

JAMIE WRESTON - 19

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CHAPTER 19

(Revisiting Chapter 18)

They spotted the big redheaded kid coming up the arrival ramp only a short time after arriving at the airport. Matt felt his heart turn over with joy. He was just opening his arms when he heard a gasp at his side. Turning to Jupp, he noted that the boy stood as if paralyzed. His eyes were glassy; his mouth, slightly open. At the same time, there were definite signs of stirring in his crotch!

(Continuing Our Story: Jamie's Story)

Jupp appeared to have recovered during the night. At least he sat awake and smiling over coffee at the breakfast table as Jamie filled Matt in on the Constanta photo shoot. "Even though it was a 'meat wagon,' it was fun," the redhead laughed. There WERE some top-flight photographers there." Trying hard to act in a mature manner...and still appear cool at the same time...Jupp asked, "What means this 'meat wagon', bro?" Turning directly towards him, Jamie grinned and said, "I like that 'bro' bit, Jupp." Then laughing nervously, he added "'Meat wagon's' a term that refers to the feeling that models can have when they are treated like sexual objects in a shoot rather than professional partners...or even human beings. Neither humanity nor art counts. You feel like a piece of meat being prepared for purchase, the 'asking price' to be determined by your age, your physical condition, and the size of your genitals! It refers to the feeling I had when one fat old guy had the balls to offer me a thousand euros to have sex with him. He didn't want me - he only wanted the sexy object that the photographer had cooked up with his camera! Looking at his dad, he added, "I got rid

of him without a hassle, but one other man was harder to shake. Claiming that he was a good friend and professional associate of both Ned Tyone and Tyson Brennon, he invited me up to his hotel room in the 'Grand' where he fixed me a couple of pretty stiff drinks. I don't think he counted on my seeing him add some powder to the next round of drinks. I was out of there in a flash! Got it, Lil' Bro?" Hardly able to contain his pride in, or lust for, this 'man of the world'...this GOD...who accepted him as his brother, Jupp simply whispered dreamily, "Yes, sir..." Thinking that his boy had at least learned a *few* things up in New York, Matt merely grunted, "Good! I see that you brought a few other things downstairs with you."

"Yeah. I think the best thing about the shoot was the photographers," Jamie continued, pulling three small plastic-bound albums out of his coat pocket. "Maybe none was as good as Brennon, but there were some super artists and they worked their rear ends off. The photo shoot organization helped them to provide us with one really great gift. They worked with the photographers to prepare three small photo albums from our trip for each model, as well as a high quality CD that contains all of our pictures. When possible, they included pictures taken by us and/or our friends.

"The first includes pictures we took (and others took) on our exploration of Constanta, a town built on earlier Greek, Roman, and Byzantine cities, our formal side trips to the beach and to the Danube Delta, as well as new friends. I guess the most interesting place we visited was the Delta, a fantastic area of reeds, waterways, floating platforms of vegetation, and an unbelievable variety of animals, insects, fish, migratory birds, and plants. Get a load of this picture of a swan...and here's another of a floating platform with a small animal topside. That new digital camera made a really great Christmas present, Dad. I think you'll agree that I put it to good use!

"The second album contains copies of pics taken at most of my shoots, plus a few 'specials' from friends' shoots. As you can see, there are clothed and partially clothed shots...and a few 'tasteful' nudes...but the emphasis is always artistic." Laughing, he added that the Director of the Shoot, an Italian, said the second album was developed so that the model could show some shoot pics to his...aunt - without her screaming, hobbling out of the room and, perhaps, having a heart attack. As Jamie finished his spiels, he passed each of the first two albums to his breakfast companions.

"I do believe you have more," Matt laughed. "Oh, sure," Jamie responded. "I received a certificate from the International Committee that records my being the model most requested by the invited photographers. Here...I'll pass it around, too."

"Whew..." Matt whistled softly. "You did your work, Big Guy. Congratulations! Do I see one more album?" Jamie suddenly became deathly silent. In fact, his handsome face paled and blushed intermittently...something like a Christmas light that flickers on and off. He appeared to be deeply embarrassed, even humiliated. "Ah, Dad...and Jupp, I'm not exactly proud of the third album. It might be better if I didn't show it." "What happened, son?" his father asked with concern mounting in his voice. (Pause.) "Son?" Knowing how little "wiggie room" he had available, Jamie decided to face his

problem square on rather than trying to avoid it. "Oh, Dad, I really screwed up. When I went down there, I told myself that I was going to have fun and get some good experience. I also told myself that I *wasn't* going to do any stuff involving hard sex or BDSM. I did three solo shoots with different photographers, one 'story shoot' out in the Danube Delta, and several short 'action shoots' with still other photographers and models. (Pause.) I got excited...and kinda got into what some of the photographers wanted. It was always 'safe', but I'm so ashamed. That stuff can get onto the 'Net and hurt you later on...in school applications, interviews for many jobs, especially those that involve a 'security' factor... with people important to you who have different feelings about the human body or what's in bad taste. I don't know... I just got carried away and, like the idiot I am, I chose the wrong direction."

There was dead silence, broken only when Jupp hesitantly asked, "What's 'BDSM', bro?" Gulping repeatedly, red-faced, Jamie answered "That's short for Bondage and Discipline, Sadism and Masochism - sex that involves control and pain." "How about a 'story shoot'?" Jupp persisted. "Instead of separate pictures that are unrelated in any significant way, the pictures taken together tell a story," Jamie answered in a thoroughly expressionless voice. "One more thing," Lil' Bro asked, "what's an 'action shoot'?" "The pictures involve explicit sex...you know, people doing it," Jamie replied, again without obvious feeling. "Oh, yeah, you have to be at least 18 to model in those situations. Knowing that I had a fake ID in my wallet, I lied to the Committee. That could get them in one hell of a lot of legal trouble, especially with the American porn market or, for that matter, whenever some politician and/or prosecutor wants to make a name for himself as a 'defender of morality'."

"And so, Jamie," his dad asked, "as a result of this, you're also in trouble with yourself, right? And how about the International Photo Shoot Committee that has to certify that all models shown are at least 18 years of age? Do you owe them a letter of apology?" Jamie sat in front of his breakfast plate, his head hanging down, a picture of despair and regret. Had he done it again...and in such a short time? (Long Pause.) Noticing that Jamie had pushed the third album over to the side of the table as his father and he spoke, Jupp quietly cupped it in his hand, pulled it towards him, and concealed it as he thumbed through the pages. "HOLY SHIT!" he erupted at one point, which naturally focused all attention upon himself. Sweating and red of face, he turned one photo towards the others...a full length, frontal photo of Jamie, nude, bound, and hanging upside down in what appeared to be a dungeon. The dramatic lighting still allowed the viewer to appreciate every feature of the athletic neck that bore a metallic slave collar with spikes, his wide shoulders, the proud torso whose pecs were even more prominent in that position. Nor did it conceal the massive genitals that hung below his naval, and the powerful thighs and calves, strangely enhanced by the rivers of sweat that cut down through the layers of dirt covering him.

Jamie looked up at two people very important to him and found himself close to collapse. If possible, the unveiling of Album III had gone even worse than he had anticipated! Nevertheless, he couldn't let the younger boy keep the pics about which he had such mixed feelings. Suddenly a low voice that had to have been heard by

many in the restaurant broke the silence: "JUPP! GIVE THAT ALBUM BACK TO JAMIE NOW! (Pause.) JUPP...!" Stunned by the tone of Matt's voice, Jupp shuddered and rose to return the album. As he stood, however, it was obvious that three elephants and a jackass could sleep in the tent in his pants. Further, when he stood up, he was off balance. In any case, his feet got tangled up and he fell forward against the table. As a glass toppled over and shattered, water spread across the table. With a wild cry, Jupp raced for the men's room.

Matt leaned over towards his son so that he could talk softly. "We can talk later, and we shall, son." He added, "I'm inclined to think that the Album III affair must quickly be laid to rest. As I mentioned to you last night, however, we've got a problem with that loony who has fallen head over heels in love with you. To make matters a bit stickier, Jupp has planned a program for today. Unfortunately, if we don't get out of here pretty soon, the day will be gone. Are you willing to control your anger, go into the lavatory, and get him calmed down? He thinks he lost an opportunity with his grandfather. I don't want him to feel that he's cut himself off from us. "Yeah," whispered Jamie - in truth more than a little relieved personally - and he was off. As long as his father focused on Jupp, he just might come out of this mess alive!

Perhaps fifteen minutes later, two young men returned to the main dining room. Jamie's hand was on the younger lad's shoulder, but they were behaving properly, if seriously embarrassed. The table had been restored to some sort of order, and fresh coffee and pastries were at each place. Stopping by Matt's chair, Jupp bent down, saying in a low voice, "Herr Matt, I am so sorry. I'll try not to act like such a little baby again. All is ok again between Jamie and me. Is it possible that you will accept my apology?" Matt replied immediately, "It's accepted, Jupp. No one expects perfection. That's good because they sure don't get it from me. The best we humans can do, son, is to learn a little each time we fall short of our ideal. "Thank you, Herr Matt," the boy whispered as he slid into his chair. "Really sorry..." he mouthed in Jamie's direction.

"Well," Matt observed, "I guess we could look at the evidence of your work at the photo shoot all day, Jamie. The fact is, however, that Jupp has planned a program for us. Tell us a little about it, son."

(Delights - Urban & Bucolic)

Following a brief travelogue, Jupp led a tour through his hometown, according to him "the prettiest town in Transylvania". "It's one of the largest cities in Romania," he puffed at one point, resting for a moment after climbing a steep flight of stone stairs between the Lower and Upper Cities. "One hundred sixty thousand people live here today... overwhelmingly Romanian. It wasn't always that way. Founded in 1190 by our people, this was the main city of Siebenbuergen. Romanians couldn't even live within the city walls." "What happened?" Jamie asked. Jupp went on to give them a little history lesson, emphasizing the period since the end of World War II.

"Would you believe that Hermannstadt and several other cities in the Siebenbuergen

have German mayors for the first time since the War? In fact, we now hold the majority of seats on the Hermannstadt Council!" "Oh, come on," the big redhead laughed derisively. "How did that ever happen?" "Hey, it wasn't our fault!" Jupp protested. "I guess the Romanians wanted a little German efficiency after seeing years of corruption!" "What goes around comes around," Matt snickered.

Within a very few hours, Jupp led them through his town - the great squares, two of the largest churches, a superb museum, and other buildings in various architectural traditions. They moved down into the Lower City - still little changed...and more like Schaessburg in its medieval feeling - up onto the fortifications and through the labyrinth of passageways and tunnels that connected them. A bit more tired than they cared to admit, they finally sat around a table in one of the Lower City's outdoor cafes as they quaffed tall steins of "Ursus [Bear] Bere", a fine product of the region.

"I know your vacation is coming to a close, Herr Matt and Jamie," Jupp said. I have arranged a little present for you. Two summers ago, when I was still living with my family, I attended a church youth conference up near Klausenburg/Cluj-Napoca northwest of here. Heavy Hungarian tradition... I met a guy, a little older...in his twenties...really interesting, who has a farm in this area. In fact, I spent a few days with him before returning home. Last night, I phoned Wolfgang to say hello. He actually invited us to stop by on our return to Marburg! You've seen our cities - mostly Romanian now; you've seen the remnants of smaller Siebenbuergen towns and fortified churches - mostly deserted now. I'd like you to see something alive...and real...and German before you return home. How about it?"

"That's a super present, Jupp - and we thank you," Matt responded. "How about it, Jamie? Shall we accept?" Jamie's reaction was quick and enthusiastic. "That's great, Lil' Bro! Yeah! No question, Dad!" "Well, guys," Matt said, "the afternoon is moving along. Let's get ourselves together and be off!"

A southeastwardly drive of a little more than an hour from Hermannstadt brought them into a small valley nestled among hills that led to higher mountains. Leaving the main road, great trees, small brooks, and traditional wooden buildings all illuminated by an almost golden light greeted them. Early crops were already growing in many of the beautifully tended fields; planting was going on in others. Small numbers of cattle and goats could be seen, together with some very noisy geese. Matt and Jamie were enchanted. It was a beautiful scene.

Soon Jupp had Matt turn off the paved road onto a well maintained dirt road that passed under great, overarching trees. Perhaps a mile further on, he noted excitedly that they were approaching his friend's property. (Fortunately, Matt continued to pay attention to the road because he had to brake sharply to avoid a gaggle of ducklings who were being led by their mother to a little stream...naturally, on the other side of the road.) Newly plowed and planted fields came into view. Another field, slightly further up a gentle hill, was being planted by two young men. Golden haired and powerfully built...probably in their earlier twenties...they were naked save for shoes and really

minimal cutoffs.

As a slightly older man came out of the barn, they pulled over into an open spot and parked. Exiting the car, they could scarcely believe the hypnotic effect of the warm sun, the sparkling light, and the smell of freshly plowed earth and emerging life. Jupp immediately took off like a shot, hurling himself at the man. The man enveloped him in a bear hug and swung him around in a circle before lowering him to the ground and vigorously ruffling his hair. As they approached, Jupp almost shouted, "This is Wolfgang Reiniger, guys...my friend!" The owner, perhaps twenty-six or twenty-seven, approached, his hand outstretched. Welcome, gentlemen, I'm delighted that you could pay us a visit. "Herr Professor Wreston," he said as he vigorously shook his hand. "It is such a pleasure." Pausing and grasping Jamie's shoulder, he said, "Ah, Jupp was correct. Greetings, Herr Jamie. It is no surprise that you won everything in sight down in Constanta!" With that, he gave a shout and a great overhanded wave, telling his two field hands to come on in. As they loped across the field, Jamie only wished they had been down in Constanta. They would have provided quite an addition to his "story shoot" over in the Danube Delta - and, maybe, in other situations as well! For his part, Hitler's words came unbidden into Matt's mind: "A young German must be as swift as a greyhound, as tough as leather, and as hard as Krupp's steel." Clearly, these young ethnic Germans hadn't lost the look.

"Let me introduce these two young friends to all three of you," Wolfgang smiled. "The 'Brothers Grimm' have been working with me since last summer when the house burned down. Their parents had left for Germany, as mine had several years ago. I could not have kept the farm without their help. This young god," he laughed, throwing his arm around the slightly younger boy's shoulders, is Willi. Don't let his pretty face confuse you. When we return to Germany next year, Wilhelm will enter the university to study architecture. On the other hand," he said, turning to Willi's grinning brother, "this glorious throwback to Adonis is Steffen, one of the most feared wrestlers in all Siebenbuergen. He'll tell you about his plans after supper tonight.

"Finish up for today, boys," Wolfgang said to the two golden haired youngsters. "I'll get our guests situated and pull together an early supper." Turning to Matt and company, he smiled and commented, "The great farmhouse is no more, but we have created a very comfortable living area in one wing of the barn." As the Brothers Grimm moved back into the field and Wolfgang led the way over to the barn, a somewhat disturbed looking Jupp moved close to Jamie.

(To Be Continued)

