**Boys Like You**

Part Sixteen

By Randall Austin

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

After Sunday dinner and on orders from Dean, Randall  
showered and reshaved his entire body.  He had trouble  
shaving his head, since he was still not used to doing  
it and he had to call Dean into the bathroom to help  
him.  As Dean finished shaving Randall, he explained,   
“I sort of have to attend a birthday party for a good  
friend of an associate at the firm and I have no  
choice but to take you with me.  Social Services has  
directed that I not leave you by yourself for extended  
periods before you enter the Total Reform training  
program.”  
  
It was easy for Randall to get dressed.  All he had to  
do was pull on his yellow jumpsuit and sandals.  When  
he was dressed he watched his older brother finish up  
dressing himself in just the same way he used to ready  
himself when he was going out to some social  
gathering.  His brother gelled and carefully styled  
his hair, put on a little cologne and carefully  
selected a neat and hot casual wardrobe with classy  
shoes.  He finished up with an abbreviated and spiffy  
sports jacket and threw a silver ornamental necklace  
about his shoulders.  To Randall, Dean looked hot when  
he dressed up and it made him feel all the more  
miserable dressed in his yellow social service  
jumpsuit, with his big bald servant head sticking up  
on top, emphasized by the giant rings through his ears  
and nose and the humiliating chin bell dingling away.  
  
Randall managed a weak, “Please Dean, I don’t want to  
go.  You can lock me in the bedroom.”  
  
Dean was sympathetic, “I wish I could do that, Randy.   
I know this isn’t going to be a lot of fun for you.   
But I can’t risk putting you in harm’s way.  There  
could be a fire or some other emergency if you were  
here by yourself and locked up.”  
  
As Dean and Randall made their way down the stairs  
Randall never felt more awkward in his entire life.   
His jumpsuited, baldheaded and ringed, appearance  
stood in stark contrast to his spiffily dressed and  
neatly groomed older brother, who controlled him.  He  
felt even more lost than ever because he felt that his  
older brother now looked down on him and considered  
him more of a ‘servant’ than ever before because of  
his bald and ringed appearance.  
  
There was an unexpected knock on the door as Dean was  
about to turn out the house lights.  Dean answered the  
door and on the porch was his best friend Earl, along  
with his two slaves, Reginald and Brendan.  After  
greetings and as Dean let Earl and his servants into  
the house, Earl said to Dean, “Look at you, all  
spiffed up!  You must have known I was coming looking  
for a good time.  You look hot, buddy!”  
  
Dean thanked Earl for the compliment and explained  
that he and Randall were just about to leave for a  
birthday party.  Earl was disappointed, “Man, don’t do  
this to me!  I think you know why we’re all here.  I  
want to have some fun with Randall, like you promised  
and I brought Reggie and Brendan here so you could  
have some fun, too.”  
  
Dean apologized, “I wish I could, but I really ought  
to attend this party.”  Dean didn’t like what he was  
about to offer, but realized it was probably the only  
way to end Earl’s persistence. “Randy really doesn’t  
want to go with me to this party and I don’t blame  
him.  But what I can do is let you stay here with  
Randy if you promise to overseer him until I get back  
in several hours.”  
  
Earl smiled and winked at Dean, “Man, I would be so  
happy to ‘oversee’ your boy!”   
  
Earl was in a party mood and hollered out to the  
servants, “Okay everyone, we’re gonna have some fun!”   
Earl walked towards Randall, smiling, “Hi Randy!  How  
ya doin’?”  
  
Dean knew what Earl wanted, thought about it for a  
moment to dispel any misgivings he was having and was  
able to put his mind at rest.  Dean realized that what  
Earl wanted was perfectly within his rights to desire;   
Randall was a servant and Earl’s use of him sexually  
was legally protected; he really did ‘owe’ Earl a  
favor for all the times he had had sex with his  
servants; and putting Randall under someone else’s  
control for a while would broaden Randall’s experience  
and thus help to make his entry into the Total Reform  
Training Program a lot less traumatic for him.  
  
Dean realized that his best course of action would be  
to leave the house as soon as possible, so he went up  
to Randall and said, “Okay, Randall, it’s solved; you  
don’t have to go to the party with me.  Earl is your  
overseer while I’m away, so do as you’re told.  I  
won’t be gone for any more than four hours.”  
  
Dean was surprised at the speed with which Earl got  
into things, as Earl clapped his hands and called out  
to the servants, “I want all of you servants to get  
party-ass naked. Now!”  
  
To Earl’s servants, the request was expected and they  
thought nothing of it as they laughed and joked with  
each other and happily got bare for their owner,   
expecting the usual enjoyable sex session.   
  
To Randall the request, coming from the despised Earl,  
was the most unbearable and demeaning thing ever asked  
of him since he was a servant.  Dean, aware of  
Randall’s distress, stopped at the edge of the room to  
observe how Earl would handle the situation.  
  
Earl smiled convincingly and attempted to get Randall  
in a fun mood, “Come on Randall.  We all want to see  
you naked, especially my boys.  I was telling them how  
hot you look loaded down with all of your obedience  
rings.”   
  
When Reginald saw that Randall was upset, he attempted  
to encourage him, “Randy, come on, it’s not a big  
deal.”  
  
As usual, Earl tried to reason with the stubborn  
Randall. “Would you like to know why you’re a servant?  
Do you have any idea why the state has remanded you  
to a program where you have no choice but to do as you  
are told?  It’s because society recognized that you  
have an obedience problem.  Your brother was the first  
to take serious note of your problem and he, good  
citizen that he is, passed that info on to your mom  
and to the state.  The state checked out your record  
and saw that a real problem pattern was developing in  
your life. So the state put you into the ‘Stage One’  
Program in an attempt to get a handle on the  
situation.  But, unfortunately that didn’t work out.   
That didn’t do the trick for you.  So now you’re all  
kitted and rigged and about to be sent into the Total  
Reform program where the state can finally get a real  
handle on your obedience problem.”  
  
Randall stood frozen, gazing at the floor, as Earl  
continued, “Do you doubt that you have a problem?  Do  
you think Dean, the state of Iowa and I, are just  
making this stuff up?  If you do and I know you do,   
then just take a good hard look at yourself in the  
mirror.  You’re loaded down with rings.  Giant rings.   
Obedience rings.  The state put all of those rings on  
you because they know you don’t know how to obey.   
Once they get you all tethered and trollied in the  
Total Reform program you’ll have no choice but to  
finally obey.  The state will have you obeying as soon  
as they get you rigged up to the trolley lines.  Then  
you’ll have no choice but to obey for at least the  
next five years of your life.”  
  
“One of the ways the state gets boys like you to  
behave is to put you through a series of round robin  
exercises.  And being used sexually is one of the  
common disciplines.  It teaches humility.  Don’t think  
of what I’m about to do to you as just a fuck session.  
Oh no! You’d be missing the point.  What I’m going to  
be doing to you as I get my cock up inside of you is  
teaching you submission and respect.  Respect for  
yourself, for free people and for your overseers.”    
  
Earl looked around and smiled at everyone and  
continued, “So with that noble end in mind, right now  
you are going to get naked and we’re all going to  
have some fun.”  
  
Earl put his arms akimbo, waiting for Randall to begin  
stripping, but Randall didn’t move.  Earl emphasized,  
“This is going to happen whether you like it or not.   
The reason I get to bone you whether you like it or  
not is because you’re a slave.  So just accept the  
fact that in a few minutes you’re going to be dancing  
on the end of my rod.”  
  
Randall knew that Earl and most likely Dean would  
not hesitate to punish him if he didn’t obey, but  
would probably relish doing such a thing, so he slowly  
began unzipping and unbuttoning his jumpsuit.  Earl  
encouraged him, “That’s a good boy.  But don’t be so  
glum.  My boys, Reginald and Brendan, love partying on  
my rod!  You probably will too.”  
  
As Randall stooped over to remove his sandals, and  
slipped off his jumpsuit and Earl was pleased. “That’s  
the way.  It’s important to learn early on that  
misbehaving is just plain stupid!  Isn’t that right,  
boys?”  
  
Brendan and Reginald both smiled, “That’s right, sir.”  
Once Randall’s jumpsuit was off, Earl instructed him,   
“Stand up straight and tall, with your hands at your  
sides, so my boys can get a good look at you!”  
  
Once the fully naked, fully ringed, bald and belled  
Randall was exposed, both Brendan and Reginald looked  
him over with both a sense of awe and pity.  But  
neither servant could conceal their lust as their  
dicks hardened at the sight of a real hard labor  
drudge naked and in such close proximity.  
  
Reginald was amazed at the size of Randall’s rings,  
“Man, that cock ring must weigh a ton!”  
  
Dean, who had been watching Earl lecture Randall and  
finding it hard to tear himself away from the sight of  
three naked servant beauties in the room, responded  
from his corner of the room, “It doesn’t weigh a ton,  
but it’s a beauty, isn’t it?”  
  
Earl licked his lips, “Imagine what it looks like when  
you have 60 to 80 guys all decked out just like Randy  
here: all bald, naked and monster ringed.  It’s quite  
a sight!  I still get a boner just recalling my visit  
several years ago to Social Services Industries in  
Dubuque, where the hard labor camps are located.”  
  
Dean, listening to Earl, could not take his eyes off  
of his brother.  Since Randall had returned from  
processing, Dean had avoided openly staring at him to  
avoid embarrassing him.  But now Randall was a fully  
exposed drudge and was going to perform a service  
that was a perfectly standard duty for a servant,   
especially a hard labor drudge, so thought Dean in an  
attempt to help put aside any doubts he was having.  
  
Earl went up to Randall and starting gently rubbing  
his bald head. “Are you going to be a good boy and  
treat me right?  I’m actually a pretty gentle master,  
so if there’s any way you like it or don’t like it,  
just let me know.  What I’m going to have you do for  
starters is service me with a little mouth action,  
cause that way I get some time to look you over real  
good as you suck on me.  You’re one hot looking slave  
all dolled up in those hard labor rings and I want to  
relish the sight of you to the hilt.”  
  
The naked Brendan and Reginald were getting turned on  
by Earl’s cooing talk to Randall and both started  
gently manipulating their dicks.  
  
Dean could take no more, “You know, maybe I will stay.  
Fuck that birthday party.  I hardly know the gal!”    
  
Reginald shouted “Hurray!” and went up to Dean and  
hugged him, “You sure look sexy all dressed up.  Earl  
never gets dressed up like that.  I wish he did.”

Earl, still smiling and rubbing Randall’s head heard  
Reginald’s comments and spoke, “You should have told  
me what you like, Reggie.  I’d be happy to get dressed  
up for you if it would turn you on even more.”  
  
Reginald, now holding Dean in his arms asked him, “And  
when are you going to get naked and join us, big boy?”  
  
Dean didn’t answer, but pulled Reginald towards him  
and kissed him hard.  Randall, continuing to look to  
the ground, noticed Dean’s kiss of Reginald through  
his peripheral vision.  He felt like crying.   
  
Earl called out, “Okay everyone, before you get all  
carried away over there let’s get ourselves turned on  
a bit over here with a fun game.”  Dean and Reginald  
broke away from their kiss as Earl dug into his duffle  
bag and pulled out four short flip whips.  He handed  
one to Dean, Reginald, and Brendan and kept one for  
himself.  
  
He signaled for everyone to gather around Randall and  
explained, “We need to get Randall, here, energized,   
turned on and into the spirit of things.  Let’s keep  
him attentive!”    
  
With that he lashed at Randall’s left arm with the  
flip whip.  Randall jumped and hollered.  Earl was  
pleased, “He’s starting to show some life.  Join in  
boys!”  
  
With his command Brendan slashed Randall on the  
buttocks and that was followed with a slice of the  
flip whip to Randall’s right leg from Reginald.   
Randall was now jumping to avoid the four whip-armed  
men who kept him surrounded.  
  
The flip whip, basically a stick with four artificial  
leather lashes on the end, stings but does not abrade  
the skin and causes no severe pain.  It is a staple  
item in almost every servant holding household in the  
northern states, where it allows even the most  
squeamish owners to deliver motivation to a servant  
without causing them undue guilt over having used a  
control device.  The flip whip is most commonly used  
by housewives to get their teen and young adult male  
slaves motivated.   
  
The two dressed free men and the two naked servants  
of Earl, continued their taunting and motivation of  
Randall.  Reginald and Brendan’s boners were obvious  
to all, as was the delight they were taking in  
watching the heavily ringed naked Randall jump around  
to avoid the sting of their whips.  Randall’s jingling  
chin bell, as he jumped around, brought smiles to the  
faces of all.  
  
Randall was too desperate trying to avoid the menace  
of the whips to cry.  Seeing how turned on everyone  
was by the taunting session, caused Dean to join in  
the fun and give a few slashes to Randall’s back as  
well.  
  
In the eyes of the four males holding the flip whips,  
what they were doing was simply a slaver’s gimmick,  
part of social servant culture.  To Brendan and  
Reginald, servants who themselves had been subject to  
plenty of humiliating treatment through the years, it  
was fair game and good way to get turned on.  
  
But the reality was that Randall was being subjected  
to bear baiting as reprehensible as anything that took  
place in the middle ages.  He was an animal being  
poked and prodded for sport, for the highs that such  
abuse gives to males.  The culture of servitude tries  
to pass such rites off as a cultural norm, but in fact  
the protection of such conventions through the  
artifice of labeling them as cultural norms only makes  
them all the more barbaric.  
  
Dean’s boner, concealed in his expensive dress slacks,  
was as steel hard as Reginald’s and Brendan’s.  The  
sight of his naked brother and his big slave rings  
flopping about as he jumped and cringed was too much  
of a turn on and he knew he had to get his pants off  
immediately, or else all of his leaking precum would  
stain his expensive dress slacks.    
  
When Randall fell to the floor and pulled himself into  
a fetal position, Earl held out his hand as a sign to  
everyone to stop slashing at Randall.  “I think we  
finally woke him up!”  
  
Everyone laughed.  Earl, looking down at Randall,  
started unbuttoning his shirt, “You’re looking good to  
me, Randall.  Real good!”  
  
Earl licked his lips as he removed his shirt; Dean  
started unbelting and unzipping his slacks; Earl’s  
servants started jacking as they watched the two  
handsome free men undress.  
  
When Earl was naked, he walked up to Randall on the  
floor and stooped down, he grabbed Randall’s hand and  
led it to his jutting cock, “Take hold of it and keep  
holding it.”  Earl then stood up, slowly and Randall  
understood that he was to stand up holding onto Earl’s  
cock.  Earl slowly backed himself to the couch with  
Randall following him holding onto his cock.  Earl sat  
down low on the couch, spread his legs wide and  
instructed Randall to kneel on the floor in front of  
him.  
  
Earl smiled at finally having Randall totally in his  
control before him.  He spoke quietly, “You’re going  
to begin servicing me by gently taking the tip of my  
cock into your mouth and working it over with your  
tongue.  If you do a good job, I won’t have to hurt  
you anymore.”  
  
Randall, still holding Earl’s cock, didn’t move.  Earl  
advised him, “I’d suggest you start sucking, slave  
boy, because I’m in no mood for any delays!”  
  
Randall let go of Earl’s cock and moved his face to  
Earl’s dick tip.  He opened his mouth and was about  
to go down when the doorbell rang followed by loud  
knocking.   
  
Earl jumped up and exclaimed, “Jesssuschriiz. Don’t  
answer it!”

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>