

JAMIE WRESTON - 14

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CHAPTER 14

(Revisiting Chapter 13)

They experienced Paradise several more times that night...on the bed, chairs, the table, and even once on the granite floor. It was when Jamie wearily scrambled to his feet after his final orgasm and almost fell as he swayed back and forth on unsteady legs that the Sultan asked if there were any possibility of his remaining on Baromos. "Never have I felt more pleasure or more desired, sir, but my path lies elsewhere," the boy had answered simply, but with great feeling. Then, as if he had known what the answer would be all along, the Sultan dragged the youth down beside him, inserted his tongue well into his ear until he erected...for the umpteenth time, and promptly fell asleep with beauty incarnate in his arms.

(Continuing Our Story: Eleutherion)

By 10:00 a.m. the travelers had returned to the Sultan's palace on Baromos. Matt, of course, was filled with questions, but he had to hold off as they promptly sat down to a festive island breakfast. Afterwards, they only had to leisurely stroll down to the palace dock, for Ahmad's servants had already packed everything. That which they would need for their next two days on the beach would be taken directly to their new quarters. Due to the Olympic trials, Yusuf would not be able to join his father in taking Matt and Jamie to their next adventure, but he saw them off. "So," the Sultan murmured as he prepared to kick the great marine engine into life, "I promised to take you to an island that everyone agrees is a place whose beauty is exceeded only by that of Paradise. We know it as Eleutherion, the island of freedom, named after the ancient Byzantine port at Constantinople. In fact, this island may have been visited by Byzantine traders.

Let us be off!"

Inasmuch as Eleutherion lay on the outer edge of the Baromosian archipelago, some miles further from Baromos than Fortress Island, the journey took longer, but it was well worth it. They passed several of the other islands which were just as sparkling from the sea as they had been from the air. The Sultan even allowed Jamie to take the wheel of the powerful speedboat for a bit. The boy did very well indeed. (If the Sultan hadn't had to play the "macho male", smirking and saying to Matt that he guessed the lad had "learned a few things last night", all would have been well. As it was, Matt was NOT pleased.) Eventually, Eleutherion came into view, second in size only to Baromos though having a larger population and known for its fine beaches and new seaside resorts. There was also a spectacular volcano that thrust into the tropical sky above swaying palms.

Landing at the main anchorage, an Army Land Rover conveyed them over to the windward side of the island through several villages. They began to see why the Sultan was so highly regarded by his people. Each village, for instance, seemed to have medical and dental facilities, as well as fine schools and other civic necessities. There were flowers everywhere, and the people looked well fed and happy. The Captain who was driving the vehicle said that the sultans of Baromos had taken care of the people since time immemorial, but that the discovery of oil had brought new levels of satisfaction. Life was simple...fishing, farming, and a small amount of mining and industry... but utilities and all of the social services, including education, were free. Moneys that could have supported a small elite class had been devoted to strengthening the islands' infrastructure and widening the horizons of the people. Within six months, he reported, free internet would be available throughout the Sultanate. A plan to encourage tourism was also in place, one piece of which involved the new resort at which they now found themselves.

Jamie could scarcely believe the beauty that surrounded them on every side. Both men had to admit that they had never seen sand that white in the United States. The central hotel complex had been completed recently, though it wasn't open as yet. Rather, further down the beach, several separate "lodges" had been constructed, each having the latest amenities. A beautiful example had been opened for their use along with its private beach. Their meals would be brought in from the central kitchen and housekeeping services were provided daily when they were on the beach or elsewhere. The young lady who met them also told them of diversions in a village that lay a bit further down the coast. A vehicle had been reserved for their use.

Finally...by about 12:30...the captains and the kings (and the resort personnel) had departed and rather than tumult and shouting all that could be heard was the tropical breeze. Matt and Jamie looked at each other. Having applied a high grade sun block over their entire bodies earlier in the day, they didn't need to say a word. Rather, they wildly threw their clothing aside, grabbed beach towels and a backpack of essentials, and raced down the slope to the water. They had been waiting for this minute since arriving on Baromos. Wrong! They had been waiting for this minute since tracking

gorillas through the mud in rain forests! Fortunately, it was everything they expected it would be.

They enjoyed swimming and playing in the clear tropical water for a good half hour before Matt insisted that come out for a bit and replace the water-resistant sun block. Jamie quickly decided that Matt's hands roving into every nook and corner of his body felt even better than the ice cold sodas! Matt's comparison was between the sheer beauty of their surroundings on that deserted beach and the glorious body of the boy to which his hands ministered. (His boy's body won hands down.) For another couple of hours, they played, swam, soaked up the sun, and came back for more of each.

It was the big redhead who finally stirred lazily and drawled to Matt, "Hey, dad, I've got to see it. Interested?" Not having been privy to his thought waves, Matt promptly growled, "Define 'that'!" "Oh," said Jamie good naturedly, "the hostess said that there was some kind of festival down at the village this afternoon. One of the events is supposed to be camel racing. Wouldn't you like to see THAT?" "Camels?" Matt exclaimed, derision in his voice. "They're supposed to be among the most unpleasant beasts on earth. They spit! Who'd go to see them do anything?" "D-A-D!" his boy yelled, realizing full well the game being played. With that he spilled some of his last ice cold Coke right on Dad's butt! Naturally, this brought Matt into action, chasing the redhead one up the sandy slope towards the lodge - which, after all, was what Jamie wanted in the first place! Matt caught him in the outdoor shower, but that was a little late. (At least he was able to remove the effects of the Coke attack!) Soon enough, they had dressed and trudged over to the hotel where they checked out a vehicle.

They had not come through this relatively small village on the way to the resort. Fortunately, it was very pleasant, and the inhabitants were exceptionally friendly. Evidently, they didn't see many foreigners in this distant settlement, for they crowded around. Maybe it was just that Jamie's red hair was something of a beacon in a dark-haired crowd! Matt would have been delighted had he not sensed eyes observing them since they arrived in the village. He was too experienced a former Marine to ignore the warning. In any case, they were escorted to the festival, plied with dates, halvah (a sugary confection beloved throughout the eastern Mediterranean as well as the Near East and Central Asia), and a fine coffee flavored with cardamon. Despite the large number of people who had come from all over Eleutherion, as well as several neighboring islands, they also had excellent seats for the camel racing. Jamie couldn't believe how fast they could run - 40 mph in short bursts. Fortunately, he was far too large and heavy, for the locals to insist that he have a go at it. On the way back, they drove closer to the water. The Sultanate just about got a new immigrant when the redhead one saw teens and young men windsurfing off the town docks!

(Loosening the Gordian Knot)

The evening was lovely, the foot excellent, and the next day more of the same. Both young men felt that it was a glorious way to end a vacation. Besides, both Matt and Jamie - the latter of whom had some problems in this area - had magnificent tans that

would be envied when they returned to the Chesapeake Country. Perhaps it was this general feeling of satisfaction that led to Matt's being so surprised when Jamie suddenly took off after supper. (Yes, he had been a little "off" all day, but it's natural for teens to have moods and one can't always be overreacting.) When it started to get dark, however, Matt went looking for him. Actually, he wasn't that far away...a little closer to the hotel, sitting on a berm of sand close to the water, staring at the indescribable colors of the fast-paling tropical sunset. Matt noticed that his face was resting on knees drawn up tightly in front of him...and that he appeared to be sobbing.

Though he wore no more clothing than did the boy, Matt sat down beside him and threw an arm across his back. "Mind if I sit down, son?" "Nah..." "Can I help?" "Nah..." The boy only cried louder...as if something were really wrong. A spark of jealousy igniting in the back of his mind, Matt asked sharply, "Did something go wrong last night? Did Ahmad go further than you wanted to go. He didn't hurt you, did he?" Jamie shrugged off the arm that had been around his shoulders. In a voice that did not hide his exasperation, Jamie exclaimed sharply, "No, Dad, he did nothing wrong. Not one thing... As a matter of fact, it was pretty damned good sex! What's up?" he asked with a fair measure of sarcasm.

"What's up?" Matt repeated. "I'm concerned about you and, though I know it's none of my damned business, I'd like to know what's bugging you." "I'm not at all sure, Dad, that you really want to know," the boy said sulkily, rising to his feet. "Try me," his father said quietly. "Ok," the redhead replied. "You asked for it; you've got it. I'm tired of never having anything but the physical side of sex. That was true in New York; it's true now...right now. It's made even worse by LIVING with the one person - SITTING NEXT TO the one person - with whom I'm completely in love...and always will be! Sultan Ahmad didn't help much; my hand doesn't help much anymore. I feel like I'm always crying inside and I'm really strung out. I'm always hard. I can't stand it and don't have Idea One about which way to turn!"

At that very instant, the hotel blazed with lights and brilliant lights came on all up and down the beach on the line where trees met the sand. It was as bright as day! As if in a dream...a nightmare...Matt saw a white-clad figure running down the wide stone steps of the closed hotel and then racing towards them, wildly waving a large pistol. As he got off his first shot, Matt dragged Jamie down onto the sand, trying to cover him with his body. Suddenly, a single shot rang out, a shot obviously fired from a much heavier weapon than that carried by the man in white. Illuminated by the light behind him, blood, bits of bone, and tissue sprayed into the air. He dropped onto the sand and didn't move. "Stay where you are!" a voice commanded. Matt could see a soldier dressed in camo fatigues and carrying a heavy rifle moving cautiously towards them. When he had made sure that the intruder was dead, he waved them over. "Do either of you recognize this man?" he asked in a professional tone of voice. Matt's heart sank, for the dead man was the man he had met in the bar in Zanzibar only two nights ago. It was all over in half an hour when the Captain waved the ambulance on its way, saluted, and turned to go. Minutes later, every light - the lights in the hotel, as well as up and down the beach - was extinguished.

Side by side, Matt and Jamie turned back towards their lodge, walking where the waves had firmed the sand. The boy only made it about half way, first dropping to his knees and then toppling over onto the sand. When Matt knelt down to gather him into his arms, the lad threw his arms around his neck and wailed, "D-a-a-d!" His face showing extreme strain, Matt simply fell down beside him on the sand. As the incoming tide reached their feet and then began to flow between their naked bodies, Matt turned on his side towards Jamie, pulling the boy's chest into his. For long minutes, faces rubbed against faces, chests touched chests, and muscular thighs strained together. "D-a...?" Jamie tried to speak, but he couldn't finish as his mouth was covered by Matt's. Insistently, Matt's tongue demanded entrance. When it was granted, neither the questions nor the answers needed words to be understood. Body to body, mouth to mouth, the union was unbroken until a great wave broke over them that left them choking and coughing. Like two prehistoric amphibians, they worked their bodies up the sand a few feet until they could resume their lovemaking. A second wave only increased their frustration. Matt finally snarled, "I love you, boy, I want you, and I'm going to have you. I'd take you here, but I think we'd be picking sand out of our butts for a month. Want to be civilized and go up to our beds in the lodge?" When Jamie grinned and rose to his knees, Matt thanked the gods that reason still prevailed and began rising to his feet. He never realized that Jamie had only been coiling to strike until he was tackled with terrific force. Stumbling backwards, he landed in the water. Believe that the next few minutes resembled nothing other than two alpha crocs fighting for supremacy on the banks of the Blue Nile!

Streaked with the sand and foam from the waves that kept rising over them, their tanned bodies turned over and over in the shallows as they fought for...love? ...the right to fuck the other? ...bragging rights? (Who knows? While the female of the species may go bonkers once a month, fairness requires we admit that male sexual behavior itself is not always completely rational! <grin>) Matt couldn't believe how strong Jamie had grown over the past year. In fact, he spent quite a bit of time on his back looking up at the panting throwback to a Spartan warrior whose heavy thighs and arms, muscular torso, and rock-hard mega-equipment towered over him. Finally, he'd had enough of this round. Looking up at his grinning love, he held up his hand and said, "That's it. Do your worst, James." (Had he said "Jamie", the lad might have forgiven him. "James?" Never!) Standing over him, the big teen snarled (no other verb is accurate), hoisted Matt onto his shoulders, carted him up the slope, dropped him on his bed, and had his way with him. Surely, every reader understands that Matt enjoyed every minute of it - and could undoubtedly have mounted a far more vigorous defense...had he chosen to! It should also be added that other than for changing positions and taking a couple of breaks to change some sandy sheets and use the outside shower, this behavior went on for most of the night. In fact, light was showing in the eastern sky before they fell into an exhausted - but very satisfied - sleep.

The Sultan arrived by helicopter around ten in the morning, hurried the blurry eyed ones into the shower, fed and watered them at the palace, and managed to roll them onto one of his jets. It would take them to Dar es Salaam where they would board the next leg of their return flight to the good old U.S.A. They agreed emphatically that they really

owed both Ken Porter and the Sultan, for it had been a near unbelievable vacation! In fact, they discussed how they might thank them appropriately - when, that is, they weren't making out under a blanket...or slinking to the lavatory where they worked on establishing their credentials in the Mile High Club!

(To Be Continued)