**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

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>