**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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