

## **JAMIE WRESTON - 13**

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### **CHAPTER 13**

#### **(Revisiting Chapter 12)**

Matt spoke hesitatingly. "Sir, I hardly know how to say this, but I know that I must. The boy is everything to me...my life, my honor, my dreams, my fears. I trust that you will treat him with the same care and respect that you would afford Ken Porter...or me." "I accept the obligation, Professor Wreston," the Sultan answered gravely. "Believe that I shall return him by mid-morning happy and well. At that time, we shall all travel to the special spot that I mentioned earlier. Other than for a very small staff to attend to your needs, the two of you will be alone in Paradise for as long as you are able to honor us with your presence."

#### **(Continuing Our Story: A Troubled Destination)**

For perhaps the first time since he had deplaned at Entebbe in Uganda, Jamie actually felt COOL as the powerful speedboat cut through the dark waters. Other than for a small patrol boat that followed them at some distance, they were alone on the water. "May I ask what the trouble is at the fort, sir?" Jamie inquired. "Yes, my boy," the Sultan yelled, trying to be heard above the sounds of the wind and the great marine diesel that was driving them at more than 60 mph. "A young woman was murdered there earlier this evening. Normally, the police would have handled this without recourse to me. Unfortunately, the fort built long ago has a terrible reputation among the people. Years of education have not markedly changed their belief that it is haunted by evil spirits. Moreover, winged 'jinn' were seen above the battlements by three citizens who were in different locations. The fact that these devils who antagonize human beings are powerful spirits is what resulted in my being called As the Sultan, the absolute ruler, I

also have limited spiritual powers...and obligations. My people have said that they need me - and the police have agreed that the situation must be cooled down before their investigation can proceed. "Wow," Jamie muttered to himself. "What an adventure!"

They landed on Ilha de Fortaleza [Fortress Island] within a half hour and were driven to the old fort itself. "Kinda scary," Jamie contributed as they walked through brush and vegetation over to the rambling stone structure that stood on the edge of a cliff overlooking the ocean. "Yes," the Sultan said. "No one knows who began the fort, by the way, although many people have added to it...the Portuguese, the Omani Arabs, even the English. Don't lose that bundle of sticks and greens, Jamie. I'll be using it." "Yes, sir," the lad answered. As they reached the main entrance to the fortress, they encountered a crowd of island inhabitants who were being restrained by police. "It's the same old story," the Police captain said to the Sultan. "They want to get inside and burn it down to evict the 'shayateen' [the people-hating jinn]." "Let's see what I can do," the Sultan murmured and climbed up on one of the police vehicles. For nearly fifteen minutes, he talked with his countrymen, promising that he would restore peace in the area before returning home. Jamie was amazed. The people simply touched his clothing, kissed his hand, and knelt before him in tears. Then they went home! For another half hour, their absolute leader walked around the fortress with the bundle of sticks and plants he had brought from Baromos. When lit, it gave off great clouds of herbal-smelling smoke that even the American lad found calming. Finally, Ahmad held out his hand to Jamie, saying, "Come. The spirits are at peace. Now we must join them." With that, the two solitary figures entered the gate and disappeared into the dark ruins.

### **(The Hall of the Kings)**

As they reached the interior of the fortress, Jamie saw that little remained other than tumbled, fire-blackened stone. The Great Hall and the numerous storerooms, for instance, were almost totally destroyed. His hand firmly grasping the boy's shoulder, Ahmad directed the youngster to a corner of an inner courtyard where an entrance could be faintly discerned in the ruins. As they approached, large groups of fruit bats were disturbed. Loudly voicing their displeasure, the creatures (their thick, dark brown fur contrasting with the golden hair on their head, neck, and shoulders) exploded into the air. With wingspans of approximately three feet, Jamie found the scene to be straight out of a Hollywood vampire flick! "A natural explanation for our winged shayateen, yes?" the Sultan murmured. "Yeah..." Jamie answered bravely, his teeth chattering. Entering through the gate into a short passage, the Sultan proceeded only a few feet before pushing against the remnants of a massive wooden door. Though its ancient hinges protested, the battered portal slowly opened. The redhead had to rub his eyes to make sure he was seeing what was really there! A medium-sized stone hall in an excellent state of preservation lay before him. True, many of the plaques and animal heads that had been mounted on the walls over time had deteriorated and crumbled onto the floor, but that didn't affect the structure's stability. Several great chairs and tables were scattered about the room, now warm in the bright light of a fire. In one corner, a rough, but comfortable-looking bed stood, its covers thrown back

invitingly.

The Sultan dropped his hand to the youngster's butt, gently propelling him into the room. "Welcome to 'The Hall of the Kings'," he murmured, a laugh not too far back in his throat. Let us consider ourselves fortunate that the police provide for my comfort when I am forced to come over here to soothe the people. Slumping into a large leather chair, his host held out his arms, inviting Jamie to approach. Smiling slightly, the redhead accepted the invitation, facing him as he straddled the Sultan's thighs. "You thought I was going to feed you to the jinn, yes?" the powerful figure laughed uproariously. Reaching into an inner pocket and popping a sweet into the boy's mouth, he chortled, "I'd rather feed you these - and, perhaps, a bit more." His hands left the youth's hips and began caressing the portion of his powerful thighs not covered by his cargo shorts. Gradually, his fingertips found their way underneath the hem of the sturdy garment, sought more of the lad's flesh, and then abruptly withdrew. Moaning lightly, Jamie took one of the Sultan's hands that had just cupped his face, bringing it to his lips and smothering it in kisses. "Ah, my beautiful, beautiful lad," the Sultan crooned as he sensually fondled Jamie's lips, cheek, and hair before moving to the top button of his shirt. Deftly unbuttoning it, his fingers returned to the underside of the lad's thick neck now thrust back in growing arousal and thence to his lips. Lightly tapping on the redhead's lush lips until they opened and let him in, the finger explored the boy's mouth as if laying claim to it. "Suck!" Ahmad commanded. With a moan, Jamie vigorously complied. Noting that the youngster's cargo shorts were now heavily tented, the master returned to the lad's shirt, unbuttoning the remaining buttons and opening it wide. Removing the dripping finger from Jamie's mouth, the Sultan brought it down to the boy's nips. As he squeezed them this way and that, Jamie began to groan in heavy arousal and twist on the Sultan's thighs. The finger quickly undid the top button of his shorts and probed the taut flesh thus exposed. With a voice that held no softness, the Sultan growled, "Get up, remove these rags, and dance for me! Now!"

Already caught up in a fog of passion, barely aware of what he was doing, the magnificent body of the young athlete worked its way off the Sultan's thighs. His long scrotum and massive cock delayed him for a moment, but he quickly freed himself and stepped back down onto the floor. As an Arab melody seemed to engulf them both, the impassioned youth tore the shirt and shorts from his flesh and began twisting and turning erotically. Slowly, the Sultan removed his own clothing as he watched the flickering firelight turn the lad's flesh into molten lava that entered his own veins. Sitting on the edge of the chair, his legs spread wide, his hands guided Jamie backwards until the lad slowly impaled himself on his hard, enormously distended shaft. The time was long past for delicate cocksmanhood. Thrusting hard but three or four times as he forcefully jacked the boy's rock-like shaft, the Sultan felt both their bodies stiffen until they resembled steel girders. Within seconds, their screams seemed to shake the very walls. As the lad's cock spewed cum in every direction, his mighty outpouring was propelled deep into Jamie's bowels. Minutes passed before the Sultan exhaled, relaxed his heavy arms that had held the spasming boy against his body, and nibbled lightly on the warm flesh at the junction of lad's neck and shoulders. "You are alright, my boy?" he asked solicitously. "No, Sire" Jamie answered, "I think I've died and gone to Paradise. Oh, but what a way to go..."

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.

(To Be Continued)