**Boys Like You**

Part Fifteen

By Randall Austin

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

As Brian drove his son, Randall, home from the Social  
Services Health Facility after his surgical treatment,   
Randall looked very different from the handsome son he  
knew.  Even though Randall was dressed in the City  
Parks Department yellow jumpsuit, there was enough  
‘stuff’ on his face to alter his appearance  
dramatically.  
  
He had two huge steel earrings dangling from each ear;   
he had two fairly large nose rings pierced through  
each side of his nose; from his septum hung a very  
large, somewhat oblong, 3 inch steel ring that hung to  
his chin; and at the base of Randall’s chin dangled an  
oblong 3 inch bell that jingled lightly as they drove  
along.  
  
Brian could sense that Randall was humiliated by  
having to wear the facial rings and the jingling bell.  
Brian was not comfortable with the fact that the  
state had rigged his son up like a draft animal.  In  
Brian’s view, social servitude existed only because it  
was profitable, and was inhumane despite all of the  
laws protecting social and servants and intended to  
guard against abuses of the system.  
  
But what surprised Brian about Randall’s demeanor, as  
he looked quietly out the window watching the scenery  
roll by, was that Randall seemed quite calm despite  
his embarrassment, so he asked him, “Randall what’s  
up?  You look like you’re… well… almost happy.”  
  
“I am Dad.  I’m happy to see you.  I love you Dad.”  
  
“I love you too, son.”  
  
Randall continued, “And I’m relieved. Very much so.”  
  
Brian looked curiously at Randall, “Relieved by what?”  
  
“I was told that I was going to be branded and  
tattooed, have my back teeth removed and possibly get  
circumcised, but none of those things have been done  
to me.”  
  
Brian was incredulous, “What?  Who told you that?”  
  
“Earl and Dean.  Dean gets all of his information from  
Earl.”  
  
Brian looked incredulous at his son, “Dean let you go  
into surgery believing they were going to brand,  
tattoo, remove some teeth and circumcise you and  
wasn’t bothered by the fact that they were going to do  
such things to you?”  
  
“He didn’t know any better, Dad and didn’t know what  
to do.  He told me that Earl was an expert.”  
  
Brian was getting angry, “Some expert.  Those  
practices, used only on those criminally indentured  
for life, went out over twenty years ago.  They still  
tattoo the criminally indentured in the Total Reform  
program who commit violent offenses while indentured,   
but even that is soon to be on the way out.”  
  
Brian continued venting, “Your brother needs to be  
reminded to check his sources.”  
  
As Brian slowed his car and pulled over to the side of  
the road there were tears in his eyes.  When the car  
was stopped he asked, “Why didn’t you ever call me,   
son?”  
  
Randall responded, “Dean told me that it wouldn’t be a  
good idea and forbid me, as my overseer, from calling  
you.”   
  
Brian hugged Randall tightly, “I am so sorry that you  
went into surgery believing such things were going to  
be done to you.  No one should ever have to go through  
such a thing.”  
  
As Brian tightly hugged his son, tears rolled down his  
face.  Randall felt like he was in heaven.  
  
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Kevin Balen, former innocent-gentle-mother’s boy,   
recently turned sexual sadist overseer, smiled at his  
parents, his fiancé and his fiancé’s parents and his  
white toothed smile lit up his face of alabaster skin  
and doe-like eyes, framed by his hair of soft black  
curls.  As they sat about a picnic table he attempted  
to put to rest, once again, all of their fears about  
the stories they had heard about the mistreatment of  
social servants.   
  
“It’s simply not true.  Not only have I not seen such  
things going on, but if I ever did, I can assure you,   
I would report it in an instant.  And my co-workers  
all have the same views that I do on the subject; that  
we are there to look after the health care of  
society’s most precious individuals: social servants.”  
  
“As in any position where there are levels of  
authority, society needs to be vigilant and watch for  
individuals who are unfit for the position and would  
abuse their authority.  But I can tell you all, from  
the bottom of my heart; I have nothing but love and  
the deepest respect for all servants under my care.   
And I see that same kind of love and concern in all of  
my coworkers.”  
  
Kevin’s fiancé, Marcie, hugged her handsome husband to  
be and all the parent’s smiled.  Kevin’s mother  
radiated pride, “I know my special boy, my Kevin, my  
beautiful Kevin, would never harm a flea, he still  
carries spiders that fall into the bathtub out of the  
house.  In fact, I’m so proud, because when we have  
people like my Kevin getting into the social service  
industry, you know it can only improve the system.”    
  
The fears of the parents and the fiancé were finally  
put to rest on that beautiful summer day.  The social  
service system was not rife with abuses.    
  
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Dean struggled with his love for his brother.  He  
loved him and wanted to continue loving him.  But  
months ago Randall started backing away from their  
relationship and as time passed he grew colder and  
ever more indifferent towards Dean.  Randall told his  
father about the punishments Dean had given him,   
something about which Dean had understood that he and  
Randall had a private agreement on; that they were in  
the ‘Stage One’ program, in a sense, together.  Dean was  
going to make sure everything went well.    
  
But when finally the letter arrived from the state  
projecting that Randall would fail the ‘Stage One’  
program and Randall was to be pre-processed for the  
Total Reform program, any hope of reconciliation  
between the two brothers seemed to vanish.  
  
As Dean watched Randall shower, his thoughts gradually  
turned from why things went wrong in their  
relationship to lust.  Randall’s new body was a sight  
to behold and it was turning Dean on.  He looked at  
the giant rings the state had put on his brother.  The  
fact that Randall was embarrassed to be seen with them  
turned Dean on all the more.  
  
The state considered Randall to be a drudge, an  
animal, a beast of burden, fit for at least 5 years of  
hard labor.  The giant rings that went through  
Randall’s ears, nose, tits, navel, cock and the  
bell dangling from his chin, not only made Randall  
look like one meant to serve and do hard labor, but  
they fairly screamed it out. Randall’s purpose was to  
be used, to labor, for the good of society.  
  
Dean wondered why he should consider his brother as  
anything other than what the state considered him.   
Especially since Randall was acting colder and more  
distant than ever since coming home from his  
processing surgery.  
  
And it was exacerbated when Randall got out of the  
shower and started to towel himself dry and snarled  
at Dean, “Fucking stop watching me!  Will you?”  
  
Dean was more hurt than angry, “Watch it Randall.”  
  
“No.  You’re the one who’s watching ‘it’.  Keep your  
eyes off of me!”  In exasperation Randall threw the  
towel down, “Here, look at me!  Are you happy with  
what they did to me?”  
  
Randall hurried out of the room and Dean followed  
Randall into their bedroom.  As Randall put on his  
jumpsuit he spoke without looking at Dean, “I don’t  
want you sleeping next to me in the same bed anymore.”  
  
“You have no choice.  You sleep where I say you  
sleep.”  
  
Randall snapped back, “Well I’m calling dad!  I’ll  
sleep on the floor if I have to.”  
  
The subject of their father was a sensitive one for  
Dean, “Leave dad alone and out of this.  As your  
overseer and for your own general well being, I am  
ordering you to cease contact with all persons other  
than your workmates, counselors and state overseers.”  
  
As Randall tried to rush out of the room, Dean grabbed  
him by his arm, “This behavior is unacceptable  
Randall.  Totally unacceptable.  What has gotten in to  
you?”  
  
“Fuck off!”  Randall tried to break away, which  
angered Dean.  
  
After a brief struggle, Dean had Randall pinned  
against the wall, “I’ve had enough!”  Dean moved  
Randall to a giant armoire, grabbed a light caliper  
chain and lock from off his desk on the way, snapped  
one end of the chain to Randall’s nose ring and the  
other end to a steel lamp hook bolted to near the top  
of the armoire.    
  
With Randall nose-locked to the armoire, Dean fetched  
some handcuffs from his social service’s utility bag  
and locked Randall’s hands together in back of him.   
He then unbuttoned the entire buttocks’ flap of  
Randall’s jumpsuit and moved all the fabric aside,   
fully exposing Randall’s plump and muscular buttocks.  
  
As Dean approached Randall with the Gropius 260,   
Randall changed his tone, “Please Dean, I’m sorry.”  
  
Dean swung the paddle as hard as he could.  Randall  
cried, “Oh no!  Please Dean.  Don’t hurt me! Don’t do  
this to me.”  
  
Dean recalled the encouragement Earl had given him  
last evening and proceeded to give Randall the most  
severe punishment that not only he had ever given to  
Randall, but that Randall had ever received in his  
life as a servant.  
  
Dean wanted Randall bawling and screaming and he got  
it soon enough.  With each blow of the paddle  
Randall’s giant ear, nipple, and nose, rings swung.   
And his entire cock was pulled from side to side as  
the steel donut cock ring going through its dick head  
swung sharply with each blow of the paddle.  
  
When Dean finally stopped after about seven minutes of  
paddling, Randall continued crying and tried to ease  
the pain away by rubbing his cuffed hands over his  
buttocks.  Dean watched Randall trying to massage his  
deeply reddened buttocks with his cuffed hands.   
Though it pained Dean to have been so harsh with his  
brother, he believed he had acted correctly according  
to all of the guidelines he had been given for dealing  
with recalcitrant and self-pitying servants.  
  
When Randall finally stopped crying, Dean undid his  
handcuffs.  With Randall still nose-locked to the  
bureau, Dean reached around Randall and started  
unbuttoning the front of his jumpsuit.  Dean removed  
the jumpsuit from Randall and stood back to look at  
the naked, red-assed, Randall nose-locked to the  
bureau.  
  
It was a classic sight; a full service hard laborer on  
naked display after a well-deserved punishment  
session.  Dean noticed that Randall’s prick was  
sticking up a bit, hoisting aloft his giant steel cock  
ring.  Dean reckoned that Randall must have a full  
hilt boner, because he imagined that he would be  
unable to make his own cock rise that high with such a  
massive donut ring tugging down his own cock.  
  
After a bit of observation Dean walked up to Randall  
and put his hand on his back.  “You can stay here  
until you decide you want to apologize and make a  
commitment towards improving your attitude.”    
  
Dean left the room.  When he was out, Randall started  
crying again.  Softly at first, but soon it rose in  
volume.  Dean could hear Randall’s sobbing down the  
hall.  It bothered him.  But he remembered Earl’s  
words of encouragement; he went back to the bedroom and  
addressed Randall.  “There’s no reason for this kind  
of disturbance.  Now if you don’t stop your crying  
I’ll get out the tawse and start working on your back  
and legs if you would like.  So shut up!  And when  
you’re ready to apologize and stop pouting, I’ll  
release you.”  
  
Randall broke down and with a nasal whining sort of  
tone begged, “Please Dean.  Don’t do this.  Don’t make  
me stand here.”  
  
Dean was firm, “Okay, that does it!  All I get from  
you is whine, whine, whine!  I cannot stand your  
gawwdamm constant whining!  I’m getting you ready for  
a session with the tawse!”  
  
Dean went back to his social service’s utility bag and  
gathered several items.  This time he had two pairs of  
handcuffs and locked each of Randall’s arms to hooks  
on each side of the giant armoire.  Dean next took a  
short length of chain with clasps on each end and  
snapped one end to Randall’s penis ring and the other  
end to Randall’s navel ring.  Randall’s cock was now  
sticking up against his belly, locked to his navel  
ring.  Around his cock Dean looped a short length of  
servant binding cord and tied it to a handle on the  
armoire that was at cock level.  
  
With Randall cuffed, nose-locked and cock-tied, to  
the armoire, Randall never looked or felt more like an  
abject slave.  As Dean left the room to get his tawse  
Randall called out to him, “Okay Dean.  I’ll be  
quiet.”  
  
Dean did not respond to Randall and made his way out  
of the bedroom.  Dean went to the implements cupboard,   
selected a tawse and as he started to make his way  
back up the stairs the doorbell rang.  
  
Dean checked through the ‘door peek’ to see who was  
ringing and was pleased to see that it was Earl.   
Dean let Earl in and as soon as Earl saw the tawse in  
Dean’s hand, he reacted with glee, “Randall’s been  
home for not even 24 hours and already he needs to be  
taught a lesson?”  
  
Dean explained, “I had to give him a paddling just a  
bit ago and apparently that wasn’t enough.  His  
non-stop whining is driving me nuts.”  
  
Earl encouraged, “You’re doing the right thing.”    
  
As Dean led Earl up the stairs Earl commented, “I can  
hardly wait to see him.”  
  
Dean stopped on the stairs and turned towards Earl.   
“My dad’s pissed at me because I let Randall go into  
processing thinking he was going to get branded,   
tattooed, get some teeth removed and possibly  
circumcised.  Earl, buddy, I was relying on you for  
information, but all that stuff went out a long time  
ago!  They do some of that stuff to lifers convicted  
of violent crimes, but your info was way out of date.”  
  
Earl nodded his head and raised in shoulders in an  
‘oops I made a mistake’ gesture, “Gosh, it’s been  
awhile since I’ve been updated on that Total Reform  
program.  Sorry about that!”  
  
Dean turned and started back up the stairs, “That’s  
okay, but next time get your facts straight.”  
  
“Will do, buddy-o.  Will do!”  
  
When Earl entered the bedroom and saw the naked,   
super-ringed, Randall handcuffed, nose-locked and  
cock-tied to the giant bureau, a huge smile broke out  
across his face and he let out a long brazen wolf  
whistle.  “Wow!  Look at you.  All belled and  
super-ringed like some South African mine slave.  They  
did a good job on you Randy!  How does it feel?”   
  
When Randall did not respond, Earl commanded, “Turn a  
little towards me and face me; I want to see what you  
look like from the front!”  
  
Randall did not move.  Earl tried to encourage him.   
“All those rings and that bell should be feeling good  
to you and give you cause to stand up tall and take  
pride in yourself.”  
  
Randall turned his body as much as he could away from  
Earl’s smiling gaze.  Earl commented, “That kind of  
attitude is the reason you’re locked up to that bureau  
now and about to get a second punishment.  I would  
think you would use some common sense, buddy boy.   
That’s why I don’t have any feeling for you for what’s  
about to happen.  You’ve got that fucking attitude  
and Dean is doing the good work by trying to whip it  
out of you.  I’m looking forward to watching this  
because frankly you have it coming!”  
  
Earl looked at Dean, “Don’t let that sulking bother  
you.  Remember what I told you!  That is exactly the  
kind of behavior that is overcome with a direct  
discipline approach.  Remember, ‘fierce and severe’ is  
the kind of punishment that wipes out attitude  
problems.  When you start swinging that tawse at his  
shoulders, back, rump and legs, just pretend you’re  
beating the dirt out of an old carpet.  Because in a  
way that is really what you will be doing; beating the  
filth of bad and improper behavior out of Randy.”  
  
As Dean got into position behind Randall and did a  
few practice air strokes of the tawse, Earl asked, “Is  
this the day you’re going to let me finally bone  
Randall for all the good times I let you have with  
Reginald and Brendan?”   
  
Dean stopped his practice swings and said quietly, “I  
would rather you not, Earl.”  
  
Earl was disappointed, “But remember Dean, you owe me.  
You promised me after almost every session you had  
with Reginald that in return you’d let me have a go at  
Randy.”  
  
Dean was perplexed, “I know I said that, but not  
today.”  
  
Earl, turned on by the sight of the bound and ringed  
Randall, was frustrated, “Well, when then?  Randy  
isn’t going to be here too much longer.”  
  
Dean wanted the matter to go away, “Maybe in a day or  
two, okay?  Maybe on the weekend.”  
  
Earl wondered, “Maybe?  What’s this ‘maybe’ stuff?   
You promised me, man.”  
  
“I know I did.  But I just want to focus on this  
punishment for now.  I think this will be enough to  
put Randall through for one day.”  
Earl wanted Dean to see things in a levelheaded way.  
“What you just said is exactly what’s your problem,  
Dean.  YOU are not putting Randall though anything.   
He is putting himself through this by his behavior.   
Face it, man, or else you’re just going to end up  
regretting what you’re about to do and you won’t be  
delivering the full-force kind of punishment that  
Randy really needs and deserves at this time.”  
  
Dean listened intently, Earl could tell he was making  
headway and continued. “You yourself just told me  
downstairs that Randy was being contrary, defiant,  
fractious, resistant, uncontrollable, willful and  
stubborn, even after a paddling.  That all sounds like  
reason enough, to me, to do what you have to do.  So  
lay into him, Dean.  It’s what he needs, so just do  
it!”  
  
Dean nodded in agreement with Earl and moved into  
position behind Randall.  Earl backed himself behind  
Dean, in order to get a better view of the punishment  
about to take place.  Before Dean swung the tawse for  
the first time Earl furtively brushed his crotch with  
his hand and gave his cock a tug.  
  
Dean swiped Randall’s shoulder with the tawse, Randall  
bucked and yelped; and Earl went hard.  With the  
second swipe of the tawse across Randall’s tender  
buttocks, both Earl and Dean were sweating with  
excitement. Randall’s yelping annoyed Dean, causing  
him to swing harder with the tawse.  After the fifth  
swat Randall screamed to his brother to stop.  Dean  
did not stop.  As Earl watched his pal Dean tawse the  
shoulders, back and legs of his 10-year younger  
brother, he was in ecstasy.  Watching Randall’s bald,  
ear and nose-ringed, head swing with each stroke and  
listening to Randall’s cries blend with his wildly  
swinging chin bell, were some of the most intense and  
beautiful moments Earl had ever experienced.  
  
When it was over after a total of twelve swats and  
Randall’s crying did not cease, Earl tried to put  
things in perspective for Randall. “Once you’re in the  
Total Reform training program the punishment you’ve  
just received will seem like love taps.”  
  
Earl and Dean left the room; leaving Randall bound to  
the armoire.  From his position Randall could hear his  
brother and Earl make their way into the next room  
down the hall, the room that used to be his bedroom.   
He heard the sounds of fumbling, of moans of pleasure,  
of clothing coming off, of arms entwining, of bodies  
coming together, of sexual exertion.  
  
For Randall, the pain of having lost his brother’s  
love was heightened by the fact that he lost it to  
Earl.  Randall did not know what was the stronger  
cause of his grief; his predicament as a servant about  
to enter the Total Reform program; or having lost the  
only consolation he had during the ordeal of  
indenturement, his brother’s love.

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>