**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>