**Boys Like You**

Part Ten

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>

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.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
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.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
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.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
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…

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