

JAMIE WRESTON - 20

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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 20

(Revisiting Chapter 19)

"Finish up for today, boys," Wolfgang said to the two golden haired youngsters. "I'll get our guests situated and pull an early supper together." 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.

(Concluding Our Story: A Special Evening)

"Actually," Wolfgang said, "as he led the group into the great barn, it appears that the fire allowed us to discover the original living quarters on this farm. At least, the date 1758 is scratched onto a stone in one of the three fireplaces. Without a vast amount of work, several neighbors, friends, and I were able to construct three small bedrooms, a limited kitchen, toilet facilities, and this pleasant hall. The barn itself provides storage areas, of course. Come, drop your backpacks anywhere, sit, and allow me to share a special product of the farm. By the way, the facilities are through that door. Don't go too far or you'll be back in the barn. The party found itself in a good-sized room whose walls were more of stone than wood. Several old Turkish carpets were on the floor; comfortable chairs faced a large fireplace that had been equipped with a new wooden mantel. The head of an enormous black bear surveyed the room from the wall above. A small fire served to remove the dampness in the air. Over on one side of the room,

they noticed a large table with chairs and several chests.

Almost before they had time to become comfortable, their host returned with a large flask. Even Jamie (who had never been an aficionado) found the local wine to be delicious. "Forgive me," he said, "for coming in and out. Dinner will be ready in a half hour or so." It wasn't long before Steffen and Willi joined the gathering. From the looks on their faces, Matt gathered that his boys strongly regretted their having showered and dressed! In any case, the chairs were most comfortable, the conversation was delightful, and the wine was considerably stronger than it tasted. Before they knew it, Wolfgang was calling them to the table for a superb dinner of sauerbraten, potatoes, fresh farm vegetables, freshly baked bread and, naturally, more wine! Fresh berries with cream topped off a veritable feast.

Afterwards, full as ticks, they sprawled in chairs and on the carpet as the long summer twilight faded outside. When he had finally caught his breath, Matt finally said, "Herr Reiniger, I believe you said that you were returning to Germany next year. Did I hear correctly?" "Yes, Herr Professor Wreton," Wolfgang replied, "I shall be leaving...and taking Willi with me." (Out of the corner of his eye, Matt again caught a sad look on Jupp's face.) "I regret it," their host continued, "but this young man has far too much promise to die unrecognized among a people who have no great love for us. I, too, have had enough, for most of my friends have already left...and most of the rest are planning to do so. Soon 'Siebenbuergen' will be nothing more than a word in Romanian tourist literature."

"And what of you, Steffen?" Matt asked. "I don't intend to leave my land," the powerful blond athlete said with conviction. "As a last resort, I'll even become a Romanian! Herr Wolfgang will sell the farm to me for the money I have, and I'll send more each year until it is completely mine. Two of my friends will join me. The Romanian government has said officially that Germans who wish to stay will be able to retain title to their land. If they do so, they will be treating us better than we have treated them over the centuries, but a man must hope." "Yes," replied Matt, "he must. I hope that your courage will be rewarded."

The wine kept flowing; the stories continued. Wolfgang and Steffen, for instance, had relatives who fought with the Luftwaffe in the Russian campaign. (**Author's Note:** Ethnic Germans were inducted into the German Armed Forces rather than those of the allied country.) Matt told the true story of a Siebenbuergen family that had developed a new life in a northern American state called "Wisconsin". More wood was placed on the fire as the air up in the hills cooled; small fires were lit in the fireplaces that graced two of the three small "bedrooms". Finally, Matt rose, stretched, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, we thank you. Our visit has been magnificent...in every regard. Whether you are in Germany, in Romania, or somewhere else, Jamie and I will not forget you. Unfortunately, we have some driving ahead of us tomorrow and must leave early. Forgive us, if we turn in." "It's not too soon for us," laughed Willi. "Wolfgang is a slavedriver!"

"Permit me to make one more suggestion," Wolfgang said. "As you are about to discover, the sleeping areas are very small, and the granite floor of this room is no place to sleep. I suggest that our guests choose bed mates." Hearing no disagreement, he continued, "Jupp, you are the youngest. Choose first." Without a second's thought, Jupp chose Jamie and threw his arm possessively around Big Bro's waist. "And Herr Professor Wreston? Your choice, mein Herr?" "Well," Matt sighed, "if that bed is really small, we may not fit, but I'll choose Steffen!" "Good!" Wolfgang exclaimed, "And that leaves me with my Willi." To everyone's laughter, he grabbed the unprotesting youngster by the collar and dragged him towards the third bedroom.

Sitting on the edge of the pallet in order to remove his shoes, Matt looked up as the flickering firelight played on the beautifully defined torso of the young athlete. "I admire courage, friend," he said firmly. "I think you're going to make it here." "Thank you, sir," the boy replied, beginning to shiver slightly, but I think I am far more afraid of the future than my words might suggest. There'll be many people waiting for me to fail...and damned few telling me to keep fighting." His chin trembled as he vigorously shook his head, trying to shake off the moment of fear and doubt. Matt rose to his feet and placed his hands on the youngster's heavy traps. "No, Steffen, you're going to do fine!" Matt growled affectionately. The trembling lad shook his head as he placed his hands on his belt buckle. "Here, let me do that for you," Matt whispered, moving around in back of the youngster. Releasing the buckle and undoing the snaps under it, he pushed the trousers down over the blond's substantial butt and then allowed them to fall to the ground. Wearing nothing underneath, the lad stepped out of them. Slowly and gently, Wreston moved his hands over Steffen's powerful shoulders, his back, down onto his muscular buttocks and upper thighs. The youngster sighed in pleasure, turned around, and lay his head on Matt's shoulder where it met his neck. Fully erected, his flesh gleamed with the sheen of light perspiration. "I sometimes rub Jamie's back when he is tired and tense, Steffen. Would you like me to do that for you?" "Yes, sir, I'd like that very much," the boy said quietly and sank down onto the pallet in Matt's arms.

Next door, Jupp turned to Jamie (who was looking at him and grinning) and asked plaintively, "Are you going to show me all of those Album III pics, bro?" "Guess I'll have to," Jamie chuckled, "I don't want to get hurt." He took the pack of small photos from his backpack and tossed it to Jupp who kept up a running commentary as he turned the pages.

"Oh, man, that had to hurt! Who gets a charge out of being whipped? Oh, wow. Shit! Look at the size of it! How's it ever going to fit? Yeah! Look at the sweat coming down his face! Ride 'em cowboy! Why's he licking your chest, Jamie?" Without waiting for an answer, becoming more excited with each groan, Lil' Bro roared on through the packet of photos. "Man, look at that! You're standing on your shoulders, and the hairy guy is fucking straight down into you! How'd they get you hanging upside down? Just like a side of beef... Your physique is unbelievable, bro! I love it - and I love you. (Pause.) Damn, Bro! Look at your equipment! Dark red...looks like it's going to

explode! I can't believe the way that wide metal ring pushes all your stuff WAY out of front of you! (Pause.) Gross! Damn, I'd NEVER lick a guy's asshole! In the next pic, you're kissing the guy whose asshole you just licked? REALLY gross! (Pause.) Oh, Jamie, that feels so good. I've dreamt of your doing that to me. Ow! Easy, man! OW! Hey, I've only got one set. Take it easy! Why are they holding you and punching you, Jamie? (Pause.) Jeeze...you spermed all over the guy's face!"

Minute by minute as he worked his way through the pics, Jupp became more excited. By the time he had finished, he was as wide-eyed as he had been that morning at the breakfast table. As Jupp looked up at him, Jamie realized that the big fourteen year old was very close to completely losing control. What he didn't realize is that Jupp was about to fling himself at him. As the blond hit him solidly in the chest, he felt himself falling backwards onto the pallet. Skillfully using his feet on Jamie's ankles and holding his arms high above his head, the younger kid - powerful and heavy for his age - actually controlled the big guy, at least temporarily. When he saw that Jamie wasn't going anywhere, Jupp began licking the hair in his pits, snorting and grunting like one of the hogs on the farm. Accidentally, Jupp had discovered one of Jamie's greatest weaknesses. Namely, he was about as ticklish as they come! Screeching, the big redhead, began bouncing around on the pallet. Jupp rode him well...stayed right with him. Finally, Jamie gasped, "Common, Jupp, you gotta stop for a while. I'm hurtin'." "I'll stop, Big Bro," Jupp puffed grimly, "if you'll lie there and let me explore for a few minutes. A couple of those pics really turned me on. Your body is unbelievable. No ticklin'... Ok?" "Yeah, yeah, ok," Big Red gasped, collapsing as Jupp suddenly stopped his antics. Within seconds he was gasping again as the monster began licking and sucking on his nips. "Oh...please, man...no..." he managed to moan, whereupon the monster began licking down his torso, paying special attention to the veins that were popping on his drum-tight lower stomach. Without pausing, his lips engulfed his adversary's thick, frighteningly erect cock. Jamie couldn't believe it when he not only took its head into his mouth, but *swallowed* it up to his balls! He had to give it up in seconds. Screaming like a banshee in disbelief, he blew sky-high...again...and again...and again. Losing count, he fell back, comatose, on the pallet.

Had he really heard someone pounding on the wall? Without the slightest sense of guilt, the redheaded one pounded back, yelling a few (evidently) choice expletives in the local German-Romanian slang that others had shared with him!

As he felt his heart stop pumping as if it were tearing itself loose from its moorings, he felt Jupp's lips kissing his eyes and lips...fearfully...whispering for him to wake up. "Yeah, I'm here," he moaned, caressing Jupp's body and holding him close. If nothing else, the monster he seemed to have created was direct. "I'm willing to stop for tonight, Big Bro, if you'll let me try just one more thing. No ticklin'..." To be entirely truthful, Jamie didn't have the energy to tell him no - and, if you want the brutal truth, he halfway wanted him to continue. "Ok, Jupp," he managed to gurgle.

"Thanks, Adonis," Jupp sang out. "Just turn over and get comfortable." It wasn't long

in coming...not that Jamie thought it would be. Jupp first thoroughly lubed his hole with thick cum that lay in globs on the pallet, lubed several of his fingers, and then worked them into his rectum until there was barely any resistance. He then climbed up on his hero's body and exchanged one big piece of meat for the four fingers with which he had been working. Jamie admitted long after that what followed was a Classic. At the end, as the expression goes, he knew beyond any doubt that he had been well and truly fucked.

The big redhead took some time to recover. (As a matter of fact, he fell asleep twice and had to be awakened.) When he did recover, however, believe that his new brother had no complaints. They slept in each others arms until early morning when some SOB began pounding wildly on their bedroom door and yelling "FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!" Naked as the day they were born, they suddenly awakened with a jolt and raced into the outer room. Silence greeted them...until, that is, their "friends" stood up from behind furniture and began tapping glasses with forks and spoons. Their faces (and not a few other body parts) as red as the sunset, they turned on a dime and raced for their bedroom door. It was only then that they saw the large sign that read: Der Kaninchenstall [The Rabbit Hutch].

(The Family)

To no one's surprise, Onkel Erich was completely taken with Jamie. For instance, it was late when they reached Marburg, but their elderly cousin insisted on meeting Jamie before they stumbled off to bed. As they left after a short conversation, he smiled at the redhead, saying, "I am so very happy to meet you, young man. There is no question in my mind as to your being the cornerstone of your father's life. I hope that you will always remember that your Urgroßvater [great-grandfather] holds you deep in his heart." While not exactly proper, he made no objection when Jamie wrapped his arms around him. He just looked at Matt, smiled, and bade them good night.

Before breakfast, the old soldier privately asked Matt if he thought Jamie should join their discussion. When Matt said that he thought it would be helpful, he went on to suggest that they meet at his downtown office. Matt was able to show Jamie a bit of Marburg's "Old Town" and catch him up on earlier happenings before they had to attend to business. Herr Hoffman began by asking about their vacation and Jamie's photo shoot. Having been assured that everything had gone wondrously - in large part by Jupp - he laughed and said that he believed that, especially the part about Constanta. It appeared that a lifelong Romanian friend was on the International Photo Shoot's Board of Directors. Evidently, Jamie was the talk of the town. There had even been a picture of him in the local newspaper. When Jamie started and looked alarmed, he simply murmured one word..."clothed". As Matt lifted his eyes towards the ceiling and shook his head in pantomimed despair, the old man and the young lad giggled and moved on. (Jamie knew well that the letter of apology had to be sent...soon...and that he also should speak privately with the family patriarch. Maybe he should speak with

him before writing it!)

Reminding Matt of his special request, he asked if he had discovered anything that might allow him to assist his grandson, Jupp, while protecting the interests of the others to whom he was obligated. (He added that he had spoken again with his son Helmut, but that Helmut and his family remained adamant. Jupp could not rejoin their family.) Matt said that he wished he had a completely different report, but that, in truth, he did not believe he had come up with anything promising. He had come across a delightful young man on a farm near Hermannstadt who planned to stay in Romania, but he did not think it was the right place for Jupp. They were of different worlds. Jupp would flee the situation and engage in misbehavior that would far outweigh earlier problems. His life would be ruined as he came in conflict with the authorities.

Onkel Erich looked sadly at his coffee cup. His eyes brushed over Jamie. Clearly, homosexuality did not have to be life-ending...under the right circumstances. Unfortunately, these did not appear to be the right circumstances. He paused as Jamie raised his head and looked straight at him. "Yes, Jamie, do you have something to say?" he asked. "I could say something, sir, but I do not think I have the right to say it." The commanding figure straightened in his chair and snapped, "Explain yourself, sir!" Jamie turned towards his father and said, "Sir, I think what I have to say really treads on your rights. Furthermore, I suspect that there may be problems with my idea that I don't see due to my lack of experience. I don't want to make the situation worse." Matt looked at him seriously. Finally, he said, "Son, we are dealing with a life here. I think that makes 'my rights' less important. Besides, we have overcome some problems that I think most fathers and sons would find nearly impossible. That's right, Jamie. I said 'overcome'. I'm proud of you, son - and I love you more than life itself. Have your say - and let the chips fall where they may."

"Ok, Dad," Jamie said, hesitatingly. "A few years back, you opened your heart to a young teen in Oregon, a young teen who had at least as many problems as Jupp. He may have had more, for he didn't know he was gay." Meditatively, he added, "On the other hand, his difficulties may have been somewhat less severe, for his family hadn't rejected him." Shaking his head, he forcefully returned to his argument. "Almost overnight, when his homosexuality overcame him, he collapsed. He was drawn into a whirlpool of pain so great that he could do nothing but flee. Through all of this, you stayed with him, loving him, forgiving him, spurring him on to do better. He's surely not 'well' now - or 'grown-up', for he can and does go off on tangents and has to crawl his way back. The point is that he has been able to do so because of you!

"If 'we are dealing with a life here,' Dad, shouldn't we consider opening our hearts to a 'cousin' as you opened yours to a 'nephew'. What I'm trying to say is, Jupp is family - and there's no one in this world better qualified to help him to become a healthy adult than you. I'll help him as his brother for the year that I'll be home before college. During college, I plan to be home quite a bit. If you will have me, I'll help him when I return from college to live with you as your partner in life and in love."

Matt sat back to stunned silence. Herr Hoffmann managed to gasp, "Never has it been more clear, Matthew, that you are the son of your father - as Jamie is his grandson. This family has been blessed."

Looking at his son with shining eyes, Matt spoke with authority. "Very well, that's the way it's going to be. We do face one immediate problem, Onkel Erich. In recent years, my country has ceased to say, 'Give me your poor, your tired, Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.' Unless you are a wealthy oil man or a robber baron from a foreign land, few receive visas to come to our shores. Then, too, there may be additional problems from Bucharest. After all, Jupp is subject to Romanian law."

Onkel Erich stroked his beard and smiled softly. "Our day may be over in this land, Matthew, but I suspect that I still have some powers of persuasion - and even a few favors owed. Do you truly want Jupp to be your son? If so, ask him. If he wishes you to be his father, we shall take the next steps.

Our story ends as a story should, not with closure, but with *opportunity* to move forward restored after being temporarily blocked. Within the month, Jupp stood ready as the second legally adopted son of Matthew Wreston to enter the United States as a Permanent Resident. Matt was a good brother during his senior year at Harbor High School and, as promised, came home frequently from college. Jupp absolutely adored him. And, yes! After earning a degree with honors from the University of Virginia, Matt and Jamie did join their hands in marriage. True, they encountered new problems... almost every day - but they had learned much about how to meet, and overcome them.

THE BEGINNING?

Author's Note: Before month's end, I hope to begin posting a new story set during the time of the French and Indian War. I've enjoyed corresponding with many of you - and I hope that we shall meet again in Gay/Historical.

Warmest regards,
Carl
