

# ADOLESCENT LIFE

A Short Novel By Jesse Brown

## Please Note:

- This story is completely fiction. Any similarities between real life people (living or dead), places, and things are entirely coincidental.
- This story will eventually contain explicit homosexual behavior. If you are offended by this, under the age of 18/21, or it is illegal to read this in your area, leave this website immediately.
- This is my first time writing any stories on my own. It may start off a bit rough as I work my way into the plot and finalize my ideas. Thank you for your patience.

*I would appreciate feedback as well as constructive criticism. If you want to respond, please E-Mail me at [jesse.brown1@live.com](mailto:jesse.brown1@live.com). All rude E-Mails and flames will be ignored and deleted. Thank You.*

## Main Character Description



**Name:** Jamie Baldwin

**Height:** 5'11"

**Weight:** 170lbs

**Age:** 17 years

**Hair Color:** Blonde

**Eye Color:** Emerald

**Grade:** Junior

**School:** Stony Brook High School

# Chapter One

Beep! Beep! Beep! What the bloody hell is that noise? Beep! Beep! Beep! Oh, shit, my alarm. It should be a crime to get up this early. Miraculously, I dragged my lazy ass out of the bedroom and into my bathroom. It took all of fifteen steps. I started by undressing my clothes in preparation for a hot, long, steamy shower. I couldn't help but notice myself in the mirror. I had been working out and running since I was eleven, and I thought that it definitely showed. My muscles, though defined, weren't overzealous or oversized. I did not have an inch of fat on my 170 pound frame, all of it was taught muscle. Nice. My eyes were nice, I was glad I didn't get a shallow color such as brown. Emerald works for me. The rest of my face I thought was OK, but at least everything was now well proportioned. No more of the awkwardness from puberty. The only thing that I hated was my hair. I didn't mind the blond hair, I actually loved it, but it was so unruly. The only way I could control it was cropping it short and gelling it up in the front, the way it would soon be styled after my shower.

I took my shower, limiting myself to seven minutes, and proceeded to the rest of my daily bathroom ritual. Firstly, I gelled my hair up while it was still wet, as it was short and dried extremely quickly. Next I brushed my teeth for the whole two minutes, timing myself. Thirdly I flossed – had to keep these white pearls in shape, eh? Lastly I shaved, put on aftershave, used my deodorant, and put on some cologne. A guy has to smell nice, right? I thought I looked good, personally. Not that I'm conceited, it's just that I had confidence issues all through Junior High, and had finally been able to put them behind me. Thank God for that.

Next: clothes. What to wear, what to wear? It's not a special day or anything. I'll just go with the white polo shirt, a pair of cargo shorts, short white socks and Nike shoes. Pretty average, I know. I thought I looked preppy, which wasn't a look I actually minded. I thought it was kind of sexy, not that I'll be able to go after anyone for awhile. One of the many disadvantages of being a closeted gay in a less-than-accepting community. I hadn't actually went out with anyone since Junior High. This was a fact that luckily slipped over the heads of the rough types in our school since I was virtually invisible. Hey, all the better for me.

The only way my invisibility was compromised was through my best friend, Hannah. Hannah was, well, awesome, and in more ways than one. When I had accidentally ran into her in the hallway (literally) during freshman year, we had automatically connected. I know it sounds cliché, but we connected immediately. She became my mentor and my shoulder to cry on. I had told her I was gay last year, the only one I've told so far, and she was utterly cool with it. I thought she might never want to talk to me, but I guess two years of bonding really connect two people. Occasionally she even talked to me about which guys were the hottest, and we would whisper about them when no one was around. She was really fun to be around. Unfortunately, she was one of the most popular kids at school, not the best person for me to befriend. Even more unfortunate, we were both stuck with each other, whether we liked it or not. We just shared that type of bond.

Ring! Ring! Ring! What is with this damned ringing? Oh, of course, my phone. Speaking of the Devil...

“Hey Hannah.”

“Hey Jamie, you picking me up today?”

“Didn't you have a ride from Joel?” Joel was her *current* boyfriend.

“That ass? No way. I ended it with him last night.”

“*What?* You didn't even talk to me!”

“Sorry hon, it was really sudden.”

“So what happened then, Hannah?”

“Well, OK, so like everything was going really well, when he asked if I wanted to go over. So I of course said I would, thinking that we could finally do 'it'. Well, when we got there, he had to go to the bathroom, and left me alone in his bedroom. Being me, I decided to look around. I found a fucking bra in one of his drawers! He's either cheating on my or a complete perv, so I don't want to be around him. I'm over it already.”

“Aw, I'm sorry Hannah.”

"It's okay Jamie. So you gonna pick me up or not?"

"Huh, oh, right, give me like fifteen minutes."

"Alright, bye!"

I really appreciated having her as a friend. We could talk about each others problems without the awkwardness of the normal boy-girl best friendship. I mean, we were both interested in the same people. So I hurriedly scarfed down a bowl of cereal and set out in my brand new black Mazda Miata MX-5 convertible. I didn't know too much about cars, but I knew that this was one I absolutely loved. Hey, I thought it looked good. So did Hannah, which is why I wound up driving her most days, even though she has her own car.

"Hey Hannah."

"Hey Jamie."

"I'm really sorry about what happened with Joel, I mean he was pretty hot."

"Yeah... speaking of hot guys, what's up with Grant?" Grant was this super hot senior I'd been crushing on since freshmen year. I told Hannah how I felt about him, which was a huge mistake.

"Uh, what about him?" I always clammed up when she brought him up.

"You going to make a move? I mean, he's going to graduate in a few months."

"Yeah, no. No need to out myself now. He'd just reject me anyways, so I'll just spare myself the pain, thank you very much."

"Aw, come on Jamie. You're a really hot guy yourself. Anyone would be lucky to have you."

"Yeah, unfortunately most guys aren't a faggot." She slapped me. She actually slapped me.

"What did I say before? **Never** talk about yourself that way." She looked more like a vampire than a teenage girl."

"Yes, mother." The bad mood evaporated just as quickly as it had come.

"Good. Who knows? Maybe you'll wind up with him in the end." She said this with a wicked glint in her eyes, and I was immediately suspicious of what her plans were. She could be a devious person when she wanted to. We finally got to the school, Stony Brook High School, and parked in the student lot. We both went to English first period, and the day went basically the way every other day went. Calculus, my third period class, was by far my favorite class, seeing as Grant was in it, and sat just in front of me and a few seats to the left, giving me a good view of half of his face. God, he was so sexy! He had black hair, normally in a sort of unusual, gelled up preppy style, and everything else to die for. He had bright, piercing blue eyes, a completely straight nose, full, moist lips, and best of all he was on varsity soccer, so he had one of the hottest bodies ever. His legs were so muscular, he looked like an Adonis...

"Hey man, you OK?" What?! Who interrupted my daydream?

"Um, huh?"

"Yeah, dude, you've been staring into space the last two minutes. Class is already over." Oh shit, it's Grant!

"Oh, really? Guess I'm a bit distracted. Good-bye." I made a hasty retreat, going as quickly as possible to my locker. Wow, I'm such an idiot! I was staring at him, and actually *missed* the end of class? What's wrong with me? God, I'm such a screw up! I hadn't realized that I had said my last insult to myself out loud.

"Oh, and why's that?" I turned around to see Curt Austin, blond hair, blue-eyed, all around American stud and captain of the football team talking to me. Talking to *me*, a fucking Junior.

"Um, right, sorry, I'm just talking to myself."

"Aw, come on man. You can talk to me. What, is it girl troubles?"

"No!" I said, nearly viciously.

"Oh?" He raised an eyebrow. Wow that was sexy! "What else could be on an adolescent's mind? Don't tell me you're worried about school?"

"No, no. It's, um, kind of girl trouble."

"Oh, well then, you can totally talk to me about it. Hey, I have experience!" The last statement made me cringe. I need to get away from this dude. I'll make a mistake if I don't.

"Uh, yeah, okay. Um, I got to go." I looked at my watch, and shit! Five minutes late to meet with Hannah already. I practically ran down the hall away from Curt, and I made the mistake of looking

back at him, and he was staring at me with an extremely intent expression, as if he was trying to figure something out... That scared me. Of course, looking backward, I couldn't see where I was going. I ran into someone, causing us both to fall over.

"Oh shit dude I'm so sorry, I'm suck a fucking klutz- " Of course it had to be Grant. Of course!

"Hey bud, it's cool. I wasn't really watching where I was going, either."

"No really, I'm truly sorry..." I was almost in tears. Why me?

"Hey," he said, putting a hand on my shoulder and looking me in the eye, "it's okay. Um, why don't you sit with me today?" Wait, what? A lunch invitation? What the fuck. Two studs are actually talking to me today; something must be in the water.

"Sorry, I don't really feel comfortable around," Oh, how do I explain it? "Your crowd."

"It's cool, we could just sit by ourselves." Why is he even bothering? I can't really refuse him, that would be really rude.

"Are you sure? I mean, I'm just a Junior."

"Jamie, dude, it's really okay. I want to sit with you." He knows my name? What-the-fuck! But he said he wants to, so we did. We sat at one of the many picnic tables along the side of the school, and at least the grass was well maintained. The area was also crawling with adults, so none of the smokers or druggies ever came here. I decided to ask him why he was talking with me now.

"So, why did you invite me to eat lunch with you?"

"Well, I sorta just wanted to make sure I made that bitch Brianna mad, she's been crushing on you for awhile, and she dumped me for it." This wasn't the answer that I had been looking for, not at all. I decided that I wouldn't be able to stay dry for long.

"Um, right, I have to go." Before I waited for an answer, I was dashing away to the nearest indoor bathroom. Luckily, this one was rarely used and the stalls were completely separate, no space under the wall or anything. I couldn't help it, I let the tears flow freely. This is what happens when I hope. I can't hope. I can't hurt myself. I thought he liked me. Well, *fuck him*. Why the bloody hell would he ask me to eat lunch, alone, with him all because he wanted to make some bitch angry. Well, screw Brianna. Screw Grant. I don't need him. He's been my fantasy for three years, and once I finally am alone with him, he ruins it. **Fuck it**. Knock knock. Damn it, this is not the time!

"Hey, you OK?" It was Curt. Good. Well, it wasn't like I was looking for a different person, so why should it matter. I should go after Curt. He seems nice. Not out of jealousy or hurt at all.

"Um, yeah."

"Oh, Jamie?"

"Yeah."

"You want to talk about it?"

"No, it's stupid."

"Tell me what it's about?"

"No."

"Open the door?"

"Fine." So I did. I must have looked like a wreck, as he had on a shocked face, but slowly moved in to wrap his arms around me in a brotherly hug.

"Girl trouble?"

"No."

"Guy trouble?"

"Um, what?" What the fuck. Who the – no fucking way. No. Damn it! No!

"I'm sorry dude, I was just joking."

"Yes."

"Huh?" It was his turn to be confused.

"Guy troubles is right."

"Oh. Well that's cool. Um, want to tell me who?"

"No." He looked at me, right in the eyes. I stared at his eyes, they were really blue and pretty but I don't think that they're as good as Grant's... why the fuck am I comparing myself to him!? He moved in. Whoa now! Way too fast. Way too fucking fast. He leaned in farther. I never noticed how good looking his jaw was. His face was so perfect. But not as perfect as Grant's. He leaned in even

farther, our noses touching now. You know what? I deserve to be happy. I'm going to kiss him. I'm going to fucking forget about Grant. He never showed any interest in me, so why should I care about him? I want to be Curt's. Our lips touched. There were none of the sparks I was expecting, no true emotional feelings on my part. Just our lips on each other. I could feel the presence of him, but it felt like I was numb. I realized that I didn't even care that this stud, captain of the football team, was making out with me. What's wrong with me? Beep! Beep! Beep! Saved by the beep.

"Sorry Curt. I have to take this call." With that, I walked out of the bathroom, leaving him dumbfounded. "Hello Hannah."

"Hello? Since when have you fucking said 'hello' to me?"

"Excuse me?"

"You ruined things with Grant. I can't believe you just left him there!"

"What?"

"I mean, I finally got him to have lunch with you, and you just leave him hanging—"

"What the fuck is your problem, Hannah? I don't want you to set up fake lunch dates for me. You're just getting my hopes up for no reason. Do you know what he told me? He said he was using me to get back at his ex. Is that the type of excuse that he came up with for eating with me, when it was really for you?"

"Jamie!"

"No Hannah, I don't want to talk at the moment. Good bye.." I hung up. I couldn't deal with her right now. I also decided that I didn't want to be with Curt. He was nice and all, but I wasn't sure that he was actually the one I wanted to be with; there wasn't the electricity that there was supposed to be on the first kiss. The one I knew I really wanted was Grant, but I could never have him. I knew that, yet I still had feelings for him – I'm an idiot.

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### One Day Later

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School started the next day just as normally as the last day had. I was thinking about ways to get Grant out of my mind, so I was distracted yet again. I decided to not talk to Hannah today, and let her think about why I was angry. I knew she would be irrational right after our argument, so I decided it was best to give her some time to see my point of view for once. She was a great person, but sometimes she doesn't understand me completely, or what I'm going through. She treated me like her fucking girlfriend, but I wasn't. Being gay is a lot harder than if she were talking about boys with a normal friend.

Third period, calc again, wasn't even spent thinking about Grant sitting right in front of me. I didn't want to think about him anymore, it wasn't right. I should just let him be and stop drooling over him. He'll *never* want me. A hand on my shoulder interrupted my thoughts.

"Hey." Grant again.

"Yes?" I asked, a little impatient.

"I just wanted to say sorry about what I said yesterday. I didn't eat lunch with you because I was trying to get back at Brianna. I really did want to sit with you – it would be nice to be friends with you for once." He said this while smiling, which made me sick.

"Whatever, Grant."

"Aw, come on! That's not fair."

"I know that Hannah fucking set this up. You don't have to do her any favors." He looked... well, ashamed. I decided that this was proof enough and walked away. I've been doing this a lot lately, haven't I? As I was walking down the hall, I felt another touch.

"What the fuck is it?" I nearly yelled, but realized I was facing Curt.

"Whoa, look who's angry today."

"Sorry, I've had a bad day."

"Listen, about that kiss..."

"I'm sorry, I don't think I can get involved with you. I've been doing a lot of thinking, and you're not really the person I'm interested in—"

"Oh well that's too bad. We could have fucked and everything." He said this with a straight

face, and this time he was the one walking away down the hall. What the fuck? He was using me, too? Could this get any worse?

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**One Week Later**

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So, here's what has happened: I've basically been ignoring Grant, trying to get him out of mind. He tried to talk to me twice more, but I gave a lame excuse. He realized I didn't want to talk, and he gave up. He seemed content to just ignore me as he had before. Hannah and I had repaired our friendship – we always did – yet she wouldn't stop giving up on trying to set me up with Grant. Curt ignored me as well, sometimes even picking on me subtly, and became a general pain in the ass. I knew he thought that a scrawny boy had rejected him. After a particularly bad row with Hannah, I had finally had enough. I basically repeated my first argument.

“Listen, Hannah, this has gone far enough. You need to stop trying to get me with him, alone. You're just getting my hopes up, and I don't want to be crushed again. Can't you understand that?” I tried to say this with a puppy-dog face, but she ignored me, again.

“Jamie, you really do have a chance with him. Not only are you the hottest guy in school, but I know for a fact that Grant's-”

“Just, stop it, please. I have zero chance. I probably would even if I was a bloody girl, which is how bad I am at relationships. Grant will never want me.”

“I think you'd have less chance as a girl.” This new voice, one that I had come to treasure and adore since my freshman year, interrupted our conversation.

*Firstly, I apologize for the length. I promise the upcoming chapters will be much longer! Also, I decided to skip directly to the point. I hope you enjoy it!*

- JB