**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>