**Boys Like You**

Part Eight

By Randall Austin

This story is erotic fiction meant for mature readers and should only be read by adults over the age of eighteen years old. Please do not use my stories without my permission and please forward all comments to [randallaustin2011@hotmail.com](mailto:randallaustin2011@hotmail.com)

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.”  
  
\*\*\*  
  
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.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
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.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
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>