or owners, are  
human too!  That’s right.  They are human just like  
you.  And you know what?  Just like you, they  
sometimes make mistakes; they sometimes don’t get  
things just right.”  
  
Randall squirmed, embarrassed for Simon.  
  
Simon took a few steps to the side and continued,  
“They may, for example, fault you for poor work when  
in fact you’ve done your very best.  They may call  
something inadequate when in fact you’ve paid extra  
attention to detail.”  
  
“And worst of all, you have to face the consequences  
of their poor judgment and there’s nothing you can do  
but bare your behind and take whatever it is they  
think you deserve.  But you know what?  That’s a part  
of social servitude.  You aren’t alone.  Here in  
little old Cedar Rapids alone there are almost 6000  
social servants.  And just like the rest of the  
country, that is roughly 4% of the population.  And  
almost three quarters of the social servants in Cedar  
Rapids are young men approximately your age.  That  
again matches the national average.  And of those 6000  
servants, only 1200 of them are lifers, again matching  
the national average.”  
  
“So that means there are 4500 social servants in Cedar  
Rapids around your age.  Boys like you, who have gone  
through the same kinds of experiences you have; the  
same frustrations, the same joys, and the same  
rewards.  4500 boys who, for whatever reason, have  
surrendered their freedom to join a noble enterprise;  
social servitude.”  
  
Randall continued to stare at Simon, wondering if he  
should try to call Dean on his cell phone.  
  
“That’s 4500 boys just like you, who once were free,  
and now are not.  And like you they have to do as they  
are told.  Like you they get paddled and spanked if  
their owners/overseers are unhappy with them.  And  
like you doubtless soon will, they have to get their  
penises locked up from time to time so their overseers  
can fine tune them.”  
  
“But you know what?  In survey after survey, the vast  
majority of social servants express themselves as  
being happy with their lot.  A far greater number of  
servants, percentage wise, say they are happy and  
content with their lot than free people say that.”  
  
“And those servants who say that they are content with  
their lot are servants who are passionate!   
Passionate!”  
  
Simon did an oratorical pause.  Randall tried to think  
of a way he could get Simon to stop his motivation  
speech.    
  
Simon continued, “I attend a lot of Young Handlers  
Conferences and one of the things I hear over and  
over again from my peers is their frustration at  
finding out that an especially favorite servant of  
theirs is afraid of them.  All such misperceptions, on  
both the part of servants and their overseers are due  
to a lack of communication.”  As Simon continued  
speaking, Randall got up and started to walk out of  
the room.  Simon stopped his speech and looked at  
Randall confused.  
  
Randall waved his hand at Simon. “It’s okay.  You keep  
going.  I can still hear you.  I want to get a notepad  
and pen so I can take notes on what you’re saying.”   
Randall noted a surprised and pleased smile on Simon’s  
face and made his way into the kitchen.  
  
Once out of earshot, Randall grabbed a telephone and  
quickly dialed his brother’s cell phone.  His brother  
answered and Randall spoke in a hushed yet rushed  
voice, “Dean, you’ve got to get back here.  I’m  
afraid.  Simon is a nut.  A fucking nut.”  
  
Dean was surprised, “What’s going on?  That’s not what  
people say who know him.  And Earl knows him real  
well.  Look, you’re probably just imagining things  
because Simon is younger than you, and, let’s face it,  
quite bright.  I’m sure everything is okay.  I simply  
can’t miss this meeting.  I’m not coming back.  Just  
do what he tells you.”  
  
“But Dean, he’s loony tunes!  He’s acting very weird,  
talking bullshit.  He’s a fucking fruitcake and I  
should not have been left here alone with him!  I’m  
scared.”  
  
“Randall, you have to stop characterizing your  
overseers in such a way.  That’s exactly the way you  
talk about your overseers at work; that they are all  
either nuts or else low life, inbred, trash.  That is  
simply your arrogance and that is the kind of thing  
you need to face, because your perceptions are not  
reality.  It has already been proven.  Just listen to  
what Simon says and I’m sure once you get rid of your  
prejudices you’ll see that Simon has a lot of good  
things to say.”  
  
Randall was frantic, but kept his voice down, “Please  
Dean.  I don’t trust the runt.  Short, insecure, guys  
like Simon are nut jobs just waiting to explode.”  
  
“Randall, I have to hang up now.  I’m about to be  
introduced to some people.  You behave yourself!”  
  
Dean hung up.  Randall, frustrated, found a notepad  
and pen, and made his way back into the living room.   
In the living room Simon was kneeling on the floor  
digging into his open trainer’s case.   
  
Simon had an expressionless look on his face.  As he  
dug through his trainer’s case he spoke to Randall,  
without looking at him, “I want to see what you look  
like naked.  Take off your clothes!”  
Randall wondered why Simon wasn’t continuing his  
motivational speech, “Dude, what’s wrong?  Why aren’t  
you continuing your speech?”  
  
“Take all of your clothes off now.  I like to look at  
naked slaves.”  
  
Randall remained calm despite his fears, “Look man.  I  
think you misunderstood my brother.  You are supposed  
to be talking to me, or rather, instructing me in the  
basics of service protocol.”  
  
Simon nodded and looked at Randall, “Very good.  First  
bit of protocol; you do exactly as your controlling  
overseer orders and right now I am your controlling  
overseer.  You do as your overseer orders each and  
every time and in a summary fashion.  Now I’m  
ordering you to take off all of your clothes!”  
  
Randall was not about to be bossed around by a high  
school kid, “No way, Jose!”  
  
Dean took a folded ‘personnel clutch’ out of his  
trainers case, extended it to its full five foot  
length, lunged at Randall with it, grabbed him, along  
with one of his arms around the mid-waist, squeezed  
the handles of the clutch shut and locked them.  
  
A personnel clutch is a device that holds a servant at  
bay within two large closable jaws and allows a  
handler to gain full controlling leverage over  
servants who are much larger than the person  
controlling the clutch.  
  
Having Randall locked in the jaws of the clutch, Simon  
was easily able to maneuver Randall around to the  
middle of the room, which he did just in order to show  
Randall how easy it was for him to control him.   
Randall’s face showed his terror and Simon’s showed  
his pleasure in having Randall in his clutch.  
  
Simon relished his position over Randall and spoke  
calmly as he held up a cell phone for Randall to see.  
“I can call the police and have them come over here  
and take your clothes off, or you can do it yourself.   
If the police have to answer a social servant call,  
that is an automatic five demerit points on your state  
record.  Not good!  What’s it going to be?”  
  
Simon’s self-satisfied smile was hard for Randall to  
bear, but he knew that Simon had him.  He could not  
risk involving the police.  Randall shook his head in  
defeat and Simon unlocked him from the personnel  
clutch.  
  
Randall knelt on the floor and unbuckled his sandals,  
then stood up and kicked them off.  
He slowly unzipped his jumpsuit as Simon put his cell  
phone back in his pocket.  
  
Once bare, Randall put his hands in front of his  
genitals.  Simon instructed him, “Hands at your sides,  
Junior!”  Randall did as instructed. Simon then  
commanded, “Walk over here and stand in front of me so  
I can feel you up.”  
  
As Randall walked towards Simon, Simon once again  
smiled his broad schoolboy smile that scrunched up his  
nose and revealed his teeth.  
  
Simon put a hand on top of Randall’s bald head and ran  
it down to his shoulders.  Next he grasped Randall’s  
biceps, elbows, and forearms, squeezing and feeling  
the mass of each part.  Then he spun Randall around  
and ran his hand along Randall’s back and along both  
buttocks.  He spun Randall around again and examined  
his penis and his balls.  He continued running his  
hand down Randall’s legs, grasping folds of flesh on  
the inside and outside of the full length of Randall’s  
legs.    
  
There was Randall, the naked slave, being felt up by a  
short, dark haired, high school junior with a big  
smile on his face.  
When Simon had finished feeling Randall up, he went to  
his trainer’s case and selected a leash on a recoiler  
and a training whip.  As he approached Randall,  
Randall was scared. “Please, Simon.  What are you  
going to do?”  
  
Simon snapped the leash to Randall’s genital choke  
cinch.  Simon showed Randall the whip. “Do exactly as  
I say, because if you don’t I’ll have to use this  
training whip.  Slaves tell me that a stroke of this  
‘trainer’ feels like a grease burn.”  
  
Simon walked away from Randall about five feet,  
uncoiling the leash as he walked.  He stood and looked  
at Randall at the end of the leash.  Simon did nothing  
but stare and smile.  Randall, nervous and scared,  
sweated.  In a sudden move Simon yanked on the leash,  
causing the cinch to choke the base of Randall’s cock  
and balls.  Randall let out a terrified scream.  The  
choke cinch started to release itself after a couple  
of seconds.  Simon explained, “That ‘s what will  
happen to you if you try to get away from me.”  
  
Simon enjoyed having the naked Randall on a leash.  He  
relished Randall’s fear and taunted him.  
“Your brother told me that you used to be a hotshot.   
You used to get all dressed up and enjoyed impressing  
everyone.  Looking at you now I find it hard to  
believe that you ever could impress anyone, naked boy!”  
  
Randall spoke timidly, “I was looking forward to  
hearing more of what you have to say.  Why are you not  
continuing your speech?”  
  
Simon smirked, “Oh, really?  That isn’t what I heard  
you tell your brother.  What I heard you tell him was  
that I was a fucking runt who was talking bullshit!”  
  
Randall trembled, “Oh no.  That isn’t what I said.   
You didn’t hear correctly.  What I said was…”  
  
Simon interrupted Randall, “What you said was that I  
was a nut job waiting to explode.”  Simon did an angry  
smile and held up his training whip menacingly, “Well  
maybe it’s time for me to just go ahead and explode!”  
  
Randall stood, frozen in fear.  Simon approached him,  
the leash in one hand, and the whip in the other.  He put  
his face to Randall’s ear. “You little jack shit  
faggot!  No fucking slave calls me names!  I will not  
be mocked by some a fucking loser in a yellow rehab  
jumpsuit!”  
  
Simon put his whip in the same hand he held the leash,  
and with his free hand reached to his crotch and  
rubbed the outline of his cock.  “I know all about  
you, Randall, and you’re a loser through and through.   
Laughable.  I can tell you that the ‘Stage One’ program  
isn’t going to work for you.  You will end up in the  
Total Reform Program and from there you will graduate  
to lifer status.  I know it.  I’ve seen it happen  
often enough with boys like you.  You don’t have what  
it takes to be a free boy!”  
  
Simon was getting sadistically excited and Randall  
was never more frightened in his entire life.  Simon  
curled his upper lip in a nasty snarl. “Kneel down on  
the floor, on all fours, like a puppy dog!”  
  
Randall knelt, swallowing in fear, “Please, Simon.”  
  
Simon licked his curled lip with his tongue, “Stick  
that ass up as high as you can get it.  Go on, stick  
it up nice and high just like you’re some bitch  
begging her man to take her from the rear!”  
  
Randall tried to raise his ass and stick it out as far  
as he could, but when he started crying he lost his  
pose.  Simon touched his ass with the whip, “Come on,  
get it back in position!”  
  
Randall got his ass back in position and Simon  
reveled in the view beneath him.  He swung the whip  
with all his might and sliced Randall’s ass.  Randall  
screamed long, high, and hard.  When he fell to the  
floor in agony, Simon did an extreme pull on the  
leash, which caused Randall’s cinch to tighten  
sharply.  Randall screamed again at the pinched flesh  
and Simon kept tugging at the leash, “Back in  
position, or I’ll tighten it some more!”  
  
Randall, in pain, scrambled to get back in position  
with his ass sticking out high.  Simon whipped him  
again and again Randall fell to the floor screaming.  
Simon tugged again on the leash, only this time did  
not wait for Randall to get back into position on all  
fours; instead he just started whipping Randall  
repeatedly wherever the whip landed: on his ass, legs,  
thighs, back, and shoulders.  
  
As Simon swung the whip, he swore out loud, “Gawwdammn  
worthless slaves like you should be tortured.  You’re  
no better than filth.”  As Simon wildly whipped  
Randall, Randall screamed and pleaded for mercy.  
  
Simon shouted, “When I finish giving you what you  
deserve, I’m then going to find out how fancy pants  
boys like you suck cock!  But first I’m going to make  
sure you find out how this trainer whip feels on your  
chest!”  
  
As Randall cringed on the floor and screamed for help  
with all of his strength, he was unaware that Dean,  
unnoticed, had just entered the room and had grabbed  
Simon’s whipping arm. “What in the hell’s going on?”  
  
Simon immediately stood at attention, poised himself,  
and spoke like a cadet would to his officer. “Mr.  
Inslee, sir, he was disrespectful, sir.  Sir, I was  
only doing my duty, sir!”  
  
Randall scrambled on his hands and knees as fast as he  
could to a corner of the room, pulling the leash  
attached to his genital cinch behind him as he  
scrambled.   
  
Simon spoke as if nothing untoward had happened. “Mr.  
Inslee, sir, I have completed Randall’s punishment  
sir.  Would you like me stay and continue with  
Randall’s training?”

To Be Continued…

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