**Boys Like You**

Part Thirteen

By Randall Austin

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

As soon as Earl got home from helping his friend Dean  
deliver Randall to the Health Services facility at  
Social Services, he needed sexual relief.  He was  
publicly humiliated, in his view, by the receptionist  
and the nurse who tried to prevent him from undressing  
Randall in the waiting room and who regarded his  
complaint on Randall’s behavior as frivolous.   
  
Sexual release always helped Earl relieve tension and  
as he stripped off his clothes in the living room he  
called for his servants Reginald and Brendan.  When  
the servants arrived and saw Earl undressing, they  
knew what he wanted and so they began undressing  
themselves.  Earl always wanted his servants naked  
when they serviced him sexually.  He liked to reach  
out and feel parts of his slaves’ bodies as they  
worked on him.  
  
Reginald and Brendan did not find serving Earl too  
difficult.  He was fair most of the time.  While Earl  
did like to express his displeasure verbally with a  
slave who was momentarily tardy or did something in a  
way other than requested, Earl was not unduly cruel.   
He played and conversed with Reginald and Brendan,   
treated them with respect, and their duties and  
workloads were always well within State guidelines.    
  
Sexually servicing someone as fair looking and fit as  
Earl was easy on both Reginald and Brendan.  
With Earl relaxed across the couch, Reginald sat next  
to Earl’s chest and started softly rubbing Earl’s  
chest and shoulders.  Brendan sat next to Earl’s lower  
legs and started massaging the full length of both  
legs.    
  
Earl spoke, “Thanks guys; that really feels good.  I  
need it!”  
  
Earl pondered telling his servants about his ordeal at  
Social Services, but he did not relish relaying any  
event in which he came out the bad guy, so he decided  
to just relax, keep quiet and let his servants take  
care of him.  
  
As the servants worked on Earl the phone rang, the  
message played and the voice of Randall’s father  
could be heard speaking in an agitated voice, “Earl.   
This is Brian and this is an urgent message.  It is  
now almost 2:30 PM on Wednesday. I can’t reach Dean.   
If you see him within the next two hours please have  
him call me on my cell phone immediately.  This is an  
emergency.  There is still a way to help Randall avoid  
his procedures.  But Dean must call me immediately.   
Thank you.”  
  
Earl said nothing, and let his slaves continue working  
on him, even though the message upset him.  Earl did  
not like the idea that Brian was working to prevent  
Randall’s processing and entry into the Total Reform  
program.  Earl had enjoyed observing Randall’s gradual  
subjugation into servitude and was looking forward to  
seeing Randall enter the Total Reform program.  Earl  
did not see Randall’s predicament as unfortunate in  
any way.  Earl simply trusted the system; Randall had  
failed to perform up to expectations in the ‘Stage One’  
Program and the State was following up on his failure  
as could be expected; on an orderly and systematic  
course.  
  
To Earl servitude was not a ‘big deal’.  He treated  
his servants fairly well and believed that most other  
owners did so as well.  Earl’s desire to see Randall  
fully processed was not born out of any innate evil in  
his heart; rather simply out of the satisfaction of  
seeing a kid he always thought of as rather snooty and  
arty finally have a little state control brought into  
his life.  His feeling was also bolstered by his  
desire to see the handsome Randall all ringed up for  
hard labor; a sight that for Earl was a surefire  
sexual turn on.  
  
Just as Earl was again able to relax and allow his  
slave’s ministrations to begin rehardening his  
overseer cock, the doorbell rang.  Earl let out a  
quiet “Shit!” snapped his fingers for his slaves to  
get dressed and put on a robe that was hanging over  
the back of the couch.  Brendan answered the door and  
let Dean in.  
  
When Dean saw Earl he immediately began talking, “Man,   
I couldn’t stay there and wait.  I needed to get out  
of there.  I’ll go back and visit Randall after the…”  
  
Earl raised a hand to shush Dean and addressed his  
servants, “Guys, you can leave us alone now. Thanks.”  
  
The servants nodded to Dean as they made their way out  
of the room.  Earl took a seat on the couch and patted  
the cushion next to him, inviting Dean to take a seat.  
When Dean was seated Earl threw an arm over his  
shoulder, “You doing okay?”  
  
“As good as can be expected.  I feel pretty awful  
about this.”  
  
“I can imagine somewhat of what you’re going through.   
I once had to return and exchange one of my father’s  
servants, a guy I really liked, who had behavior  
problems.  It was hard on me taking him in, knowing  
what county servants go through who are returned for  
reasons of bad behavior.  But in the end I had to  
realize that it wasn’t my fault.  He had gotten  
himself into trouble.  It wasn’t me.  I just happened  
to care for him; I was just his overseer.  As my  
father told me after that incident, “You have to  
realize that servants who display behavior problems  
while in service would be displaying similar problems  
even if they were not servants.  Such servants are the  
kind of free people who have trouble in the workplace,   
who have trouble holding down a job.  In the end you  
just have to accept the fact that you did all you  
could for them and that they created their own  
problems.”  It was one of the best lessons my dad ever  
gave me.”  
  
Dean nodded his head and gave a worried look and Earl  
consoled him, “You’ve got to try and relax, buddy.”   
Earl reached his hand to Dean’s leg just above the  
knee and started to gently rub and massage it.  “You  
are stressed. Try relaxing.”  
  
As Earl rubbed Dean’s leg he called out, “Reggie,   
Brendan, bring us a beer.”  
  
Reginald soon entered carrying two bottles of beer and  
two glasses on a tray, followed by Brendan.  As  
Reginald poured and served the beer, Earl instructed.   
I want you two to strip, put on some quiet music, turn  
down the lights and do a nice slow dance together.”  
  
When Dean objected, Earl interrupted him, “You just  
relax.  This doesn’t mean anything other than that I  
happen to think having two pretty boys dancing  
together to slow music just might help you to take  
your mind off of things and begin to relax you.”  
  
The servants did as instructed and Dean and Earl sat  
quietly together as the servants did their naked slow  
dance together.  Earl complimented Reginald on the  
selection of music and continued stroking Dean’s leg.   
After a bit Dean spoke, “You’re right, Earl.  This is  
relaxing.”  
  
As the servants danced slowly, Earl just as slowly  
moved his hand about Dean’s leg.  It was the most  
intimate physical contact Dean and Earl had ever  
shared and Dean was surprised that he felt so  
comfortable, at last, with Earl.    
  
When Dean and Earl had finished their beers, Earl  
called for another one.  When the servants arrived  
with the beers, each displaying semi-hardons, an  
aroused Dean had no problem with Earl’s next request  
of his servants. “Now I want you to put on some upbeat  
music and show Dean and me your best dance moves!  I  
want you to shake it up!”  
  
The beer, the beat and the flopping servant dicks  
soon had Dean and Earl aroused.  They were each  
rubbing the other’s inner thighs as they watched the  
servants hop, jump, gyrate and spin.  The fact that  
Brendan and Reginald were each having a good time as  
they danced helped to relax Dean all the more.  
  
Soon all four males were erect.  Reginald and Brendan  
had both Deal and Earl howling with laughter when they  
both reached in back of themselves and began spanking  
their asses in rhythm as they gyrated to the beat.    
  
Earl opened his robe and let his sexual parts come  
into view.  Dean breathed deep and Earl leaned over  
and undid Dean’s trousers and told him to kick them  
off.  Dean did and soon both free men were rubbing  
their inner thighs as they watched the servants hop  
and dance.  After a bit Earl reached over and for the  
first time ever grabbed Dean’s cock.  Dean did the  
same to Earl.  The two looked at each other and  
overcome with sexual desire they joined in a  
passionate kiss.  
  
The servants saw that the free boys were engaged, so  
they stopped their energetic dancing and clasped each  
other and rubbed their bodies against each other,   
doing a slow hump to some fast music.  
  
During their groping and kissing, Dean said to Earl,   
“Oh gawd, Earl!”  And Earl said, “Fuck dude, you are  
hot!”  When neither could stand holding out any  
longer, Earl ordered the slaves to get into kneeling  
positions on the couch.  Earl guided Dean to the rear  
of Reginald and Earl took aim at Brendan’s hole and  
both free boys took their slaves up the ass.  As Dean  
and Earl pumped away they declared their infatuation  
with each other.  
  
Earl, humping away, spoke, “Man, things are going to  
be beautiful between us, Dean.  You are now my special  
friend!  I want to get to know you better, dude!”  
  
“Same here, Earl.  This was bound to happen.  I feel  
you man, I feel you!”  
  
Earl responded, “All I’ve got is yours dude.  These  
boys are here for you anytime you need it, Dean.  We  
need to stick together: you, me, my slaves and your  
slave.  We need to help each other man.”  
  
The words Earl just spoke could have been  
disconcerting to Dean if he had paid close enough  
attention to them.  As such, he chose to half ignore  
them.  But Earl continued, “Man, when we get Randy  
into the mix it’s going to be one hot session!  I can  
hardly wait to see Randy when he gets home all rigged  
up for Total Reform.  He should be one hot fucker  
boy!”  
  
Dean ignored Earl as he made his way to his climax.   
The servant boy he was fucking had the juiciest hole  
he had ever experienced and Reginald was once again  
doing what Dean had recalled him doing on his previous  
fuckings.  As he indicated he was nearing a climax,   
Reginald would gently squeeze and unsqueeze Dean’s  
dick with his sphincter muscles.  Dean exclaimed,   
“Reginald, you are fucking amazing!”  
  
Earl agreed, “Isn’t he though!  That’s what I want to  
do to Randall for you; get him trained to do the same  
kind of thing.  I can have him trained to do the same  
thing in just a couple of lessons.  You and I need to  
turn him into an ace fuckboy.”  
For one brief moment, as Dean began squirting his wad  
up Reginald, it seemed like it would indeed be a good  
idea to get Randall trained as an ace fuck boy.  
  
Dean and Earl completed their fuckings at the same  
time and when it was all over, Earl led the exhausted  
quartette up to his bedroom and they all sprawled out  
on his giant overseer pleasure bed.  The free boys  
watched the servants suck each other off and soon all  
four men were asleep in the warm afternoon.   
  
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When the four men woke from their post-sex nap, it was  
5:30 PM.  Earl and Dean both had giant piss hardons.   
Dean was about to make his way to the bathroom when  
Earl stopped him, “No need to get out of bed, dude.   
Watch this.”   
  
Earl grabbed his cock and wagged it at Brendan.   
Brendan knelt over Earl’s groin, took his cock in his  
mouth and Earl began pissing.  Brendan swallowed the  
full load without any trouble and Earl rubbed him on  
the head.  He then said to Dean, “Now you try it!”   
Brendan made his way over Dean’s groin and took his  
cock in his mouth.    
  
Earl instructed Dean, “Try not to piss too hard or too  
fast.  It takes a little practice.”  
  
Dean laughed as he peed into Brendan’s mouth, “This  
feels good!”  
  
Earl offered, “I can teach Randall to do that for you  
as well.  Really, buddy, when he gets home you should  
have him spend a couple of days with me.  I’ll get him  
up to snuff for you!”  
  
Dean told Earl that he wanted to get to the ICU unit  
to visit Randall, but that first he wanted to shower.   
As Dean was doing the final adjustment on the water  
temperature in the shower, he was joined by Brendan  
and Reginald.  Earl, standing outside the shower told  
Dean, “I’ve instructed my boys to wash you.  Just  
relax and let them take care of you.”  
  
Dean did as instructed and was surprised and  
delighted at how wonderful it felt being tended to by  
two such charming servants.  When he was out of the  
shower and getting dressed, Earl again reminded Dean  
that he could have the same kind of service in his own  
home. “Bathing you is something Randall should be  
doing for you every day until he enters the Total  
Reform program.  It’s one of the things he will learn  
to do for you if you decide to take me up on my offer  
and let me train him.”  
  
As Dean made his way to the Guardian Avenue Health  
Services building, he seriously considered Earl’s  
offer and wondered, “What’s wrong with letting a  
servant be a servant?”   
  
What had happened to Randall only hit Dean with force  
when he entered the Health Services building.  A  
receptionist led Dean to a post-operative care room  
that was specifically for boys who were scheduled to  
enter the Total Reform program.    
  
The receptionist explained, “We keep them in a room of  
their own because they sometimes have to be here for  
as long as four days and some of the things we do to  
them tends to scare the regular social servants, you  
know, all those rings and things and that bell.  Plus  
we have to keep the Total Reform boys chained to the  
bed and cathetered and that can make regular social  
servants feel like they are prisoners or something.”  
  
The nurse opened the large door to a room marked, ‘SCU  
– TOTAL REFORM’.  It was a large room, dimly lit, with  
ten beds on each side of the room.  Fifteen of the  
beds held social servants in varying stages of their  
post-operative care.  All of the servants were in the  
same position on their beds: they were naked, on their  
backs and appeared to be asleep.  Their legs were  
spread wide and hanging between their fifteen pairs  
of legs was a cock hanging way down, tugged down by a  
big fat silver ring through their dick heads that  
looked like a large steel donut.  Their legs had to be  
spread wide to accommodate the donut ring.  Coming out  
of all fifteen dicks was a catheter tube that led to a  
catch container under their beds.    
  
The receptionist led Dean to the middle of the room  
and pointed to a bed, “There’s Randall.  It would be  
best not to wake him.”  If the receptionist hadn’t  
told Dean it was Randall, he would not have known,   
since all the boys looked alike: totally bald, heavily  
ringed and strapped to their beds with straps across  
their chest, upper legs, and lower legs.  Their arms  
were cuffed to the bed.   
  
The receptionist left and Dean was alone in a room  
with 15 boys being readied for lives of hard labor.   
The most prominent feature of the boys in their beds  
was their dicks.  The boys had no choice but to keep  
their legs spread and expose their dicks ringed with a  
giant steel donut-like ring.  Dicks that belong to  
boys in the Total Reform are no longer used primarily  
for pissing and pleasure.  Dicks that belong to boys  
in the Total Reform program are primarily for  
tethering.  Boys in the hard labor program are  
tethered at both ends; by their nose rings and by  
their cock rings.  It’s the proven way of keeping boys  
like Randall on course; no straying when your nose is  
tethered to an overhead trolley line and your cock is  
tethered to either a trolley line at floor level or to  
a work cart.  Boys like Randall, once tethered and  
trollied, have no choice but to tow the line.  
  
Dean walked up to Randall and looked at him.  He  
looked somehow less human to Dean, with so much metal  
on his body.  The nose and earrings were obscenely  
large.  And the two smaller side nose rings made  
Randall’s face almost unrecognizable.  The bell  
hanging from his chin seemed unnecessary; almost an  
item to provoke laughter.    
Dean wondered what he would say to Randall if he were  
awake.  What does one say to someone who is so  
drastically modified for the sole purpose of hard  
labor?  ‘Gosh, you look great!’  
  
Dean, staring at Randall’s face, slowly backed away,   
calm yet horrified.  He backed into the bed that was  
next to Randall’s and turned suddenly.  There in the  
bed was a boy who looked exactly like Randall, also  
asleep.  Strapped down as if he were a murderer.   
Dean’s eyes fell on the boy’s chest.  The tattoo was  
not small as he was told.  It was huge across his  
chest; TOTAL REFORM.  Big black letters.  Disfigured  
for life.  
  
Dean looked away, paused, collected himself and  
walked out of the SCU unit as fast as he could.  He  
didn’t know where he would go or what he would do, but  
he wanted to avoid what he had just seen.  Suddenly he  
wanted all of his connections with social servitude  
and with Randall wiped out.  
  
He got in his car and started driving home.  But he  
didn’t want to go there.  It was where Randall used to  
live.  He turned and headed towards the freeway and  
eventually saw a sign that said, ‘Iowa City 40 Miles’.

He hadn’t been to Iowa City in quite a while.  There  
wasn’t much to interest him in Iowa City, but he did  
have a couple of old friends who lived there.  Friends  
he hadn’t seen in well over a year, Chuck and Buster.

Chuck was an auto mechanic and Buster, his lover, was  
a fry cook.  They didn’t live the high life, but Dean  
admired the way they seemed to be genuinely happy with  
their lives and with each other.  
  
‘Yes’, Dean thought, ‘a visit with old friends will  
help me get some perspective back in my life’.

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.

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