**Boys Like You**

Part Eighteen - Conclusion

By Randall Austin

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

Once Brian had left the house, Dean laid himself,
facedown, back on the couch without pulling his shorts
or slacks up over his blazing behind.  He buried his
head in his arms.

Although Dean sniffled and was momentarily defeated,
Randall was afraid of what Dean would do to him for
having blurted out to his dad the punishment
procedures and threats that Dean had used on him.

Randall didn’t know what to do.  So he sat on a chair
somewhat removed from the couch Dean was sobbing on
and remained silent.

He sat there for 15 minutes.  Eventually Dean’s
sobbing stopped, but he continued to sniffle from time
to time.  Randall, concerned for his older brother
despite his fear of him, broke the silence by quietly
asking. “Bro?”

His one word question of concern caused his brother to
start sobbing again and finally Dean asked through
his tears. “Why did you do it, Randy?  Why did you
tell dad?”

Randall, at first, did not answer, he could not answer.
But the question demanded an answer and after a while
Randall suddenly began to speak out without
forethought, just lettings his words flow as they
came. “Because Earl told me everything about you and
Reginald; how you two are in love; how you were only
fucking me because I am a servant and available; how
you consider me to be a laughable pansy; and how you
couldn’t wait until I was sent away to the Total
Reform camp so you and Reginald could spend lots of
time together here in our house.”

Dean attempted to sit up on the couch, but found the
pain too much for his sore and tender buttocks, so he
quickly stood up.

As Dean pulled up his boxers and slacks, Randall
continued. “That’s why I told dad, Dean; because I
have nothing left to lose.  I told Dad because I
detest you!  No, because I hate you!”

Dean had an expression on his face that looked like an
open mouthed sneer to Randall.  When Dean started
walking slowly towards Randall, Randall backed away in
fear. “You stay away from me Dean!  Don’t you touch
me!  I don’t ever want you near me again.  Get away
from me!”

As Dean approached Randall, Randall warned him. “If
you touch me I’m calling dad.  Why are you coming
after me?  Why don’t you leave me alone and go to your
Reggie?”

Randall was both frightened and brokenhearted.  As he
backed himself against the wall to get away from Dean,
he started to cry. “I can’t wait until I’m out of
here, because I never, ever want to see you again!
You are nothing to me.  I am not your brother.  I want
to get out of here and want you out of my life
forever!”

Dean grabbed Randall by the shoulders and Randall
looked him in the face, defiant. “You can beat me all
you want.  But you are no part of my life!  I hate
you!”

Dean tightened his grip on Randall. “You listen to me,
Randy!  I don’t know what Earl told you, but none of
what you say he said is true.  I love you and have
always loved you.  You are my brother.  I am your
brother.  We are a part of each other’s lives.  You
have no choice in this matter.  I love you and always
will love you.”

Dean hugged Randall, “I’m so sorry you have been
deceived.  Yes, I did it a couple of times with
Reggie, but he means nothing to me.  I once jokingly
called you a pansy.  But you are my one and only, my
special love.  You are everything to me.”

“I’ve been having a hard time with dad lately because
he’s been on my case, always accusing me of letting
you down.  Yet now, if he reads his email, he will see
that I did indeed take the steps needed to help you,
long before he suggested them.”

“Because I have good news for you Randy.  Even though
the ‘Stage One’ Program is used by the state as a
rehabilitative program, it is still legislated by
economic forces.  It is not part of the criminal
justice system.  You are not a criminal.  Your failure
to abide by the rules of the ‘Stage One’ program was not
a crime and your passage into the Total Reform
program is simply a part of the financial penalty you
have accrued.  The state simply wants you to do your
part of the ‘Stage One’ program, which is work a certain
number of hours, whether they are part of your
original agreed upon hours, or the added penalty
hours, in order to get money out of you.  The state
provided you with rehab, but you have to make them
money as per your agreement.  However, since you are
not a criminal, the state will take their money any
way they can get it.”

“Therefore, if someone else is willing to step in and
help you fulfill your hour’s agreement as part of the
‘Stage One’ program, then the state accepts that as
payment.  Therefore I have agreed to enter a state
labor program for the next two and half months as an
indentured servant.  Social Services has found an
intensive labor program for me that will give me
enough hours of work to make up your demerits.”

“It will clear up your record bro and you will be
getting out of indentured service and the ‘Stage One’
program on schedule.  We will both be released from
servitude on the same day.”

“Dad’s been all pissed with me because I haven’t been
returning his calls or email.  He made me so angry by
always telling me I’m irresponsible, that I didn’t
care about you, that I am selfish and ignorant of the law
as it relates to social servants.  He was just trying to
make sure I was on target to help you out.  But he
pissed me off and I guess I took some of my
frustration out on you.  But just a few hours ago I
let him know via email that I had joined the social
service program to help you out.”

“That’s what’s been going on bro.  I would never have
let you enter the Total Reform program, even if you
had continued to treat me shitty because of Earl’s
lies.  I would never have let you enter the Total
Reform program, Randy, because I love you more than
anything in the world.  I adore you, little brother!”

As Randall sobbed in joy, held tightly in the arms of
his loving older brother, there was not a happier
servant boy in the state of Iowa.

And as Dean hugged and squeezed the little servant boy
in his arms, there was not a happier free boy in the
state of Iowa.

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For his last two and a half months of indentured
service Randall resided at the Cedar Rapids Social
Services Center, since he could not reside at home
without an overseer.

On the day of his two sons’ release from service,
Brian picked up Dean first from the Weslyn Community
Services Center, where he was housed for his term of
servitude.  As Brian and Dean Drove to pick up Randall
from the Cedar Rapids Center, Brian told his eldest
son how proud he was of him.

When Brian and Dean, waiting in the lobby of the
Social Services Center, first saw Randall as he came
into the lobby as a free boy, they were startled by
what they saw, but neither one of them said a thing to
Randall.  Randall and Dean hugged intensely.  When
Randall hugged his father, there were tears in the
eyes of all of the Inslee males.

The father and two sons walked to the car in happy
silence; Dean and Randall with their arms around each
other.  At the car, Brian opened the back door for his
two sons.

Only when Brian had taken the driver’s seat did he
look into the rearview mirror and ask the question.
“Randall, why didn’t you have them remove your service
rings?  Why are you still wearing that social servant
yellow jumpsuit?”

Randall looked into Dean’s eyes and smiled, “Because I
believe that Dean was right all along; this ‘Stage One’
program has made me a better person, Dad.  I will be
living with Dean as I start college.  If these rings
can be of help to Dean as he helps me to be an ‘A’
student, then I want them on me Dad.  I think Dean
should be the one to decide when they can come off.
Dean knows what boys like me need to be the best that
we can be!”

Dean never loved his brother more; he knew that
Randall knew that the rings drove him wild with
desire and now the fully obedience-ringed Randall was
placing himself totally into his older brother’s
control.  Both brothers’ groins stirred in delicious
ecstasy.

As they drove home, Randall placed a hand on Dean’s
thigh, “And I know what boys like you need, as well,
bro.”  The brothers smiled and kissed.  A tear of joy
rolled down the face of their happy father, as he
sighted his sons’ tender love for each other in the
rearview mirror.

The End

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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