**A Brother to Brother Talk**

A Rhapsody by Randall Austin

Short Story

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

"Josh, why are they sending me to the Total Reform Camp for Young Offenders?"

"Because dad thought that would be the best option for you, bro. When they told dad that you would most likely be sentenced to a term of indenturement for your third drunk driving conviction, he couldn't stand the thought of you being sent through a slave training program, where they train you with whips and paddles until you get to the state where you do whatever you're told to do. So he asked them if there was some other option, and they suggested the Total Reform Camp for Young Offenders."

"Out at the Total Reform Camp for Young Offenders they never have to whip or paddle you, because you'll be tethered the entire time. You'll have no choice but to be at the place you're supposed to be, and doing whatever they want you to do."

"Dad took me out to the Total Reform Camp, and we got a tour of it, bro. We've seen it. Hundreds of guys, just like you, all naked, ringed, and tethered, with no choice but having to follow the trolley line and the tether line, and be wherever the guide line pulls them. Hundreds of boys, all harnessed like animals and connected by a network of tethers. Hundreds of noses, nipples, ears, cocks, and foreskins, all ringed and tethered.

All the guys have a tether line from their nose rings up to the ceiling, and a tether line going from their cock rings to the floor. They looked like animals at some processing center. They can't sit or squat because the tethers won't let them. Those boys have no choice but to be in the position their tether lines want them."

"Once they get you out there they are going to mohawk you, ring you, and band you. You'll be one of the hundreds of naked, mohawked and banded boys being led by leashes attached to their cock and nose rings. Hundreds of boys just like you with big rings in their ears, nipples, and frenums. Hundreds of dicks with a giant, glinting, ring through their bulbous cockheads. Hundreds of sacks of balls banded at the base of the cock so they hang low."

"They're all leashed and tethered like animals at a slaughter house. Only they're not going to be leading you down the assembly line to the slaughter house. No sir! They want you alive; very much alive so you can work hard in the quarry. You'll be tethered for life out at the quarry, having to do what they want you to do. Hard and durable labor for the rest of your life. No choice but to follow the tether line."

"They know how to keep guys like you hopping and staying on task. They're good at it. If you slack, the guards activate your tether line so they tighten, pulling up your nose and tugging down your dick. It's the way they remind you to keep up to speed, and it works! They know how to control guys like you, and keep you working and sweating!"

"Hundreds of guys just like you, bro. Guys with too much attitude. Once they get a guy like you naked, hawked, ringed, banded, and tethered; no one cares how much attitude you got, because you ain't going anywhere or doing anything except where you're tether leads you."

"They're going to straighten you out real quick, bro! Those guys out at the Total Reform Camp for Young Offenders know how to control boys like you. They're experts at it. They don't take any shit of the kind you're so good at dishing out. Your wise-ass days are over, bro. From now on dude, you're going to be controlled; totally!

You ain't going anywhere dude! From now on you're going to be either working tethered at the quarry, getting exercised and disciplined, or in bed at night for your six hours of sleep. Your free-range days are over buddy! They're coming to take you away in just a couple of hours, bro, and I'm just telling you like it is!"

"Dad and I were out at the Total Reform Camp for Young Offenders, bro, and it wasn't pretty. I still can't get it out of mind. It gave me the creeps, bro, but I guess that's what they have to do to guys like you."

"There must have been about a hundred guys working at that part of the quarry we visited, and none of `em had a smile on their face, I can tell you that. They were all working hard and fast, and their low-hanging, banded, balls were swinging like crazy. They kept working because they didn't want to have to have the guards activate the tether lines and tug at their nose and cock rings. I saw some of the boys getting tugged for sluggish behavior, and it sure looked painful, but at least it got them hopping to get back up to speed."

"I sure wouldn't want to be in your shoes, bro. But dad said it wasn't as bad as it looked. He said they will keep you well fed, and the guards masturbate boys who have been on good behavior a couple of times a year. So at least you got that to look forward to, bro."

The End

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