**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

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