

JAMIE WRESTON - 15

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This story contains descriptions of sexual contact between males, both adults and teenagers. As such, it is homoerotic fiction designed for the personal enjoyment of legal, hopefully mature, adults. If you are not of legal age to read such material, if those in power and/or those whom you trust treat it as illegal, or if it would create unresolvable moral dilemmas in your life, please leave. Finally, remember that maturity generally demands safe sex.

CHAPTER 15

(Revisiting Chapter 14)

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!

(Continuing Our Story: "Home Is the Sailor, Home from the Sea")

It's always surprising the difference that a few weeks can make. Several weeks ago, Jamie returned home with many fears and doubts. He knew he had reached a dead end in the search he instituted by running away from home. Yes, he knew more about the sexual being into whom he was growing, but he feared the next steps. Then, too, what had he thrown away by running away from home? ...the chance that Matt Weston might formally adopt him? ...Matt's love and confidence? ...the modicum of security available in the adolescent's unstable world? Apart from his fears about Matt's welcome, he wondered how he could possibly return to an area where his choices had resulted in scandal and severe damage to others, as well as self.

Following his brief sojourn in East Africa, Jamie returned to the old brick house in Anne's Harbor in a considerably different situation. First and foremost, of course, his

relationship with the most important person in his world had been clarified and strengthened. Secondly, while defining his sexual self was still fraught with fears, he now discerned a way ahead...and a companion and helpmate on that road if he but proceeded with love and understanding. Finally, the way was now cleared for assessing the damage that he had done to his life and determining how best to minimize it in realizing his potential. It had been a great trip!

(Stonewalling It)

So many decisions faced both Matt and Jamie when they returned to Anne's Harbor in mid July. Matt, for instance, had still not decided whether he would return to the College and continue to live on the Bay. If it meant that he could not keep Jamie in his life... Jamie had yet to face whether he could possibly return to his high school, given the scandal that had exploded slightly less than a year ago. Still buoyed by the events of the trip, he was able to choose action (however indirect in relation to the problem) rather than falling back into depression. Fortunately, in terms of all that followed, "one small step" is often enough.

Matt had just returned home after attending a conference at the College when Jamie cornered him. "Dad," he began, "I really don't want to lose the momentum I've gained in building my body. I've got most of my height, but what gets hung on it is pretty much up to me. The house is u-shaped with a one-floor middle wing holding the pool and its facilities. Would you consider expanding the middle wing to allow a small gym and, perhaps, a sauna?" "I surely think it's possible, son," his father answered, "though there are a few problems." "Such as?" Jamie asked. "Well, for one, Ken Porter surely took care of all the major expenses for our trip to East Africa. Nevertheless, I've been going over the bills and, frankly, we spent a frightening amount of money ourselves. Secondly, when I talked with the couple who sold me the house, they told me about having put the pool in the year before. It seems that their greatest expense lay in removing a section of the stone ledge that underlies a good portion of this area. Given the house that had been around for 60 some odd years and town restrictions, they couldn't just blast it out. The price of bringing in equipment to crush and remove it, plus providing for a fair amount of human labor, was, evidently, just this side of staggering."

The redhead scratched his head and came up with an interesting solution. He wanted to continue building his strength, but, frankly, he was already s-t-r-o-n-g for a 15 year old. (Remembering their "contest" on the beach outside the lodge on Eleutherion, Matt couldn't argue with that one!) He had no desire to play around during the remainder of the summer. What if he were MANUALLY to remove enough of the ledge to allow the pool wing to be enlarged? PLENTY (!) of exercise plus a major saving," he grinned, obviously quite proud of himself. 'Why not?' Matt thought. 'It would remove a major expense - and it just might keep him out of trouble!' "Check it out!" he exclaimed, swatting at the redhead one with the newspaper before heading out to the kitchen.

Check it out he surely did! Armed with a permit from the Town office, a pickax, a crowbar, a wheelbarrow, a pair of abbreviated cutoffs, and a pair of work boots, he had

at it. There was little question about his actually enjoying two full weeks of backbreaking manual labor...and even less about Matt's enjoying it just as much, if not more! The elder Wrexton found the sight of sweat pouring down his boy's body to be superior to viewing the waterfalls in Oregon or even in Yosemite. Ordered inside for a brief "break," the feeling and smell of the lad's sweaty muscles, fast expanding, brought him to the very brink even before Jamie smirkingly dropped his cutoffs! Indeed, he had to learn to be quite judicious in calling the breaks. On several occasions, for instance, their bodies twisted on Matt's reading chair so long that neither of them got any work done during the afternoon. In fact, they missed supper twice and had to settle for mid evening peanut butter sandwiches! It was also true that Matt did not want to cause problems with anyone stopping by the house to see Jamie. On arriving home one afternoon, for instance, he found that Dylan Smith had stopped by and was sitting up against the house, talking with Jamie who continued swinging the pickax. When the redhead noticed him as he walked into the construction area, he called out, "Hey, Dad, you remember my friend, Dylan Smith." Letting bygones be bygones, Matt extended his hand, welcomed Dylan and, a bit later, carried some lemonade and cookies out to the boys.

During the first week in August, after a heavy truck had loaded and removed several piles of rock, Jamie was fully ready to get involved in pouring a concrete foundation for the gym addition. Matt discouraged that idea, calling in a trusted contractor who handled both the foundation and construction. It was also the case, that his connections virtually eliminated problems in securing necessary Town permits. In this case, Jamie was not disturbed. In fact, he approved the idea when Matt openly outlined the many decisions that they had to make about their fall activities. It helped, of course, that Matt argued they were THEIR decisions and he damned well wasn't about to make them unilaterally.

Only two or three nights later, Matt invited his boy into the library after supper had been cleaned up to talk about some of these decisions. "Those chops were great, dad," Jamie mumbled nervously, for perhaps the fourth time, as he entered the room. "Any chance that you'd work on my back for a bit as we talk?" When Matt nodded fondly, his redhead carefully closed the drapes, removed his T-shirt, and settled down on the couch, his head and upper shoulders on his father's lap. 'Lawdy,' Matt thought, 'that ledge really did things to his upper body. Wow...' Jamie groaned appreciatively as his father's fingers began to work their magic on his forearms and then his triceps. "Tell you what I'd really like to do, son. I'd like for each of us to put the really tough issues on the table and then allow each of us say what he really thinks. You know...the way you did that night when you said if I really wanted to hear what you thought, I could...though I might not like it. For that matter, I think you told me what you thought in front of our lodge later that night...even though not too many words were spoken. It took that to crack through the wall of fear between us. I have to tell you, Jamie that I've never been more proud of the way you stood up for yourself...and for us." Matt paused for a minute or two when he noticed that the skin on the back of the boy's neck and on his shoulders had turned a fairly vibrant pink. "I love you so, dad," Jamie finally said. Then, as if somewhat embarrassed, he added, "Oh, God, that feels good! Work on the delts and

traps?" (Pause.) "Oh yeah..." (Pause.) "It's not easy for me to talk to you like that, Dad, but I'll try." (Pause.) He swallowed noisily and asked, "Do you know how scared I am to go back to Anne's Harbor High?" "It's ok to be scared, son," Matt murmured. "I'm pretty uncomfortable thinking about staying at the College." Jamie pushed up a bit on his arms, shook his head, and muttered, "Yeah...and it's MY fault!" Matt promptly slapped him hard on the butt and pushed him back down on his lap. "Enough of that, lover! It wasn't ALL your fault - and the part that was was forgiven a long time ago. Let's shove the guilt off to the side and emphasize honesty and what we can DO about our problems, ok?"

"Ok, dad," the redhead replied. "Dylan says that I have to remember that things were done to me. The fact that five men are in Maryland prisons tonight proves who was responsible. I ought to come back with my head held high and tell anyone who doesn't like it to lump it!" "Some truth in that, yes?" Matt asked. "Some, yes," Jamie replied, "but not all. The psychiatrist helped me to see that what I did with them when I was drugged was not my responsibility. Fact is, though, most people at Harbor High believe I did things with Craig Bristol. I DID do them, and most of the time I wasn't drugged! That doesn't go over too well in Anne's Harbor!" "I wonder if it's any of their damned business!" Matt growled. "It isn't, but that doesn't help much," the redheaded one replied sadly. "Oh yeah! Right there, dad! Oh, MAN..." he yelped, squirming as Matt's fingers worked their way into his flaring lats

"So maybe we have a slightly different problem," Matt continued. "That is, how do we weaken a negative perception whether or not it's correct or incorrect?" (Pause.) "You mean, how do I get them to think less about my being gay than whether it's right or wrong" "Something like that," Matt replied. The youngster grunted happily as Matt began to work his thumb into the thick muscles that lined his spine. "Look at it this way. In which situation will the views of others be more negative and, perhaps, more destructive: when you run away, but your paths cross some years later...or when you stick it out right there, playing football, maybe adding a little wrestling, being the nice guy that you've always been, maybe letting one guy and then another argue that you had it done to you - and the others ought to give you a fair chance?" (Pause.) "Dear God, Jamie, how have you kept a 32" waist when your torso has developed the way it has?" The boy giggled, suggested that maybe Matt hadn't fed him enough, and then asked, "Mind going a little lower tonight?" "Nope," his dad replied. With that, the lad reached underneath, undid the snap on his cutoffs and pulled the zipper down. Lifting himself up on his muscular arms and spreading his legs just a bit, he panted, "Pull 'em down, dad?" Pulling the cutoffs off the boy's legs and throwing them over onto a chair, Matt sat back for a minute and beheld the beauty in front of him. There wasn't an ounce of fat on the youth. Even the gods couldn't have improved on his magnificent buttocks - and his boy had kept himself shaved which he loved. Further, that portion of the reddened sack and the heavy balls that pushed out between his muscled thighs - not to speak of the rising and uniquely personal scent of perspiration and musk...of Jamie...his beloved - just about sent him over the edge. Jamie giggled and snickered, "Got yah!" Matt slapped him sharply and glared in the loud "OUCH!" that ensued. (He also promptly kissed it and "made it all better!")

"Well, what do you think, butthead?" Matt pressed. "Which way of handling things looks best? Or, if you insist, which way seems to promise less pain and danger?" After pausing and sighing deeply, Jamie said, "I think I'm willing to try going back, dad." "What about you? What about the College?" "Well, Big Red," Matt answered somewhat flippantly, "I did have a nice slot identified up in Pennsylvania. Nice place...nice people... If, however, you think I'm going to go up there and leave you here, you've got another think comin'!"

The big redhead guffawed and slowly...very slowly and very sensually...turned over.

(To Be Continued)