**Fosterage**

By Randall Austin

Short Story

This story is erotic fiction meant for mature readers and should only be read by adults over the age of eighteen years old. Please do not use my stories without my permission and please forward all comments to [randallaustin2011@hotmail.com](mailto:randallaustin2011@hotmail.com)

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

Mr. Jason Cartell called his 19-year old son, Dennis,   
into his office.  Seated in his father’s office,   
holding a glass of sherry, was Robert Denton, the  
Cartell’s neighbor who lived two blocks away.    
  
Dennis did not like Mr. Denton’s two sons.  They had  
bullied Dennis throughout his student days for as long  
as he could remember.  
  
Mr. Cartell indicated for Dennis to have a seat next  
to Mr. Denton, as he nervously outlined his own glass  
of sherry with his finger, “Son, I have some good news  
for you.”  
  
“Son, as you know we had to put the start of your  
college education on hold because of some financial  
difficulties I ran into.”  
  
“I know that you have been out looking for a job and  
have been having a hard time finding something decent  
without a degree.  Well son, your mother and I have  
decided on a very nice solution to our problems; one  
that will benefit all of us.”  
  
Mr. Cartell paused, gave a nod and smile to indicate  
Mr. Denton, and continued, “Honey, Mr. Denton has very  
kindly agreed to take you in under the state’s  
fosterage program.”  
  
Dennis, dressed in his ‘business casual’ job-hunting  
outfit gave a confused look.  Mr. Cartell answered,   
“Son, this will be a wonderful opportunity for you,   
and now you can put your job search off!”  
  
Dennis stammered, “Dad!  You can’t be talking about  
what I think you are!”  
  
“Dennis, for gosh sakes, calm down.  You look like  
you’ve just seen a ghost.”  
  
“Dad, you’re having me indentured?”  
  
“Dennis, Wisconsin’s new fosterage program isn’t  
exactly outright servitude.  It’s just a program where  
someone like Mr. Denton, who runs a large business,   
can take a child from folks like us who are having  
financial difficulties, and put you to work for him,   
and it benefits both him and us.  From the money your  
mom and I will be getting from having you placed into  
fosterage, we can invest some for you as well as  
ourselves, and by the time you are released from the  
terms of the fosterage contract, you can enter college  
without having to hold down a job to support yourself  
while you study.”  
  
Dennis was versed on Wisconsin’s fosterage program,   
“Dad, fosterage IS a servitude program.  One designed  
for people under the age of 23.  It’s called fosterage  
because it means Mr. Denton has legal control over me  
as a guardian and foster parent; plus he has full  
rights over me as one in indenturement.  How can you  
do this to me Dad?”  
  
Mr. Cartell set his glass down on his desk, stood up,   
walked to his son, and put a hand on his shoulder,   
“Son, that is correct.  The only way I could consider  
indenturement for you was through the fosterage  
program, because it means Mr. Denton has to be totally  
responsible for you.  That is a comfort to me son.   
Yes, that means he becomes sort of your legal parent  
for your term of fosterage, but it also means that he  
is totally responsible for your complete well-being.   
And that is a great comfort to me.”  
  
“Son, if I were to have you placed in normal social  
servitude, I would be worried sleepless about how you  
were being treated.  But under the fosterage program I  
can rest assured knowing that you will be treated by  
Mr. Denton with exactly the same kind of love and  
concern as I have for you.”  
  
Mr. Denton looked lovingly at Dennis, “That’s right,   
Dennis.  You’re like a son to me now.”  Mr. Denton  
reached out a hand and grasped Dennis’s arm, “Son,   
welcome to the family!”  
  
“I’m not your son!”  
  
Mr. Denton grasped Dennis’s arm more tightly, “Sure  
you are, Dennis!  Don’t be afraid of opening yourself  
up and accepting the love my sons and I will be  
offering you.”  
  
Mr. Denton stood up, “Well, I think we better get  
going.  Come along, son.”  
  
Dennis looked like he would start crying, “Now?  I’m  
going with him now?”  
  
Mr. Cartell removed his hand from Dennis’s shoulder,   
“Yes, Dennis.  All the papers are signed.  You are now  
in the fosterage program and Mr. Denton is now your  
legal guardian.  We had to do it this way, son, on the  
recommendation of social services.  They say  
transitions are always easiest for people in any kind  
of indenturement program if they happen quickly.”  
  
“But Dad, I have to pack my stuff, call friends...”  
  
Mr. Denton cut him off, “Son, you don’t need any  
stuff.  We have everything you will need at my house.”  
  
“Dad, how long?  How long am I going to be in the  
fosterage program?”  
  
Mr. Cartell paused, not wanting to answer.  When his  
son pleaded again, he answered, “Five years son.  Just  
for five years.”  
  
Dennis started to sob, unable to believe what was  
happening, and stood frozen.  Mr. Denton reached out  
to clasp Dennis’s shoulder, but Dennis backed away,   
“You can’t do this to me!”  
  
Mr. Denton looked at his watch, “Actually we don’t  
have a lot of time, Dennis.  My sons are waiting at  
home to orient you and put you to work.  There are  
lots of things that need to be done.  We really don’t  
have any more time.  Come along now.  You’ll get used  
to your new life in no time.”  
  
The situation was too overwhelming for Dennis to  
collect himself, and after a few more minutes of  
cajoling from his two ‘fathers’, Dennis meekly walked  
out of his father’s home and accompanied Mr. Denton to  
his Mercedes.  “Sit in the back seat, son.  My  
servants are never allowed to sit in the front seat.”  
  
\*\*\*  
  
When Mr. Denton brought Dennis into his home, his two  
sons were eager to see their new ‘brother’.  Cory, 17,   
and Drake, 20, were all smiles as Dennis entered their  
house with a tear-streaked face.  
  
Drake approached Dennis laughing, “Are you enjoying  
fosterage, dude?”  
  
Mr. Denton interrupted Drake, “Did you finish work on  
the pathway, Drake?”  
  
“I couldn’t Dad; I had coursework I had to complete.   
I figured we could have Dennis do it when he got  
here.”  
  
Mr. Denton nodded, “Okay, that’ll be fine; but just  
make sure he has the prep work finished by day’s end.   
The landscape guys are coming tomorrow and those  
trenches need to be dug and ready.”    
  
Cory picked up a small training whip from the coffee  
table and gave it a snap, “Don’t worry Dad.  No  
problemo!”  
  
Drake smiled at Dennis, “Come along with us, boy.  We  
gotta get you uniformed.”  
  
Cory and Drake led Dennis off to a room in the  
basement, “This is your room.  It is to be kept  
spotless.  Your uniform for yard work is in the top  
drawer of your bureau.  Get it out and put it on!”  
  
Dennis opened the drawer and commented, “There’s  
nothing in here except a pair of sandals.”  
  
Drake folded his arms, “Right. Get your clothes off   
and those sandals on.  That’s your yard uniform.”  
  
Naturally there was a lot of balking on Dennis’s part,   
but the Denton boys eventually got him naked.  Drake  
faced the naked Dennis, grasped both of his arms in  
front of him, and pulled him tightly to himself, as  
Cory, holding the training whip, took a position in  
back of Dennis.  
  
Drake looked closely into Dennis’s face, their noses  
almost touching, and smiled, “Hi Dennis, little bro.   
This is kind of intimate, I know, but it’s the way  
Cory and I like to introduce our servants into the  
family.”  
  
Cory swung the whip and slashed Dennis’s back.  Dennis  
howled, bucked, and screamed, but Drake was prepared  
by taking an extra tight hold on his new slave  
‘brother’.  Drake complimented Cory, “Good one, Cory!”  
  
As Cory whipped, Drake comforted Dennis, “Don’t you  
worry, buttercup.  We have to do this to new boys.   
It’ll break that defiance of yours, and soon you’ll be  
one of the Denton family.”  
  
The goal is always to give 20 strokes for a break-in  
whipping.  But in the Denton boys’ lust, the actual  
number of strokes ended up being 35.  Being just a  
‘training’ whip, the Denton boys knew they didn’t have  
to be too worried about doing any permanent damage to  
the Cartell kid.   
  
A sobbing, heaving, and naked, Dennis managed, by 8:30  
PM, after just 6 hours of labor, to get the garden  
prep work done.  Cory enjoyed watching the new naked  
boy do his work, and was looking forward to getting  
sucked off by him in the evening.    
  
Cory felt life was unfair.  He oversaw Dennis to the  
successful completion of the yard work; he bathed and  
fed him afterwards; and yet before he could have him  
in his bedroom, his brother Drake and Mr. Denton got  
to use him first.  
  
And Dennis was relieved that Cory just wanted to get  
sucked off.  After the hard fucking he got by both Mr.   
Denton and Drake, sucking Cory off was easy.  And Cory  
was the most loving; as he got sucked he held Dennis  
by both ears and cooed, “You’re my new brother,   
Dennis, and we’re going to be doing lots of fun things  
together.  Suck my dick head as deep into your throat  
as you can bro. It’s your brother’s dick and I want  
you to feel my love pouring out of its tip.”  
  
What Dennis felt that first night, rather than any  
love, was copious amounts of semen shooting down his  
throat, almost gagging him.    
  
Dennis eventually learned to accept the fact that he  
was nothing but a total slave, despite the benign  
sounding name of his indenturement program,   
‘fosterage’.  What he had a hard time understanding,   
if not accepting, was the fact that he no longer  
missed his former life.  
  
  
  
The End