**Boys Like You**

Part Ten

By Randall Austin

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On Tuesday June 21, one day before Randall’s scheduled
processing surgery, Dean fed Randall breakfast in bed;

a bed to which Randall was bound to by plasti-chains
attached to his ankle and wrist cuffs.

Randall’s eyes were red from crying throughout the
night.  Dean attempted to comfort Randall, “Earl will
be here to keep you company all day.  You two can
chat and play cards.  I want you to relax and just have a
good time.”

Even under normal circumstances Randall would have
been unable to have a good time with Earl, Dean’s best
friend who Randall considered to be boring.  To
Randall, Earl was basically an educated yahoo; maybe
he had a few facts in his brain, but he was a yahoo
nonetheless.  And Randall never understood why Dean
became such good friends with Earl.

When Earl arrived to ‘baby sit’ Randall, Dean told
Randall to be nice to Earl, “If Earl hadn’t agreed to
babysat you, I would have had to hire a state
certified handler and you know what those guys are
like.”

“Randy, I’m going to be seeing dad this morning.  Is
there anything you want me to say to him?”

“Yes, tell him to come and see me today.”

Dean looked at Randall, and replied without addressing
his request, “Then later in the afternoon I will be
meeting with my contact person at Social Services.
They’ve got a bunch of papers they want me to sign and
a bunch of information for me.  But I’ll tell you
something Randy. I’m not signing anything that isn’t
good for you.”  Dean said goodbye to Randall and Earl
and left.

Randall knew better than to put too much hope in
Dean’s parting statement.

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Dean could not recall the last time he had been in his
father’s office.  The legal firm of ‘Inslee, Bishop
and Brown’ was successful, with a good statewide
reputation.  His father’s relatively modest looking
office didn’t match his firm’s reputation.

Actually, Dean could not recall the last time he had
seen his father, Brian Inslee.  He thought it was
during the December holidays, but he couldn’t be sure,

it could have been during Thanksgiving.  The visits
were always the same; Brian would attend a family
gathering in mid-celebration, express his love, hand
out presents and leave before anyone had been able to
get engaged in any conversation with him beyond formal
greetings.

The secretary ushered Dean into his father’s office
immediately upon arrival.  The first thing Dean
noticed was that his father’s usual cheery manner was
not in evidence.  His father did not even exchange
pleasantries.  Seated at his desk, Brian asked Dean as
he was being seated, “How did this happen?”

Dean was caught off guard by his father’s serious and
businesslike tone.  Dean looked about as he stretched
his lips, shook his head, “Randall, the little shit
was concealing from me the fact that he was racking up
demerit points on his job.”

Brian looked straight at Dean, “Oh, so you’re blaming
Randall for this?”

Dean’s eyes opened wide, “Sir?”

“You’re blaming Randall for Social Services’ decision
to send him into the Total Reform program?”

Dean was perplexed, “Well…. yeah!”

Brian kept staring at his son, “So you get your
brother into rehabilitative servitude, you agree to be
his controlling guardian and you don’t ever once
bother to call up your contact in the records
department and find out how he’s doing?”

“Dad, Randall and I had an agreement.  He told me he
would report every infraction and demerit point he had
racked up on the job and at his counseling sessions.”

Brian paused before asking, “And why didn’t he report
his offenses to you, Dean?”

Dean, unprepared, blurted out, “Well…..”, and found
himself not knowing how to proceed.

Brian continued gazing at Dean in silence.

Dean knew that ‘well’ would not serve as a sufficient
answer for his father.

When Dean was unable to answer the question, his
father asked again, “Dean, I want to know why your
brother was not reporting his infractions to you!”

Dean did not like the tone his father was taking with
him.  Dean had gone to his father looking for aid and
support and suddenly he found himself under scrutiny.
“Well, Dad, you know how kids are.  They just don’t
‘fess up’ to the things they do.”

Brian continued almost before Dean had finished with
his answer, “Why wouldn’t Randall tell you about his
infractions if it was in his own best interest to do
so?  Randall’s a pretty damn smart kid.  Why would he
conceal from you the way he was being treated by his
overseers?”

“As I’ve said, Dad, just as you did, I expected
Randall, because he is so smart, to be a little more
mature about this than he was.  I guess I trusted him
too much.  He’s my brother after all.”

Brian wanted an answer and like the ace lawyer that
he was, tunneled for an answer, “Dean, I want to find
out how this happened.  Plain and simple!  You must
have asked Randall why he didn’t report his
infractions.  When you asked him that question, I want
to know exactly what Randall’s reply was.”

A little sweat broke out above Dean’s eyebrows, “He
said something like that he was intimidated by the
system.”

Brian was incredulous, “He said he was intimidated by
the system?”

Dean was getting defensive, “Something like that, Dad.
I don’t recall.”

“Who is with Randall right now?”

When Dean told his father that Earl was watching
Randall, Brian reached for his cell phone.  Dean
asked, “What are you doing, Dad?”

“I want to talk to Randall.”

Dean tried to stop him, “Not a good idea, Dad.  He’s
real distraught right now.”

Brian dialed, “I’ll bet he is.  Wouldn’t you be, too?”

When Brian ignored his son and kept dialing, Dean
stood up and went over to his father’s desk and
grabbed the phone away from his father’s hand. Dean
turned the phone off and went back to his chair with
his father’s cell phone in hand.

When Dean sat down, he saw that his father was staring
at him.  Dean spoke, “Look Dad.  It’s been hard on us.
It’s been hard on me.  How do you think I feel?”

His father’s tone was serious, not angry, “You should
be feeling like you let your brother down.  If he is
just a kid, as you say, then all the more you should
have been taking the initiative and tried to see how
he was being treated by his overseers in the program.”

After a pause, his father ordered, “Now give me the
phone back.  I want to talk with Randall.”

Dean collected himself, “Listen, Dad.  Mom and I lived
with Randall.  We saw the stupid things he was doing
with his activist pals.  Putting himself in harm’s way
all the time.  Yes, he was precocious, but he was also
immature.  I know Randy a lot better than you do.
I’ve read his journal and things and I can tell you
he was indeed one idealistic lad, but he also was one
who was willing to do stupid, dangerous, things in
order to make a point.”

Brian interrupted Dean, “And so, therefore, why can’t
I talk with my son?”

“Because you’re blaming me for this and you don’t have
a clear picture of what mom and I went through.  How
do you think we felt every time we had to go and bail
Randy out of jail, just watching him getting himself
into more and more trouble?”

Dean felt he now was on a tack where he could get
through to his father, so he continued, “Mom and I
would have talks with Randy about his behavior and
then what would he tell us?  He’d tell us you had
called him and congratulated him on getting arrested
and told him to keep up the good work!  Every time he
was arrested, you would call and congratulate him and
spur him on to more arrests!”

Brian jumped in, “Yes, I did.  What does all of this
have to do with the fact that you and your mom put all
of your efforts into getting Randall put into the
‘Stage One’ Rehabilitative Indenturement program?”
There was silence.  Brian readjusted his position in
his chair, “Would you mind answering that question?”

Dean was upset that his dad seemed to be against him.
“As I’ve said, Dad.  It was a hard time for mom and
me.  We did what we thought was the best thing for
Randall.”

Brian was not interested in arguing, “All right.
Good.  Now give me back my cell phone.”

When Dean was hesitant to return the phone, Brian,
more than ever before, wanted to talk to his son.  So
Dean decided to change tactics and opened wide his
doe-like eyes, which his father could never resist,
“Listen Dad.  It’s almost lunchtime.  Can we go out to
lunch together?  It’s been a long time since we’ve
been able to spend time together.  I’ll buy you lunch.
What do you say?”

Brian relaxed his examination and gave into his son,
“Sure.  That’d be great!”

As Dean followed his father out of his office, he
sighed in relief.

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After Earl had read the morning paper while having a
cup of coffee in the kitchen, he made his way up to
the bedroom where Randall was secured to the bed.  He
opened the door quietly, saw the yellow jumpsuited and
barefoot Randall sprawled out on the bed, tugged at
his crotch and made his way to the bed.  Randall,
whose eyes were closed, was startled when Earl sat on
the bed.

Earl, with his lips parted slightly, just gazed at
Randall.  Randall was worried by the fact that Earl
wasn’t saying anything, so he asked, “What’s up?”

Earl answered in almost a whisper, “You look so
fucking hot to me, right now, all worried and
frightened the way you are.  A little deer caught in
the headlights.”

Randall didn’t know what to make of the comment.
After a moment, Earl undid the cuff about Randall’s
wrist to which the plasti-chain was attached that
secured him to the bed.  Randall said, “Hey, thanks”,
but stopped thanking Earl when Earl reached for the
zipper of his jumpsuit and unzipped it down to
Randall’s crotch.  Earl reached around Randall and
pulled the top half of his jumpsuit off.  When Randall
was bare-chested, Earl put the wrist cuff back on
Randall and locked it.

Earl then unlocked Randall’s ankle cuff and pulled
his jumpsuit completely off.  Once Randall was naked,
Randall asked if Earl was going to let him take a
shower, but when Earl snapped the ankle cuff back on
and locked it, Randall knew he wasn’t about to be
allowed to shower.

As Earl started to remove his clothing, Randall asked,
“What are you doing?”

Earl only smiled and undressed in silence.  Randall
watched.  As depressed as Randall was, he nevertheless
could not take his eyes off of the undressing Earl.
As Earl’s clothes came off he realized, finally, why
Dean was probably a friend of Earl’s.  Earl may not be
smart and original, but he was sleek and very sexy.
And when Earl’s cock came flopping into view, Randall
swallowed hard.

As Earl swaggered slowly towards the bed, Randall
asked again, somewhat frightened, “What’s going on?”

Earl showed his teeth, “You’re a Total Reform boy now,
so you don’t go asking questions.  But I’ll go ahead
and tell you what I’m going to do anyway.  I’m going
to fuck you.  They say that hard-labor boys are one
hot fuck.  They say that once a boy realizes he really
is a drudge, a beast of burden, he starts feeling like
one and the fuck is sheer animal delight.  So I
intend to find out.”

Randall, truly frightened by Earl’s authoritarian
attitude warned Earl, “You’re not doing any such
thing.  You have no right.  I’m telling my brother on
you.  You can’t do this.”

As Earl stood over the bound Randall, he smiled and
slowly started jacking his dick, “Go ahead and tell
him.  I’m sure he won’t mind.  Your brother owes me
one.  Actually, he owes me big time!  He won’t care
what I do to you.”

Randall asked, “What do you mean he owes you?”

Earl continued smiling and jacking as he stood over
the naked and secured Randall. “Remember when you were
first indentured and I brought over those punishment
photos of my two servants, Brendan and Reginald?  Well
Dean has had the hots for Reginald ever since he saw
those pictures.  So one time when he was over at my place
we got to talking and he told me how hot he thought
Reginald was.  When I asked Dean if he wanted to give
Reginald a tryout fuck, he said ‘sure’.”

“So he gave Reginald a ride and liked it and has been
fucking him on a weekly basis ever since.”

Randall was crushed, “But….”

Earl smiled, “That’s right.  Butt.  That’s how Dean
does Reginald; up the butt!  And that’s how I’m going
to do you.”

As Earl rummaged through the dresser for some
lubricant, Randall no longer cared what was going on.
His one hope and consolation during his time of
servitude was what he thought was his brother’s love
for him.”

Earl spoke, “I can’t find any lube, I guess I’ll have
to use Dean’s hair gel.  Is this what Dean uses when
he fucks you?”  Randall was shocked that Dean would
have told Earl about their sexual relationship.  Earl
squeezed some gel onto his cock and spoke, “Dean says
you’re a pansy fuck.  That’s why he needed to do
Reginald, in order to get a little oomph into his
life.”

Earl approached the bed, “Dean’s also fucked Brendan a
couple of times, but I think he’s got a crush on
Reginald.  Imagine, having a crush on a lifer slave!”

Randall, having believed his brother loved him in a
special and exclusive way, felt nothing but despair.

Earl stood over Randall and wagged his cock in his
face, “Take a look at my best pal.  I got him lubed up
nice and shiny and big just for you!”  When Earl
ordered Randall to turn around on the bed so he could
have access to his butt, Randall did so willingly,
wanting to hide his face from the world.

Earl knelt on the bed in back of Randall, “Okay kiddo,
what I want you to do now is spread your legs.”
Randall did not, so Earl hopped off the bed, grabbed
his belt, doubled it and gave Randall five fierce
strokes of the belt across his ass.  Randall screamed
and cried, and Earl shouted, “When I tell you do
something, shithead, you do it!”

Randall, sobbing, spread his legs.  Earl hopped back
up on the bed behind Randall and spanked his legs
apart even further.  As Earl eased himself into
Randall’s hole, he spoke, “Randy, you’re a hard labor
boy now and I’m going to give you a hard labor fucking,

right up your toiler boy ass!”

As Earl slid in he sighed, “Oh yeah.  I can feel
already the difference a hard labor sentence makes.
You feel like an animal!”

Randall let out a cry, “Please stop Earl, it hurts!”

“You go ahead and squeal, Randy.  I love fucking a
squealing slave!”  Earl started thrusting, “Whew!
Baby!  Oh yeah, this is the ticket!”

As Earl humped he grabbed Randall’s head and turned it
to the side and forced his tongue into the crying
Randall’s mouth.  Earl prodded Randall’s mouth with
his tongue, licked the side of his face and bit his
cheek and ear.  “You are a fucking glory hole, baby!
What a shame Dean’s gotta’ send you away to hard labor
camp.  What a waste of slaveboy ass that is!”

As Earl pumped away the phone rang.  Neither Earl nor
Randall could see that the caller ID read; ‘Brian
Inslee’.

Earl didn’t even hear the phone as he neared his
climax.  As he started thrusting and ramming into
Randall harder and harder, Earl yelled out, “Once you
get back home from surgery you’re going to be an even
hotter fuck and I intend to come back here and give
you another ride.  Man, I can see you now, all ringed,
tatted and branded.  What a wild fuck that will be
with your little chin bell tinkling away as I hump
your branded and tatted ass!”

When Earl had shot his arrogant free-boy load up
Randall’s ass, he hopped off the bed and headed into
the shower, leaving Randall still bound and naked on
his bed.  As Earl’s cum dripped out of his freshly
fucked boy hole, Randall sobbed.

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When Dean came home from work, he had a brief chat
with Earl, who told Dean that Randall was on good
behavior.  Dean thanked Earl for babysitting.
When Earl left, Dean went into his bedroom and saw
Randall asleep on the bed, naked.  He wondered why he
was naked.

Randall’s back was in view and Dean gazed at the rump
Dean had several occasions to spank over the past ten
months and many occasions to fuck.  A rump that was
soon to be permanently branded and tattooed.

Dean thought of how after he would give Randall a
spanking, he would have Randall stand up with his
naughty boy boner on display and he would stand up
with Randall and lecture him, walking around him as he
lectured, letting his brother see his own overseer
boner in his pants.

He knew his brother liked seeing him erect as his
overseer.  And he knew Randall liked it when he looked
him over after he was freshly spanked and naughty boy
boned.

He knew Randall especially liked it the times Dean
would get naked, along with Randall, for his
spankings.  Then, afterwards, how he had no qualms
standing up with his brother, as naked as the servant
was and letting Randall see his overseer boner
proudly jutting up in authority, leaking and oozing
precum as he lectured his errant brother.  Randall
would gaze at Dean’s boner open-mouthed and at those
moments Dean never felt more proud, more like a man,
and more like a caring overseer.

But now as Dean gazed at Randall as he unlocked his
cuffs, he felt only dread at what was to happen to his
beloved brother.  And he felt a horrible feeling
inside that made him wonder if he was responsible for
what was going to happen to Randall’s body and his
life.

Randall awoke and when Dean asked how he was, Randall
did not respond.  Dean asked why he was naked, but
Randall did not respond.  Dean told Randall to get
dressed.  As Randall dressed, Dean asked again why he
was naked and Randall said. “Earl took my jumpsuit
off and fucked me.”

Dean was shocked, “Fucked you.  Oh man.  Randall, did
you want that?”

Randall, “No way!  He said you owed him big time!”

Randall made his way into the bathroom and Dean sank
on the bed, horrified, angry, ashamed and full of
dread.

After a while of feeling depressed and noting that
Randall was avoiding him, Dean decided that he would
make supper for them.  As he worked away in the
kitchen he could not shake the feeling that everything
was heading in a bad direction.

There was a knock on the kitchen door which was
followed by it being opened and Randall and Dean’s
father entering.  Dean was surprised, “Dad, what are
you doing here?”

Brian said in a serious tone, “It’s my house!”

Dean was annoyed that his father was using the tone of
voice that he was, “That’s not what I meant, Dad.  Why
are you here?”

“I want to talk to Randall.”

Dean was concerned, “Dad, Randall is really upset
right now and he isn’t talking to me.  I don’t want
him upset anymore.”

As Brian exited the kitchen looking for Randall, he
said, “Maybe he’ll talk with me.”

Brian found Randall, who was happy to see his father,
in the living room and invited him into the study.
Brian and Randall made their way into the study and
took a seat on the couch next to each other.  Before
any words were spoken Dean entered the room and was
about to take a seat in an easy chair across from the
sofa.  Brian stopped him, “Dean, I want to talk with
Randall alone.  Please close the door when you leave.”

Dean’s face showed defeat and he knew there was no
point in arguing with his father’s right to talk with
his son.

Once the door was closed, Randall broke down crying
and father and son joined in a long embrace.

After a while, Brian got right to the point, “Randall,
I want to know, I need to know, under what
circumstances you were demerited by your overseers.
Social Services told me that most of your demerits
occurred on your jobs with the Parks Department.  What
happened son?  Did the overseers have it in for you?
I wonder that because none of the other boys on your
team have been remanded to the Total Reform program.”

“They treated us all alike, Dad.  They were generally
assholes, who liked bossing us around.  It was common.
If we were slow or something, they would order us to
unflap our behinds so they could give us some paddle
strokes.  But I would always tell them to demerit me
instead of paddle me.”

“Why would you do that, son?”

“Because Dean told me that I was to report to him
every time that I was punished so he could repeat the
punishment at home as reinforcement.”

There was silence.  Brian asked, “Does Dean ever
punish you?”

Randall nodded his head, like a little boy.

“How does he punish you Randall?”

“Usually he spanks me.”

“Does he spank you hard?”

Randall nodded his head again and some tears rolled down
his cheek.

“How often does Dean spank you, Randall?”

Randall sniffled, “A couple of times a month.”

“How does he spank you?”

“He makes me get over his knee.”

“Does he open up your jumpsuit flap?”

More tears flowed down Randall’s face, “He makes me
take my jumpsuit off.”

Brian brushed some tears from Randall’s face, “Does he
spank you hard or long?  Is it painful?”

Randall nodded his head.

“Does he make you cry?”

Randall was almost about to cry, “He spanks real hard
and long, Dad.  I do a lot more than cry.  I scream.
It hurts for days afterwards.”

Brian hugged his son tightly.  Randall sobbed gently.
When Randall stopped his sobbing, Brian patted him on
the back and told him he would see him tomorrow.

Brian went into the kitchen where Dean had returned to
preparing the meal.  Brian asked, “What time are you
taking Randall into Health Services tomorrow?”

Dean replied, “He has to be there at 1:30, so I will
probably leave a little after noon.”

Brian asked with a voice that sounded like it would be
unhappy with any answer Dean gave, “Have you been
doing research on Social Services?  Finding any other
options for Randall?”

“My contact person at Social Services told me there
wouldn’t be much point to it.  A ruling is a ruling.”

Brian raised his voice, “Your brother’s life is at
stake and you have been sitting on your ass?”

Dean made a frantic sign for Brian to keep his voice
down and under control and half whispered, “Dad,
please keep your voice down.  It isn’t good for
Randall to hear you talking to me like that.  In fact,
it is completely inappropriate for you to be using
such a tone of voice towards me in Randall’s
presence.”

Although Brian knew the answer, he asked the question,
“Oh?  And why is that?  He’s your brother.”

“Dad, you know nothing about social servitude and the
importance of all involved with the system in
maintaining proper relationships.”

Brian smiled, “Oh I know quite a bit about social
servitude, Dean, and the roles of overseer, handler,
trainer, and servant.”
Dean was nervous, “Well then you should know that it
is important for servants to know the importance or
respect towards all people.”

Brian nodded ‘yes’, “I agree with you.  But respect
has to be a two way street.”

Dean nodded ‘no’, “I don’t think so, Dad!”

Brian almost shouted at his son, “Yes, I know you
don’t think so, Dean!  I know how you’ve been treating
Randall!  I know how you regularly spank him.”

Dean’s face turned red from shame, but still he
defended himself, “Dad, I’m not going to have you
undoing the good work and progress that I’ve made here
with Randall.”

Brian shook his head in disgust, “Yes.  Real good
work, Dean!  Randall has failed ‘Stage One’ and now is
about to lose almost six years of his life in the
Total Reform program.  And all you care about is
maintaining your role as an authoritarian guardian.”

“Dad, I cannot have you talking to me in such a tone
of voice around a servant to whom I am legally bound
as chief overseer.”

Brian knew that his son had a legal point, so he
lowered his voice, “I cannot believe, Dean, that you
aren’t, right now, doing all that you can do to help
Randall avoid Total Reform.  You ought to be exploring
every angle in the Social Services system.  That’s
what I intend to do.”

Brian left in anger without a further word to his
eldest son.  Dean pulled out a chair from the kitchen
table and sat down, upset that his dad was so critical
of him; and ashamed that his dad now knew that he had
been physically disciplining his younger brother.
He was so confused; why should he be ashamed that his
father had found out he had been physically
disciplining his younger brother?  It was in the
system of social servitude and as his brother’s chief
overseer he was legally obliged to discipline Randall
for certain infractions.

The more Dean thought about it, the more he became
upset with his father’s treatment of him and with his
meddling into and the questioning of his affairs.  By
the time the meal was finally prepared, Dean was angry
with his father and decided, before calling Randall
in to join him for dinner, to give his father a call
on his cell phone and tell him to mind his own
business.

To Be Continued…

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