**Boys Like You**

Part Seventeen

By Randall Austin

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

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>