**Boys Like You**

Part Thirteen

By Randall Austin

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

As soon as Earl got home from helping his friend Dean
deliver Randall to the Health Services facility at
Social Services, he needed sexual relief.  He was
publicly humiliated, in his view, by the receptionist
and the nurse who tried to prevent him from undressing
Randall in the waiting room and who regarded his
complaint on Randall’s behavior as frivolous.

Sexual release always helped Earl relieve tension and
as he stripped off his clothes in the living room he
called for his servants Reginald and Brendan.  When
the servants arrived and saw Earl undressing, they
knew what he wanted and so they began undressing
themselves.  Earl always wanted his servants naked
when they serviced him sexually.  He liked to reach
out and feel parts of his slaves’ bodies as they
worked on him.

Reginald and Brendan did not find serving Earl too
difficult.  He was fair most of the time.  While Earl
did like to express his displeasure verbally with a
slave who was momentarily tardy or did something in a
way other than requested, Earl was not unduly cruel.
He played and conversed with Reginald and Brendan,
treated them with respect, and their duties and
workloads were always well within State guidelines.

Sexually servicing someone as fair looking and fit as
Earl was easy on both Reginald and Brendan.
With Earl relaxed across the couch, Reginald sat next
to Earl’s chest and started softly rubbing Earl’s
chest and shoulders.  Brendan sat next to Earl’s lower
legs and started massaging the full length of both
legs.

Earl spoke, “Thanks guys; that really feels good.  I
need it!”

Earl pondered telling his servants about his ordeal at
Social Services, but he did not relish relaying any
event in which he came out the bad guy, so he decided
to just relax, keep quiet and let his servants take
care of him.

As the servants worked on Earl the phone rang, the
message played and the voice of Randall’s father
could be heard speaking in an agitated voice, “Earl.
This is Brian and this is an urgent message.  It is
now almost 2:30 PM on Wednesday. I can’t reach Dean.
If you see him within the next two hours please have
him call me on my cell phone immediately.  This is an
emergency.  There is still a way to help Randall avoid
his procedures.  But Dean must call me immediately.
Thank you.”

Earl said nothing, and let his slaves continue working
on him, even though the message upset him.  Earl did
not like the idea that Brian was working to prevent
Randall’s processing and entry into the Total Reform
program.  Earl had enjoyed observing Randall’s gradual
subjugation into servitude and was looking forward to
seeing Randall enter the Total Reform program.  Earl
did not see Randall’s predicament as unfortunate in
any way.  Earl simply trusted the system; Randall had
failed to perform up to expectations in the ‘Stage One’
Program and the State was following up on his failure
as could be expected; on an orderly and systematic
course.

To Earl servitude was not a ‘big deal’.  He treated
his servants fairly well and believed that most other
owners did so as well.  Earl’s desire to see Randall
fully processed was not born out of any innate evil in
his heart; rather simply out of the satisfaction of
seeing a kid he always thought of as rather snooty and
arty finally have a little state control brought into
his life.  His feeling was also bolstered by his
desire to see the handsome Randall all ringed up for
hard labor; a sight that for Earl was a surefire
sexual turn on.

Just as Earl was again able to relax and allow his
slave’s ministrations to begin rehardening his
overseer cock, the doorbell rang.  Earl let out a
quiet “Shit!” snapped his fingers for his slaves to
get dressed and put on a robe that was hanging over
the back of the couch.  Brendan answered the door and
let Dean in.

When Dean saw Earl he immediately began talking, “Man,
I couldn’t stay there and wait.  I needed to get out
of there.  I’ll go back and visit Randall after the…”

Earl raised a hand to shush Dean and addressed his
servants, “Guys, you can leave us alone now. Thanks.”

The servants nodded to Dean as they made their way out
of the room.  Earl took a seat on the couch and patted
the cushion next to him, inviting Dean to take a seat.
When Dean was seated Earl threw an arm over his
shoulder, “You doing okay?”

“As good as can be expected.  I feel pretty awful
about this.”

“I can imagine somewhat of what you’re going through.
I once had to return and exchange one of my father’s
servants, a guy I really liked, who had behavior
problems.  It was hard on me taking him in, knowing
what county servants go through who are returned for
reasons of bad behavior.  But in the end I had to
realize that it wasn’t my fault.  He had gotten
himself into trouble.  It wasn’t me.  I just happened
to care for him; I was just his overseer.  As my
father told me after that incident, “You have to
realize that servants who display behavior problems
while in service would be displaying similar problems
even if they were not servants.  Such servants are the
kind of free people who have trouble in the workplace,
who have trouble holding down a job.  In the end you
just have to accept the fact that you did all you
could for them and that they created their own
problems.”  It was one of the best lessons my dad ever
gave me.”

Dean nodded his head and gave a worried look and Earl
consoled him, “You’ve got to try and relax, buddy.”
Earl reached his hand to Dean’s leg just above the
knee and started to gently rub and massage it.  “You
are stressed. Try relaxing.”

As Earl rubbed Dean’s leg he called out, “Reggie,
Brendan, bring us a beer.”

Reginald soon entered carrying two bottles of beer and
two glasses on a tray, followed by Brendan.  As
Reginald poured and served the beer, Earl instructed.
I want you two to strip, put on some quiet music, turn
down the lights and do a nice slow dance together.”

When Dean objected, Earl interrupted him, “You just
relax.  This doesn’t mean anything other than that I
happen to think having two pretty boys dancing
together to slow music just might help you to take
your mind off of things and begin to relax you.”

The servants did as instructed and Dean and Earl sat
quietly together as the servants did their naked slow
dance together.  Earl complimented Reginald on the
selection of music and continued stroking Dean’s leg.
After a bit Dean spoke, “You’re right, Earl.  This is
relaxing.”

As the servants danced slowly, Earl just as slowly
moved his hand about Dean’s leg.  It was the most
intimate physical contact Dean and Earl had ever
shared and Dean was surprised that he felt so
comfortable, at last, with Earl.

When Dean and Earl had finished their beers, Earl
called for another one.  When the servants arrived
with the beers, each displaying semi-hardons, an
aroused Dean had no problem with Earl’s next request
of his servants. “Now I want you to put on some upbeat
music and show Dean and me your best dance moves!  I
want you to shake it up!”

The beer, the beat and the flopping servant dicks
soon had Dean and Earl aroused.  They were each
rubbing the other’s inner thighs as they watched the
servants hop, jump, gyrate and spin.  The fact that
Brendan and Reginald were each having a good time as
they danced helped to relax Dean all the more.

Soon all four males were erect.  Reginald and Brendan
had both Deal and Earl howling with laughter when they
both reached in back of themselves and began spanking
their asses in rhythm as they gyrated to the beat.

Earl opened his robe and let his sexual parts come
into view.  Dean breathed deep and Earl leaned over
and undid Dean’s trousers and told him to kick them
off.  Dean did and soon both free men were rubbing
their inner thighs as they watched the servants hop
and dance.  After a bit Earl reached over and for the
first time ever grabbed Dean’s cock.  Dean did the
same to Earl.  The two looked at each other and
overcome with sexual desire they joined in a
passionate kiss.

The servants saw that the free boys were engaged, so
they stopped their energetic dancing and clasped each
other and rubbed their bodies against each other,
doing a slow hump to some fast music.

During their groping and kissing, Dean said to Earl,
“Oh gawd, Earl!”  And Earl said, “Fuck dude, you are
hot!”  When neither could stand holding out any
longer, Earl ordered the slaves to get into kneeling
positions on the couch.  Earl guided Dean to the rear
of Reginald and Earl took aim at Brendan’s hole and
both free boys took their slaves up the ass.  As Dean
and Earl pumped away they declared their infatuation
with each other.

Earl, humping away, spoke, “Man, things are going to
be beautiful between us, Dean.  You are now my special
friend!  I want to get to know you better, dude!”

“Same here, Earl.  This was bound to happen.  I feel
you man, I feel you!”

Earl responded, “All I’ve got is yours dude.  These
boys are here for you anytime you need it, Dean.  We
need to stick together: you, me, my slaves and your
slave.  We need to help each other man.”

The words Earl just spoke could have been
disconcerting to Dean if he had paid close enough
attention to them.  As such, he chose to half ignore
them.  But Earl continued, “Man, when we get Randy
into the mix it’s going to be one hot session!  I can
hardly wait to see Randy when he gets home all rigged
up for Total Reform.  He should be one hot fucker
boy!”

Dean ignored Earl as he made his way to his climax.
The servant boy he was fucking had the juiciest hole
he had ever experienced and Reginald was once again
doing what Dean had recalled him doing on his previous
fuckings.  As he indicated he was nearing a climax,
Reginald would gently squeeze and unsqueeze Dean’s
dick with his sphincter muscles.  Dean exclaimed,
“Reginald, you are fucking amazing!”

Earl agreed, “Isn’t he though!  That’s what I want to
do to Randall for you; get him trained to do the same
kind of thing.  I can have him trained to do the same
thing in just a couple of lessons.  You and I need to
turn him into an ace fuckboy.”
For one brief moment, as Dean began squirting his wad
up Reginald, it seemed like it would indeed be a good
idea to get Randall trained as an ace fuck boy.

Dean and Earl completed their fuckings at the same
time and when it was all over, Earl led the exhausted
quartette up to his bedroom and they all sprawled out
on his giant overseer pleasure bed.  The free boys
watched the servants suck each other off and soon all
four men were asleep in the warm afternoon.

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When the four men woke from their post-sex nap, it was
5:30 PM.  Earl and Dean both had giant piss hardons.
Dean was about to make his way to the bathroom when
Earl stopped him, “No need to get out of bed, dude.
Watch this.”

Earl grabbed his cock and wagged it at Brendan.
Brendan knelt over Earl’s groin, took his cock in his
mouth and Earl began pissing.  Brendan swallowed the
full load without any trouble and Earl rubbed him on
the head.  He then said to Dean, “Now you try it!”
Brendan made his way over Dean’s groin and took his
cock in his mouth.

Earl instructed Dean, “Try not to piss too hard or too
fast.  It takes a little practice.”

Dean laughed as he peed into Brendan’s mouth, “This
feels good!”

Earl offered, “I can teach Randall to do that for you
as well.  Really, buddy, when he gets home you should
have him spend a couple of days with me.  I’ll get him
up to snuff for you!”

Dean told Earl that he wanted to get to the ICU unit
to visit Randall, but that first he wanted to shower.
As Dean was doing the final adjustment on the water
temperature in the shower, he was joined by Brendan
and Reginald.  Earl, standing outside the shower told
Dean, “I’ve instructed my boys to wash you.  Just
relax and let them take care of you.”

Dean did as instructed and was surprised and
delighted at how wonderful it felt being tended to by
two such charming servants.  When he was out of the
shower and getting dressed, Earl again reminded Dean
that he could have the same kind of service in his own
home. “Bathing you is something Randall should be
doing for you every day until he enters the Total
Reform program.  It’s one of the things he will learn
to do for you if you decide to take me up on my offer
and let me train him.”

As Dean made his way to the Guardian Avenue Health
Services building, he seriously considered Earl’s
offer and wondered, “What’s wrong with letting a
servant be a servant?”

What had happened to Randall only hit Dean with force
when he entered the Health Services building.  A
receptionist led Dean to a post-operative care room
that was specifically for boys who were scheduled to
enter the Total Reform program.

The receptionist explained, “We keep them in a room of
their own because they sometimes have to be here for
as long as four days and some of the things we do to
them tends to scare the regular social servants, you
know, all those rings and things and that bell.  Plus
we have to keep the Total Reform boys chained to the
bed and cathetered and that can make regular social
servants feel like they are prisoners or something.”

The nurse opened the large door to a room marked, ‘SCU
– TOTAL REFORM’.  It was a large room, dimly lit, with
ten beds on each side of the room.  Fifteen of the
beds held social servants in varying stages of their
post-operative care.  All of the servants were in the
same position on their beds: they were naked, on their
backs and appeared to be asleep.  Their legs were
spread wide and hanging between their fifteen pairs
of legs was a cock hanging way down, tugged down by a
big fat silver ring through their dick heads that
looked like a large steel donut.  Their legs had to be
spread wide to accommodate the donut ring.  Coming out
of all fifteen dicks was a catheter tube that led to a
catch container under their beds.

The receptionist led Dean to the middle of the room
and pointed to a bed, “There’s Randall.  It would be
best not to wake him.”  If the receptionist hadn’t
told Dean it was Randall, he would not have known,
since all the boys looked alike: totally bald, heavily
ringed and strapped to their beds with straps across
their chest, upper legs, and lower legs.  Their arms
were cuffed to the bed.

The receptionist left and Dean was alone in a room
with 15 boys being readied for lives of hard labor.
The most prominent feature of the boys in their beds
was their dicks.  The boys had no choice but to keep
their legs spread and expose their dicks ringed with a
giant steel donut-like ring.  Dicks that belong to
boys in the Total Reform are no longer used primarily
for pissing and pleasure.  Dicks that belong to boys
in the Total Reform program are primarily for
tethering.  Boys in the hard labor program are
tethered at both ends; by their nose rings and by
their cock rings.  It’s the proven way of keeping boys
like Randall on course; no straying when your nose is
tethered to an overhead trolley line and your cock is
tethered to either a trolley line at floor level or to
a work cart.  Boys like Randall, once tethered and
trollied, have no choice but to tow the line.

Dean walked up to Randall and looked at him.  He
looked somehow less human to Dean, with so much metal
on his body.  The nose and earrings were obscenely
large.  And the two smaller side nose rings made
Randall’s face almost unrecognizable.  The bell
hanging from his chin seemed unnecessary; almost an
item to provoke laughter.
Dean wondered what he would say to Randall if he were
awake.  What does one say to someone who is so
drastically modified for the sole purpose of hard
labor?  ‘Gosh, you look great!’

Dean, staring at Randall’s face, slowly backed away,
calm yet horrified.  He backed into the bed that was
next to Randall’s and turned suddenly.  There in the
bed was a boy who looked exactly like Randall, also
asleep.  Strapped down as if he were a murderer.
Dean’s eyes fell on the boy’s chest.  The tattoo was
not small as he was told.  It was huge across his
chest; TOTAL REFORM.  Big black letters.  Disfigured
for life.

Dean looked away, paused, collected himself and
walked out of the SCU unit as fast as he could.  He
didn’t know where he would go or what he would do, but
he wanted to avoid what he had just seen.  Suddenly he
wanted all of his connections with social servitude
and with Randall wiped out.

He got in his car and started driving home.  But he
didn’t want to go there.  It was where Randall used to
live.  He turned and headed towards the freeway and
eventually saw a sign that said, ‘Iowa City 40 Miles’.

He hadn’t been to Iowa City in quite a while.  There
wasn’t much to interest him in Iowa City, but he did
have a couple of old friends who lived there.  Friends
he hadn’t seen in well over a year, Chuck and Buster.

Chuck was an auto mechanic and Buster, his lover, was
a fry cook.  They didn’t live the high life, but Dean
admired the way they seemed to be genuinely happy with
their lives and with each other.

‘Yes’, Dean thought, ‘a visit with old friends will
help me get some perspective back in my life’.

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>