**Boys Like You**

Part Eleven

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>

It had been agreed to beforehand that Earl would come  
over and help Dean on the day of Randall’s surgery.   
Dean had been afraid that he would be too upset to  
keep Randall supervised properly and he feared also  
that Randall would be desperate and therefore too  
much to handle alone, as they got themselves ready for  
their 1:30 appointment with Health Services.   
  
Dean was angry with Earl for fucking Randall without  
his permission and for revealing other intimate  
matters to Randall about his sexual relationships with  
Earl’s two servants.  But he needed Earl’s assistance  
on this morning more than ever.  
  
Dean was upset the very first thing in the morning  
when Randall refused to eat the breakfast that he  
served him in bed; a bed to which Randall was secured  
to by plasti-chains attached to his ankle and wrist  
cuffs.  Dean felt harried, for he was too busy with  
work related matters to spend very much time trying to  
comfort Randall.  That is why Dean was relieved when  
Earl arrived and was willing to pitch in immediately  
with anything that needed to be done.  Dean asked Earl  
to try and encourage Randall to eat.  
  
When Earl entered the bedroom, Randall groaned  
inwardly.  Earl sat on the bed, grabbed a piece of  
toast from the breakfast tray and held it in front of  
Randall, “Here you go, buddy.  Why don’t you have some  
breakfast?”  
Randall closed his eyes and looked away.  Earl tried  
to coax him, “Come on Randall.  We’re taking you in, in  
a little while so they can get you ready to spend time  
with the ‘big boys’.  It’s time you start acting like  
one of the ‘big boys’; the Total Reform boys.  Total  
Reform boys do what they’re told to do when they are  
told.  Don’t be ‘small town’ on me.  Show me that  
you’ve got what it takes to be a big town boy!”   
  
Randall asked where Dean was and Earl replied that he  
was busy with a number of ‘other things’.  
  
Earl put the piece of toast in front of Randall’s lips  
and held it there.  Randall closed his eyes again.   
Earl pushed the toast between Randall’s lips and  
slowly started pushing it into Randall’s mouth.  A  
smile played across Earl’s lips as he pushed the toast  
against Randall’s teeth, trying to get him to open his  
mouth.  Randall turned his face away and Earl set the  
piece of toast back down on the tray.  
  
“You’re going to need your energy, Randy.  The moment  
you arrive at Health Services they’re going to get  
right to work on you.  They’ll begin processing you  
immediately and you won’t have any time to eat until  
after surgery and you recover from the anesthetic.  It  
could be as long as 24 hours from now.  For your  
transformation to go smoothly, you’re going to need  
your energy, little guy.”    
  
Earl patted Randall on the head.  The moment Earl  
touched Randall his feelings changed from one of  
offering encouragement, to one of sexual desire.   
Randall’s baldhead felt fleshly shaved and warm, like a giant  
penis.  Earl wished for a moment that Dean wasn’t  
around, so he could take advantage of the ‘slaveboy’  
in front of him.  
  
But Earl knew that now wasn’t the time.  Besides he  
was really looking forward to ‘doing’ Randall once he  
was back home and fully processed.  The fact that  
Randall would soon be fully ringed, belled, branded,  
and tattooed excited Earl immensely and when he tried  
to imagine the snooty, proud and pretty Randall all  
rigged up like a draft animal, it was hard for him to  
control his desire.  
  
Earl felt that Randall needed to face the changes that  
were about to take place and sought to help him  
accept them. “Randall, acting sullen isn’t going to  
change your predicament.  This is hardly the end of  
the world, buddy.  Out at the Social Services’ hard labor  
farms in Dubuque, where you will be shipped after your  
7 months of training in Des Moines, there are hundreds  
of boys just like you, boys who initially had a very  
hard time accepting their status change from carefree,  
entitled and privileged, free boys to that of ringed  
and bound hard-laboring draft animals.”  
  
“But once they’re out on the team, toiling away in the  
fields, the shared camaraderie, the realization that  
they are the ultimate service boys, kicks in and they  
accept and take pride in their status.  Once you see  
yourself in the fields and quarries, along with  
hundreds of other naked, ringed, branded, and tattooed  
hard labor boys, your giant rings shining in the sun,   
you’ll feel a pride, a sense of purpose, that I  
suspect you’ve never felt before.  You can see it on  
the boys, in their faces, in the sweat pouring off  
their backs, in their proud erections wagging about as  
they toil away.  It’s special.  You will come to a  
point where you will be proud of all your body rings  
and markings and feel like a real man, a man who is of  
true service to society.”  
  
Throughout the morning Earl was unable to get Randall  
to do anything, or engage in conversation.  When Earl  
suggested that Randall take a shower, Randall agreed  
to it.  After the shower, when Randall was once again  
jumpsuited, he wanted to go back to his bed.  Earl let  
him.  Once Earl had re-secured Randall to the bed, he  
decided to leave Randall alone and went downstairs and  
read the morning newspaper.  
  
Just before noon, Dean found Earl and told him it was  
time for them to take Randall in to Health Services.   
The two free boys made their way into Dean’s bedroom  
where Randall was reclining on the bed on his stomach.  
Dean said quietly, “Randy, it’s time.  We have to  
take you in now.”  
  
Randall cried, “No, Dean!”  
  
Earl joined in, “Time’s up!  They’re waiting for you.”  
  
Randall cried again, “NO!”  
  
Earl lowered his tone, “Come on Randy, we have to take  
you away now.”  
  
Dean sat on the bed and unlocked Randall’s wrist and  
ankle cuffs.  “Okay, buddy, we need to get going.”  
  
Randall didn’t move.  Dean encouraged, “Come on Randy,   
we can’t be late.  I don’t know what traffic will be  
like.”  
  
Randall, his face in his arms, talked into the pillow.   
“I’m not going.  I’m not going!”  
  
Earl coaxed, “Randy, it isn’t as bad as you think.   
Once you get home and see yourself, you’ll be proud of  
yourself.  You’ll want to show yourself off for your  
brother.”  
  
Dean joined in, “He’s right, bro.  Whatever they do to  
you is going to look good on you.  I know you’ll look  
hot.”  
  
Earl agreed, “Once boys like you get ringed with those  
giant rings they want to show off.”  
  
Dean touched Randall on the back, “He’s right, Randy.”  
Dean leaned down and whispered in Randall’s ear, “You  
know how I like having you naked around the house and  
you like being naked for me?  Well think how much more  
so.  I can just see you now.  Walking around with your  
giant ear, nose, nipple, and cock rings.  I know you  
Randy.  You’ll be harder than granite as your dick  
carries your giant donut ring.  I can see you  
strutting around, showing off for your older brother.”  
  
Dean rubbed Randall on the shoulders, but Randall did  
not move.  Finally, Randall released his bitterness  
towards his brother, “I don’t want to ever have  
anything to do with you, Dean!  Get your hands off of  
me!  I hate you.”  
  
Dean was shocked and hurt, but time constraints  
prevented him from collecting himself and finding his  
thoughts.    
  
Earl realized how stressed both brothers were and  
tried to encourage Randall, “You know that’s no way to  
talk to your brother and certainly not to your  
overseer.  But you should remember that if we’re late  
they’re going to slap Dean with a $400 fine.”  
  
Earl had little patience with Randall and only  
refrained himself for the time being from using  
harsher methods to get Randall moving because he knew  
that such methods would upset Dean.  
  
When Randall still did not move, Earl continued, “Come  
on, boy.  It’s time for us to take you away now.   
Don’t make us late.”  
  
When Randall did not move, Earl grasped him by the  
shoulders and gently tried to pull him up, “Come with  
us, Randy.”   
  
Randall grabbed on to the bed frame with both arms.   
Earl continued, “If you cause us to be late and  
Social Services finds out that we were late because of  
you, they have been known to do punishment procedures  
on boys under surgery.  One thing they do to boys like  
you under surgery is give them a ‘high and tight’ and  
I’m not talking haircuts here.  I’m talking  
circumcision!  Imagine what it would be like if after  
surgery you found it painful every time you got an  
erection.  That’s what a high and tight snipping does;   
it takes away all of your spare foreskin, thus causing  
painful erections for the rest of your life.  They  
could very well do that to you if you give us any  
trouble.”  
  
Randall tightened his grip on the bed, “Leave me  
alone.  Let them come and get me.  I don’t care anymore!”  
  
Earl tugged again on Randall’s shoulders, “Come on  
Randy, we have to take you in!  I wish we didn’t have  
to do this, but you’re state material now.  The state  
owns you and they say you need to be prepped for the  
Total Reform program.”  
  
Dean touched Randall gently, “Come now, bro.  The  
surgeons are waiting for you.”  
  
Earl tried to steel Randall, “You can do it Randall.   
I know it’s tough.  I won’t kid you; I hear they have  
to strap the boys to the gurney before they roll them  
into surgery; they are so frantic from thinking about  
what’s going to happen to them.  But I know you’re a  
strong kid, Randy.  You’ve got what it takes!  Now  
come along and show your brother what a big and strong  
boy you can be.  Make us proud, Randy.”   
  
Dean was getting nervous about the delay, “Come on  
Randy, we really cannot be late.”  
  
Earl pulled Randall up a little more firmly by the  
shoulders, but still Randall resisted, “Come on, dude.  
Come along with us now without making any trouble.”  
  
Randall kicked his legs, “Let go of me, you asshole!”  
  
Dean cautioned, “Watch it Randy!  Don’t make matters  
worse.”  
  
Randall held tightly to the backboard of the bed.   
Earl coaxed, “It’s not going to be bad.  You won’t  
feel a thing.  The first thing they are going to do  
to you when you get there is give you a nice warm  
pre-surgery soaking to cleanse you.  That will help  
ensure that they can do some really clean piercings of  
your ears, nips, chin, and cock, and it will help your  
skin accept the tattoos and brands more easily.”  
  
Randall shook his upper torso to shake off Earl’s  
grip.  Earl continued as Randall bucked to free  
himself, “You won’t be alone, Randy.  There will be  
other boys soaking in the prep tubs just like you.   
Total Reform boys are brave boys.  They are not afraid  
of a few body modifications.  The boys in the Total  
Reform program are dedicated full service boys who  
aren’t afraid of hard work; aren’t afraid of  
submitting to their overseers who know what’s best for  
them.  Come along now, Randy.  Don’t upset your  
brother.”  
  
Dean offered encouragement as well, “He’s right Randy.  
Social Services told me that about 18 boys a day are  
processed for social servitude and of those 18; three  
a day are being processed for the Total Reform  
program.  It’s a common thing.  There will be other  
boys there getting prepped for the same kind of  
surgery you will be undergoing.”  
  
Dean’s cell phone rang and he answered it.  It was a  
business associate who needed answers to questions  
about a legal case Dean was handling.  Dean suddenly  
found himself involved in an important conference  
call.  As Dean left the bedroom so his associates and  
he wouldn’t be disturbed by any noise Randall might  
make, he made a hand gesture to Earl indicating that  
he would be on the phone for just a short while.  
  
Once Dean was out of earshot, Earl took a firmer  
approach, “Okay you little shit, we’re taking you in  
to get you ‘fixed’ whether you like it or not!”  Earl  
took a rough grasp of Randall’s shoulders and tried  
more forcefully to pull him away from his grasp on the  
backboard.  
  
Randall shouted, “Leave me alone, you fucker!”  
  
Earl was surprised, “Boy, you sure have some nerve for  
a bottom-rung slave boy!  Your vulgar attitude just  
makes it clear to me that you deserve what’s about to  
happen to you.  What they’re going to do to you today  
in surgery is the going to be the best thing that’s  
ever happened to you.”  
  
Earl tried again tugging at Randall’s shoulders, but  
to no avail.  Earl let go of Randall’s shoulders and  
started unbuttoning the buttocks flap of his jumpsuit.  
  
  
Randall shouted, “Hey, what are you doing?”  
  
“What the fuck do you think I’m doing?  I’m exposing  
your ass!”  Earl glanced about the room and saw a  
training whip in the corner or the room.  He fetched  
it and sliced it through the air as he made his way  
back to the bed.    
  
Randall called out, “Get away from me!”    
  
Earl rubbed Randall’s exposed buttocks, “I bet Dean is  
going to miss your little juicy boy hole.  Oh well, he  
always knows that he can get all he wants at my place.  
Reginald and Brendan are always there to service and  
please the way slave boys should, just the way you  
will be serving and pleasuring once you complete your  
seven-month training course.  You should have a lot of  
fun in training, Mr. Fancy Pants!”  
  
Earl got into whipping position, “Now, we’re taking  
you in and you’re going to get super ringed, branded  
and tattooed all over your body.  And I intend to tell  
the folks at social services that it was a real mess  
of trouble trying to get you to come in, that you  
refused to cooperate with everyone of Dean’s request  
and that maybe they should consider doing some  
punitive body modification on you to help you remember  
for the rest of your life that not following the  
orders of your overseer is a naughty thing to do!”  
  
Earl sliced the training whip across Randall’s exposed  
buttocks with all of his might and Randall let out a  
piercing cry.  Earl asked, “Did that feel good?”  
  
Randall cried out, “Dean, help!”  
  
Earl was furious, “Shut up you dumb fuck!  Dean is on  
an important conference call.  What a fucking selfish  
asshole you are!  All you have ever cared about are  
your own immediate and selfish needs.”  
  
Earl gave Randall’s buttocks another slice of the  
training whip and Randall yelled louder than the first  
time, “Dean, help me.  Please help me!”  
  
Earl rushed to the bedroom door, slammed it shut and  
came at Randall with an angry voice, “So, you’re  
trying to create a scene, are you?  If it’s a scene  
you want then I’m going to give you one you won’t ever  
forget!”  
  
Fueled by adrenaline and a sense of righteousness,   
Earl lunged at Randall, pulled him away from the  
headboard, stood him up, and pinned him against the  
wall.   
  
Randall was terrified of the hatred-fueled strength  
that Earl displayed and cowered as Earl sneered his  
words, “You are nothing but an arrogant pansy cunt boy  
who is about to get what he deserves!  And let me tell  
how much that pleases me!”  
  
“In just a little while from now they’ll be strapping  
you down to the gurney.  I can just see you wailing  
and kicking as they strap you down to the gurney!   
Then they’re going to roll you into surgery where they  
will turn you into a draft animal; you’ll be marked  
for life: branded, tattooed, and have your back teeth removed.   
And if I have any say in it you’ll also be getting  
your foreskin snipped off, all of it!”   
  
“I can’t begin to tell you how much I’m looking  
forward to seeing you when you return home from  
surgery, all decked out, branded and tatted!  Mr.   
Fancypants Pretty Boy finally horse-ringed and  
hard-labor ready!  It’ll be a sight worth a million  
bucks.”   
  
As Randall cringed in fear, Dean reentered the room  
and Earl’s demeanor took on a calm, in-control, tone.   
“Dean, I’m making a little progress here.  I at least  
got Randall off the bed.  Had to be a little firm, but  
it looks like Randall’s beginning to give in.”  
  
Randall cried, “Dean, make him let go of me!”  
  
Earl countered, “Dean, you need to realize that your  
brother’s attitude about all of this is totally messed  
up.  This is not the end of the world.  Randall needs  
to be made to wake up and see the light.  Don’t let  
his whining upset you.  What’s about to happen to  
Randall is the best thing that ever could have  
happened to him.  Taking him in should not be  
depressing you.  You should be elated!  Randall, your  
brother with so many problems, is finally going to be  
given the help he so desperately needs!”  
  
Dean, checking his watch and bothered by the time  
constraint, could only agree with Earl, “He’s right  
bro.  Right now we have no other choice but to take  
you in.  Once we get you to the Social Services Health  
Services building, I’ll check into it and see if  
there’s anything that can be done to stop the  
procedures.”  
  
Earl attached a leash to the genital cinch attachment  
which hung at the side of Randall’s jumpsuit and gave  
it a tug.  As Randall felt the base of his cock and  
balls squeezed by the choke cinch, he followed Earl  
along.  At the doorway to the bedroom Randall grabbed  
on to the doorframe and cried, “My violin.  I want my  
violin!”  
  
Dean was heartbroken, “Randy it will be okay.  Once  
you get back from surgery you will still have two more  
months to play it.”  
  
As Earl tugged Randall away he advised Dean, “I  
wouldn’t encourage that, Dean.  He needs to get  
violins and all that other shit that got him into  
trouble in the first place out of his head.  He needs  
to start thinking like a hard-labor boy and not a  
violin playing, time wasting, pansy.  What the whole  
Total Reform program is about is getting boys like  
Randall, who have been self-absorbed for their entire  
lives, to start thinking about how they can put the  
needs of society before their own needs.”  
  
Earl continued lecturing Dean as they made their way  
to the car, “Letting Randy play his violin any more is  
only going to depress him and muddle up the goals of  
the program.  Randy and you both need to get  
yourselves geared up so Randy is ready for training.    
You need to be working on getting him muscled up and  
fit, so his training isn’t so difficult on him.”  
  
“A big part of the Total Reform training program will  
be getting Randall bulked out, muscled and fit.   
That’s why the Total Reform training program is seven  
months long.  He’s a hard labor product now and he  
needs to develop a hard labor body.  Playing his  
violin is something that is not going to make training  
easy on him.  The more fit and muscled he is as he  
enters the training program, the easier he’s going to  
find the next six years of his life.  If you really  
care about Randall, you’ll put his violin up for sale  
once you get back home.  Any extra time he would have  
spent on the violin should now be spent on either the  
treadmill or lifting weights.”  
  
Dean had Earl sit in the back seat of the car with  
Randall.  Once Dean was in the front seat and started  
his car he reminded Earl, “Don’t let go of Randall’s  
leash!”  
  
Earl held it up, “Don’t you worry!  As you can see I  
have it doubled around my fist.  He won’t get away!”  
  
Randall sobbed in despair as his brother’s car made  
its way to his 1:30 appointment at Health Services.

To Be Continued…

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