**Boys Like You**

Part Seventeen

By Randall Austin

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Randall, still holding Earl’s cock, didn’t move as he  
had just been commanded.  Earl advised him, “I’d  
suggest you start sucking me off, 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 on him when the doorbell rang followed by  
loud knocking.   
  
Earl jumped up, and exclaimed, “Jesssuschriiz.  Don’t  
answer it!”  
  
Dean peaked through a side window, and directed  
everyone in a hushed voice. “I have to answer it.   
It’s my dad.  Everyone, get dressed. Hurry!  Now!”  
  
All five males, four with rapidly deflating boners,   
made haste to get dressed.  As Dean quickly put on his  
socks he called out in a loud voice, “Just a minute.   
I’m coming, Dad!”  
  
As Dean fumbled with his slacks he voiced his concern  
to Randall, “You are not to say a word to dad about  
what was going on here!  All that we were doing right  
now was trying to get you to have a little fun and be  
a more service-focused worker in the process.  You’re  
job as a servant is simply to help make the life of  
free people more pleasant.  There was nothing wrong  
with anything that was going on here.  We were just  
having some fun, so don’t go making a big deal out of  
it!”  
  
Earl, also hurriedly trying to get dressed, lent  
support to Dean’s request, “That’s right, Randy.   
You’re job is to help make the lives of free boys like  
Dean and me easier and more pleasant.  What part of  
that concept is it that you don’t understand?”  
  
Dean emphasized the seriousness of his request, “If  
you say a thing to dad about any of this I will tie  
your face to the floor by your snout rings so tight  
that you won’t be able to breathe.  I’ll then strap  
your ass until it’s raw.  And I won’t let up beating  
your ass until I see a major change of attitude take  
place!  I promise you!”  
  
The three servants and Earl were dressed before Dean,   
who had more to put on.  He put his spiffy sport  
jacket and necklace back on and stopped at the mirror  
to recomb his gelled hair before answering the door.    
  
When Dean finally opened the door and Brian entered  
the house, he looked about as if trying to see what  
took Dean so long to answer the door.  Dean told him  
the reason, “I’m sorry it took so long, Dad.  We were  
all involved in a telephone conference call with some  
old friends in Sacramento and it was hard breaking  
away.”  
  
Randall was surprised to hear his brother tell such a  
bold faced lie with such a straight face.  Brian  
stared at his son, Dean, but decided to not ask for  
more details on the identity of the old friends.  
  
When Dean introduced Brian to Earl’s servants, Brendan  
and Reginald, Brian recognized them, “I’ve met you  
both a couple of times.  How are you doing?”  
  
The servants answered politely.  Brian saw Earl in the  
room, but before getting on with any formal greeting  
of Earl, whom he disliked, he decided to ask a  
question of Earl’s servants that had been bothering  
him. “I have a question for you two.  I left an urgent  
message at your home on the day of Randall’s  
processing surgery and I have been wondering if  
either one of you heard it.”  
  
Reginald answered, “Yes, sir. We were there and heard  
it.”  
  
Brian continued, “So I take it you neither saw Dean  
that day or tried to contact Earl to give him the  
message?”  
  
Reginald again responded, “Oh no, sir.  Dean arrived  
at the house almost immediately after you left the  
message?”  
  
Brian wondered, “And you didn’t pass my message on?”  
  
Brendan answered, “There was no need to, sir.  Earl  
was with us the whole time.  He heard the message with  
us and when Dean arrived right after the message, he  
sent us away.  I just assumed Earl would pass the  
message on.”  
  
Brian looked straight at Dean, “Did Earl convey my  
message to you?”  
  
Dean was confused, “No, Dad.”  
  
Brian looked at Earl and with a voice that had an  
edge to it, asked, “Why did you not pass the message  
on to Dean, when you knew it was so urgent?”  
  
Earl tried to gather an excuse, but his anger was  
preventing him from coming up a good story, “Sir, I  
must say that I resent the judgmental tone of voice  
you are using here.”  
  
Brian was losing his own cool, “Just answer the  
question!”  
  
Earl shot back, “I cannot have you talking  
disrespectfully to me in front of my servants.  This  
is really out of line.”  
  
Brian shook his head in disgust at Earl, “Out of line?  
Do you not think that allowing my son to go through  
unnecessary surgery, when you could have stopped it,   
isn’t out of line?”  
  
Earl nodded to Reginald and Brendan, “Come on boys,   
we’re leaving.”  Earl looked at Dean, “Dean, I will  
not be talked down to in this disrespectful and  
inappropriate way.  You can call me whenever you wish  
to speak with me.”  
  
There was silence as Earl and his two servants made a  
hasty exit.  When they were out of the house, Brian  
shook his head in amazed disgust, gathered himself  
and approached Dean. “And I want to know why you have  
not been returning my messages from the last two days,   
especially since I have told you the matter was  
urgent.”  
  
Dean was somewhat perturbed by his father’s direct  
tone, “Dad, Let’s not talk about this here.  I have  
been very busy.”  
  
Brian was frustrated, “What is it with you?  I tell  
you it relates to Randall and the Total Reform  
program and you decide to just take your time in  
getting back with me.  Exactly the way you dawdled  
when you got the first letter from the state telling  
you that it appeared that Randall would fail the ‘Stage  
One’ program.  It was no big deal to you then and it  
seems to be no big deal to you now.”  
  
Dean swallowed, “Dad.  I told you already that I am  
acting on matters.  There’s no reason to create this  
scene and especially in front of Randall.”  
  
Brian was getting very upset with Dean, “And just what  
is it about Randall that makes it wrong for me to  
speak my mind in front of him?  He is my son, just the  
way you are.  And he is an adult, after all!”  
  
“Dad, I know you have a problem with this, but he is  
a social servant and I am his overseer.  That means I  
am responsible for him.  And by speaking to me in such  
a tone of voice in front of him you undermine the bond  
of propriety between us.  When Randall hears you  
talking to me in an angry and disrespectful voice, he  
may begin to think it’s all right for him to do the  
same thing.  By such behavior you jeopardize my  
ability to be an effective overseer.”  
  
It was exactly the wrong thing at the moment for Dean  
to have said to his father.  Brian shook his head in  
disgust, “Listen to yourself!  ‘Bond of propriety!’   
‘Disrespect!’  ‘Effective overseer!’  Where in the  
hell did you get such talk?”  
  
Dean was getting angry as well. “Dad, I know you  
don’t agree with the system, but I have to ask you to  
drop this.”  
  
Brian didn’t drop anything. “I want to know how you  
can consider yourself an effective overseer when you  
are the one responsible for Randall’s failure in the  
‘Stage One’ program.  Or how can you consider yourself a  
responsible overseer when you let him go thinking for  
a week before his surgery that he was going to be  
severely bodily modified for life?”  
  
Dean was uncomfortable, “Dad, please. I have to ask  
you to stop this kind of talk.”  
  
“Did you ever consider what his mental anguish must  
have been like?”  
  
Dean answered quietly, “Yes Dad.  I admitted that I  
made some mistakes.”  
  
“Did you ever even apologize to Randy?”  
  
Dean was firm, “Dad.  I have to ask you stop using  
this tone of voice towards me, or else leave the  
house.”  
  
“Have you forgotten that this is my house?”  
  
“I know it’s your house Dad.  But you are out of  
line!”  
  
Randall, standing silent, was perplexed by the  
argument between his brother and father.  
  
Brian raised his voice, “As far as I can see Dean,   
you are doing a lousy job as overseer and need some  
oversight yourself.”  
  
Dean had had enough, “That does it, Dad.  Get out of  
here right now.  You are interfering with my ability  
to fulfill my role as Randall’s state mandated  
overseer.”  
  
Brian decided to ask Dean’s charge, “Randy, is Dean  
doing a good job in his role as overseer?”  
  
Randall was surprised by the request and swallowed  
hard without saying anything.  
  
Brian asked again, “Is he treating you okay, son?”  
  
Randall started to tremble.  
  
Brian noticed Randall shaking, went up to him and  
touched his arm, “Randy, what’s wrong?”  
  
Randall closed his eyes and started to cry.  Brian was  
confused, “What’s going on here?”  Brian put an arm  
around Randall and asked, “Tell me son.  What are you  
crying for?”  
  
Randall hugged his father and through his gushing  
tears let everything out. “Dean, Earl, and Earl’s two  
servants made me get naked and were beating me with  
whips just for sport, Dad.”  Brian hugged his son  
tightly with both arms, as Randall continued. “And  
just now he was going to let Earl have his way with me  
and do whatever he wanted.  Earl said I was going to  
have to suck him and then he was going to fuck me in  
a way I was never going to forget and if I wasn’t  
good enough, he was going to beat me some more.  Dean  
was going to let him, Dad.  Dean was just going to let  
Earl do whatever he wanted to with me.”  
  
Once it was out Randall could only cry on.  His father  
was silent as he held his son.    
  
Dean hung his head, knowing his father would never  
understand.  
  
Randall was not finished. “And just now when you rang  
the door, Dean told me that if I so much as told you a  
word of what had gone on here, he was going to tie my  
face to the floor by my nose rings so tightly that I  
wouldn’t be able to breathe.  And then he was going to  
strap my ass until it was raw.”    
  
When Randall had gotten it out, he was overcome and  
began sobbing fitfully.  His father continued to hold  
him and gently rock him.  Brian placed one of his  
hands gently in back of Randall’s head and cradled it.  
  After several minutes, he kissed his son, and asked.   
“When Dean punishes you, what instrument does he most  
often use?”  
  
Randall answered, still held by his father, “The  
Gropius paddle, Dad.”  
  
When Brian asked his son to fetch the paddle, Randall  
looked questioningly at him.  His father repeated the  
request and Randall exited to fetch the paddle.  
  
When Brian looked at Dean, Dean stood up tall. Father  
and son looked each other in the eye.  Randall  
returned with the paddle and handed it to his father.  
  
Brian commanded Dean, “Take off your clothes!”  
  
Dean smirked, “Are you out of your mind?”  
  
Brian shook his head ‘no’.  “If you don’t take your  
clothes off, I’ll take them off for you.  Randall told  
me you always paddle him nude.  Let’s see how you like  
it.”  
  
Dean was more surprised by his father’s ignorance of  
the law than afraid, “Dad, you can’t do that.  It’s  
against the law to physical discipline any child over  
the age of 14.”  
  
“I said get your clothes off!”  
  
Dean was incredulous, “Dad, that’s assault and  
battery.  If you so much as lay a hand on me I’m  
calling the police!”  
  
Brian walked menacingly towards Dean.  Dean continued.   
“Dad.  Use your head.  This is serious.  If I have to  
call the cops you could get as much as five years in  
prison.  Your career would be over.  Now stop this!”  
  
Brian smiled, “It’s okay for your brother to be  
beaten, but not okay for you?”  
  
“Dad, use your head.  He’s a servant.  The law is the  
law.  I warn you again.  If you touch me, I am  
calling the police.  And I will press charges to the  
full extent of the law.”  
  
Brian grabbed Dean by the arm, “Son, you’ve got a lot  
to learn; both about the law and about life!”  
  
As Brian struggled with his son in an attempt to get  
his trousers down, Dean called out. “Stop it Dad!”  
  
Brian, stronger than his oldest son, had no problem  
getting Dean’s fancy dress slacks down around his  
ankles.  As Brian put his hands in the band of Dean’s  
silk boxers and yanked them down, Dean called out.  
“Randy, call the cops!  I order you to call the cops  
for me!”  
  
Brian spoke to Randall, “Don’t do it, Randy.  Dean  
will just make a bunch of trouble for himself.”  
  
Randall decided to take the advice of his wise lawyer  
father.  He watched his father pull his butt and  
groin-exposed brother to the couch and pull him over  
his knee.  
  
When the paddling began Randall was so stunned that  
the cries and screams of his overseer did not  
register.  All that registered was the amazing sight  
of seeing his older brother being treated like a  
little kid or a social servant; naked over the knees  
of his father.  
  
It was only after a minute or two of a paddling so  
severe, in which Dean was howling as loudly as any  
wayward servant had ever howled in the state of Iowa,  
that Randall could begin to focus on the reality of  
the events taking place before his eyes; his father,  
without a doubt, was committing a grievous felony.   
What would be the consequences?  
  
As Randall watched Dean scream and struggle to get  
away from the rapid fire blows of the paddle, he  
thought of the injustice of it all.  He was beaten in  
such a fashion on several occasions and it was  
considered just and right.  Now Dean was getting the  
same thing, but the paddler in this case could be  
facing a stringent sentence of imprisonment for doing  
the paddling.  
  
The paddling did not stop.  Brian paddled with both an  
urgency and a sense of purpose that almost scared  
Randall.  He had never seen his dad act with such fury  
towards either Dean or himself.  Yet Randall felt, as  
he watched his father beat Dean, that surely his wise  
dad, who was always in control, knew exactly what he  
was doing and what laws, if any, were being violated.  
  
Only after four minutes of paddling did Brian halt the  
blows and ask, “I take it that what Randall just told  
me was all true.”  
  
When Dean did not answer, but only tried to rub his  
butt, his father resumed the paddling.  “How does it  
feel?  Do you think this is an okay thing to do to  
another human being?”  
  
Dean’s failure to answer the question only steeled his  
father’s resolve to continue beating some reality into  
his oldest son.  
  
Dean’s jacket and shirt were a rumpled mess about his  
upper chest, as was his gelled hair as he bucked about  
screaming on his father’s lap.  Doubtless few 28-year  
old free boys in the state of Iowa had ever received  
such a spanking from their father since child  
protection laws became effective almost 60 years ago.  
  
As Dean started to gulp and choke as mucous built up  
in his breathing passages, Randall felt sorry for him.  
Randall wondered how he could feel so strongly for  
Dean, after all of the bad things, both intentional  
and unintentional, he had done to him.  He was the one  
who got him indentured after all.  Why should he not  
take delight in seeing Dean get punished?  
  
After Dean pleaded in a desperate and hollow whine, his  
father threw the paddle down, guided Dean and himself  
into a standing position and still holding him by the  
arm said. “I want you in my office at 9 AM tomorrow  
morning.  There are urgent matters that need to be  
addressed.”  
  
As Brian straightened and readjusted his clothing, he  
was surprised by what Dean said through his tears, “If  
you’re talking about the things that were in your  
email, then I have already taken care of it.  I  
emailed you about 2 hours ago.”  
Brian was taken aback.  He looked meaningfully at  
Dean.  He then went up to Randall. “Give me a call in  
a while.  Let me know how everything is going here.”  
  
Randall nodded.  His father gave him a tap of  
encouragement on the shoulder and left.

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>