JAMIE WRESTON - 17

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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 17

(Revisiting Chapter 16)

As written earlier, it was a great year from start to finish: High School All-America recognition in football (rare for a junior) and the Captaincy of his wrestling team plus All-League recognition. That plus his 3.87 academic record set off a flurry of publicity requests. Fine examples of Brennon's work appeared on several teen and sport magazine covers. Jamie also traveled to New York for two clothing shoots. Two national firms that specialized in clothing the young male weren't about to ignore his potential. (It even led to several porn feelers that he promptly rejected!)

(Continuing Our Story: Deep into the Balkans)

Early in the spring, Jamie also received one more exciting invitation. Namely, the soon to be seventeen year old was one of fifteen foreign models invited to attend a prestigious summer international photo shoot in Constanta, Romania. Due to his age, an adult escort would be provided whenever needed. Nothing could have pleased Matt more. Not only was he happy for Jamie, but he had hoped for some years to visit the historic homeland of his family in Transylvania - or, as they called it, *Siebenbuergen* [Seven Castles or Citadels]. Here was the historic homeland of the ethnic Germans who had settled in the inner elbow of the Transylvanian Alps where they built seven great fortified towns and a distinctive culture during the middle ages. They would fly to Bucharest where Jamie would leave with a chaperone for Constanta on the Black Sea. (The International Photo Committee had agreed to everything Matt wanted. They

would, for example, make travel arrangements for him to rejoin his father at the conclusion of the shoot.) Matt would immediately travel northwest into Siebenbuergen from the Romanian capital.

The overnight flight from Washington to the great European air hub at Frankfurt was long, but both Matt and Jamie were so psyched that they scarcely noticed it. Nor did they notice the two hours that they had to wait at Frankfurt before boarding the great Skybus that would carry them deep into the Balkans. After meeting and chatting with Jamie's chaperone in Bucharest and seeing them off at the train station, Matt set about fulfilling his dream of many years.

(Marburg)

'Twas a glorious June afternoon in the small Transylvanian town of Marburg. 'Oh, the Romanians call it something else these days', Matt Wreston thought, 'but when his forefathers from western Germany had settled it centuries ago, that was its name'. Sniffing the scent of flowers that wafted across the town square, the well-built young American professor sipped a local wine and decided anew that the trip back to his roots had been a good idea. Slowly his eyes scanned the medieval buildings that lined the colorful square...until, that is, his gaze was interrupted by a solid, good looking blond midteen who was grinning in his direction. Leaning against a far corner of the iron fence that protected the café, he posed...invitingly.

Grinning back, Matt motioned for the boy to join him. Maybe he could learn more of what was happening in the area. Maybe... The youngster had no sooner entered the outdoor area of the café when the owner intercepted him, grabbed him by the collar and roughly shook him, haranguing him in a language the young man didn't understand... probably the local Romanian patois. Matt walked over to the pair, for, after all, he had been the one who had invited the lad to come over to his table. Red-faced and sweating, the owner turned to the American and said vigorously in broken English, "I'm sorry, sir, but we don't allow these vermin in here! They're thieves and perverts! In the evenings, they've been known to attack my guests on the way home...like a pack of wolves. Forgive me while I boot his butt back to where it belongs...the sewer!" For reasons that he never fully understood, Matt extended his hand to the owner, a hand that partially concealed a folded piece of American currency. When the man had glanced at the bill with eyes that widened, he let the boy go, growling, "If my regular customers see him, young sir, there will be all hell to pay - and I shall have to pay it. You will remove him when you see others approaching, yes?" "Absolutely, sir," Matt replied in English. "In the meantime, you will serve us as if nothing were wrong?" The café owned bowed slightly and returned inside his establishment.

Matt gestured for the lad to return with him to the table. Glancing about fearfully, as if he didn't really understand what had just transpired, the boy followed. He sat down warily on the edge of his chair...like a nervous, beautifully muscled cat that might at any moment spring to its feet and flee for its life! "You would like something to drink,

youngster?" Matt asked in English. The boy looked at him with little if any comprehension. Haltingly, he held his index finger close to his thumb and said, "Little...engleza, Domnule." They were in trouble, Matt thought, for his index finger would press hard into his thumb were he to indicate his command of Romanian! Well, as usual, necessity is the mother of invention! Grasping a glass, he pantomimed drinking, set it down, and pointed at the boy. "Da!" the youth answered happily, a wide grin splitting his handsome face. "Bere?" he asked hopefully.

Calling for the owner, Matt ordered another glass of wine for himself and a soft drink for the boy. When they were delivered, the youngster looked at the soft drink with regret, but shrugged his shoulders, took a long swallow, and smiled his thanks. Now what? the young American thought? (Pause.) Is it possible? Though he hadn't really used the language since leaving his parents' home in Madison, Wisconsin, he said, "Mein Name ist Matt, Matthew Wreston. Und du bist? [and you are?]" "Ich bin Jupp [Yuep], Jupp Becker!" the lad answered enthusiastically. He then launched into a fast-paced monologue in a heavily accented or, perhaps, a dialectical German that Matt could barely understand, a German sprinkled with words that might just as well have been in Swahili!

"Whoa, Jupp!" Matt finally gasped, holding up his hand defensively. "How about another drink?" "Oh, yes, sir," the boy answered. "Perhaps a beer?" (If you don't succeed the first time . . .) When the owner came over to the table, Matt asked when teens were allowed to drink in Romania. "At this hour, sir" the owner replied, "when you pay for it." "Well, then, give us both a good Romanian beer!" Matt ordered. All would have been well if Matt hadn't noticed that Jupp stuck his tongue out as the owner turned away.

The sun on his back felt wonderful; the beer was good; the conversation was fascinating, for Jupp told him much about "Siebenbuergen", the German word for Transylvania, the area of central and northwestern Romania where hundreds of thousands of ethnic Germans had settled since medieval times. Though every now and again, he had to ask Jupp for the meaning of a word, Matt even found that he was having less and less trouble with the boy's accent. More important, perhaps, he was increasingly taken with the spirited young teen - as shiny as a bright golden coin...so like several of the handsome, athletic German-American youngsters with whom he had grown up back home. He was about to tell Jupp why he was in Siebenbuergen, when the lad suddenly stopped his breathless monologue and edged a hand close to Matt's on the table. "Sir...I like you very much," he began haltingly. Naively, Matt didn't understand why he seemed embarrassed and momentarily held his tongue. "I'm free for a couple of hours," the teen continued. "I know a quiet place down by the river...if you like me. It's very private." At that moment a group of perhaps ten or twelve Romanian teens walked by the café, some running sticks along the iron fence. Suddenly, they saw Jupp and came to an abrupt halt. The catcalls, insults, and obscene gestures needed little translation. Matt later wondered what would have happened if the café owner hadn't appeared and with angry shouts begun chasing them down the sidewalk.

The young American turned back towards the German-Romanian youth who had risen and stood silently, his face about as red as a blond's fair flesh can turn, great tears slowly coursing down his cheeks. Then, strangely, as if all the words in his spiel hadn't forced themselves from his mouth, he choked out, "There would be no charge...sir. I like you." The last word leaving his mouth, the lad completely collapsed into tears. Loudly sobbing, he turned and ran out of the outdoor café, blindly crashing into a table and overturning several chairs before he reached the entrance and disappeared.

Matt settled his bill and quickly left for his hotel.

(The Hoffmanns)

Having spent much of the day in sightseeing - topped off by the incident on the square - the young American was weary. Further, he had to go out that evening. He had brought a letter of introduction from his father to a childhood friend (and former Buergermeister [mayor] of Marburg), one Erich Hoffmann. When he had called Herr Hoffmann the day before, he had received a most cordial invitation to dinner. Actually, he much looked forward to it. Besides, he had time for a nap, a nice shower, and a leisurely walk over to the Hoffmann residence, only fifteen minutes or so away.

Thoroughly refreshed, he tucked the fine box of chocolates that he had purchased in the Duty-free shop at the Frankfurt airport under his arm, and made his way down to the Concierge's desk in the lobby. Assured that there was no problem in walking over to the Hoffmann residence at this early hour - but that he might "consider" taking a taxi on his return trip - he set out blithely in the lovely early summer air. Within minutes, he stood before a fine townhouse in Marburg's extensive "Old Town".

Greeted personally by Herr Hoffmann, he couldn't believe how comfortable he immediately felt in the older man's presence. As a matter of fact, there seemed to be little difference between greeting him and greeting his father, with whom he had always had a wonderful relationship. Frau Hoffmann joined them as her husband guided him into the living room - and was properly delighted by the fine Belgian chocolates. When the old gentleman returned from the sideboard, he offered both Matt and his lovely wife small crystal glasses filled with a liquid, colorless save for the lightest golden cast. "This was laid down when your father was still here, Herr Wreston," he said proudly. Lifting his glass, he smiled graciously, murmured "Zum Wohl," and swallowed the liquid in one smooth motion. Matt immediately followed suite, quickly relaxing when he found that neither his teeth nor his tongue had melted. (The young man had already learned that aperitifs in this part of the world could be downright dangerous!)

"You must meet two young grandchildren who are staying with us while their parents establish themselves in Germany," Hoffmann said, placing his aperitif glass on a small silver tray. "If they don't rejoin their parents before we leave for Germany in the late summer, they will return with us. Ah, yes, here is the first of our little menagerie. Dieter, please join us." A very cute ten-year-old quietly entered the room and went over to his

grandfather. (Clearly, the rules governing the behavior of the young in the traditional German household were more formal than in the States!) "Dieter, this is Herr Professor Wreston from America. He is the son of a man who was my best friend when I was your age." "Herr Professor Wreston," the youth said formally, bowing stiffly and then extending his hand. "I am honored to meet you, sir." Matt grinned as he shook hands and lightly touched the lad's auburn locks. All was right with the world! The boy's manners might have been formal, but those eyes said that he was as mischievous as any ten year old the planet over! His back momentarily turned towards his grandparents, he looked up into Matt's eyes, grinned wickedly, and whispered, "Hi!" in perfect American English. (Evidently, TV had bridged the miles once again!)

"And now, you must meet my second 'boarder'," Herr Hoffmann continued in high good humor. "Josef, fourteen next week, is our resident footballer, as well as a promising scholar." After a slight pause, the sound of approaching footsteps was heard. Just before his head of brilliant golden hair became visible to those in the living room, Dieter piped up, "He likes to be called 'Jupp'..." A withering look from Großpapa froze the lad's tongue in mid syllable. A look of polite greeting pasted on his handsome face, Jupp took one step into the living room, saw Matt, and froze...far more rigidly than Dieter's tongue! Near simultaneously, the youth's jaw dropped, his fair skin took on the color of blood, and wide wet stripes worked their way down the inner legs of his trousers. Slowly he crumpled to the floor and lay, half conscious, softly whimpering.

His grandfather immediately went to him, but seemed to have little effect on the youth's condition. When his grandmother began weeping and seemed unsteady on her feet, the old man rose on one knee, looked at her with great concern, and wondered aloud whether he should call an ambulance. At this point, Matt walked over to him and asked his host if he might work with Jupp for a few minutes before an ambulance was called. Receiving his permission, he lifted the heavy youth into his arms before speaking to Dieter in a very directive tone of voice. He was asked to walk ahead of him and open the door to Jupp's bedroom. Once in the room, he held the youth upright while he had Dieter remove his shoes, unbuckle his belt, and slide his pants down and off his legs. (The auburn-haired one seemed convinced that his cousin's urine would kill him on contact, but he labored on, albeit tentatively.) While Matt lifted Jupp onto the bed, he sent Dieter to the bathroom for a couple of face cloths or small towels soaked in cold water and wrung out. When he returned, he told him to find a couple more, prepare them, and take them to his grandfather.

Removing the blond's shirt, he held him in his arms as he cleaned his face and then rubbed him down with the first cloth. Dieter returned...on the run. Clearly, this was ACTION...and he had to be part of every moment! "Go back to your grandparents, Dieter," Matt commanded firmly. "Tell them that Jupp is recovering nicely and that we'll rejoin them shortly." He wiped his face again...and smoothed out his blond curls with his hand. Looking down at the youth, he suddenly...convulsively...had to swallow. The young athlete was beautiful, his shoulders, torso, and thighs already showing signs of vigorous growth and strength development. His damp undershorts, concealing nothing,

bulged demandingly. He was already more handsome, the young American thought, than any fourteen year old had a right to be.

Matt noticed that the lad's lips and eyelids had begun to quiver. Once again, he wiped his face and then, holding him up against his torso, wiped the sweat from a well muscled back. Suddenly, a pair of bright blue eyes opened...and immediately snapped wide in horror! As Matt lay him back on the pillow, they bored into his very soul. Raspy, near inhuman sounds filled the youth's throat, only gradually coalescing into something more intelligible, including, "Herr Professor Wreston", "sorry", "my grandparents", "so very sorry", "my last chance", "Oh, God, I want to die!" As the pain returned to his mind, tears began to fill his eyes.

Inexplicably, at least from Jupp's standpoint, Matt bent down and kissed him gently on the forehead. "Wha... What was THAT for...s-s-sir?" a very confused young German sputtered. "In the first place, my name is 'Matt' and not 'sir'," the young American answered. "In the second, I just offered to be your friend and told you I wanted you to be mine. Do you understand?" "You don't...hate me?" the youth asked fearfully. The answer came back with the snap of a whip, "No, should I?" "Well, everybody else does...the Germans...the Romanians...my own parents, my sister." With a trace of a whine, the blond added, "Why shouldn't you?" "Enough of that!" Matt said sharply. "My friend would never whine. When he was knocked down, he would get up. When all hell was breaking loose around him, he would stick out his chin and take it! And he would make me proud of him. Want to be my friend, Jupp?" The answer came almost immediately as the boy literally threw himself at Matt, wrapping his thickening arms around him and holding on for dear life.

"You don't think this is going to be easy, do you, Jupp?" Matt asked. "No-o-o, sir...I mean MATT," the youngster answered...just a little fearfully. "Good, 'cause the hard part begins now. Get a dry pair of undershorts and find another shirt and pair of pants. Take a quick shower. As soon as you're dressed, we have a few apologies to offer. I'll be with you all of the way. Can do?" "Jawohl, mein Herr!" ["Yes, sir!"] the grinning blond snapped, stripping his undershorts off where he stood and then racing towards his large armoire. Every part of his body belonged in a museum - and Matt would gladly have volunteered to serve as its curator!

Apologies were made; explanations and assurances were offered. Peace restored, they found that Mitzi, their cook, had even salvaged most of the dinner. The only faux pas - if indeed it was that - occurred when Jupp addressed the young American as "Matt". His grandfather immediately cleared his throat and made ready to reprimand him. Matt quietly observed that a young man of Josef's age might profit from having some older friends to guide him. He also said that he had offered Jupp the privilege of using his first name - if Herr Hoffmann permitted it. The old German thought for a moment, looked at his good wife, smiled and said that he not only permitted it, but also thought it a very good thing. Jupp was radiant; Dieter looked as if he had come upon a particularly strong dill pickle in his Rouladen [a stuffed and rolled steak dish] and accidentally

chewed on it!

In due course, the evening ended. At one point, Herr Hoffmann took his guest aside and said that his father and he had discussed a difficult "problem". Though he knew this was a long awaited "vacation," he wondered if Matt would talk with him privately for a few minutes at his office. Though he wondered what in hell had brought about that long-distance conversation - a conversation that he now suspected had led to the letter of introduction - he agreed cheerfully to meet the old gentleman at eleven o'clock the next morning. Making sure that he first lifted Dieter high into the air and thanked him for serving as his assistant, he was ready to depart when Herr Hoffmann suggested that Jupp accompany him out front and wait for the taxi that had been called.

"I don't know what to say, Herr Matt," the boy whispered. "I guess this is the best thing that has ever happened to me. Know that you can count on me...all the way. I'm going to be the best friend you can possibly imagine!" Seeing the headlights of the taxi turn a corner two streets down, Matt simply threw his arms around the boy. "It's gonna be ok, Jupp," he whispered into his ear. "It's gonna be ok!"

(To Be Continued)