**Boys Like You**

Part Twelve

By Randall Austin

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Randall Austin’s Archive Group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>

What struck Earl and the two Inslee brothers upon
entering the lobby of the Social Services Health
Services building on Guardian Avenue was that it
looked like an upscale medical clinic.  The interior
was modern, yet warm and inviting.  The health care
professionals who passed about all seemed
professional, caring and warm.  Everyone who passed
by greeted Dean, Earl, and Randall with “hello’s” and
smiles.

Dean was expecting a forbidding, sparsely furnished,
prison-like hospital.  Instead the interior of the big
modern facility looked like a well-funded,
leather-chaired, research hospital.

And signs all about were social servant friendly.  A
big sign in back of the reception desk asked, ‘Have
you thanked a social servant today?’  Another large
poster on one of the walls showed a stylized drawing
of a group of servants and in large letters along the
bottom of the poster were the words, ‘Social Servants
are our community’s bedrock of abundance.  Please show
your gratitude by donating generously to the Social
Servants’ Retirement Support Foundation’.

The warmth of the surroundings gave comfort to both
Dean and Randall.  Earl was secretly let down at the
cushy appointment of the facility, but he suspected
that it was all a front designed to help calm servants
down brought in for health, evaluative, or procedural
reasons.

Dean, Earl, and Randall, approached the front desk and
Dean reported that he had brought Randall in for his
1:30 appointment.  The receptionist told the three
gentlemen to have a seat.  The reception area was
moderately busy and Dean noted that among the people
seated in the waiting room he had a hard time telling
which ones were social servants and which were free
people.  He saw a few collars poking out of dress
shirts and polo’s but little else was seen in the way
of distinctive servant clothing.  Only Randall stood
out in his bright yellow ‘Stage One’ jumpsuit.

Earl had hoped, as he had seen once in a Davenport
social servant clinic, that the servants would be made
to undress in the waiting room.  He decided to be
helpful to the medical staff and ordered Randall to
take off his jumpsuit.  Dean was surprised at the
request and at first assumed Earl knew what he was
doing and that undressing in the waiting area was
standard.  Randall was too dazed to react and Earl
proceeded with Randall’s humiliation by starting to
unbutton and unzip his jumpsuit.

As tears rolled down Randall’s defeated face the
receptionist called out to Earl, “Sir, what are you
doing?”

Earl replied that he was trying to expedite matters.
A nurse at the reception desk stopped him, “Please
sir.  That isn’t necessary.  You may rebutton his jump
suit.”  Earl was embarrassed at being told to stop
what he was doing and was about to explain to Dean
how the nurse was obviously unaware of standard
servant handling procedures when Dean’s cell phone
rang.  Dean soon found himself involved once again
with answering questions over the phone about the case
he was handling.

With Dean occupied with his phone conversation, Earl
thought it would be a good time to file a complaint
about Randall with the receptionist.  He stood up,
tugged on Randall’s leash and the two of them made
their way to the receptionist.  He told the same nurse
who had just told him to stop undressing Randall that
he wished to file a formal complaint about Randall.

The nurse asked what the complaint was and Earl
explained, “This servant has been obstreperous all
morning long and has defied the orders of his chief
controlling overseer on several occasions.”

The nurse asked why Randall was being obstreperous
and Earl replied that Randall didn’t want to come to
his surgery, was fighting them every step of the way
and was trying to delay their on-time arrival.

The nurse asked Randall directly why he was fighting
his overseer’s wishes and Randall replied quietly
that he was afraid.

The nurse receptionist looked at Earl and asked.
“Wouldn’t you be afraid, as well, if you were going
into surgery?”

Earl replied, “I suppose I might be, but that is no
excuse for a servant.”

The nurse was curt, “Yes it is, sir.  Please have a
seat until we call for Randall.  Thank you.”

Earl was seething on the inside at his treatment by
the unenlightened hospital staff and mumbled to
Randall, “I’m filing a formal complaint on that
nurse’s unprofessional behavior.”

When they sat back down, Dean had just finished his
phone conversation and asked Earl what he and Randall
were doing at the receptionist’s desk.  Earl replied
that he had wanted to let the staff know that Randall
had been quite upset and that his behavior had not
been up to par this morning.  When Dean asked why he
did that, his question was interrupted by an intern
with a clipboard calling out, “Randall Inslee”.

Dean, Earl, and Randall stood and then walked over to
the intern, who informed Dean and Earl that they could
not go with Randall and to check with the
receptionist on Randall’s procedures schedule for the
day.  The intern unhooked the leash clasp from the
side of Randall’s jumpsuit and handed it to Earl.  The
intern grabbed Randall by the right ear and led him
down the corridor.  Randall followed the intern
without saying a word or looking back at Dean.

As the intern led Randall down the hall, they passed
many exam rooms, none of which had any doors, and many
of which had a naked servant inside being examined by
staff or patiently sitting on the exam table waiting
to be examined.

The intern led Randall into one of the rooms and told
him to remove his jumpsuit.  Once Randall was
unclothed the intern came with a special key and
unlocked and removed Randall’s leg braces.  He then
took a strange device that resembled a giant
hypodermic needle and stuck it into a small hole in
Randall’s collar.  The intern pushed a syringe that
made a whooshing noise and then pulled it out.  He
then took a long thin key and then unlocked the collar
and removed it.  He then removed Randall’s genital

cinch in a similar fashion.

Next the intern attached and locked a collar on
Randall’s left arm, just above his elbow.  To this he
attached a leash that he locked to a bolt in the
floor.  The intern told Randall he could sit on the
exam table if he wanted to and left.

As Randall sat naked and leashed on the exam table he
observed a parade of activity outside his exam room
door.  Nurses, interns and physicians passed by going
in every direction.  Many of them had a servant in tow
which they guided by holding on to one of the
servant’s ears.

Randall felt like a barnyard animal; naked in front of
normal people who were dressed up and had important
jobs and who led them around by their ears.

Randall’s feelings of abjection were interrupted by
the arrival of nurses Rich Kadrow and Kevin Balen.
Rich introduced himself and Kevin to Randall, “Kevin
has worked as a nurse for two years with Carter
General Hospital and this is his first day as a nurse
with Social Services.  The environment here is a
little different, so I’m showing him the ropes.”

As Rich unlocked and removed Randall’s arm collar, he
instructed Kevin. “Kevin, what I want you to do is
grasp Randall’s ear and lead him to the scale.”

The pretty 25-year old Kevin touched Randall’s ear
lightly.  The soft touch felt good to Randall.  Rich
corrected Kevin’s efforts, “No, you want to grab it
tightly and twist it as you guide Randall to the
scale.”

It was awkward for Kevin and as he led Randall to the
scale for this weighing, Randall let out an “Ow!”
Kevin apologized, “Oh, dude, I’m sorry”, and he let go
of the ear.

Rich instructed, “No, no!  You don’t let go of the ear
until you reach the place you want the servant to go.
You have to learn to ignore a servant’s yelps.  They
do it all the time to gain sympathy.”

Kevin wondered, “No, I don’t think Randall was trying
to gain sympathy.  I think I may have inadvertently
hurt him.”

Rich agreed, “Well, you may have hurt him a little
bit, but that’s okay.  No big deal.  The thing to know
is that when a servant feels a little ‘something’,
that’s when they start doing what they’re told to do.”

As Kevin weighed Randall, Rich explained, “You just
watch.  Once things get a little hectic and you’re
short on time, see how effective you are calmly asking
servants to please step over here, please remove your
jacket, please do this, or please do that.  You’ll soon
see they move slowly when they are not in their
standard work environments.  Ear control is one of the
best ways to keep things moving.”

Kevin nodded that he understood.  “I see.”

Rich instructed, “Now in a small room like this you
would normally tell a servant to have a seat in the
chair for his blood pressure.  But for practice
purposes I want you to seat Randall in that chair
using the ‘ear’ method.”

Kevin tried to be as gentle as he could as he twisted
Randall’s ear and guided him to sit down, but as
Randall turned, his ear got pinched by Kevin’s grip
and he let out “Ow!  Shit!”

As Kevin took Randall’s blood pressure, Rich
explained, “That kind of outburst is on the edge.
Normally for something like that you take into account
that the servant is under a lot of stress going into
surgery and you simply give him a verbal reprimand.
But because I want you to have some experience in
standard discipline procedures, I’ll have you spank
him after you take his blood pressure.”

Kevin asked, “Spanked for cursing?”

Rich explained, “Remember, this is a Social Services
Health Care facility and we have to set an example
for the rest of the community.  If we are lax at
Social Services, there is a trickledown effect to the
rest of the community.  We have to be firm here at
Social Services.  We are kind of like the gold at Fort
Knox that backs up the paper money.  We have to back
up our threats with a sure response or else we lose
all credibility.”

Kevin nodded, “I see.”  As Kevin removed Randall’s arm
from the monitor cuff, Randall was taken in by Kevin’s
strong features, his alabaster skin, his black, curly,
styled hair, his soft scent and his large doe-like
eyes.

Rich instructed, “Okay, now grab his ears and lead him
over to the examining table and make him bend over.”

Kevin did as instructed.  Once Randall was in place,
Rich continued, “Now slap his legs apart.  You want to
get them spread as far apart as possible for a proper
servant spanking.  That not only gives a lot more
exposed area for slapping, but leaves the balls as a
good squeeze target in case the slave lets out any
foul language during his punishment.”

Once Randall was bent over and spread-legged as
instructed, Kevin gave a half smile to Rich, wondering
what to do next.  Rich said, “Just go ahead and start
spanking.”

When Kevin shrugged his shoulders wondering how to go
about it, Rich suggested, “Just pretend he’s your kid
brother who has been acting up.  You told me you have
a younger brother.  Have you ever wanted to lay into
your younger brother?”  Kevin smiled sheepishly and
nodded ‘yes’.

Rich turned his hand up, “Well here’s your chance.
Give Randall what you’ve wanted to give your own
kid brother when he’s acted up in the past.”

Kevin laid one on and Randall yelped.  Rich
encouraged, “That’s the way.  Now keep it going
steady.”

Kevin started spanking Randall, slow slaps, but each
one harder than the last.  He stopped after six
spanks, smiled and looked wonderingly at Rich.  Rich
complimented him, “Looks like you were getting into
it.  That’s what you need to do; go with that feeling
that comes when you’re disciplining another human
being.  It’s nothing to shy away from.  In fact you
need to grasp that feeling if you’re ever going to be
an effective nurse/overseer.”

“Now continue with Randall’s spanking, but only cover
a broader area: use the legs, inner and outer thighs,
as well as the butt.  And use more force this time.”

Kevin wondered, “But wasn’t what I already gave him
enough for a little cussing?”

Rich answered, “Normally it would be.  But this is a
training hospital and servants are here to serve the
community.  And if Randall can help you by serving as
a training model for you in your new position, then
such use of a servant is perfectly legal and
justified.  And besides, I’m sure Randall would be
happy to help out in this way.  Am I right Randall?”

When Randall didn’t answer, Rich smiled, “Well, it
makes no difference what he thinks, because he
deserves punishment now for failing to answer my
question.  So carry on with your practice!”

Kevin continued spanking and was conflicted over
spanking someone who didn’t do anything wrong and
over the enjoyment he was finding in the process.
Rich sensed the nurse/overseer’s dilemma and
attempted to help him accept his role, “Kevin, you’re
a state certified nurse/overseer now and your job is
the healthcare of the state’s social servants.  With
such responsibility, you need to be in touch with your
feelings towards servants.  There is nothing wrong
with finding satisfaction with your work.  You are
simply doing what the state wants of you and pays you
to do.”

Kevin, a good boy whose mother would be saddened if
she knew her idealistic son, who got into nursing
because he wanted to serve people, was now coming to
grips with his authority over social servants and
with that special ‘pride of overseership’ feeling that
comes to overseers as they punish servants.

Kevin resumed spanking and Rich instructed Kevin,
quietly, “You can go ahead and reach underneath and
grab his genitals if you want to gain better leverage
as you spank him.”

Kevin hesitated at first, so Rich explained “It’s
okay, that’s what they’re hanging there for; leverage.
Go ahead; it’s done all the time.  And remember,
we’re nurses after all!”

Kevin’s ruby lipped mouth was open as he reached under
the bent over Randall and cupped, then grasped, his
sexual organs.  He looked at Rich and saw a broad and
satisfied smile on his face.  It gave him
encouragement in what he was doing and he started to
spank Randall with more vigor.  As he got into it
more and Randall started crying and squirming, Kevin
was overcome with lust and a massive erection.

Rich noticed Kevin’s newfound enthusiasm and
commented, “Okay, I think you’ve got the hang of it,
buddy!  The important thing is to go with and to trust,
that special feeling, the one that makes you feel good
as you spank servants.  Always remember to trust your
feelings.”

Kevin stood up tall, adjusted his trousers to conceal
his deflating cock and stood tall.  Rich informed
him, “Randall is going to be in ICU for a couple of
days, so you’ll have a chance some time after his
surgery to have some more practice sessions with him.”

Rich had Randall sit back up on the examining table.
Just as Rich reattached Randall’s leash from his arm
cuff to the floor bolt, a physician arrived and
proceeded to give Randall a physical examination.  The
physician spent almost one half hour examining
Randall, as Kevin and Rich observed in silence.
Randall didn’t know why the two nurses stayed to
observe his physical, but he didn’t like it.

When the physician was finished with Randall’s exam,
an intern fetched Randall and grabbed him by his ear.
As Randall was ear-led out of the exam room, Rich
encouraged, “Behave yourself, Randall!”

As Randall was being guided down the corridor, ahead
of him was another servant about his age, also being
guided by his ear.  Randall wondered if he was indeed
an animal, because even at such a time of distress and
humiliation he found himself unable to take his eyes
off of the servant’s bubble butt who was being led
ahead of him.

Randall was led into the same room as the servant in
front of him and was positioned in front of a trough
type urinal located in the center of the room.  There
was already a servant at the urinal as Randall and the
servant who was ahead of him were being positioned at
the urinal.  All three servants were handed a phial
and asked to fill it with urine.

On an exam table in the room was a female with her
legs in stirrups having her urethra examined by two
male interns.

When the three servants had filled their phials, they
were handed plastic dishes and asked for a semen
samples.  When none of the servants knew exactly what
to do, one of the interns said, “Start jackin’ guys!
I’m sure you all know how to do it.”  The three
servants started manipulating their dicks as they
stood over the urinal, each jacking with their right
hand and holding the plastic dish in their left hand.

Randall had difficulty getting aroused, until he
noticed the male, who was already at the urinal when
he arrived, was looking at the female on the exam
table as he jacked his straight-boy boner.  Watching a
straight male get excited by looking at a female
always excited Randall and it helped him to get his
dick hard in little time.  As Randall stroked himself
off he noticed that the other servant was looking at
him.  Randall also liked it when other guys were
turned on by looking at him and Randall was soon able
to completely loose himself in the public jacking off
session.

The four interns in the room all stopped what they
were doing to watch the three servants shoot their
loads into their dishes.  The interns were silent as
they watched, but light smiles played on their faces.

Randall used the jackoff session to temporarily escape
the horror of his ordeal, but once he shot his load,
his dread returned and he felt unsure if he was
really who he thought he was.  Not one of the three
servants in the room who were about to be processed
had probably ever been made to jackoff in public, yet
just now they had done it because they knew their
lives were really no longer in their control.  All
three of them had probably already faced the
unpleasant consequences of disobeying an order of an
overseer and thus knew to do as they were told.

One of the interns took Randall’s plastic dish,
covered and labeled it and put it in a slot on the
lab table.  He then grabbed Randall by the ear and led
him out of the room and further down the corridor.

He led him into a large, humid, steamy, room that had
blue walls and blue lights.  The intern led Randall
up four stairs and there was a giant pool, light blue
in color so the water looked blue.  In the pool were
17 males quietly soaking.  Soon the other two boys he had
jacked off with were led up the stairs, led by their
interns guiding them by their ears.  Randall noticed
three fully uniformed older policemen standing about
the room.

One of the interns spoke and addressed all of the boys
soaking in the pool and the three boys standing on the
edge of the pool, “Hi everyone.  We are interns from
the state teaching hospital in Des Moines.  We will be
performing your surgery today.  The bath you are in is
meant to soothe you and your skin.  It is simply ‘wet’
water.  It’s basically a salt water bath, bicarbonate
of soda and so on, that will make your skin smoother
than it has ever been before.  You will be in the pool
a little under two hours and when your time is up we
will come and fetch you for your surgery.”

As the intern continued speaking, another intern led
Randall and his other two jackoff mates to a ladder
and directed them into the pool. “We want you to dunk
your heads under the water at least once every ten
minutes or so.  If you get any solution in your eyes,
you will notice at the end of the pool there is a hose
to rinse out your eyes.”

“We want you to relax and have a good time, but keep
your chatting to a minimum.  You will notice that we
have several police officers on guard.  Please realize
that although they are almost retired, they are not
like the retired officers who stand guard at
supermarkets or shopping malls.  These officers really
do make use of the implements hanging from their
belts: the stick, the taser and even the pistol if
need be.  I’m not trying to scare you.  The officers
and we hospital staff are all really nice people,
just like you boys.  But we want you to know that we
are on a tight schedule and we have zero tolerance for
anything that disrupts our schedule.”

“Okay!  So have a nice time and we’ll be coming to
fetch the first of you to enter the pool in just about
twenty minutes.”

Randall kept his eyes on the interns, amazed that
those interns, who were no different than he was, had
the right to control him, to order him to be punished,
to strap him to a gurney, to modify his body, to snip
his foreskin off, to tattoo him, to brand him, to ring
him and to humiliate him with a chin bell.  It didn’t
make sense to him.  Randall didn’t do anything wrong.
Why should he be where he was?  How did it come to
this?

Once the interns were out of the room, the boys in the
pool tried their best to collect their thoughts and
relax.  Randall looked about the pool and noticed that
all of the boys in the pool seemed to range in age
from 18 to 30.  They were Linn County’s newest group
of social servants; twenty pieces of fresh stock.
Randall had been told that about twenty males a day
entered social service in Linn County.  And today
there were indeed exactly twenty males being
processed.  Twenty young males about to be processed
for their term of service to the community; twenty
males about to have their bodies modified so that they
might be recognizable and distinct from the free
people whom they will be serving.

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A nurse entered the poolroom pushing a gurney and
spoke the name “Randall Inslee” to one of the police
officers up on the perimeter of the pool.  The only
boys left in the pool were Randall and his two jackoff
mates.  The officer called to the three boys in the
pool, “Randall Inslee.  Which one of you is Randall
Inslee?”

When no one answered, the straight boy looked at the
officer and said, “It’s not me.”

The other non-Randall boy also spoke, “Not me.”  The
two non-Randall boys moved away from the Randall who was
not acknowledging himself, thus exposing Randall in
the open pool.

When the officer said to Randall, “Come here now,
boy”, and he didn’t move, another officer fetched the
servant grappler from the side of the pool.  As the
officer tried to get near Randall with the grappling
hook, the third officer joined them.  Having to fetch
a frightened servant from the soaking pool always
broke up the monotony of the day for the semi-retired
police officers.

The officer was able to latch the grappler under
Randall’s shoulder and quickly pull him to the ladder
where he was standing.  Another officer assisted him
in pulling Randall from the pool.  With an officer on
both sides of him holding him by the arms, Randall was
led to a shower where the soaked boys were made to
rinse off before hopping on to the gurney.

An officer directed Randall, “Get yourself rinsed off
all over.  Raise your arms so you can get your
underarms rinsed.”  As the officer directed Randall’s
rinsing, Randall was obedient and did everything he
was ordered to do.

The nurse handed Randall a towel and the three
officers and the nurse watched Randall dry himself in
silence.  When he was dry, the nurse took the towel
and ordered Randall to hop up on the gurney, but
Randall resisted with a “No!”

One of the officers encouraged, “Up on the gurney boy,
then recline.”

Randall backed himself more against the wall, saying
“No!”
The officer who was new to his job at Social Services
asked Randall, “What are you afraid of boy?”

Another officer answered, “You see this behavior all
the time in boys headed into the Total Reform
Program.”  The new officer asked why it was so and
the officer explained, “I think it’s probably because
they’ve seen pictures of boys in the Total Reform
Program.  They really do them up good in surgery:
giant rings all over their bodies, a huge ring
swinging between their legs hanging from off their
dicks, giant ear and tit rings, three rings through
the nose, including a huge one through the septum, a
large bell hanging from…”

Before the officer had completed his explanation
Randall attempted to bolt from the room, but was
immediately caught by one of the officers.  Two of the
officers brought Randall to the gurney as he struggled
to break free.  Once they had him on the gurney and
were forcing him to recline Randall started kicking
and screaming.  The nurse and the other officer
quickly moved in to strap Randall down to the gurney.

With Randall strapped down and bucking and crying, the
officer continued his explanation.  “So the boys come
out of surgery looking pretty fearsome.  Looking like
something you definitely would not want to have around
your wife and kids.  All ringed up like that; they
look like they were made for hard labor.”

The other senior officer explained more about the
program to the new officer, “The Total Reform Program
is a multi-pronged program that is intended to have a
long-range positive effect.  As such it is
educational, rehabilitative, punitive and
preventative.  And it basically believes that the way
to achieve all of these ends is though hard labor.”

“And back breaking hard labor is what the program is;
hard labor for ten to twelve hours a day and seven days a
week.  The basic program, once the boys get out of
their seven-month training, is for five years and four
months.  But, of course, the term of service can be
extended if the boys fail to perform up to standard.
For every bad review a boy receives, they extend his
term service by six months.  Because a position in the
Total Reform Program generates a lot of revenue for
the state, the state examiner who reviews the boys’
performance hold them to a pretty high standard; and
as you can guess, they really don’t like releasing
boys from the program.  Very few boys who enter the
Total Reform Program ever get out after five years and
four months.  The typical term of service for most
boys who enter the program is from twelve to eighteen
years.”

Randall bucked wildly in an attempt to tip the gurney.
The new officer backed away, frightened by his
violent bucking.  The nurse put a hand to Randall’s
head, “Everything’s going to be okay, fella!  You
just calm down there.”  Randall continued bucking and
started screaming.

The officer continued his explanation to the new
officer, “That’s the kind of bucking and squealing
you’ll see in the Total Reform boys all the time.  It
never fails.  Total Reform boys know that they’re
going to be held accountable for everything that they
do from now on and it’s hard for boys who come to the
program with so many behavioral problems to face that
kind of control and reform in their lives.”

As the nurse pushed the gurney out of the poolroom,
the three officers resumed their positions about the
pool.  Randall’s two jackoff mates awaited the arrival
of their gurneys in silence.

To Be Continued…

For more of Randall Austin Stories, Please visit the Randall Austin Archive Group. While it does not yet contain all of Randall’s stories [it will eventually], it gathers the stories in one convenient location.

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Randall_Austin_Stories>