**Boys Like You**

Part Eight

By Randall Austin

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

After the unfortunate incident with Simon Kettlestick,
both Randall and Dean were made aware of the harsher
realities of social servitude; that some people get
into the business of social servitude for unwholesome
reasons and that social servants did indeed stand at
risk when put under the control of such people.

The Kettlestick incident had the effect of putting a
temporary strain on the relationship of Dean and Earl.
Earl tried to make the point that Simon Kettlestick
was indeed a precocious and balanced individual and
that he was only following state guidelines in his
reactions; had Randall not spoken critically about him
on the phone to Dean, the most Randall would have had
to suffer was one of Simon’s juvenile motivation
speeches.  Earl pleaded, “Dean, give the kid a break.
He’s young but bright.  He’s in his formative years
and he’s practicing hard at becoming a good
motivational speaker.  Give the kid some slack.”

For Dean and Randall, the Kettlestick incident made
Randall realize that whatever Dean put him through or
made him do, it was at least logical and fair
according to the system; and it made Dean firmer in
his call for proper behavior from Randall, knowing
that his demands on Randall were not only fair but
borne out of a brother’s loving heart.

Thus the Dean/Randall overseer/servant relationship
gave the appearance, to all who had cause to
experience them together, that Dean ran a very tight
ship and Randall was a well-trained, whip-shy, quick
stepping, eager to please, slave.

Randall’s chief resentment came in the fact that he
had to sexually service his brother in some way almost
every day, while Dean only allowed him to relieve
himself twice a week at the most.  But Dean did try to
make Randall understand why he treated him in such a
way. “You’re in this program because you’ve had
problems in this area, bro.  I wish I could let you
ooze off every time I do, but that was what got you
into this mess; you didn’t know how to control your
normal urges and it took total control of your life.
When I’m fucking you bro and you make me feel so
good, you don’t know how much I wish I could let you
experience the same thing I’m experiencing.  But I
know I’m doing a lot of good for you and I think you
know it too.”

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The mother of Dean and Randall, Nora Bormann, on the
advice of Social Services, was absent the first six
weeks of Randall’s indenturement.  It was explained to
her that the ‘breaking in’ period for the newly
indentured was often more difficult on the parents
than for the indentured.  When she returned home from
visiting her sister in Arizona, saw how well Randall
was doing and how Dean had so successfully taken on
the role of Randall’s chief overseer, she and her
boyfriend decided that it would be a good time for
them to move in together and live at his house, thus
allowing Dean to continue uninterrupted with the good
work he was doing with Randall.

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Social servants in the ‘Stage One’ Iowa State
Rehabilitative Indenturement Program, for their jobs
with the Linn County Parks Department, work in teams
of six social servants.  Team members are not rotated,
for it is the ‘Stage One’ program’s intent to have the
boys get to know each other and learn team building,
goal support, and socialization.  Thus strong
friendships often form among social servants on the
same teams.

It was no exception with Randall’s work team and
Randall formed an especially sturdy friendship with
three of his fellow teammates.  When Randall asked
Dean for the first time if his friends could visit him
on the weekend, Dean consulted Social Services and he
was told that not only would that be a good thing, but
it was to be encouraged, since such relationships are
a valuable part of the of the ‘Stage One’
rehabilitation process.  Boys in the ‘Stage One’
program need to socialize as servants with other
servants to help reinforce their sense of self-worth;
that workboys can have friends just the way free
people can and that friendships among servants is
encouraged and respected by free people.

The first couple of times that Randall’s three friends
visited at the Inslee home were learning experiences
for Dean, ones that touched him deeply.  He realized
what power overseers had over social servants.  At
first he found it frustrating; every time he’d pass by
the boys as they were conversing or gaming, their
conversations would either halt, or the noise level
would drop considerably.  If the servants were
sitting, if Dean came by they would immediately sit up
straight with good posture; and if they were standing,
they would raise themselves and their heads into
posture while Dean was present.  If they were
scrambling about or roughhousing and Dean happened to
catch them, all four of them would instantly achieve
decorum and apologize, “We’re sorry, Mr. Inslee.”

After awhile Dean found enjoyment in taking on the
role of the benevolent overseer; if the boys would
apologize for things that didn’t need apologizing, as
servants so often do, Dean would reply, “That’s okay,
boys.  You are all hard workers for the benefit of
society.  You deserve to have some fun!”

Randall’s friend James, the same age as Randall, 18,
was sent to the ‘Stage One’ Rehabilitative Indenturement
program for having problems focusing on his studies.
Stewart, age 25, was sent to the program after three
citations for public drunkenness.  And Marshall, age
31, was sent to ‘Stage One’ for shoplifting.

Dean was amazed the way all three of Randall’s friends
deferred to him.  It was especially a unique feeling
for Dean to see Marshall, who was three years older
than he was, deferring exactly like the younger
servants.

Dean came to understand that the feelings he was
having when servants would defer were right and
natural and overseers were encouraged to cultivate
that special ‘pride of overseership’ sensibility.
Whatever it was, Dean was beginning to like it very
much and thus allowed Randall to have his friends
over almost every Sunday.

One Sunday Dean was in the kitchen and the four
servants were having iced drinks in the back yard.  He
thought he had heard, through the open window, the
servants making jokes about their overseers with the
County Parks Department, so he moved closer to the
window and listened.  Sure enough, the boys were
sharing stories about their overseers that painted
them as lard-headed bumblers.

Dean went outside, and the boys immediately stopped
their raucous laughter when they saw Dean and they
knew that Dean had overheard them by the look of
disappointment on his face.  All four servants stood
up and were quick to apologize, James was the first to
apologize, “I’m really sorry, Mr. Inslee.  My talk was
really out of line.  Please forgive, Mr. Inslee, sir!”

Marshall, the oldest of the servants, seemed the most
eager to apologize, “Mr. Inslee, sir, my speech was
out of line.  I just got carried away sir.  I feel
especially bad because I may have been a bad influence
on my younger friends.  Please forgive me, sir.”

Stewart was sincere, “Mr. Inslee, sir.  I am afraid
the whole thing is my fault, as I am the one who
started the talk.  I feel especially bad because our
overseers work hard and the things I said about them
were unkind and untrue.  I am really sorry, Mr.
Inslee, sir.”

Randall was happy when he could finally voice his
apology, “Dean, I feel bad.  It wasn’t right what we
were doing and I feel especially bad about it because
once I get going in my old sarcastic ways, I say nasty
things I don’t really mean.  Please Dean, forgive my
friends and me.  I promise to make an effort to avoid
this kind of talk once and for all.”

The three other servants joined Randall in voicing
their commitment towards avoiding such talk about
their overseers.

Dean was overwhelmed at the influence the social
service system had over the lives of these young men,
and over the lives of all servants.  When society sets
boundaries of behavior for its citizens and servants,
they take effect.  Dean went back to his room quite
flushed and he didn’t know why seeing four servant
boys admitting to their wrongs and eagerly apologizing
should get him so excited.  It seemed to be both a
good and a right thing, as well as a beautiful thing.

Up in his room Dean tried to analyze what he was going
through; why he felt so stimulated being around
servants.  Did this mean that he had natural leanings
towards being an overseer?  Should he take up a new
career?  Out of curiosity and with no real desire to
change careers, Dean went to the Iowa State Social
Services’ web site and looked at the employment
opportunities.  He saw that they hired lawyers, but
the capacities in which they were used would not
necessarily put them in the presence of servants.

Dean was distracted from his reading at the computer
by intermittent loud laughter coming from the four
servant boys, which would then be immediately halted,
almost as if the boys were making an effort to quell
their laughter because they knew it was inappropriate.
When it happened a fourth time, Dean made his way to
the hallway and listened down the stairwell to the
voices coming from the patio.  He heard the names of
Raymond and Shelby spoken, both of whom were
counselors with the ‘Stage One’ Rehabilitative
Indenturement program.  Dean quietly walked down the
stairs.

The first voice Dean heard was that of Stewart, “So
Raymond is, like, saying how I need to find a ‘handle
of happiness’.  That I need to grab the ‘handle of
happiness’ and open every door of life with this ‘handle
of happiness’.  Can you believe it?”

When the laughter died, James added his bit, “Can you
believe they actually pay these people to spout that
shit?”

Randall joined in, “And Raymond is like a genius
compared to Shelby!  I can’t believe Shelby ever
graduated from kindergarten.”

Marshall added his comment to the laughter, “Shelby’s
the guy who told me that my problem was that I was
‘reflex negative’.  So I ask him what in the hell that
means and he says, ‘It means you have a hard time
being honest about your feelings’.  Well guys, I don’t
think I have a hard time being honest about my
feelings, because I can tell you here and now that I
think Shelby has got to be the dumbest fuck ever to
hold a full time job!  Now tell me guys; does it sound
like I’m having a hard time being honest!”

The laughter that followed was so loud that none of
the boys heard Dean enter the patio and lean against
the house.  James was the first to spot Dean and soon
everyone was looking in the same direction as James.
On seeing Dean, the laughter and noise died
immediately and all four servants rose to their feet
at once, each voicing an apology simultaneously.

Dean shook his head, disappointed.  Marshall spoke to
his fellow servants, “Man, we really messed up.”

Randall was upset, “Dean, I don’t know how this
happened.  I’m so disappointed with myself.”

Dean was surprised when Stewart brought up the subject
that he knew had to be brought up, “Let’s face it
guys; we messed up and we let Mr. Inslee down.  Let’s
do whatever we have to do so Randall’s brother doesn’t
think we’re all a bunch of losers.”

Marshall seconded the motion, “We have it coming guys.
Let’s make it easy on Mr. Inslee.”

All four servants were nodding their heads in
agreement.  Dean shook his head in agreement as well,
letting the servants know that he had to follow
through with a chastening procedure.  The servants all
looked at each other and then together all four
servants reached to the back of their jumpsuits and
starting undoing the buttons to their buttocks flaps.
Dean said, “I’m really impressed with all of you.  You
did indeed fail just now, but you can certainly admit
to failure and that is a good thing.  As you know I
have to do this.  But we can’t do it out here.  I want
you boys to go and take your positions in the living
room.”  Dean exited to get the paddle.

When Dean returned to the living room, he was made
speechless and almost breathless, at the sight he
beheld; there standing side by side in back of the
couch were the four servants bent slightly over the
couch, with their 4 buttock flaps wide open, exposing
8 healthy, rounded, buttocks.  Four men in their prime
willingly bent over to receive punishment for behavior
that they knew was inappropriate.

Four men who were bent over willingly because society
had taught them that that was the thing to do when
they deserved to be punished.  Four servant boys at
ease in sharing their deserved punishment; not ashamed
to be bent over and awaiting their paddling alongside of
each other.  Four servants who knew what service
involved; good service and good behavior.  And when
they failed to deliver the goods they knew that this
is what had to be done.  It was the position servants
everywhere took when they knew they had it coming.

What was remarkable to Dean was that Randall, in the
presence of other servants, seemed almost eager to
take his punishment.  It looked as if Randall was
actually proud to be lined up with the other servants,
bent over in the grand tradition of servants
everywhere and ready to take what he had coming.

Dean walked behind the four sets of buttocks, amazed
and aglow that society could get servant boys ranging
in age from the late teens to the mid-thirties to
accept chastisement for their shortcomings as right
and natural.

When Dean laid on the first of five blows to James’
behind and little James said, “Thank you, sir!” Dean
knew at once that he was doing the right thing.  As
little James whined with each blow, Dean felt more
than ever that life was beautiful.

When Stewart shouted, “Oh Shit!” when he received his
first blow, Dean’s dick, which was made firm from
paddling James, now started extending in length.
Steward sobbed out, “Thank you Mr. Inslee, sir!” with
each blow.

As Dean went to work on Randall’s behind and saw that
Randall was thanking him for his punishment and
accepting it like all the other boys, Dean knew that
being around and socializing with other servants was a
good thing for Randall; just as Social Services had
told Dean it would be.  The folks at Social Services
really knew what they were talking about.  Seeing
Randall acting like a real servant, willingly bent over
in position for his paddling, brought Dean’s overseer
dick to rock hard status.

When Dean started paddling Marshall, the oldest of the
servants and saw with the first stroke that he was
the most vulnerable and baby-like, Dean could feel his
dick oozing precum.  Marshall was bawling by the
second stroke of the paddle.  As the paddling ended
and Marshall cried out a sincere apology, promising to
make a totally dedicated effort to behave, all the
servant boys were sharing his emotion and nodding in
agreement.

From the fact that all four of the boys had tears in
their eyes, with two of them openly crying and not
ashamed of it, Dean knew that the punishment had been
effective.  Dean watched all four boys stand up and
face him, and look at him as if they were waiting for
him to say something.  After a short and awkward
silence, James asked, “Can we rub ourselves, sir?”

Dean remembered immediately that in training ‘Stage One’
boys are told that they cannot rub their behinds after
a paddling until given permission to do so.  Dean gave
them permission and all eight servant hands flew to
their behinds and began rubbing.  All four servants
had scrunched up faces as they rubbed out the sting
and were making the comments typically made by
servants as they rubbed themselves out after a
paddling. “Oh man, that hurt!”  “Glad it’s over.”  “I
swear, I’m never going to get another paddling.  I’m
going to watch myself from now on!”  “Same here, man.
Misbehaving is plain stupid!”

It is common for overseers to feel like they ‘own’
servants which they have to chasten.  And
Dean felt the same way as he looked over the four boys
he had just paddled.  He was their controller and they
had all just accepted his control.  He felt like they
were ‘his’ boys.

Once the boys had managed to make most of their pain
go away and they could concentrate on other things,
the servants began, one by one, to thank Dean for
their punishment.  Each boy kept rubbing their behinds
as they thanked Dean.  And hearing their apologies
made Dean decide to act, for the first time in his
life, like those East and West coast overseers he had
heard so much about; the big time players and overseers
who didn’t care who saw them erect while around
slaves and in fact were proud to be seen hard around
freshly punished slaves.  The professionals who knew
slaves and slave handling, who didn’t care what anyone
thought of their big hardons.  And certainly, least of
all, cared what slaves themselves thought.

As the four servants continued to rub their behinds
like little children, Dean knew the boys could see his
hardon poking at his slacks and a tiny wet spot where
his dick tip was.  Dean was now a real overseer and
he felt the pride of control surge through his body as
‘his’ boys looked to him.

Most people who have been servants for any good length
of time get to a point where they are flattered if
they see their overseers erect on their account.
There is nothing most freshly chastened servants love
more than seeing that they made their overseer hard
and wet.  It’s an unspoken bond formed between a
punishing overseer and the punished servant.  A
servant looks with eyes of admiration on the overseer
he has helped harden and the overseer, in gratitude,
proudly shows off his overseer boner.

With all four servant eyes on him, Dean stood up proud
and tall, offering the servants an improved view of
his erection outlined in his khakis.  It’s an act
often repeated in servant holding households; a ritual
as old as civilization.

Randall was never more proud of his older brother than
after the punishment when his friends could see what
an ace overseer and stud his brother was.

Afterwards, for some time, on the Parks Department
job, the boys let Randall know how much they liked his
older brother and how lucky Randall was to have such a
caring, loving, overseer.  And in the gossip among
themselves, they all wondered if Randall was being
used sexually by his brother.  They all figured he
was, but Randall’s servant friends were too shy to ask
him directly.

When Randall’s friends eventually left the Inslee
house, about an hour after their paddling, Dean went
up to Randall and hugged him. “I want you to go and
pretty yourself up for your older brother.  Shave
yourself baby smooth all over, oil your head, scent
and lube yourself, then get on my bed and spread your
legs.  And then, while I’m fucking you, I’m going to
stroke you off.  How does that sound, baby?”

Randall cooed with delight.  Dean grabbed both of
Randall’s ears, “You are such a sweet little, nipple
licking, pit-slurping, cock-sucking, ass-wiping,
servant boy, that I want to make you feel good!”

In the shower, as he shaved himself, Randall never
felt more content with his lot as a servant.  He
actually felt proud to be a servant.  And when he
eventually stretched himself out naked on Dean’s bed,
Randall was eager for his brother to arrive and see
him naked.  When Dean came out of bathroom and into
his bedroom, naked as well, Randall lifted his hips in
pride to let his brother see his big servant erection.

Dean got on the bed and hugged Randall tightly from
the rear.  Randall felt like a giant penis to Dean,
and Dean told Randall so, “And bro, the back of your
head looks like a giant cock tip!  I need to rub the
top of your head to see if there’s a giant piss slit
there.”  Randall laughed as his brother rubbed his
bald, oiled, head, and slipped his giant overseer cock
up his brother’s hole.  With quiet and controlled
thrusts Dean found his position, then reached around
and grabbed Randall’s cock.  It was fat and hard and
hot.

As Dean pumped and fisted, he told Randall of his
delight in seeing him naked around the house, “I so
much like seeing you naked, wearing nothing but your
collar, cinch, and braces, that from now on when you
do your housework, I want you bare.  And if I’m
around, I want you to be proud to be naked in front of
me.  I want you to show off for me and never be
ashamed of yourself!  Just the way I’m not ashamed of
myself.  It’s your job to take pride in whatever I
tell you to do.  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.”

Randall liked the fact that his older brother enjoyed
seeing him working around the house naked.  As Randall
said, “Yes, brother, sir.  Whatever you want I want!”

Dean pumped Randall’s cock in rhythm with his own hip
thrusting and expertly was able to make Randall shoot
his load at exactly the same time as he shot his.

Afterwards, the brother fell asleep in each other’s
arms.  The love the brothers felt for each other was
so intense, that both brothers were certain nothing
could ever come between them.

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On Monday, June 20th, when Dean arrived home from work
and gathered the mail, he saw a letter addressed to
him from Iowa State Social Services.  More interested
in watching the ‘Nightly Business Report’ on the TV,
Dean tore the letter open as he switched on the TV,
plopped himself on the couch, and read the letter:

‘June 16, 2012

Mr. Dean Anthony Inslee,

Iowa’s State Total Reform Program consists of a
preliminary 7 month long, comprehensive servant
training program at the Social Services State Training
Center in Des Moines.  Upon successful completion of
the training program, the Total Reform indentee spends
5 years and 4 months of hard and durable labor with
Social Services Industries in Dubuque.  Upon
completion of term of service, the indentee is then
committed to a 2-month long hospitalized counseling
and program exit therapy at Cedar Rapids Social
Services.

Because all indentees entering the Total Reform
training program must be fit and fully recovered from
the processing procedures required of the hard-labor
Total Reform Program and because it has been projected

that the Iowa State indentee under your guardianship,

Randall Jerome Inslee, will be unable to successfully

complete the requirements of the ‘Stage One’ Rehabilitative

Indenturement program by the review deadline of August, 14, 2012,

and shall at that time be remanded to Iowa State’s Total Reform
Indenturement Program, the following appointment has
been set for Randall Jerome Inslee’s surgical
processing into the Total Reform program.

June 22, 2012, 1:30 PM
Linn County Department of Social Services
Health Services Division
1010 Guardian Avenue
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Postoperative care generally lasts from 3 to 4 days.
Because the general public could find the nature of
the surgical procedures to be disturbing and because
indentees in the Total Reform program are routinely
kept bound, nude, and cathetered in their recovery
beds, visitation is discouraged by all but the
indentee’s chief overseer/guardian.

Failure to appear at the above appointment on time
shall result in a $400 fine.

Robert Coburn
Linn County Social Services Processing Regulator’

The appointment for surgery was only two days away.
Dean flipped off the TV, but that did not help him to
gather his thoughts.  He stood up, but didn’t know
what to do.  He sat back down, in shock, unable to
gather himself or his thoughts.  His stomach suddenly
felt like he had the flu.  He stood back up.  What in
the hell was going on?  How could this have happened?

Dean walked to the study and pulled out his
documentation pertaining to Randall’s ‘Stage One’
program.  He perused it.  That wasn’t what he wanted.
He took out the Social Service’s Directory, and looked
for his Social Services contact’s number.  He saw that
it was after hours at Social Services.

He had to talk to someone.  He dialed his
servant-knowledgeable friend, Earl.  When Earl
answered, Dean didn’t know what to say, so he asked
Earl to come over.  As Dean waited for Earl to arrive
and unable to focus, he poured some orange juice and
vodka into a glass, rubbed his forehead, shook his
head and started drinking.

To Be Continued…

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