**Boys Like You**

Part Fourteen

By Randall Austin

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

As Dean and Chuck drank a beer while Buster prepared a  
snack, Dean was shocked to find out that Chuck had  
convinced Buster to have himself voluntarily  
indentured.  
  
“Dean, he couldn’t get a decent job anywhere and his  
fry cook job wasn’t earning him enough money to get by  
on.  He couldn’t pay me the rent; he was way behind.   
He was getting into serious debt.  So I suggested that  
he sign up for a ten-year term of indenturement.”  
  
Dean sipped his beer and continued listening to Chuck.   
“Indentured service has given Buster the stability  
and job security he needs in order to feel good about  
himself.  His wages are garnisheed right now, but once  
his credit card bills are paid off, in about five  
years, he gets to keep all of his $7.80 per hour  
salary.  And because he signed up for a 50 hour work  
week, his paycheck won’t be as small as you might  
think it would be.”  
  
“But the major pluses for Buster are health and dental  
coverage, a retirement program and food stamps.  Plus  
the state sends me directly each month a check for his  
rent.  Voluntary servants never have to pay rent!”    
  
As Chuck spoke Dean observed the cute, slightly  
jug-eared, Buster preparing the snacks.  He seemed  
docile to Dean, like a little kid.  Dean asked Chuck  
why Buster was wearing a black and yellow spandex  
jumpsuit.  
  
“That’s sort of the uniform I make him wear around the  
house.  It makes him look like a little bumble bee.   
Kind of neat, huh?”  
Dean smiled.  
  
Once the three men were seated around the table and  
eating the sandwiches Buster had prepared, Dean  
observed Buster closely.  Buster, who was always shy,   
seemed more timid than ever to Dean.  Dean asked him,   
“Buster, how are things going for you?”  
  
“Very well, sir.  Chuck gave me good advice in getting  
myself indentured.”  
  
During the course of the meal Chuck ordered Buster  
twice to sit up straight.  The second time that Chuck  
ordered Buster to sit up straight, it was with a voice  
that showed considerable irritation and he asked, “Do  
you want me to give you another spanking like the one  
I had to give you last week?”  
  
Buster blushed from being spoken to in such a way in  
front of Dean, “No sir.  I’m sorry sir.”  
  
Chuck noticed that Dean was slightly uncomfortable  
with the threat he had just made to Buster and  
explained, “I’m actually very lenient with Buster, but  
when we have guests over I insist that Buster behave  
like a gentleman.”  
  
Dean nodded, “I see.”  
  
Chuck explained, “He’s mainly a good kid.  And he has  
pretty much learned not to misbehave when we have  
guests over.  He knows that if he creates any problems  
I won’t hesitate taking his jumpsuit off and spanking  
him right in front of our guests!”  
  
Dean swallowed.  As he eyed the timid servant he  
thought how he wouldn’t really mind seeing Buster get  
a spanking.  Dean wondered, as he always did at such  
moments, if he was depraved.  
  
As Dean drove home later in the evening, he wondered  
if maybe Randall was somewhat like Buster.  Maybe some  
boys just need a little control in their lives.   
  
Dean wasn’t certain anymore and he had a need to be  
certain.  He wondered if maybe social servitude wasn’t  
so awful a thing.  Maybe it’s a good thing.  This is,   
after all, the twenty first century. Things are  
different now.  
  
‘Yes’, Dean thought, ‘The state has guided this thing  
along and the state must know what it’s doing.  Earl  
was right.  This is a time more than ever when I need  
to be firm with Randy and not allow him ever again to  
whine, mope, and complain.  It’s time that I make him  
get 100% with the Total Reform program.  Firmness at  
this time is absolutely critical to Randall’s success  
and well-being as a servant’.  
  
After a very difficult day Dean could finally relax  
and feel good about himself. And, at last, he was no  
longer dreading having to face Randall when he  
returned home from his stay in the hospital.    
  
In fact, Dean could hardly wait to have Randall back  
home and under his control once again.  He felt a new  
confidence in being able to help Randall adjust and  
accept all the new things in his life: his modified  
body; new stricter behavior codes; a more stringent  
discipline regimen; just two more months of living at  
home before entering one of the longest and most  
austere servant training programs in the country; and  
eventual entrance into Total Reform’s 5 years and 4  
months hard labor program, with the possibility of  
greatly extended terms of service for poor  
performance.  
  
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In just three days of working as a nurse for Social  
Services, alongside his mentor, nurse Rich Kadrow,   
former angel boy, alabaster-skinned, once  
super-polite, Kevin Balen found, in controlling  
servants, the deep, interior, satisfaction in his work  
that his previous job at Carter General Hospital  
failed to provide.  
  
On the late evening shift, after Kevin and Rich had  
pulled the curtains closed around Randall’s bed  
station, unstrapped him from his bed and put him into  
a kneeling position on his bed and Kevin had taken a  
fucking position at Randall’s rear and Rich had taken  
a ‘get sucked’ position in front of Randall’s face,  
Kevin warned Randall. “If you so much as yell or let  
out any loud noises while you’re getting fucked, I’ll  
grab your tit rings and pull them off.  It would be a  
bloody mess, so I would advise you to just take what  
we’re going to give you like a good slave boy!”  
  
Randall knew to be obedient.  Kevin had already, a  
couple of times on his rounds, exhibited a sadistic  
streak that terrified Randall.   
  
As Kevin began fucking Randall and as Randall started  
sucking Rich’s dick on his orders, Randall’s chin bell  
started ringing.  Kevin was annoyed, “Damn that  
fucking chin bell!  Someone will hear us!”  
  
Rich calmed Kevin down, “Don’t worry about it.  Only  
the other boys in the room can hear it.  The doors to  
this room are soundproof.  And we’re the only ones on  
duty in this section.”  
  
As Kevin pumped at Randall’s ass he asked what the  
bell was for.  
  
Rich explained, “It’s to help prevent boys from  
thinking too much on their own when they’re out doing  
hard labor.  It breaks up their thoughts and  
concentration so they don’t get thinking too much on  
their own.  The bell is intended to distract their  
thought process so they don’t get into any selfish  
thoughts that rob from their job productivity.  Keeps  
them focused.  It’s the sound of the Total Reform  
boys.”  
  
Kevin smiled, “That is very clever.  Neat idea.  Who  
thinks up all those neat things they do to these Total  
Reform boys?”  
  
“It’s mainly folks who work in the state budget  
offices.  These boys bring in a heck of a lot of  
revenue for the state and the folks in finance are  
always thinking up new things they can do to them to  
make them more cost-effective.”   
  
When Rich finished his explanation he rubbed Randall  
on the head as Randall sucked him, “That’s my baby.   
You nurse on my pecker and it’ll give you the  
nourishment you need to be a good workboy.  Let me see  
you make some real tender love to my babymaker.”  
  
As Kevin fucked Randall, Randall’s dick swung low,   
weighted down with a giant steel donut ring.  It  
caused him much discomfort, but Randall was too afraid  
to complain.  
  
As Kevin neared his climax he said, “It’s a shame this  
one is leaving the unit tomorrow.  He’s a mighty fine  
fuck!”  
  
Rich enlightened him, “Don’t you worry.  I think  
you’ll soon find out that most Total Reform boys make  
excellent fucks.  Once they get all ringed up and  
belled like this, they must start to realize they’re  
basically animals and somehow it makes them submissive  
and super pliant.  Believe me, as long as you work in  
Total Reform SCU, you’re not going to have any  
shortage of prime servant ass at your disposal.  This  
is why I like the late-night shift!”  
  
Once the nurses climaxed and had gotten Randall  
strapped and shackled back down in his bed, Kevin  
leaned over Randall and put his lips to Randall’s  
lips and gave him a long sucking kiss.  Rich watched  
for a while, smiled and left.    
  
Alone with Randall, kissing him, Kevin grabbed with  
one hand one of Randall’s giant steel ear rings and  
with another hand one of Randall’s giant steel tit  
rings.  He gently stroked the rings as he deep tongued  
Randall.  Holding the ‘strapped down Randall’ by two of  
his giant rings gave Kevin a wonderful feeling of  
total control over another human being.  
  
Randall was beyond comprehending whether what was  
happening to him was a dream or reality, but in his  
frenzied condition he took some pleasure in Kevin’s  
black-haired beauty.    
  
Kevin, drunk with Randall, spoke gently as he tweaked  
his rings, “Man, I wish I had you in my control  
forever!  I would turn you into the best slave ever!”  
  
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As Rich and Kevin tidied themselves up in the restroom  
of the SCU unit after getting serviced by Randall, at  
home in the Inslee household Dean was in a  
brainstorming session with his pal, Earl, whom he had  
invited over in order to pick his brain in hope of  
finding effective ways of keeping Randall under control.  
Earl was happy to share his knowledge. “Randall will  
be coming home tomorrow morning and you need to keep  
your cool.  The number one thing you need to do is  
stop treating him like a brother and start treating  
him like the full service work boy that he is and is  
going to be for at least the next 5 years.”  
  
Earl paused slightly and then continued, “Let’s be  
frank here.  You and I both know he’s going to be in  
there for more than five years and so that should be  
reason enough for you to realize he really is a  
committed servant and that you need to start taking  
the steps needed so Randall doesn’t get any ideas that  
just maybe he’s not a servant and maybe there’s some  
kind of hope he can get out of all of this.”  
  
Dean asked, “What do you suggest I do then to start  
treating him more like a servant and less like a  
brother?”  
  
Earl looked Dean straight on, “Don’t be shocked at  
what I’m about to say here; but what’s the least  
brotherly thing you can do to someone?”  
  
Dean shrugged his shoulders.  Earl answered, “You  
treat them like shit.”  Dean was silent, Earl  
emphasized his point, “That’s right.  You treat  
someone like shit.  You don’t go treating someone who  
is your brother like shit.  So if you treat someone  
like shit, they won’t go thinking of you as a warm and  
fuzzy brother.”  
  
Dean wondered, “How do you do that?  What do you  
mean?”  
  
Earl answered, “I’ll tell you exactly what you should  
do.  You need to start by beating him for even the  
slightest misstep.  If he balks at anything, slap his  
gawwwdamn face.  If he swears, belt his ass.  If he  
whines, lock him to the wall and tawse the fucker’s  
back.  That’s what you do for starters.  He’ll soon  
learn to the core of his being that he is more than  
your brother; he is a servant.  A guy meant to serve  
and only to serve.”  
  
“And let me warn you; Randall is going to be playing  
the ‘depressed servant’ game when he gets home.  Don’t  
you fall for it, Dean!  If a servant is wasting his  
time being depressed, then he isn’t being a servant.   
He’s being selfish and thinking only about himself.”  
  
“But there’s an easy cure for that ploy, I assure you.  
Knowing Randall as I do, I’m sure he’ll try his best  
to make you pity him.  But all you need do is lay on  
the strap to his naked backside and make him howl and  
scream for about ten minutes.  Once his beating is  
over and his backside is nice and red, Randall will be  
cured of his depression.  He won’t be thinking about  
himself in such a selfish manner for any time in the  
near future.  And if he does fall back into  
depression, just strap him back down to the bed and  
work him over for 15 minutes instead of 10.  You whip  
the fucker until he agrees to stop moping and start  
behaving.  That’s the way the big time boys do it.”  
  
“And don’t let up.  Be on his case every second of the  
day.  If anything he does is less than exactly what  
you want it to be, lay into him with all you’ve got.   
And you need to enjoy it if you are to be effective.   
You need to believe that what you are doing is really  
the one and only right thing to do.  That way Randall  
will enter Total Reform a lot more accepting of the  
program then if he comes home here tomorrow and you  
start treating him like, ‘Gosh, I’m so sorry this has  
happened, bro’.  His being committed to the Total  
Reform program is the best thing that could ever have  
happened to Randall and you need to know that and  
accept that!”  
  
Dean nodded in agreement.  It was hard advice Earl was  
delivering, but it was also sober advice.  
  
Dean leaned over and patted Earl on the leg, “Thanks  
buddy.  Once again you are my beacon of light.”

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.

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