

Jamie

by Pennywise

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Prologue

This story is based on true events. Although the characters in this story are fictitious, the events described within are not unlike many events that you yourself have gone through in your lifetime. This story is an amalgamation of experiences that I and some of my "friends" have had in their early teens.

This story hasn't been written for people to "blow their wad" off to, it's been written for those who appreciate the beauty and fragility of the love between two teenage boys. It's not all fun and games, and I'm sure you'll be able to relate to many of the awkward situations that happen during any such relationship.

The fact that this document has 69 pages was not in any way planned.

I'd like to thank a fan of this story that through his e-mail via a friend inspired me to finish it.

Part 1 - The Meeting

Jamie sat on his window sill, head on knees and looked. He didn't look at anything specific - he just looked. The rain made rivers on the cold glass, and he could see figures under umbrellas hurrying by.

How miserable this country was. 55% of the time it was raining or snowing, 40% of the time it was overcast, and you were lucky to have 5% sunshine each year. That's the problem with living in Aberdeen. Jamie didn't have much else to complain about - he has a good education - great loving parents - and a warm home to live in. His father is the Chief Inspector for Aberdeenshire, and lived in a very nice house close by the police headquarters in Aberdeen. The house was certainly larger than the three of them required, but it was something he was proud to call home.

The only thing else Jamie could complain about was his lack of friends. He only had schoolmates, but no young lads that he could phone up at any time to invite out to the cinema or anything like that. One of the main contributing reasons for this is because everybody knows of Jamie's fathers profession, and probably thought of Jamie as a policeman himself. He didn't mind that people thought that, because he preferred not to be with those who might fear police - usually they were the kind of kids that do bad things and have a bad influence on one.

The other kinds of schoolmates are completely opposite - they were the bookworms, the computer geeks and the goody two shoes Christians. This wasn't in itself too bad, but Jamie didn't find them diverse enough to become friends with. There was a third, and most common kind of schoolboy that Jamie tried to avoid with all his might. This was the football fanatic. They were easy to see - usually by the sporty gear they wore and by the way they talked.

"Did you watch the game last night?"

"I think Rangers is on top form at the moment"

"Aye, that winning goal was terrific"

If they don't talk about football, then it's other mundane subjects like girls or Playstation™. Don't get Jamie wrong - he didn't despise them, he just preferred not to hear it all the time.

A splash drenched a passer by, unaware of the large puddle in the road. Jamie smiled.

"Jamie, have you done your homework?"

"Yes mom."

"For goodness sake, put a jumper on. You'll catch your death of cold. Dinner will be ready in a wee while."

Dinner came and went like it did most days, with the usual "How was your day" by dad, and the wonderful stories about the way his day went. Jamie knew that his dad had a head for remembering things in great detail, but sometimes wished that he'd keep some of his stories to himself.

"I ask you, what kind of a man would rob an old lady for her purse? I tell you, a sick coward, that's who. And what for? A measly 18 quid. The poor dear will probably never be able to go shopping without fear again. What's the world coming to? Every day somewhere in this country an old lady is having her purse nicked. Pass the salt, won't you love?"

Jamie loved his father very much, but sometimes found it very distressing to hear about his day.

"The McKenzie's moved out today dad."

"Did they then? All the better now I don't have to interfere with their rows they had all the time. Did you do your homework?"

"Yes dad, when I got back from school already."

"You're a good boy then, I'm proud of you. Not like that little turd that McKenzie had, what's his name?"

"William."

"Oh yeah, that be him. I can see him going on the dole when he's left school he will. Useless as a kettle without a plug. Pass the bread love?"

The room was dark, and from the door you could see the silhouette of Jamie sitting on the window sill, peering out to the now slightly darker street. All the lights in the old McKenzie home were out, but the other houses in the street gave the pavement patterns of light. It was still raining, and one could see the odd figure scurrying by.

Dawn broke, another day peeked its head through the curtains, waiting to be welcomed by the inhabitants of number 15. Jamie opened the curtains, allowing what little light there was to flow into the room. Snow had once again fallen overnight, and a few footprints had already made their mark. Jamie had a wry smile when he realised that the day was Friday, the end of the school week, which meant that the weekend was just around the corner.

"Morning son, the bathroom is free now. Your dad has already gone off to work, seems like they are doing an early morning raid this morning. Scrambled eggs OK for breakfast?"

"Yes please."

Scrambled eggs on toast would probably never be considered a proper meal, but for a breakfast, it was tops. Made with 3 eggs, no milk, and butter in a frying pan, it was Jamie's favourite breakfast.

"After school, could you pick up me blue dress from Angus's Laundromat? I'll need that for the theatre tonight."

"OK sure mom."

Had you been sitting in the window of Jamie's bedroom, you would have seen a black haired boy step out from a doorway beneath you, and his white face look up at you. You would also have seen him scurrying back into the house and shortly afterwards emerge with a woolly cap to keep his ears warm. You would then see him imprint a second set of footprints in the snow as he headed off to school.

"What on earth is you mother doing? Ruth! How long does it take to put on a dress? For goodness sake, you would think she's had enough practice at getting dressed, why does she still take this long? Ah, there she is, but will you look at that? Darling, you're even more gorgeous than when I met you." And she was. It was opening night of the touring west end production of "Jesus Christ Superstar", and important people had the privilege of being some of the first people to see it. Jamie's mom had really outdone herself and his dad was not at all bad looking in his 3 piece suit.

"Enjoy yourselves" said Jamie, as they exited the door and left him in peace.

Jamie eventually woke up to bright light peering through his curtains. He was almost blinded when he opened them, letting the light engulf him and his room. It was a partially overcast morning, but there were no clouds to block the sun that shone directly into his face. There was still a little snow from the other night, and the street was a bit more active. Jamie sat in his usual position on the window sill still in his pyjamas; ready to see all the activity for the day. It was quite busy already - with the town centre close by, his street was very active with people going to do shopping. Most of the passer-byes he recognised, and little was different.

Tea time was over, and Jamie decided he would watch one of his videos in his collection. He picked "Austin Powers", poured a coke, set up the video, and ran upstairs to put his shoes away. It was most comfortable to watch videos while lying on the couch, but as shoes were not allowed on the couch. Just as he was about to leave his room, a bright light flashed into his room, as if somebody had a camera with a flash directly behind him. He turned to thankfully find nobody there, and walked towards the window. He saw something he had not seen before.

A white truck was parked on the opposite side of the road, and there were people taking items from it into the ex-home of McKenzie. A large mirror disappeared into the front door, which was undoubtedly the reason for the flash of light. Jamie was now in a terrible pickle - would he watch the new neighbours or would he watch Austin? He could watch Austin at any time, but would the moving of furniture provide as much entertainment?

After the movie, Jamie ran upstairs to have a look at his second entertainment opportunity. This was very exciting for him, as he has not seen anybody moving in since the Geldarts moved into number 19. The first game to play is of course the guessing game. Which one of those people moving the furniture was going to remain there?

The wife was easy to spot, she was the one holding her head in suspense every time an item was lifted off the truck. The man with the bald head holding a clipboard and telling everybody something must have been the husband. Any children? This was the difficult part, because usually the movers bring their own children along to do the carrying of small things. It also depended on how young they were, because children under his age usually just watched - that is of course if one of the mover's didn't bring their child along.

Jamie did not see anybody who could be a son or daughter, and he watched all the way through until the truck went away. It had gone dark, and as his parents were out again, so he was all alone. Jamie walked downstairs to the kitchen, and made himself a marmalade sandwich. After pouring himself some coke, he sat in the lounge in darkness and started consuming his dinner. His mind played back the events of the day, specifically the part when he observed the new neighbours moving in. After a while, he put his unfinished sandwich on the table, put his hands over his eyes, and cried. He could not contain his disappointment any longer. Jamie curled himself into a ball at the end of the couch, his head in his arms and his knees, and whimpered to himself.

Jamie excused himself from church that Sunday; he told his parents that he was feeling a bit low. Being the good parents that they were, they did not object, and knew that their son would be OK a little later. They were very aware that Jamie had no close friends, and were very happy that he did not consort with the riff-raff that his dad had to deal with occasionally. They just wished the same that Jamie wished - to have a real friend.

He sat in his usual thinking spot - the window frame in his room - and looked out onto the street. His parents waved up to him, and he waved back. Not much else was going on in the road, but that was expected for a Sunday. Most people just wanted to rest and vegetate on a Sunday. There was some action at the house of the people that moved in. Mrs new person was putting up curtains in the kitchen, and Mr new person was outside, putting up their own mailbox. After a small while, she moved upstairs to put curtains in the equivalent of his room, and the bedroom next to it. The new man had completely disappeared, probably watching the football match that his father had asked him to record. Oops.

"Typical. Bloody typical. Two bleeding minutes before I come home, sit in my armrest with a cold beer in my hand and enjoy a good game of football, I hear the results of the match."

"Do you not need to watch the match then dad?"

"No, there's no point." Jamie was relieved. "Have you mowed the lawn yet?"

"I forgot dad."

"What have you been doing all day? I don't ask much of you, I would appreciate a little help around the house. Now please get on with it."

That evening, as Jamie was about to go to bed, he went to have his last look for the night before drawing his curtains. Everything looked about right, except of course the new neighbours house. The curtains were different, and their sleeping habits were also different. All the lights were on, and the husband and wife were in the lounge packing out the ornaments onto the wall cabinet. That moment, the light in the window equivalent to his went out, and that made Jamie's heart stop for a moment. There were two possibilities.

Either the light had blown, or as the husband and wife were downstairs, then there must have been at least one more inhabitant of that house. Had he missed somebody, and who was it?

The next morning, Jamie got up at 6 am to sit on his window sill. He was determined to get a glimpse of this mystery third person. The window sill was cold, and his thin pyjamas did not help very much, but his bum got used to it after a while. At about 6:30, the light of the mystery person's room went on. Almost immediately afterwards, the curtains flung open, only to reveal the mother. The mother walked out of the room, and a few minutes later, a new figure walked past the window. The figure then walked to the door to close it, and Jamie then realised that the figure only had underpants on. The figure then turned around and walked towards the window. Jamie looked long and hard to try to establish the age of the mysterious person. It was a boy, about 13 years old - his age - and looked about to be the same height. He had blond hair, and his face was a bit more pink than his own. Jamie could not make out the colour of his eyes, and tried squinting to see a bit better. It then dawned on Jamie that the other boy was looking right back. The boy had no expression on his face, and they remained looking at each other for a few more seconds before he closed the curtains.

Jamie could feel his heart pound. The other boy saw him looking, what would he think? Would he hold it against him? Would they still be able to be friends? Jamie decided that he had to be a bit more discreet if he was to look through his window again, as he would hate people to think he was a bit funny. Jamie went to the bathroom to get ready for school. He was quite early, so he decided that he would have a bath. While the water was running, he stood in front of the mirror with his pyjama top off, and tried to visualise the boy in the window. He held his arms up as if he was going to draw some curtains, and imagined that his black hair was blond. After looking long and hard at himself, he decided it was too difficult to visualise him like this, and commenced bathing. Jamie discovered that closing his eyes was a much more successful way of visualising the next door neighbour.

"Jamie? Are you all right?"

"Yes mom, I'm just having a wee bath."

"A bath? Well could you hurry it up please; your father and I need to get ready."

"What time is it?"

"Ten to eight." Jamie realized that he had bathed for over an hour without using soap. He returned to his room and made a quick glance to the window, and saw that the curtain was again open but there was no sign of activity. Eight o'clock - he had thirty minutes to get to school.

After his violin lesson, Jamie returned to his home and saw the new boy with his father outside their house. They were doing a bit of gardening that was long overdue. Jamie's head was facing forward, but his eyes were turned at them - hopefully they wouldn't notice. Jamie saw something that made his head turn completely - the boy was wearing a football shirt. The large 9 at the back gave it away. Jamie walked up the path to his home, looked up at his sanctuary, opened the door and entered. He took the opportunity to look once more as he shut the door, and saw that the boy had turned to look in his direction. Queens Park Rangers FC was printed on the front of the shirt, confirming without reasonable doubt that it was a football shirt.

When he was up in his room, he put his violin down and lay on his bed. He was wondering whether or not it was time to face reality, and come to the acceptance that a large percentage of boys in Scotland loved football. Jamie sat up on his bed, holding his knees against his chest. He could feel that same grief welling up inside him, the kind when he thought that there was nobody his age moving in next door. He thought that maybe there was something wrong with him - he just could not understand how people could find so much excitement out of watching others kick a black and white spotted ball around. He thought it just led to hooliganism, but his father was no hooligan and he also enjoyed the sport.

"We had an inspection from the chief superintendent today from CID in London. I can't believe how much nitpicking he done. He even complained about the coffee machine being in the wrong place. I mean, can you believe that? I even took a poll from all the men at the force to see where they wanted it put, and the recreation room was the most popular place. He says that it invites too much laziness and less work as people would sit and chat while having cups of coffee. He was not impressed when I told him that it's no different from the hour taken by each smoker to have a fag 6 times a day. This steak is very good - what sauce is this?"

"It's monkey gland sauce dear."

"Well it's a damn good thing I married you - who knows what poison somebody else might have fed me. What say we go visit the new neighbours later? I'm really interested in that shirt the boy was wearing."

"What's so special about the shirt?" Asked Jamie.

"That shirt has to be at least ten years old. It's the old style shirt that the club used back when I was a junior detective. Also, you could not buy that shirt unless you were a member of the club. And, you could not have a number on it unless you were part of the team. So, I was wondering where and how they got the shirt. Why don't you come along?"

"I've got to do my violin practice, but thanks for the offer. May I be excused please?" Jamie didn't completely lie - he should practice his violin every day, but he didn't want to sit in a strangers house for an undetermined length of time listening to football talk.

Jamie had another 20 minutes to go for watching Austin Powers 2 when his parents returned home. "So what's the story about the shirt then?"

"The man who moved in next door is Jim McAllister; he played for Rangers in 1983 to 1985. I couldn't recognise him with the thick beard he's grown. He's starting an estate agency here in Aberdeen; he's bought a shop on the high street. Did you have a good violin practice?"

"I haven't practiced yet."

"Well, you'll need to do it down here because we're going off to bed. Oh, and in case you were wondering, his son is not interested in football."

Jamie did not answer back - he sat in front of the television pretending to watch the movie, but of course, he had something else on his mind. He wasn't thinking about the boy next door, he was rather wondering why he felt so alone all of a sudden. It's only been recent that he's actually been concerned that he has no mates. One year ago he couldn't have cared less who moved in next door, or who he spent his lunch breaks with. It's only really been very recent that he's yearned for more friends.

He went to his room, and saw that the curtain across the way was already drawn, but the light was still on. Jamie stood in his dark room, and watched, wondering if he would see a shadow, or perhaps a face peer through the curtains. It started raining - the drips slow at first, and then increasing pace. Jamie changed into his pyjamas and assumed his normal sitting position on the window sill. The rain started coming down real hard, like torrential rain, and it was so hard that it could be heard on the roof as well as the window. Suddenly, the curtain across the way parted, and a face peered through. It was him - the boy with blond hair. He looked down at the street where the rain could be seen hitting the tar, and flowing in the gutters. He looked up to see Jamie in the window, and waved before closing the curtains.

Jamie slept well that evening. His fears of being rejected by the next door neighbour left him moments after the new boy waved. The whole night he half dreamed half planned how he would meet this new boy. Would he just go over and say "hi" or would he try to accidentally meet the boy away from his house. He imagined going over to the boy while he is swinging in the park, and then the boy pleads to be his friend because he is new and lonely. Jamie wondered if they would go to the same school. He also wondered if it was normal to think about meeting a boy you've only seen. He couldn't help it.

Jamie could not see the new boy at school, and he made great efforts to look both at school, and on the obvious route back to home. Jamie walked up his path, looked up at his sanctuary, and then proceeded into his house. He put down his satchel and undid his tie, and then noticed something a bit peculiar as he was closing the door. There was a bit of paper stuck to the window of the new boy's room. Jamie tried long and hard, but he could not make out what it said. He went into his father's den and found his police binoculars, and then brought it upstairs to make out the piece of paper. "My name is Jason, what's yours?" It read.

Jamie's heart began to pound again - the boy from next door was trying to make contact. Jamie was clearly getting excited as he was grinning like a Cheshire cat behind those massive binoculars. Suddenly, the piece of paper moved, and a red shirt appeared. Jamie moved the binoculars up and found that the boy was staring right at him. With those 20x optical zoom binoculars, the boy might as well have been standing next to him. Jamie could make out all his facial features, and slowly moved the binoculars so that he could examine every one of them. His eyes were blue, his eyebrows were thick and dark, and his hair was long at the front, reaching down to his bushy eyebrows. Jamie never thought of anybody as good looking before, but Jason came across as good looking. He even came across as attractive. Jamie put down the binoculars and looked at Jason, who waved a friendly wave. Jamie waved back, and smiled.

Jamie woke up the next morning, and walked to his cupboard to get dressed. He took his pyjama top off, folded it up, and placed it in his drawer. A light going on caught his eye, and he looked over to Jason's room. Jason's mom just walked out, and Jamie guessed that Jason would appear again. He still had the binoculars, so he took them out and looked. Sure enough, Jason appeared, and went to close the door, just like he did the other day. Jason's hair was uncombed and very wild, and it made Jamie laugh. Jamie moved his binoculars down for no apparent reason, and found that Jason was once again wearing only underpants. At that moment, Jason turned around and

Jamie could clearly see the shape of the front of Jason's underpants. The pants were clearly too small, and he could see the shape of Jason's dick underneath. Moments later, two hands protected the view, and Jamie feared the worst had happened. He moved the binoculars away from his eyes, and saw Jason standing there covering his private parts. Embarrassed, Jamie leaped away from the window, and completed getting dressed while crawling on the floor.

Another violin lesson meant that Jamie was late again returning from school. As he turned down his road, Jason appeared from the corner shop with a bottle of milk in his hand.

"Hi" said Jason. Jamie almost fell into the road he was so startled.

"It was an accident" said Jamie, "I didn't mean to look."

"What do you mean?"

"This morning - with the binoculars - I just wanted to see if you put any more notes in the window. I didn't know you would be half naked."

"Oh that, no that's OK. You still haven't answered my question though."

"Question?" Jamie asked, puzzled.

"What is your name?"

"Oh, that question. My name is Jamie."

"Well Jamie, it's nice to meet you." Jason extended his hand as a handshake gesture, and Jamie accepted. "Do you play?" Jason indicated to the violin.

"Oh this - yes. Do you?"

"No. I wish I did though, maybe you could teach me?"

"I'm not a good teacher, but I can try. Do you play any instruments at the moment?"

"No. Well, here's my house, I must go in, and mom's waiting for the milk."

"Will I see you again?" Jamie turned his eyes upwards, in a confused manner - did he just say that? There was a long pause.

"Would you like to?" Once again a long pause, primarily because Jamie was thinking about what he said. He felt a little strange inside, a sort of longing that never before existed was rearing its head. Jamie had never had a real friend before - he did not know what he should be feeling, but he did not expect it to be like this. "Yes" he said, his voice sounding uncertain, almost afraid.

"OK, I'll be seeing you then." With that, Jason broke off and went into his house, waving goodbye on his way.

The next morning, Jamie did not use the binoculars - in fact he didn't even look out of the window like he normally would have. He decided he would snap out of it, and treat the situation with less enthusiasm. He was determined that he would treat Jason like he would any other schoolmate - all these strange feelings he's been having had to be something else, and not because of somebody who had just moved in. He got dressed, had his breakfast, went to school, and all the time trying not to think about Jason. On his way home, still trying not to think about Jason, he went to the music store on the high street to get some more resin for his bow. While he was here, he noticed they had in stock a book that he first used for learning the violin. It was only £ 4.99, so he got it. If Jason wanted to learn the violin, he would need this book. Jamie realized that he had spent the entire day thinking about Jason, because he was trying so hard to not think about him.

And when he walked up his street, he saw a lone figure sitting on his wall - it was Jason.

"Hello" said Jamie. Jason had not noticed Jamie approaching as he was engrossed in his Nintendo. "Oh, hello." He said, once again showing that wonderful smile of his. "I didn't see you there. I'm glad you're back home."

"Oh? Why?"

"I've left my keys at home and my parents are at work. I can't get in my house and it looks like it might rain a bit later. Can I stay with you until my parents get home?"

"It always looks like it will rain - sure come on in." The reaction was starting again - Jamie dropped his keys twice while trying to open the door, and his heart started beating faster again. "Nice house" said Jason, as he entered the hallway. "Where can I put my bag?"

"It would be best to put it in my room. Follow me."

"I probably know the way - yes, this house is a mirror image of mine."

"I got you something. Here." Jamie gave Jason the book that he just bought.

"Thanks." Jason's face bloomed with happiness

"Bring that when I give you violin lessons."

"How much do I owe you?"

"It's a gift."

Jason stood there with the book in his hand, his face having an expression of amazement and gratitude. There was a momentary pause of silence, this time it was because Jason had the thoughts running through his head. "Thank you."

"Would you like to have your first lesson now?"

"Okay."

"Come on, let's go to my room." Jamie led Jason to his room, and prepared a corner of the bed for him to sit on. "The first thing you need to do learn is how to hold the bow. This is the bow." Jamie handed Jason his bow, but still kept hold of it. "Look at my hand - do you see where my thumb and fingers are? You try. No, don't use your small finger to hold, just your first two fingers. It's not a sword. Yes, that's better. Now twist your wrist. No, like this." Jamie gingerly moved Jason's wrist so it was just right for playing the violin. "Okay, now bend your elbow. Right, do you see how the bow moves in circles? Try to keep the bow in a straight line. No, that's still not right. Do it like this." Jamie held Jason's whole hand, and moved his hand back and forth, twisting his wrist so that the bow kept in a straight line. It was not entirely successful, and the boys ended up laughing about the whole thing.

"Will you play me something please?"

"I don't like performing."

"Please, for me?" Jason's face pleaded. Jamie wanted to say no again, but thought that perhaps it would be better for him to play - in case it might make friendship a closer reality. "What do you want me to play?"

"Cavatina, from The Deer Hunter."

"I can't play that, it's a piece written for guitar."

"Alright, how about Flight of the Bumblebee?"

"I'm not that good! How about Summer, from the four seasons?"

"Okay." Jason listened quietly as Jamie played. A few minutes and mistakes later, Jamie finished. "Wow, that was beautiful" said Jason.

"It was awful, I made too many mistakes."

"I thought you were brilliant."

"Really?" Jamie lowered his violin, and looked directly at Jason. He saw that Jason was not joking; he was looking back with

seriousness in his eyes. Those eyes - they were so beautiful that Jamie could not help looking. It had a marble type pattern to it, and his rather long eyelashes made them even more attractive. "Thank you", said Jamie.

"So where do you come from then." Said Jamie, as he put his violin away.

"I come from Glasgow. It's much bigger than here. There is a lot to do, the shops are bigger and there was a McDonalds just up the road from me."

"Well, there is one close by here too. What do you miss the most about Glasgow?"

"My friends. I really miss my friends, especially my best friend. Stuart was my best friend and now I might not ever see him again. Jamie noticed a change in Jason - he was no longer smiling and his voice started sounding a bit strange. "I've known him for five years, and now he's gone." Tears were forming in Jason's eyes. "It's only been a week but I miss him so much." Jason was not a whiner - he just let loose. Jamie couldn't remember when last he saw somebody cry, and he just stood there watching. He thought back to the time he lost his dog - he cried then, but he was only eight years old. Jamie's own emotions started to well up inside him now, he could feel some of the hurt that Jason was feeling. He thought back to when he used to cry, his mother would hold him, and when he lost his dog, he cried in his father's arms. Jamie held out his arms to offer comfort, and like a ravenous dog to a T-bone steak, Jason took the offer.

There he was, standing in his bedroom with Jason, the new next door neighbour, and they were holding each other. The circumstances allowed for this event to be perfectly normal, but Jamie felt very nervous - as if they were doing something wrong. He looked out the window to be sure nobody was watching, and he patted Jason on the shoulder. "It's all right", he said. He couldn't think of anything else to say, and continued to let Jason cry next to his ear. Jamie wanted it to stop now, because he could feel his dick was starting to get hard. Maybe because Jason's tight grip was cutting blood circulation in his body, and there was nowhere else for the blood to go, or maybe because it was pressing up against something, and it was a chain reaction. Jason released his grip, and while still lightly blubbering, he asked "would you be my friend?" The word 'friend' echoed several times in Jamie's mind, as if it was repeated by ghosts next to him on both sides. He looked in Jason's eyes which had been reddened by the crying, and tears of happiness formed in his own eyes. "I'd love to be your friend". They hugged once again, this time a friendship hug and not a comfort hug, and this time it was Jamie who did all the squeezing. The joy levels in his heart rose, as he thought to himself, "I finally have a friend." Jamie realised that he didn't know anything about Jason, but had a gut feeling that he was the right kind of person that could be a good friend. "Are friends supposed to hug like this?"

"I hugged Stuart all the time, its fine" said Jason. Jamie once again saw Jason's red smile.

"Let's see your binoculars" said Jason, changing the subject completely.

"They're my dad's. Please be careful." Jason took the massive binoculars and looked outside the window. "Wow, this is incredible, I can see right into my room. These must be expensive!"

"I don't know, it's his works."

"Do you have any computer games?"

"No, but I have lots of videos - want to watch something?"

"Sure!" With that, the two boys spent some time watching "The Green Mile" together. During the movie, Jamie's mother came inside.

"Hello Jamie, hello Jason" she said. "Will Jason be staying for dinner?"

"No thanks Mrs McDonald."

The movie eventually finished, and Jason went home. Jamie stood at his window and watched. It was pouring with rain, and he saw some people rushing by before noticing the light go on. The blurred figure of Jason entered his room, looked across and waved. Jamie waved back, this time smiling as broadly as Jason usually smiled. He was happy, because at long last he could say that he had a friend. After dinner, Jamie did his homework and then sat in his spot in the window. He looked out at the very wet street and watched the rain drench passer-byes. Occasionally he would see Jason or his parents in the various windows, and watched intently to see what they were doing. Jamie was not a voyeur by any means - he just liked to do puzzles. He liked to guess what the people were doing by seeing for a brief moment some actions in the windows. He found it a form of entertainment.

"Come on lazybones, time to get up." The familiar voice of his mother seeped through the duvet, and a thin line of light shone from the sides. The steps left the room, but as usual, the door did not close. "Were you born in a barn?" Came the muffled voice from under the duvet, but there was nobody to hear it - which was the intention. Jason got up, and closed the door. He looked down at his penis which was sticking up in the air, just like it did many mornings. Jason thought that masturbating the night before would prevent the embarrassment of waking up with a hard on, but it didn't seem to work. He poked at it, and it moved. He grabbed it through the material, and it throbbed. Jason was not surprised that it had happened - it happened many times to him - even while watching Mrs Clayton, the 47 year old crotchety maths teacher, write sums on the board. He took off his underpants and looked at it. His little soldier was standing at attention. He pulled at it, and stroked the few pubic hairs that he had, bringing nice feelings to his body. He then realised that there was a possibility that a certain somebody could see, but he didn't look up to see if they were looking. Jason stopped playing with it, and got dressed. It finally went down again.

Jamie put down the binoculars. He was relieved to know that Jason had not spotted him, but he very worried. Worried because he found that he could not put the binoculars down, no matter how much his mind told him not to look. Worried because his libido took over, and his erection was evidence of that. Worried because he was aroused by looking at another boy, something he had not felt with anybody else before, and worried that might be queer. The worst thing you could be called at school was "poofter" or "queer", and Jamie didn't think of him as that, until he saw his bodily reaction after watching Jason. On top of that, there was God who was probably frowning down at him right this very minute. "I'm sorry Lord," whispered Jamie. "I don't know what has come over me." Jamie felt his dick through his pyjamas, it was still rock hard. He knew one way of getting that to go down, so he went to the bathroom. A cold shower always worked.

Jason stopped in the music shop with his father after school, and they bought the cheapest violin they could find. For £79 it was a bargain. It came with a hard case, bow, chin rest and resin. Jason had been so besotted by Jamie's playing, that his interest in playing

increased exponentially. After he got home, he put resin on his bow, and tried to play a string. Needless to say, it was awful. He kept playing two strings instead of one, and his bow seamlessly skipped along the length of the string. Jason remembered the lesson that Jamie gave him the previous day, and remembered about his wrist. A few more minutes later, Jason was playing the bottom string of the violin effortlessly, but still sounded a bit strange. He was nevertheless pleased with his accomplishment. He looked over to see Jamie sitting in his window frame, and once again waves were exchanged.

Supper had finished, and Jamie went back upstairs to do a bit of practice. Halfway through his practice, his father came in the room.

"Jamie, can I have a word with you?"

"Of course dad."

"Have a seat son, it's rather important." Jamie sat down on his bed, and his father sat down next to him. "I've always been honest with you son, I've not ever kept any secrets from you. What I am about to tell you may make you embarrassed, and you might not want to answer any questions faithfully. Please, be as frank as possible, don't feel at all embarrassed." Jamie feared the worst - his father found out about his erection he had this morning because of the next door neighbour, and now his father thinks that he's queer. "In our lives, we go through a change called puberty. Changes happen to our body that makes boys turn into men. Our voices change, they become deeper. We grow hair in our armpits and in our private parts, and later we grow hair on our chest and chin. During this time, you will grow much quicker than you have ever grown, and things will change for you in a radical way. Your balls will grow bigger, because they become your baby producing factory. They will produce semen, but you probably know of it as sperm. Sometimes there will be more sperm than your testicles can handle, and your body releases this sperm at night, this is commonly known as a wet dream. If this does happen to you, don't panic, it's perfectly normal. Your body is going to produce a hormone called testosterone. This hormone will cause you to have erections for no apparent reason. You could get them in class, while you're swimming or even at the dinner table. This is also perfectly normal, but embarrassing I'm sure. You will also get spots on your face, and if we are lucky, it won't be too much. One thing that testosterone does to you, is give you the desire to have sex. I kid you not, you will be tempted, and man's way of getting rid of temptation is by masturbating, which is commonly known as wanking. You might do it already, or you might only start in a years time, but I don't care if you do it or not. What is important to me is that you do not knock over some silly bint and make her pregnant. If you feel the urge, go to a private room and wank - get over the urge. Other fathers give their sons condoms to try to get them to avoid being fathers, but I see it as giving the child permission to have sex. Until you are 16 years old, it is illegal to put your penis in a woman's vagina, and even then it will be wrong unless you are married. Any questions so far?"

"No dad."

"Finally, on to the serious part. Have you got my binoculars?" Jamie gulped.

"Yes dad."

"Who have you been secretly looking at?" Jamie knew that he could not possibly tell him the truth - his father would not like it. Luckily, Jamie knew most of the people on his street close by, and the people two houses next to Jason's had a daughter that was about 17 years old. "Peggy" said Jamie. His dad started laughing.

"Before you get involved with any woman, look at their mothers, because that is what they will become like. I am going to need to ask you to give me the binoculars back, and not to use them again unless you need them for a good reason. It is illegal to look into other people's homes, and I don't want to have me officers come to me house because they got a complaint. Hand them over." Jamie opened his cupboard and took out the binoculars. "Thank you. Now did you learn anything from me little talk?"

"Yes dad."

"Good." Dad left the room, and Jamie fell backwards onto his bed. He was relieved that his father had not learned about this morning's episode. He was also in a way relieved that his father took the binoculars back - now he could not look at Jason anymore. It's not that he didn't want to look; he just thought it was wrong to look at what he saw that morning.

Jason loved Saturdays - it was one of the two days of the week that his sleep did not get interrupted by his mother. The gentle patter of rain against the window woke him up after having a very good night's sleep. Jason was content - he found somebody to replace what was for him very important - his closest companion. Jason looked out the window and saw the wind blowing hard and rubbish flying in the air. Jamie was sitting in his window, watching the road as usual. Jason waved a "come here" wave to Jamie. Both of his parents were doing the business, so he was all alone. He remembered what he and Stuart used to do when they were all alone, but knew that it would not be possible with Jamie. Jason had a secret that he dare not tell a soul - let's just say that he and Stuart were more than just friends.

He put some clothes on, and looked once again out the window. He saw Jamie exiting his doorway and running across the road. Jason went down to let him in.

"Hello" said Jason.

"Bloody hell it's coming down in buckets." Jamie was drenched.

"Don't you have an umbrella?"

"I didn't think I'd need it."

"Give me your fleece; I'll hang it over the radiator." Jamie took off his fleece, and hung it on the central heating radiator. "Your trousers are soaked, come upstairs and I can lend you one of mine. Are your feet wet?"

"Drenched, I stepped in a massive puddle in the street."

"You might as well take your shoes off too. You can use my slippers." They went upstairs, and Jason handed Jamie a tracksuit bottom. He then duly turned around to look at the wall. He heard keys being taken out of pockets, and shoes being kicked off. He really wished he could look, but dared not. "OK to look now" said Jamie. Jason turned around and found Jamie holding his socks and trousers. These too were hung over the radiator.

"I see you've been shopping." Jamie indicated at the violin case sitting on the floor.

"Yes, I got the violin so that I could practice. See what I can do." Jason murdered the top string.

"You need to push down with your finger so that the bow does not bounce on the string like that, but don't push down too hard. Also, put the base of your bow on the string, and pull the bow down - this is called the downward stroke. You would almost always start playing with a downward stroke. I also think it needs tuning, let me have a go?" After about 10 minutes of putting wax on the pegs and tuning the violin, Jamie managed to play a quick few tunes. Jason

was watching intently both at the violin and Jamie. After an hour of teaching, they decided to stop.

"So what shall we do now?" Asked Jamie.

"Let's play cards." Jason fished out a pack of cards from his draw, and also pulled out a photograph. "This is Stuart." He handed a picture of a redhead freckled boy to Jamie.

"How old is Stuart?"

"He's 15."

"15? Didn't he used to bully you?"

"No. He was very caring. He was like a brother to me. How old are you?"

"I'm 13. And you?"

"I'm 12 turning 13 next month" said Jason.

"12? I'm about 6 months older than you."

"You're no going to look down at me because I am younger, are you?"

"No, I wouldn't do that to a friend." The word friend echoed through Jason's mind a few times - he liked the sound of that. "What shall we play?" Asked Jamie.

"Strip poker" said Jason, almost immediately back. Jamie looked at Jason for a long while thinking of the suggestion. "I was only joking! Look at your face!" Jason fell on the bed laughing his fool head off, leaving Jason grinning with amusement.

The two spent some time playing cards and showing each other tricks. They made some toasted sandwiches for lunch, and sat down in front of the telly to eat. There was boring rubbish on television as usual, and Jason surprisingly had no videos they could put on.

"Dad says they are a waste of money, but he would happily go down the pub for a pint, or smoke like a chimney." Jason's tone of voice clearly spelled out "selfish hypocrite".

"I take it you don't get on well with your dad?"

"Get on well? I hate him. He despises me and everything I do. He says that he so disappointed with me because I don't play football. I liked Stuart more than I like my father. In fact, I like you more than I like my father, and I don't even know you well. He calls me a poof just because I cry more than he does."

"Why do you cry?"

"I don't know. Have you seen the movie the sixth sense?"

"Yes."

"I cried when they were in the car and the boy told his mother about his special gift."

"It's okay to cry. I did it just the other day."

"Why did you cry?" There was a pause, and it became evident that Jamie preferred not to answer. "You can tell me, I will not tell anybody" said Jason, reassuringly.

"I cried because I was longing for a friend."

"Well then, I guess you must be a poof too."

"I don't think so" snapped Jamie.

"I was only joking."

Jason's smile and hopes left him with Jamie's last comment, and fear of rejection and persecution overwhelmed him. Was Jamie another one of those homophobes? Would Jamie hurt him emotionally just like his father did? Was his hope of having a friend as close as Stuart already over? It was better so, for the longer the time taken to establish this, the more anguish it would bring.

"I didn't mean to be sound rude, it's just that - never mind" said Jamie after noticing the radical facial change that Jason went through. Jason looked up at him like a whipped dog, and knew that he had to say something to put things right.

"You don't have to answer, but where you sexually abused when you were younger?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"I thought that you might have been, because you seemed very opposed to the suggestion about being a poof. I thought I might have stirred up some emotions inside."

"Can we get off this subject?"

"Okay." Jason decided to give up on that subject. He wanted to be sure that his new friend would not reject him if he ever found out, and of course that almost always happens.

"Getting back to you. I don't think that you are a poof because you cry, and to me a sign of crying shows that you have emotions, which are good, because it also means that you are not cold and insensitive. I prefer it that you cry rather than not."

"Really?"

"Sure. Crying, playing the piano, or any other instrument, doing ballet or not having a girlfriend does not make a man a poof - that's all fairy tales. When you cried in my room, I wanted to cry with you, because I could feel all your hurt."

"Stop it; you're going to make me cry again. How could you feel my hurt?"

"I don't know."

"Have you loved and lost someone too?" enquired Jason.

"Well, not someone, but something. I used to have a dog but he got hit by a car and died. I loved him with all my heart, and one day he was as flat as a pancake. It took me some time to get over it, but luckily my dad helped me along the way."

"From the sounds of things, I'll need help to get over losing Stuart." Jason spent the last few words worrying about the fact that he accidentally let the cat out the bag, but it looks like Jamie did not catch on that he used the word "loved." It was usually something that people would catch on to, but Jamie made no comment or referral to it.

A brief moment of silence engulfed the room. Jason noticed that the small bulge that he had been secretly looking at changed, and recognised the shape that it formed.

"Is that a canoe in your pocket or are you happy to see me?" Jamie's ears glowed an embarrassing red, and he turned to Jason who was grinning from ear to ear. Jamie smiled with shame, and used his arms to cover up. "It's a natural thing that happens; it's got nothing to do with you."

"Oh sure it is" said Jason, jokingly.

"It happens naturally; you had one just the other day too."

"Oh so you WERE looking." Jason's face changed from a normal grin to a surprised grin, which is where the eyebrows move up as high as they can go. "You had to be using the binoculars to have seen that much."

"It was an accident; I thought you might have put another note in the window."

"Let me see yours."

"No."

"It's not fair that you've seen mine and I've not seen yours." Jamie looked at Jason, and appeared to be trying to understand the logic involved. Jason didn't really expect that Jamie would comply, but to his surprise, he did. Jamie pulled down the front of the borrowed tracksuit bottoms with his underpants, and revealed his hard dick. Jason stared at the sight, but Jamie did not notice that, because he was also looking. Jamie was staring at his own dick as if he had never seen it before. His face showed signs of amazement, bewilderment, and disbelief. Jamie snapped the tracksuit bottoms

back into place. He then looked at Jason, and said "nobody must ever know what has happened."

"I promise nobody will find out."

"I think I should go."

Jason did not prevent Jamie from leaving, and he did not urge him to stay. He realized that Jamie went through something that was probably unnatural or him, and needed to have some time to himself to think about it. Jamie put his shoes on, and then left without worrying about his trousers. Jason did not say anything; he saw this as an opportunity to see him again in the future, as he would have to take over his trousers at a later stage. He was worried that Jamie would never want to see him again. He watched Jamie run across the street, and enter his door. Jason went up to his room to have a look out his window, and he saw that Jamie had drawn his curtain.

Jason had a good wank that night. Jamie was the third boy who he saw with a hard on. The other two boys were Stuart and Kevin, a schoolmate that he dared in the school toilets. Kevin even played with his own dick, but did not allow Jason to touch it. Jason tried to remember how Stuart got him to do things, but it was such a long time ago it started. He remembered how Stuart would hold him from behind, hugging him and kissing his neck, and then rubbing his chest. Jason turned over and held his duvet, cuddling it like it was a large teddy bear. He kissed the soft cotton that served as a face, and looked at it in the darkness.

"Stuart, I wish you were here." He said, and cried himself to sleep.

Thunder woke Jamie in the early hours of Sunday morning. His duvet was on the floor, and he found himself holding on to his pillow as if it was a lifejacket. A flash of lightning lit up his room, and a few seconds later, the thunder rattled his window. He got up and looked out, to find Jamie sitting in his window frame in his pyjamas with the curtains drawn behind him. The next flash of lightning reflected against his white smooth chest and blinded him momentarily. Once he had regained his vision, and the thunder drummed through his ears, he found that Jamie had left his perch, and the curtains swayed back into place. It took him quite some time to get back to sleep.

"Get up. It's time for church." Jason's dad did not have the waking up skills that his mother had. Jason could never tell if his father was in a bad mood or not, because he always sounded the same. After Jason got dressed, the three of them walked to the church which was about two blocks away. They found Jamie and his parents already there, but did not join them. The church held a bit of worship before the preacher got up to do his talk.

"Sexual immorality is a sin."

"Great" thought Jason. "First time visitor and they already pounce on me." He secretly looked around to see if anybody was looking at him. He successfully ignored the rest of the sermon, but managed to pick up on the part which said that homosexuals were no more wrong than "normal" sex outside of marriage. He remembered about one year ago he saw his father kiss his secretary where he used to work, and it was not a normal kiss either. He swore that he would never tell anybody, especially his mother, but many times wanted to just to get revenge because of how mean he was.

"Amen" murmured everybody, and then he saw some people start to leave. His father went over to Jamie's father, and his mother went over to Jamie's mother, and they started to talk. Jason started walking over to Jamie, and to his surprise, Jamie did not walk away.

"Hello" said Jason.

"Hello."
"Look, I'm sorry about what happened yesterday."
"It's not your fault."
"I urged you to do it, how is it not my fault?"
"You urged, but you did not force me to do it, I still did it out of my own will."
"You wanted to show me?"
"Not really, it's just that I did it without being forced to do it. Do you think what I did makes me a poof?"
"No, it's what you do with other people that makes you a poof."
"That's good then - I wouldn't want you thinking I was a poof."
"If you were a poof, I would not think of you as a poof."
"No? What would you think of me as then?"
"I would think of you as my next door neighbour and close friend," said Jason. Jamie smiled a wry smile. "Let's go stand outside for a bit. Mom, I'm going home with Jason, okay?"
"Sure sweetheart, we'll be right behind you" said Jamie's mom, and turned to continue talking about lemon meringues. They left the church and proceeded to go to Jamie's home.

When they got there, they got some coke and went up to Jamie's room.
"Can I try an experiment?" Asked Jamie.
"What kind of an experiment?"
"Give me a hug." Jason looked at Jamie strangely. He felt that he was being led into a trap. He looked around to see if anybody else was looking. "Why?"
"Please, just give me a hug." Jason cautiously and slowly moved towards Jamie, arms outstretched, not really sure what to expect. He felt Jamie's arms wrap around him, and hold him, and then proceeded to wrap his arms around Jamie.
"Is something the matter?" Enquired Jason.
"Yes."
"What's wrong?" Jason felt Jamie's hands rub across his back, and naturally his dick started to harden.
"I'm enjoying this."
"Really? There is nothing wrong with that."
"Weren't you listening this morning?"
"Yes I was." Jason still stood there, holding Jamie. He couldn't believe this was happening, especially so soon. His erection was now at full mast, and he could feel Jamie's crotch pressing onto his own. Jason moved his hand down and touched Jamie's groin, and felt that his dick was also hard before Jamie grabbed his wrist.
"No" he said, sternly.
"Sorry" said Jason, and placed his hand back behind Jamie's back. Jamie continued to hold him. "You did things with Stuart, right?"
"What do you mean?"
"You know what I mean." Jamie was still holding him, and Jason took a short while to answer.
"Yes" said Jason, after plucking up the courage.
"What is it like?" Jason was thinking of an answer but never got the chance to speak. "Shit, the gate." Jamie pushed Jason on the bed, and grabbed some comics from a small bedside cabinet.
"Here."
The door opened, and his parents came in. Jamie's mother came upstairs and popped her head in. "We've invited the McAllistairs to have Sunday lunch with us, why don't you two come down and help with cooking?" It was apparent that she was not in the slightest bit interested in the fact that they both had comics blocking the view of

their nether regions. She went out and then back downstairs, and the two boys looked at each other.

"How did you know she would come in?"

"My mother never shouts for me, unless she has no idea where I am."

"I wish my mother was like that."

"Come on, let's go help downstairs." Jamie got up and looked down at his crotch to see if anything looked strange. He then looked down at Jason's to do the same thing, and then looked up at Jason and smiled.

It turned out that the main reason for the invite was the fact that Jamie's father had the larger television, and there was a game on. It was the England Premier League and Arsenal vs. Liverpool at White Hart Lane. Jamie's mom was doing all the hard work while Jamie and Jason peeled the potatoes, carrots and rolled the stuffing into balls. Jason was expecting to have to pop the peas out of their pods, but they had frozen peas, so it was not required. After all the food preparation was done, the mothers and two boys played a game of Monopoly while the pork was roasting away. Jason kept looking at Jamie, and sometimes they would look at each other, but dared not show any emotion. They did however smile at each other when either of them had to pay the other. Jason was still not sure what the future held for their friendship, and was constantly thinking about it. The game of Monopoly never got finished, and after lunch the McAllistairs went back home. Margaret did offer to help do the washing, but she was told that guests don't have to wash up, and that they had a healthy son that would be happy to do it.

"I wish our son were that useful" said Jason's Dad. That upset Jason for the rest of the day, and when he got home he stayed in his room, and remained useless for the rest of the day. He tried thinking about earlier events which could possibly cheer him up, but it was no use.

Jason waved to Jamie when he left his house to go to school, as he was standing in his window frame once again. Jamie waved back, and it made him feel good. He was always worried that the previous day of events would scare them away. He could not concentrate properly at school, as he wondered what would happen when he got back home. Would he see Jamie? Would they get to do something together? Would he once again fake leaving his keys at home, so that he could spend a day together? He kept thinking about the hug yesterday, and would love to have the opportunity to do it again. Eventually school was over, and he hurried back home. When he got home, he noticed that Jamie's front door was open and he could hear violin music come from inside. He went inside to change, and remembered to take Jamie's trousers across.

He knocked on the door, and the violin music stopped.

"Come in," said Jamie's voice from the inside.

"I brought your trousers back."

"Thanks, I'll take them in a moment. I have an exam tomorrow, what do you think of this?" Jamie played an interesting piece which Jason was intently listening to, but also imagining removing his tracksuit bottom that Jamie was wearing. The piece was finally finished, and Jason's attention once again went to Jamie's face.

"What do you think?"

"It's very good. It's sad though, what is it?"

"Romance."

"Why does it sound so sad?"

"I've always wanted to know, perhaps you can tell me." Jamie pulled of the tracksuit bottoms he was wearing, and put on his pair of trousers. He didn't do it discreetly, like a person who knew he was being watched and tried to hide his manhood, nor did he exhibit himself.

"I'm glad you came over," said Jamie. "I enjoy your company. My mom is out today helping the old age home, do you want to stay to watch a movie?"

"Sure, but I need to do some homework."

"Go bring your books, we can do it together."

Jason fetched his books and the two spent a half hour doing some homework. Jamie made some toasted sandwiches and then they looked through the movie draws.

"Do you have Beautiful Thing?" Asked Jason

"No, what is it?"

"It's a movie about two teenage boys that fall in love." Jamie turned to Jason and looked at him. "Does it have a happy ending?"

"Yes."

"Did it make you cry?"

"Yes" smiled Jason.

"Billy Elliot?"

"Seen that."

"Here, you pick something." They swapped positions, and Jason started to finger through the hundreds of video cassettes. Eventually he picked The Golden Child. During the first few minutes, in the scene where the Golden Child is captured, Jamie talked.

"Can I ask you a strange question?"

"Okay," said Jason still watching the screen.

"Is it okay for a guy to find another guy attractive?"

"I suppose so, why do you ask."

"I mean, girls do it all the time, right? I'm not suggesting that the guy is attracted to the other bloke, he just finds him attractive, as in good looking."

"I understand. Have you found somebody attractive?"

"Sort of. Have you ever heard of Steve McCurry?"

"No."

"When I was in WH Smith the other day, I saw a book that looked interesting. It contains this photographers pictures that he took all over the world. Would you like to see it?"

"Let's look after the movie. What made you think of that?"

"The Golden Child reminded me of it."

"Do you think he's attractive?"

"In some way, sure." Jamie wasn't looking at Jason, but he could see from the corner of his eye that Jason was looking at him. A good hour and a half later, the movie ended, and everybody lived happily ever after. Jamie ran upstairs and fetched his Steve McCurry book. He leafed through the pages and pointed out several ones that he thought were very good.

"You see, the way he takes his pictures, he seems to bring out beauty in them. I find these in some way beautiful. Some of the most beautiful ones just happen to be boys though, and I wondered if that was strange."

"I don't think there is anything strange in finding beauty in boys. I have to go pee, I'll be right back." With that, Jason rushed away, swinging a left at the bottom of the stairs, and headed to the toilet. He skidded on the carpet and...

"Mommy" said Jason, his body jerking to life.

"Shush, stay still" came a voice from above him. Jason opened his eyes.

"Where am I?"

"It's Jamie, you had an accident. Try to lie still; my father is on his way."

"Jamie?" Jason's eyes wobbled from side to side as he started gaining focus on the head peering over him. Jason started realising his environment and surrounding, starting with the fact that his head was on his pillow. His forehead felt a bit wet, and he touched it with his hand. On examination of his hand, he saw blood. "Jamie!" Squeaked Jason in a high pitched voice. His body twitched in fear at seeing the sight of his blood on his hand, and Jamie had to try real hard to keep him still. "Stay still, you're not bleeding badly, it will be alright. Please, just relax; my father will be here any minute."

"Don't leave me Jamie." Jason grabbed on Jamie's arm, staining his shirt as well as the pillow his head was resting on. His other hand felt down by his trousers - they were wet. Jamie took Jason's free hand and held it.

"Are you an Angel? You look so beautiful." Said Jason, half unaware of what he was saying. Jamie squeezed his hand and smiled. Jamie's father came home just then, holding his police issue first aid kit. Jamie got up, giving his father room to work. His father wiped Jason's forehead, finding a cut that was not too deep to require real stitches, so he treated it and taped the wound closed and wrapped a bandage around his head.

"Jason, can you hear me?" Jason nodded his head slowly.

"What day of the week is it?"

"Sunday. No, Monday. Yes, it's Monday."

"Are you sure?" Jason thought for a bit and shook his head no.

"You've had a nasty fall and hit your head on the door going into the toilet. I think you must have been running and slipped on our carpet. I'm going to give your father a call." Jamie's dad walked away and Jamie kneeled down beside him again.

"Did I wet myself?" Asked Jason.

"Yes, but don't worry about it. You must have been really desperate to go, that's why you ran. You were wet even by the time I got to you."

"Is the carpet wet?"

"Hello, Jim? It's Bill Andrews here, Jamie's father. Aye. Your son was with Jamie this afternoon, and I'm afraid he's had a bit of an accident. He managed to fall into the bathroom doorframe and knocked himself out. A bit of concussion and a cut on the head, but I've treated that for him. Yes, I'm qualified in first aid, I have to be for my job. Yes, he's okay now, but just a bit shaken. I was wondering if you wanted to take him to the doctor for a wee check-up. No? Okay, I would have brought him down if you did. Do you want to speak to him? I'll tell him." Jamie's father came back down the hall to where the two boys were.

"How are you feeling now Jason?"

"A bit better thank you, was that my father you were speaking to?"

"Yes. He has asked that we look after you for a while, because he and your mother are showing houses to a few people, and will be late. They also suggested that you get some McDonalds, but we can feed you, that's not a problem. Do you think you can get up?" Both Jamie and his father helped Jason up. He was not completely steady on his feet, and he swayed a little bit. He looked down at the carpet, saw a large wet spot and blood on the carpet and immediately burst out crying with embarrassment.

"I'm so sorry" he wailed.

"Jason, don't be concerned, you did not do it on purpose, and there is nothing to be sorry about. Jamie, take Jason with you

upstairs and help him to wash and get him into some dry trousers. I'll clean this lot up here.

"Will it be possible to get the blood off, dad? I thought it stained."

"Oh, we have stuff that will remove blood stains; I'll quickly get it from the station. I best get it now while the day staff are still there. Jason, do you think you can manage with Jamie?" Jason nodded, and Bill left the house to get the chemical blood stain remover that was generally not available to public.

"I have a headache" said Jason, as the two were walking up the stairs. Jamie was behind Jason, just in case he fell backwards. They went into the bathroom and Jamie started running a bath. "What must I do?" Jason was still in a bit of a daze.

"Take off your clothes; I'll put them in the wash." Jason started pulling up his shirt over his head, and Jamie intervened to help, to ensure that it did not catch on his bandage. "Now your trousers." Jamie bent down and undid Jason's shoes, and removed them. Jason helped by lifting his feet, and soon his socks and shoes were off. Jason slipped off his Trousers, wetting his legs with the now cold urine that saturated his trousers. "Now your pants." Jason slipped of his Giorgio Armani pants, and handed it to Jamie, who was carefully holding the trousers and shirt. "Okay, now into the bath - I will hold you so that you don't slip." Jason lifted one foot, and placed it into the warm half-full bath. "This is so strange" said Jason.

"What is?"

"I'm being bathed by somebody; I can't remember being bathed by somebody before."

"Well, it's strange for both of us then, I've never bathed somebody before. Ok, now sit down, and hold the handrails. I'll be right back. Jamie left the room with the clothes and came back with a clean towel.

"I've put the clothes in the wash; now let's get you cleaned up. Here." Jamie handed Jason a bar of soap. Jason smiled to Jamie, and brazenly said, "Don't you want to do it?" Jamie looked at Jason, and it was clear that he was considering the suggestion. Jamie very cunningly asked, "Do you want me to do it?" So that it would seem that it was not he that wanted to do it, but Jason. Jason very cleverly replied, "I can't do it, I'm supporting my body with both my arms, I need some help."

"Okay, I'll help you."

Jamie splashed some water onto Jason's stomach, and proceeded to wash him there first. He started to go lower and lower, and reached to just where his pelvis was.

"I can't wash you while you are sitting down, can you stand in the bath?" Jason complied, and stood. It seems like the hit on the head did not disable his erogenous zones, as Jason's dick was hard. Jason looked down at Jamie, who was looking straight at his hard dick, his mouth was open probably in amazement, but wished that it was open for another reason. Jamie lathered his hands and proceeded to wash Jason's middle. Starting on his bottom, he moved round the sides and proceeded to wash Jason's testicles and penis. He felt his friend's dick for the very first time, and he smiled as he felt Jason pull a muscle and made it throb. Jamie then moved onto Jason's thighs, cupping his hands around one leg at a time, and lathering them well. Jamie used the hand shower connection to rinse Jason off, and let the water out of the bath. He dried Jason off with his towel, and stood up to meet Jason eye to eye.

"There, all done." Jason kissed Jamie on the cheek and said "Thank you." Jamie looked at Jason right in the eye, not really knowing what to do.

"Close your eyes" said Jamie. Jason closed his eyes, and to his surprise, Jamie leaned over and kissed him on the lips. The kiss was not quick, nor was it long - it lasted a few seconds. "I've never kissed anybody before," said Jamie.

"Not even a girl?"

"No, nobody."

"Why did you kiss me?"

"I don't know."

"Do you find me attractive?" There was a short pause before Jamie answered.

"Yes."

"Are you attracted to me?"

"Boys, are you okay up there?" Called Jamie's father, who had returned unheard. Jamie's white face went even whiter, however possible that was, and he looked at the door in fear that his father might suddenly come in.

"I'll need something to wear." Said Jason, snapping Jamie out of his fear.

After a few minutes later the boys came down and found Jamie's father finishing up.

"See, it's all gone."

"Thank you Mr Andrews"

"How is your head feeling?"

"It's much better now; I still have a slight headache."

"Well, have a sit down and just relax. I'm going to fetch my wife now, so Jamie, look after him again please."

"Sure dad."

After his father left, Jason wanted to continue having fun, so tried to ask in a subtle sort of way.

"Do you still want to know what it's like?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know, doing things together."

"I don't know if I'm ready for that. It's all still a bit strange to me. I didn't expect to have these kinds of feelings for you, or even for anybody. Maybe it's just a phase I'm going through, my father said that there would be some hormones."

"I don't understand, you played with me in the bath."

"I know, that is what's worrying me. It didn't seem wrong when I did it, but I feel so guilty now."

"Why do you feel guilty?"

"Mostly because it's wrong. My father would never understand."

"I won't tell him if you don't." Jamie smiled. "How about just hugging then, there's nothing wrong with that." Jamie appeared to be thinking about the suggestion, and finally agreed. Jason moved closer and embraced Jamie, who in return closed his arms around Jason.

"Why did you say that you find me beautiful?"

"I never said that," said Jason

"You said it while you were on the floor."

"Did I?"

"Yes. Were you thinking about somebody else?"

"I can't remember."

"What happens now?"

"What do you mean?"

"Is this all there is?"

"No, but I'm afraid to do anything else just in case you don't want me to."

"I'll let you know if we're doing anything wrong."

"Here, lie down on the couch, I want to try an experiment." It was now Jason's turn to perform the experimentation.

"On my stomach or on my back?"

"Lie on your back."

Jamie lay down as instructed, and intently watched Jason as he sat down beside him.

"Say stop at any time." Jason started by stroking his hands through Jamie's hair. Moving his hand from his forehead to as back as he could go, he slowly parted the hair and it fell back in place in waves. He then slowly used his fingers to caress his forehead, moving down to his ears and cheeks. His index finger slowly caressed Jamie's lips while Jamie lied there almost helplessly, mouth slightly open, his eyes moving from side to side to look at each one of Jason's eyes. Jason held his hand against Jamie's cheek, and then used the other hand to stroke his hair again. "Stop me at any time" reminded Jason, and then he slowly bent his head down and brought it closer to Jamie's head. Jason expected to have his expectations stopped, as he made it blatantly clear what they were. Instead, Jamie just continued to lie there and stare up at him. Jason planted his lips on Jaime's lips, and kissed him for a good few seconds.

"You ARE beautiful" said Jason. Jason moved both his hands over Jamie's chest through his jumper, and slowly circled over his breasts. He rubbed over his shoulders, upper arms, back to the chest, and once again up to the face. Jason moved his head down to kiss Jamie again, but as he went down, they both heard the gate swing open.

Jamie's parents came in to find both boys sitting on the couch staring at a blank television.

"Hello boys," said Jamie's mum. "I didn't feel like cooking so I got us some Kentucky, is that okay with you both?"

"Yes mum."

"How are you feeling Jason?"

"Much better, thank you Mrs Andrews."

"That's good to hear." The four of them sat together consuming the very tasty chicken, and then Jason said his thanks once again, and bid his farewell. Jamie saw him out.

"Did I do anything wrong?" Whispered Jason.

"No, you did everything right."

"Can I come visit you tomorrow?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"My mum is home. I'll come visit you, and we can have another violin lesson."

"Jamie?"

"Yes?" Jason wanted to tell him that he loved him. It occurred to him that he had never told Stuart that he loved him, and Stuart never said it to him either. Why after just over one week was he prepared to say the words he could not say to somebody he had sexual episodes with for well over 4 years?

"Yes?" Repeated Jamie, still standing in the doorway.

"Good luck with the exam tomorrow."

"Thank you. Good night."

"Good night." Jason walked up to his front door before realising that Jamie was watching him all the way. Just before entering his house, he waved to Jamie, who gently waved back, his hand making the same wavy movements that Jason's hands made earlier on his chest.

"Well look at you, that's what you get for playing the fool" came the welcome message of his father as he returned home a short while later. "Tell me what really happened, did that coppers son bully you and throw you against the wall?"

"No dad."

"No dad," whined Jason's father in a sarcastic tone. "Have you done your homework?" Jason looked down at the floor; he knew there was to be trouble as he had not done any of it. "Well get up to your room and do your homework now! If it wasn't for that bandage on your head I'd smack you silly. And don't start your crying; are you a man or a mouse?" Jason walked upstairs like a whipped dog, trying hard to fight back the tears. He went into his room and smothered his face in his duvet and cried. His mother came in and sat down beside him.

"Your father did not make a sale tonight, and our money is running low, so he's in a much worse mood than normal. She rubbed Jason on his back in a caring manner.

"Why does he take it out on me?" Sniffled Jason as he lifted his face away from the duvet.

"It's not just you, darling; I don't hear the end of it either. How is your head?"

"Its okay, my headache has gone now."

"Before you go to school tomorrow, let's see how you feel, and we can put on another bandage for you." Jason turned around now and faced his mother. His eyes were red from the tears, but he had stopped crying now.

"Thanks mom." She was smiling down at him, and it made him feel a whole lot better.

"Is that a new shirt?"

"It's Jamie's shirt, mine got blood on it."

"Okay darling. Do your homework now and then come down and say goodnight." Jason quickly finished his homework, went back downstairs and said goodnight. He got back upstairs and looked out his window - Jamie was not to be seen, so he drew the curtains.

Jason lied on his bed, looking up at the ceiling, hands behind his head. He thought about his day, especially his afternoon, and smiled on his reflections. He tried to compare Jamie to Stuart, and so many things came to mind. Stuart was older than him, and it was he that got Jason to do things together. Jason was not aware back then that it was wrong to do what they were doing, but by the time he was taught this, he was already addicted to the pleasures that it brought. Stuart usually enjoyed to have his dick sucked, and to be jerked off too, and he would give just as much as he got. Nothing else happened much, but it was in Stuarts hand that Jason had his first ejaculation. This was very recent too, about a few months ago. Jason's hand was down at his prick now, and he was pinching it through his tracksuit bottom. Needless to say, he had a hard on. He realised of course that his mother could step in at any moment, but he was so hard now he had no intention of stopping. Images were coming back to him when Jamie showed his private parts, and the rubbing became more feverish. Jason's other hand started moving over his chest and breasts, and he enjoyed it even more because he realised that he was wearing Jamie's shirt. He imagined that he was in Jamie's rear end, pushing his dick in and out of his hole, and this image took him over the edge. He had an orgasm, and it was a good one. His body jerked with each small spurt of sperm, and he could feel tingling all over his body. Jason opened his eyes again, and got up so that he could clean up. He took off his trousers and the shirt that was lent to him, and only then realised that the pants that he was wearing were not his - they were Jamie's. He pulled the front forward, and there was a large patch of clear slime where he came - it looked like somebody with a very bad cold had sneezed there. He took a tissue and wiped it out, cleaning most of it up. Jason decided that he would sleep in them, so that the presence of his new friend would be with him. He switched the light off, and

soon fell asleep. Had you been there watching him, you would have seen him smiling.

The light went on and instead of the usual "time to get up", a blurred figure sat down next to him. It did not say anything, and the blurred figure turned into his mother after Jason managed to rub the sleep out of his eyes and focus properly. "Mom? Is something wrong?" Asked Jason, with the faint hope that she was going to say that she had terrible news and that his father died in his sleep.

"Let's have a look under those bandages. She took the bandages off, and under the gauze was the plaster keeping the wound closed. "That doesn't look so bad, I think we can do without another gauze dressing. How are you feeling?"

"I'm feeling just fine mum. I had a good amount of sleep."

"You must have, you were sleeping like a baby when I went to bed." Jason immediately thought about the wank he had, and was now glad he did it then instead of waiting till later. "Time to get up then sweetheart." With that, she left the room, and this time she closed the door. Jason wondered what the change was for her to close the door for the first time that he could remember. He got up, went to his curtains and opened them, revealing the still dark morning. Jamie's light was on, and it created a silhouette effect of Jamie, who was sitting in his window, watching. Jamie waved, and Jason's heart filled with happiness and joy. He felt then that Jamie was special - even more special than Stuart was. It dawned on him that there was something quite different that he felt for Jamie that he did not feel for Stuart - and that was a certain kind of love.

It was pretty cold that morning, and if it had to precipitate, snow would fall. Even though Jamie had his pyjamas on, he was bitterly cold. He wondered how Jason could possibly walk around in pants, which he noticed were his that he had lent him the day before. In a way he was hoping that would be the case. He felt this kind of strange sort of accomplishment as a result. He remembered the happenings of yesterday, and knew that he would need to keep most of it a secret. Jamie thought about how Jason rubbed his chest the previous day. Not thinking how he did it, but the fact that it made him feel really good. Jamie had so many reservations about going too far with Jason, but those reservations were very soon fading. Things like God and morality faded into the background now, they were afterthoughts and guilt, but no longer hindering the decision. Jamie wondered how he should play his cards this afternoon. He didn't want to outright blatantly say "let's shag", he wanted to make it an innocent game. Maybe he should also bash his head against the wall and if he does not become unconscious then he can pretend and see if Jason would take advantage of the situation. Jamie smiled as he remembered his naughtiness yesterday, where he kissed the still unconscious Jason. He would have taken a peek at his dick too but was turned off by the urine. He was also still concerned that he was feeling this way towards a boy - and not the opposite sex. "It's just a phase you'll grow out of it" he kept reminding himself, which made him feel a whole lot better knowing that it was just a temporary thing. Jamie had more erections that week than he usually had in a few months. He thankfully remembered his father's man to man talk and shrugged it off as normal. Masturbating was normal too, but Jamie wondered if that extended to doing somebody else. The phrase "wanking is perfectly normal" did not specifically say that it had to be to yourself, so the loophole was already there. He wondered why he had to play it calm and collective - he knew that Jason was queer and would probably agree to anything. He then remembered that Jason was not just a love toy, he was a good friend. Did he love him? He

was not sure, he would need to think about that later, right now he had to get ready for school.

Thinking about Jason all day had its negative points though. For the first time he could remember, the teacher moaned and told him to concentrate. The other students who knew him for being goody two shoes teachers pet looked at him in amazement. Luckily they could not read minds otherwise they would know everything. He used his thoughts to his advantage too, because his Grade 6 exam piece which he had during that day was Romance, and this time when he played he dedicated it to a special friend. He remembered the question that Jason asked, and understood now what Schubert must have felt when he wrote it. He also realized what it was he was feeling for Jason, and that was a powerful affinity. He had never played so well with such precision, and there was no doubt in his mind that he had passed his 6th grade, this piece being his last and the crême de la crême. Unfortunately, they never told you that day whether you passed or not. Needless to say, the rest of the day he thought of nothing else but Jason.

On his way home, he wondered what the afternoon might bring. He thought about the day before, and how much he enjoyed lying on the couch and what Jason was doing to him. He wondered if he might enjoy doing something similar to Jason, and there was only one way to find out. Jamie found that his palms were sweating, even in this terrible cold weather, and his violin almost slipped out of his hand. Soon he was there, and the anticipation was unbearable. Jamie knocked on the door, and Jason's mother answered.

"Why, hello Jamie" she said with a smile. "Jason honey, Jamie is here."

"I'll be right down" came the voice of Jason from a distance.

"Please come on in, I understand you're teaching Jason how to play the violin?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Ma'am? Oh you are so polite. Would you like something to drink?"

"Yes please. Do you have any coke?"

"That's all that you young boys drink these days, of course I have some." She went away into the kitchen and Jason appeared at the bottom of the stairs.

"I thought she wasn't going to be here" whispered Jamie.

"I thought so too. Never mind, we'll just have to be good today. Let's start with the violin lesson."

Jamie spent a few hours teaching Jason about the different parts of the violin and bow, and also taught him what each note was, starting from string 4 and going up to string 1. He taught Jamie on how to lift the bow, and basic holding of the violin, and of course posture. Jamie also spent some time talking about rhythm, staves and ledger lines, and drew basic notation from g below middle c to e one octave above middle c. Jason was a keen learner, and Jamie could see a genuine interest in the instrument and that Jason did not use it as an excuse to get closer to him. Jason's mom did not disturb them for the entire duration of the lesson, but they did not dare to do anything while she was in the house.

"Can we go back to your place?"

"My mom's home."

"Let's go out for a walk."

"It's freezing out there."

"We can be alone and we can talk freely." Jamie saw the benefits, and then agreed. Jason put on a thick coat and they went

to Jamie's house so that he could change and he also got a coat on.
"Where will we go?"

"Let's just go down the high street."

"How did your exam go today?" Asked Jason, starting off the conversation.

"It went good. I thought about you when I played, and it made me play better."

"Really?" Jason felt honoured.

"I was hoping to continue what happened yesterday on the couch."

"Really?" Jason was confused. "I thought you said you felt uncomfortable."

"Yesterday was nice. I felt good when you did that to me. I don't think there was anything wrong with it."

"So you were hoping to cuddle today?"

"Yes."

"Me too" sighed Jason. "But with your mom being home and my mom being home, we'll never get to do anything."

"Let's go somewhere else then."

"Where? Do you know someplace that we can go to get some privacy?"

"No. Maybe we should go on a holiday together. Someplace warm and someplace where there is nobody around."

"Let's get a hotel room."

"Don't be daft; people would look at us, especially when we don't even stay the night. And definitely not here, I don't know how many people know I'm the police commissioner's son, and if people had to start talking"

"Not here then" interrupted Jason.

"Where?"

"There." Jason pointed his finger to a poster in the Lunn Polly travel agents shop.

Spend the opening weekend at Alton Towers theme park at a special discounted price of £59.99 per person. Hotel room, train fare from any station, and two days at Alton Towers where the fun never stops. (Price based on two people sharing). Jamie looked at the poster and one could see that he was considering it.

"It's quite a lot of money." Said Jamie.

"We can share a hotel room there, and nobody will be suspicious. I've got some money saved up."

"I don't have money; my father buys me things when I need them."

"What if you go out to the movies?"

"My parents are usually with me, and they pay. But I'm sure it won't be a problem. What about your dad?"

"It would be difficult."

"Does he know about you?" Asked Jamie.

"He caught me and Stuart one day when he was at my house. He went mental."

"Does he think that we are also doing things? Because we're not."

"I don't know. Possibly. I don't think so though, otherwise he would have told me that he doesn't want me seeing you."

"What did he do when he caught you two?"

"He beat the crap out of both of us, and he told Stuart never to come back to the house or to see me. That was about a year ago, and I've been seeing Stuart in secret ever since."

"Wow, that's harsh."

"It's opening on March the 17th, that's a day after my birthday. We can celebrate my birthday as well."

"Really? That's good, I can use that as an excuse for us to go. Let me get one of those leaflets."

"We got that bugger that stole Mrs McLintocks purse two weeks ago. His own sister snitched on him, but that's good. At least now we have one more hooligan facing justice. Poor Mrs McLintock only goes out now with her daughter or neighbour - he's totally ruined what's rest of her life. What the hell is this?"

"It's eggplant dear." Said Jamie's mom.

"Dad?"

"Yes?"

"Jason's a good friend of mine, and it's his birthday soon. I've seen something that I think he might enjoy as a present."

"So he is now your good friend is he? What kind of a present did you have in mind?"

"A weekend at Alton Towers."

"Is that already open?"

"No, not yet, it has a special price on the opening weekend which includes train fare, hotel room at Alton Towers and two days admission to the park."

"And how much is this special price?"

"£59 per person." Jamie's dad coughed and little pieces of eggplant sprayed on the table."

"How much? I'm not paying £180 for the three of us to go to Alton Towers for the weekend."

"You won't have to dad. I was thinking that it would be just me and him."

"Just the two of you? Hundreds of miles away from home? I'm not too comfortable with that. We'll need to have a think about it. What do you think, Ruth?"

"Well, Jason seems like a nice boy, I don't think there is anything wrong with that, it's just that you've never been away from home without us before it seems like quite a big undertaking. How old is Jason?"

"He'll be 13 the day before the weekend special."

"Special? That's not a weekend special, it's a weekend rip-off. Have you asked Jason's parents too?"

"That's the difficult part dad, I was hoping you could help. Could you ask his dad if it was okay? Jason can't ask because it is supposed to be a surprise, and, well, his father is an adult, and I won't feel right asking him."

"Okay, here's what I will do. I will first go to the agency to arrest them for daylight robbery, and then if I decide that I'll let you go then I'll ask his father. But don't keep your hopes up. I love you too much to let you loose in England; God knows what might happen to you."

"I understand dad."

After tea, Jamie went upstairs and did his homework before sitting down for a few hours in his window frame. Occasionally Jason would peer out and wave, and he would wave back. Winter was slowly retreating, the nights would be slightly lighter, but it would still be very cold. Jamie wished that they were both going to Spain instead, where they could walk around with just short trousers on, and get beautiful tans. He imagined having to rub suntan lotion over Jason's body, just like he saw them doing in the movies. A few people walked past, paying no attention to the boy who was watching them. Jamie wondered if they were also as confused as he was. Time went by so quickly when he sat there, thinking. Before he knew it, he saw Jason's almost naked body walk over and switch his light off. Jason then walked up to his window, and the little light from the

street lamps illuminated his chest, and he stood there for a few seconds, smiling. Jamie got changed into his pyjamas, bid his parents goodnight, and then got into bed. He imagined Jason next to him in the bed, and he imagined them holding each other. They kissed, and told each other how beautiful they were, and then they cuddled each other and fell asleep.

Part 2 - The Birthday Present

After school, Jason came around to Jamie's house, and he was home alone. Jamie invited him in, and they decided to watch "Raiders of the lost Ark" together. About half an hour into the movie, Jason moved all the way back as far as he could go, and invited Jamie to sit in-between his legs.

Jamie didn't say anything; he just obeyed and sat in-between Jason's legs, who then wrapped his arms around him. After a few minutes, Jason started to move his hands, gently caressing Jamie's chest.

"Lean back" whispered Jason. They both leaned back and relaxed in the rather comfortable couch, and Jason continued to caress his friend. More minutes went by, more rubbing, and Jason had a hard on because Jamie could feel it pressing against his back. Jamie had a hard on too, but Jason did not know this for sure. He soon found out for sure though, his rubbing became more and more widespread, and he touched Jamie's dick. Jamie did not say anything; he just sat there watching the telly. Whether or not he was concentrating was another question, because he was enjoying everything that Jason was doing.

"Can I put my hands under your shirt?"

"Okay" said Jamie, almost immediately. Jamie was wearing a loose long sleeved shirt with no buttons, and Jason had no trouble getting both his hands and arms underneath. He rubbed Jamie's smooth stomach, and went up to his chest. He circled around Jamie's nipples, making them go hard. Jamie surprised Jason by rubbing his legs. As Jason was behind him, this was the only thing that he could really do. He rubbed up and down Jason's legs and although they were through his trousers, it was quite sensual.

"Where are your parents" asked Jason, hoping that they would be so far away that they could do anything without fear of being caught.

"My dad's at work and my mom's helping out at the old age home."

"When will they be back?"

"Oh, not for another two hours at least."

"Should we do something a bit more exciting?"

"What did you have in mind?"

"We could play with each other."

"If we kept our clothes on, it would be OK. It's too risky to do anything too wild."

"So it would be okay for me to touch you anywhere as long as we keep our clothes on?"

"Yes."

"I could even touch here?" Jason put his hand right on Jamie's hard dick. Jamie was expecting this to happen, so he had absolutely no complaints. Jason squeezed it gently, and felt its firmness. It felt smaller than Stuart's but then again Stuart had a few years ahead. "You don't mind?" asked Jason once again. Jamie didn't answer, he was in another world. He was used to playing with his own prick, but this was a different experience altogether. Indiana Jones no longer figured in his brain, and Jamie turned the television off. It was safer too, because he could now hear the gate open. Jamie was way beyond stopping now. Morality fled like a rabbit being chased by a fox, and he just wanted more.

Jamie got up from his seat, and then signalled to Jason to stand up. They kissed, and not just a small peck either. Lips were in full contact with lips, and Jason even extended his tongue a little, so that he could lick Jamie's lips. They were groping each other at the same time, arms flailing around each other's backs. Jason moved down to erotica zone, and started playing with Jamie's dick, who in turn did the same. This was not the first time he had touched Jason's dick, and it did not feel as good as the first time because of the clothes. Jamie wondered how he managed to ever agree to something like this, but he was now glad that he did. Jamie could feel that it was becoming more sensuous, and knew what was going to happen next, so he pulled back, and gently prevented Jason from continuing. Jason opened his eyes, and looked at Jamie in surprise.

"Did I do something wrong?" He asked.

"No. But I think we should stop for a while."

"Were you about to cum?" asked Jason with a grin on his face. Jamie blushed, which immediately indicated a yes answer.

"It's OK, I've seen it before."

"That may be so, but I've never done it in front of somebody else before. Perhaps next time. Can you cum?"

"Sure I can, want to see?"

"Okay" said Jamie, after thinking about it for a short while. "I'll get you some kitchen roll." Jamie went round the corner into the kitchen, and when he came back he saw that Jason had his dick out and he was stroking it. Jamie gave him the sheets of kitchen roll, and then stood back to watch. Jason was pumping his dick furiously now, pushing his pelvis forward every now and then.

"I'm going to do it now." Said Jason, and he positioned the kitchen roll strategically in front of his dick. He then shot, and clear small amounts of liquid spurted out of his dick as he had an orgasm. "Oooh" he moaned, as his orgasm subsided. Jason opened his eyes again to see Jamie standing there and looking in amazement.

"I thought you'd said you've seen it before," said Jason while wiping up.

"I have, but not from somebody else before."

"Not even from a porno magazine?"

"No, I've never seen one."

"Stuart had lots of them. He used those to make me horny before we did it."

"Have you seen him cum?"

"Oh sure, all the time. He's even cum on me before. His cum is much whiter as well, and thicker too, and doesn't taste as nice as my own."

"You've tasted your own cum?"

"Sure. Haven't you?" Jamie went red again, even though they were sharing secrets at a very personal level. He remembered when he first started to cum he had some on his hand, and remembered smelling it and licking it. He couldn't remember what it tasted like, but it couldn't have been bad otherwise he would have remembered.

"Can we finish watching the movie now? But this time you sit in front of me." Jason looked at Jamie as if he was stark raving mad, but complied. He sat down, and after Jamie pressed the play button, Jamie wrapped his arms around Jason, and held him. The boys leaned back naturally, and Jamie rested his hands on Jason's stomach. They sat like that for the rest of the movie.

"I went to Lunn Polly today to enquire about the excursion that you want to take Jason on," said Jamie's father at the dinner table. "While I was there, Detective Constable Harris came in and bought

tickets for him and his fiancé. He's agreed to look after the two of you during the trip, so on those terms I am happy to let you go."

"Really?" asked Jamie, his face lighting up. "Did you get Jason's dad's permission too?"

"Well yes, but there is something I need to speak to you about and it is rather important." Jamie did not know what to expect next, but fear was welling up inside him. "Jason's father asked me to forgive him for asking, before asking me if you were queer. Before I punched him, he managed to tell me that he only asked because the last boy who was interested in his son sexually abused him. Now son, I know that you have no intention of sexually abusing Jason, but I just thought I needed to tell you this, because being friends with somebody who has been sexually abused is very difficult. I know this because we are trained to council rape victims. Apparently you are the first person to emerge as a friend for over a year, when Jason's father got rid of the other boy. Please son, don't get too close too quickly. If you want to be good friends, I don't mind, but don't let Jason think you are getting too close. I don't want his father suggesting the same thing again. Jason seems like a very sensitive boy, so any wrong moves could set him off."

"Does that mean we are still going?"

"Of course it does. And I'm proud of you son, for thinking so much about your friends, and especially us." Bill smiled and put his arm around Jamie, and kissed him on his forehead. Jamie immediately thought "If my father can kiss me then it should be OK for me to kiss Jason"

"I hope this doesn't make you feel any differently towards Jason."

"No dad" said Jamie. It wasn't completely a lie, he still liked Jason very much, but was now concerned that he was doing the wrong thing by allowing them to do things like they did today. He remembered that it was Jason that volunteered most of the actions, and that he seemed to enjoy everything. He also remembered that it was Jason who went to see Stuart in secret by himself. It must have been a misunderstanding by Jason's father about the two of them, and he must have thought that because Stuart was older, and probably stronger, he coerced Jason into doing things against his will. *(Author: Not will as in willy, but will as in - oh you know what I mean!©)*

"Did you realize that you have to leave at 5 am in order to take advantage of this trip?"

"HOW early?!" Now this was shocking news.

Jason came over with his violin after school, and they had another lesson. Jamie taught Jason how to pluck, and tested his sense of rhythm. He went over the notes, ledger lines, staves, and the different parts of the violin. Afterwards, Jamie lied on his bed, looking up at the roof, and Jason sat down beside him.

"I like it when you are here" said Jamie, staring up at the roof.

"Did you like what we did yesterday?"

"Oh yes, that was fun. But I like it when you are here anyway."

"Even if we don't do anything fun?"

"Sure. Just you being here is great. You're really special."

"It's funny you should say that, because I feel exactly the same way. It's like you're a brother to me."

"A few weeks ago I didn't know what it would be like to be with someone. It's really nice to be able to care about somebody."

"I think I care about you more than I ever cared about Stuart."

"You're just saying that to get into my pants" grinned Jamie.

"No, really, I mean it. I only saw Stuart because of sex, that's the only reason I went to visit him. Yesterday, after we decided to stop, you still held me close to you. Stuart never did that after we stopped. It made me feel very special. Of course, getting into your pants would be a nice bonus." Jamie laughed.

"Let's do that on the weekend at Alton Towers then."

"Your dad agreed? Oh wow! What about my dad?"

"He agreed too. I told my dad it is a birthday surprise to you, so don't say anything."

"I won't."

"Let's just spend some time together, no sex. It can be really special when it happens."

"You mean you might cum this time?"

"Maybe, we'll see. I'm very shy."

"Well, even if nothing happens, it would just be nice to spend time away from home with a very close friend. Is kissing also not allowed?"

"Kissing isn't sex, but why don't you lie here with me instead, and then we can lie together." The two lay there for some time, during which they talked and cuddled each other. Jamie wondered if he was in love with Jason, and he came to the conclusion that he was. He also wondered if it was just a passing phase. Was he mentally ill?

After dinner, Jamie went back to his usual place, in his window frame. He watched the nights getting slowly brighter, but ever so slowly. The sun left a purple sky after it had gone down, and lights were slowly being turned on in various households. Jason sat in his window frame a few minutes later, and the boys just sat, gazing at each other. Jamie wished that he knew sign language - that way he could tell Jason that he loved him, without Jason actually understanding, so then he wouldn't get embarrassed. After a while, Jamie practiced a little bit of violin, and watched Jason do the same. The mirror image was broken when Jason's father entered Jason's room, and after a few seconds of what appeared to be shouting, he left. Jason put his violin down, and gave his whipped dog look to Jamie. Jason sat back in his window frame and continued to watch Jamie play the violin, deaf to its sound, but his body movement compensated for the lack of music.

Time passed, and the Saturday before the big weekend arrived.

Jason was woken up by his father. It was such an unusual experience, especially when one got into a routine of his mother waking him up.

"Good morning." He said.

"What's wrong?" asked Jason.

"Nothing. Your mother put me up to this. It makes no sense at all, but I'm doing it just to prove her wrong. She believes that if I am nice and kind to you, God will bless me and I might sell a house. I know it's your birthday next week, but here's £100 pocket money. Go take Jamie out and have a good time. Take him bowling or something."

"Okay." Jason was too stunned to say anything else. As his father left his room, he heard his mother mutter; "See that wasn't too hard." And for the first time he could remember, Jason followed his father's instructions with great enthusiasm. They decided to go to the capital city of Edinburgh, and go have a look at the castle there. It was exciting for both of them, to be so far away from home alone. They were still very good though, they didn't act like they liked each other, even though nobody would know who to tell. They went to a cinema in Edinburgh, and watched "Meet the parents", and

almost choked on their popcorn they were laughing so much. They had a great time together, and went back with smiles on their faces. Both Jamie and Jason felt that their bonding was becoming more solid, and felt closer to each other than ever before. To Jason's surprise, when he got home his father gave him a hug.

"I sold a house today!" He shouted, with booze on his breath. Jason was happy, because his father was not miserable, but there was no interest in liking him any better. Jason went upstairs to watch the night darken with his friend across the way.

Another week slowly went by. Two more violin lessons were taught, and more hugging and kissing went on behind the scenes. Jason was being good and didn't coax Jamie into doing something a bit naughtier - he too wanted the weekend to be special. Jason had trouble controlling his emotions, and almost let the cat out of the bag once. He could not sleep well on Thursday night, and understandably so.

"Good morning and Happy Birthday my darling." Was the wake up call on this special morning, his 13th birthday. "Now you're a teenager, I hope you start acting like one" said his father. His mother glared at his father and then smiled back down at Jason.

"No present this morning, you'll get it this evening. We've invited Jamie and his parents over for dinner, so that we can have a little party. Jason's face lit up in delight - this was a welcome surprise. He was happy to see that his parents realized that Jamie was his friend, and included him in the festivities. He spent his last birthday with no friends, so he was as happy as custard. Jason spent the afternoon at home alone, practising his violin, and after many hours, the skies darkened, bringing with it the three from next door. They sat down, and soon sung the happy birthday song to Jason before handing him a large envelope. Jason opened it to find a £50 voucher for Marks & Spencers, £50 in cash, train tickets, vouchers for entry to Alton Towers for two days, and vouchers for one twin room at Alton Towers hotel. It was too much for Jason to handle; his happiness was so great it produced tears in his eyes. He said thank you more times there than any other day ever. He also learned that he would spend the evening at Jamie's house, as Jamie's father was going to get up early enough to take them to the station before his early morning raid.

"Where's he going to sleep dad?" Asked Jamie.

"Well not in the same room as you. The two of you would never get any sleep. I know because I used to be a teenager. He'll sleep on the sofa, and you boys better get off to bed early tonight, you're getting up at 4 am.

"4 am?" Squawked Jamie.

"Yes" said his father, calmly, "the train leaves at 5 am." After the dinner party, the two boys left to go to Jamie's house to sleep, leaving the adults to speak.

"We have a long day ahead" said Jamie. "Let's get to bed." Jason saw that there was already a sleeping bag set up, and he got undressed into his underpants and then got in. Jamie sat down next to him, and kissed him on the lips. "Goodnight my darling" he said, making Jason even more speechless than he already was. Jamie walked to the doorway, switched off the light, and looked back, smiling at Jason before closing the door.

Five hours on the bloody train. Aberdeen to Glasgow via Perth, and then change for the 125 to London Euston via Manchester. For normal people it would be quite a hardship, but not for Jamie and Jason - they were as excited as anything. They also used this time to catch up on a little sleep, and barely succeeded with the amount of adrenalin pumping through their body. The other two made a small bit

of conversation, but it was clear that they were there for themselves, and would not interfere with the boys too much. They arrived at Stoke-on-Trent and took the bus to Alton Towers. It was a scary bus trip - a double-decker bus hurrying along country lanes and through what looked like a forest made the journey even more exciting. The two boys managed to get the front seat at the top, beating about 20 other children that appeared from the train, and they held on to the safety bar and grinned with delight all of the way.

And finally they were there - Alton Towers. There wasn't much to see on the bus, the park was carefully hidden in the valleys, and all one could see was the front when the bus had stopped. Before they went in, Mr Harris (or if you prefer, Detective Harris) handed a walkie-talkie to Jamie. "Father's instructions. We're tuned in on a spare police frequency which is usually used on early morning raids. Please keep it with you at all times, and call me if you need me."

"You mean we'll be on our own for most of the time?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so. We didn't come all this way just to babysit; we're going to have some fun too. Let's take our bags to the hotel." They went to the hotel, and although they could not check in just yet, they were able to leave their bags for safekeeping. Now they could concentrate on having fun. It became apparent that the weekend was exclusively for people who took up the weekend special offer, and various VIP's as they went through the day waiting hardly any time at all to get on the rides. The four stayed together for a while before splitting up, and enjoyed a few rides together, including the Runaway Coaster and the Corkscrew.

The next ride for Jamie and Jason was the log flume. Because the park had such few people, they found themselves on a log with nobody else with them. Jamie was sitting in front of Jason, and after the initial falls, they found themselves amongst trees, and no onlookers could see them. Jason bravely wrapped his arms around Jamie, wondering how he would react to it, and it was well received.

"Beware of the cameras" said Jamie, as he had spotted them on their ascent. Jason looked around, and right enough, there were cameras on the ride.

"Why are they there?"

"Probably for safety. I like to be held, but maybe we should do it later." Jason could see the reasoning behind that, and agreed.

After spending the whole day on every ride in the park, some twice or more, they met up with PC Harris and his fiancé for dinner. After dinner they decided to check into their rooms and watch television until the fireworks display at 10pm. At the check-in desk, the lady announced that there was a slight problem.

"I'm sorry Mr Harris, but there is a slight problem with the facilities at the hotel. Due to unforeseen circumstances beyond our control we no longer have any twin rooms in the non-smoking section, only in the smoking section."

"What do you mean by unforeseen circumstances?"

"There was minor flooding in one section of the hotel and the carpet is still drying. However, I can substitute the room with a comparable room in the smoking section of the hotel."

"I will not subject children to a smoking environment, what other options are available?"

"Well, there are two double rooms across the hall from each other."

"You boys OK with sharing?"

Jamie and Jason looked at each other and then back at PC Harris.

"Yeah they'll be fine" said PC Harris. They collected the key cards and then proceeded to their rooms. "OK boys, I'll see you tomorrow morning 9am breakfast"

"What will you be doing until then?" asked Jamie.

"I don't think I should answer that question." He grinned and looked to Fran and they both grinned. "Enjoy the fireworks boys."

The boys went into their room, and put down their suitcases. They walked around the room for a bit and looked at the facilities available to them. It was quite a nice room. There was a massive double bed in the middle, a table, television, and even a mini-bar.

"Cor Blimey, it's a fantastic room" said Jason, looking at all the splendid paintings on the walls. Suddenly the room went dark, and Jason turned around to see Jamie at the light switch. He was smiling. "I know what they'll be doing" said Jamie.

"What's that?"

"Something similar to this."

Jamie walked closer to Jason, wrapped his arms around him, and gave him a full kiss on the lips. He kissed again, and again, each kiss being wetter than the one before. Jason started caressing Jamie's back, and even moved his hand further down to his bottom. Jamie didn't complain, in fact he did the same thing. Jason got bold, and slid his hand into the tracksuit bottom Jamie was wearing and felt his naked bottom. While still kissing, Jamie unbuttoned Jason's jeans, and let them slide to the ground. He then slid his hand into Jason's pants and started feeling his dick and balls.

"Wow, this is amazing" said Jason, almost speechless with emotion.

"I've been thinking about this day ever since we first mentioned it."

"Wait, slow down a bit, I've got an idea how to make this seem even better."

"It gets better?"

"Sure. Just follow my instructions."

Jason pulled his trousers back up and led Jamie to the centre of the room.

"Now just stand here and close your eyes."

"Why here?"

"Because if you fall over you won't hurt yourself."

"What you going to do to me?"

"Do you trust me?"

"Absolutely" said Jamie, and he closed his eyes. Jason moved closer, and ran his finger around the contours of Jamie's face. He caressed his temple, cheeks, nose, lips, ears, chin and neck. When he got to the neck Jason walked to behind Jamie, and brought his second hand into action. He used all his fingers to stroke through Jamie's hair, down his neck, and over his ears. Jason went to work on Jamie's shoulders, giving them a gentle massage.

"Relax, let your body relax and don't tense any muscles." Jamie complied and released all the tension he had in his upper part of his body, and his arms sagged down more. Jason kept on massaging his shoulders, base of neck and gradually moved over to the tops of his arms. His massages weren't in any way therapeutic; they were done purely to provide pleasure. He kneaded his way further down until he reached the top of his tracksuit bottoms, where he lifted Jamie's shirt up and over his head. Jamie's top was now naked, and his eyes were still closed. He no longer had a smile on his face, his face was more lustful.

Still from behind, Jason used his fingertips and stroked Jamie's back, sides, arms and slowly moved to his chest, ensuring that he made each nipple erect. He then held Jamie from behind, and rubbed his hands all over Jamie's chest, stomach and pelvis area. He then proceeded to pull down Jamie's tracksuit bottoms, who helped by lifting up each one of his legs to allow for the trousers to be taken completely off. There he was, his almost naked body in a dark warm room, being caressed and fondled by another boy whom he had only known for a few months.

Jason moved around to the front now, and hugged Jamie, his hands gingerly massaging Jamie's back. Jamie still had his eyes closed but his facial expression made it look like he was a dead tired drunkard. He was breathing heavily and his heart was pounding. Jason used his hands to stroke each nipple until they were once again erect, and then bent down to lick them.

"Ooh" cooed Jamie, who had not been expecting this tingle of pleasure from having his nipple licked. Jason started kissing the nipple, and sucking too, alternating from the one to the other, his hands now stroking over Jamie's back and bum. He continued to kiss further down, and rubbed his nose from Jamie's bellybutton down to the top of his pants. He rubbed his nose from the left side of Jamie's pelvis to the right side, making Jamie grunt with pleasure. Jason ran his face across the linen of the Giorgio Armani's, feeling a wet patch on his cheek. It was clear that what he was doing was being enjoyed greatly and that Jamie was very close to being brought over the edge.

Jason very carefully pulled down Jamie's pants, taking care not to make the dick bounce off the elastic. Jason continued stroking his nose along Jamie's pelvis, allowing his chin to touch Jamie's dick, causing it to twitch with excitement. Jason then started sniffing Jamie's crotch area like a dog and this aroused Jamie even more. Jamie naturally put his hands on Jason's head as he continued to sniff and bury his nose into Jamie's private area. Jason proceeded to lick Jamie's balls, making Jamie twitch his dick even more. He ran his tongue from the base of Jamie's dick to the tip, where he tasted the sweet juice that was pre-cum. With that, he sank his mouth over Jamie's cock, and buried the dick completely down to the base. Jamie grunted again, and Jason knew it was time to start the Finale. His hands wandered around Jamie's backside and occasionally played with his balls as he slowly extracted and inserted Jamie's dick into his warm inviting mouth, allowing his lips to flow over the base of the head with each stroke.

"Oooh" cooed Jamie, and he tightened his grip in Jason's hair. His hips movements were becoming more and more noticeable, and he started buckling at the knees.

"Ooh, yes" he said, bringing his other hand up to stroke with his own nipple. Jason now had both his hands on Jamie's hip, and started to increase the pace. Jamie was paralysed with pleasure, his body tensed up and he thrust his pelvis forward one last time.

"Oh!" He grunted as he started ejaculating into Jason's mouth.

"Oh!" He grunted again as the second and third waves of orgasm hit him. Jason was still sucking and swallowing the sperm as it flowed straight from the source. There wasn't as much as Stuart produced, but it tasted much nicer.

Suddenly there was a flash and a loud explosion, like a cannon going off. Jason was so shocked he jumped up, releasing Jamie who fell backwards onto the carpet, and looked up towards the window where

they saw the flash. Another flash, and the entire room lit up as another firework exploded overhead.

"What's happening" screamed Jamie, who was now lifting his naked body from the ground.

"I think its fireworks" said Jason, who was still looking at the drawn curtains at the window where the flash came from. Jason moved closer towards the curtains and peeked through. Right enough, the fireworks had started which indicated that it was 10 pm. A hand touched his shoulder and he sharply turned around to see a still naked Jamie.

"Oh Jamie, I'm so sorry, I got scared shitless when that happened." Jason held Jamie, tightly, like a child who had just had a nightmare. This went on for a few minutes, and Jamie clearly could tell that the unexpected bangs shook Jason up quite a bit.

"It's OK" said Jamie. "I'll look after you." Jason started crying and shaking and another flash from outside lit the room. "It's all right its only fireworks."

"I'm so sorry" whimpered Jason.

"It's all right" said Jamie, "I'm right here." A few minutes passed, and more fireworks exploded outside. Jason lifted his head up from Jamie's shoulders and looked down at Jamie's naked body. His dick had subsided but there was still evidence of cum on the head so he bent down and cleaned it with his mouth. Jamie smiled back down at him.

"That was my first blow job I've ever had."

"Did you like it?"

"Absolutely" said Jamie, his smile getting even broader. "Let's watch the fireworks for a bit".

They pulled one of the comfortable chairs up, and Jason opened the curtains, and then sat on the chair in front of Jamie, and they leaned back. Jamie, who was still naked, wrapped his arms around Jason, and caressed his chest as the rest of the fireworks display completed.

"I don't think I've had a better feeling before" said Jamie. "I hope to be able to do the same to you, but I'm not sure about the sucking part."

"Ever since I've known you" said Jason, "I've had lots of feelings and mixed emotions. I think now the sex is not important, it is just one way of expressing one's love. I think I really love you, it's really strange." Jamie tightened his grip around Jason.

"I don't really know what love is, but what I do know, is that I don't ever want to let you go." The two sat there looking out of the window and watching the fireworks exploding and bringing light to an otherwise dark night. Eventually, the show ended and they got up and moved the chair back into place.

"I'm really tired, so I'm going to take a shower before I go to bed" said Jamie. He walked to the bathroom and turned on the light. He looked around at Jason and said "you going to join me?" Jason beamed with delight. He went over to the bathroom, undressing on the way. Soon, both of the boys were standing close together, completely naked for the first time. They touched each other, gently, caressingly, and started to kiss each other again. Despite being drained just half an hour before, Jamie's dick stood at attention once again, and needless to say, Jason also had a boner.

"You're a really great kisser" said Jamie. "I enjoy that a lot. I enjoy doing everything with you."

Still huddled together they shuffled to the shower, and turned the water on. Jamie started washing Jason, now giving him the full

massage and body rub. He used shower gel and ensured that every part of Jason's body was thoroughly clean. First the neck, then chest, back, and moved down to legs before coming back up to Jason's bottom. He cleaned very well there, ensuring that his crack could not possibly be dirty. He turned Jason around, and lathered his dick up with the soap, giving Jason a well deserved masturbation.

"Wait stop, I want to finish off differently" said Jason. "My turn to clean you up now." Jason and Jamie turned around so that Jason was now at the back. Taking the soap from Jamie he started to wash Jamie's neck, back and torso, just like what happened to him. Jason virtually did the exact same, except that when he got to Jamie's hole, he played with it much more.

"If this hurts just tell me to stop" said Jason. With that, he very slowly slid his very soapy finger into Jamie's rectum.

"I've heard about this, I don't understand what's so good about it."

"Does that hurt?"

"No" said Jason. "It feels kind of strange, I feel like I need to take a pooh but I know I don't."

"Do you mind if I bang you up there?"

"As long as it doesn't hurt" replied Jamie.

"The way we are now won't make me go deep enough for it to be painful or enjoyable."

"You mean it becomes enjoyable?"

"Yes, if I get your G-spot".

Jason with great ease managed to slip his dick into Jamie's bottom. As his dick was about the same thickness and length as his index finger, Jamie could barely tell the difference between the two. Jason moaned with delight, Jamie's tight ass was better than any blowjob he'd ever had, and with all the lubricant there he was in heaven.

"Oh this is so nice" whined Jason. He didn't want Jamie to get bored, so he started playing with Jamie's dick again, and to his delight it was still rock hard. Jason's in and out movements became quicker, as he felt himself getting closer. Even closer still, and to get the full enjoyment, he slowed down the pace. It was so enjoyable, he lost all control over his body, his legs went numb and his hand stopped working. He managed to push forward one more time

"Ugh" he grunted as his first shot of cum shot into Jamie's rectum. Jamie felt Jason's dick pulsating in his anus, and just casually asked "Are you sperming in my bum?" Jason didn't answer, but simply slumped into the bath. Jamie turned around and saw Jason lying there, the water from the shower falling on his face, there was a look of amazement and bewilderment on his face, and it turned into a sheepish grin. Only then did Jason notice that Jamie was masturbating.

"Are you going to cum again?"

"I think so" said Jamie. Jason eagerly watched as his friend pumped away at his tool. Expressions of idiocy and pleasure circulated over his face as his body felt pleasures that were out of this world.

"Soon" said Jamie, his breathing becoming more rapid.

"Real soon" he said, and started his hip movements as well. His knees parted, his head flung back and he came. He came so hard the first stream shot against the shower wall, and the second landed right on Jason's face. A third shot managed to escape his now raw dick, before Jamie collapsed from pleasure into the bath.

Jason who had already caught his breath back turned the shower off, and then crawled over to Jamie and stroked his hair.

"Are you okay?"

"I have never been able to cum twice in one day" said Jamie.

"Have you ever tried?"

"No, thinking about it I haven't." Jamie smiled and looked at Jason, who smiled back down and then kissed him. The boys dried up, and wiped up whatever cum was trickling out of Jamie's ass, before switching the light off and heading back into the bedroom.

"Are we going to sleep naked?" asked Jason.

"If you'd like us to" replied Jamie.

"I would like us to, but you must also want to."

"Yes, let's do it." So the boys both got into bed, and got close together, and Jamie wrapped his right arm over Jason's body, and rested his hand on his stomach. Jamie's dick was sitting right at Jason's hole, but he was far too exhausted to even attempt entry. After a few minutes had passed, Jason started talking again.

"Do you think what we did was bad?"

"I'm good at home all the time; I need a time to be bad."

"Do you think we'll go to hell?"

"I hope not."

"What's wrong with us?"

"I don't know, this is definitely not normal." Jason started shaking, and Jamie could tell that he had started crying again.

"I don't want to be like this" said Jason. "I wish that I had never found out what it's like, so that I would like girls instead."

"I thought you liked this."

"Yes, but I don't think I'll ever know what it is like to be otherwise"

"Well, I don't know what it's like to be with girls. All I know now is that I feel very happy with you, and I don't want that to change." Jason turned over and looked at Jamie and looked him in the eyes.

"Do you really mean that?"

"Yes I do. The moment I saw you I thought you were special. Whenever I saw you in the window I thought how nice it would be to be with you, holding you. It just seems so right that we are together. All what we have done tonight I have enjoyed, and the cherry on the cake is being able to spend the night with you too."

"Do you really mean that?" asked Jason, who was no longer crying.

"I've meant every word."

"That's so sweet. I think you must love me more than my own parents do."

"What do you mean?" asked Jamie, now having a concerned look on his face.

"My father doesn't love me; he puts me down all the time, he calls me a wimp just because I don't play football. He drinks a lot and takes it out on me when he doesn't get a sale. I hate him so much. I know things about him though; I know he's cheating on my mom. Sometimes I want to tell her in hope that she will leave him, but I'm too scared. My mother is nicer though, she stands up for me a lot, but I just don't get the warmth and feeling that I get from you."

"I don't know what to say" said Jamie, now astounded by what his friend just told him. "I hope that my friendship makes up for all of your unhappiness."

"Thank you so much Jamie. I'm sorry to be such a wimp."

"I like you for all that you are; you're perfect in my eyes." With that, Jason smiled and stroked Jamie's face with his free hand. They gazed at each other for a while longer, but tiredness soon took over, and they both slowly nodded away.

Natural daylight is what woke Jamie up first. He turned over to see Jason facing him, still gently sleeping. Jamie looked over at Jason, his smooth back faced upwards, his mouth slightly open, and his right arm resting gently near his face. His legs were slightly splayed, and he looked like he had fallen splat from a hundred meter drop. Gently, so not to wake his partner, he moved closer, so that he could feel Jason's breath on his own face. And he just lay there, admiring this boy with whom he had fallen so much in love. Several minutes passed, and Jason turned over completely onto his back, grunted a few times, and then continued to sleep. Jamie looked down at the bedclothes, and noticed that Jason had a hard on. He couldn't resist taking another peek, so he gingerly lifted the duvet cover and looked. He had to lift up his side of the duvet cover too, so that the natural light made sufficient light for him to see it, and there it was. Jason's penis had very few hairs, about half of what Jamie had. Jamie looked down at his own dick which was needless to say starting to get hard, and back at Jason's.

"You can touch it if you want" said Jason, who had awoken unnoticed. Jamie's face went red with embarrassment and grinned sheepishly. So he did it, he reached out and gripped Jason's dick. Jason grinned back.

"Wait, I have an idea." Jamie threw the duvet off the bed, exposing both of their naked bodies to the light. He crawled closer to Jason, and then mounted him, so that he was kneeling with knees either side of his stomach. Jamie's leaned down and kissed Jason on the forehead. He then kissed his nose, and went down to his lips. A few kisses on the lips, and then he moved down to Jason's chin. Jamie moved down a bit more, his balls dragging over Jason's hard cock, and then leaned down again and started sucking Jason's nipples.

"Oh" gasped Jason. Jason liked very much to have his nipples sucked, and it certainly showed by his facial expressions and his mouth opening and closing. Jamie moved further down, his knees now parallel to Jason's knees. He then did the unexpected and pushed his face down into Jason's crotch. He took a deep whiff just like Jason did the previous night, and he liked the smell. Jamie looked up at Jason, to see the expression on his face, and then looked back down at the penis that glistened a little with pre-cum. Jamie licked the head and sampled the juice. It was sweet. He looked back up at Jason who now had a very lustful look on his face, and then back down at the dick. Jamie moved closer, and let the dick into his mouth, closed his eyes and then closed his mouth. He stayed like that for a few seconds, as if to expect something bad to happen. He momentarily opened his eyes again and looked up at Jason, and then concentrated on the job at hand. He started moving his head up and down now, small strokes at first, and then he went deeper and deeper, as he discovered that he could take the whole dick in without it choking him. He felt the hair of Jason's pubic region on his top lip, and it kind of tickled. This wasn't very comfortable for Jamie. Not only was it his first time, he was also sort of squatting with his arse pointing in mid air. And then it happened, Jamie involuntarily farted, and both of them started bursting out in laughter.

Jason looked at this as an opportunity to make things better for both of them. From experience he knew what was nicest and more comfortable.

"Can I make a suggestion" said Jason.

"OK sure" said Jamie, his laughs subsiding.

"If you let me open my legs a bit, you can lie on the end of the bed instead of kneeling like that." So they moved into the new position. Jason had to move a bit further down so that Jamie didn't

have to stretch to be able to reach his dick. Jamie looked down once more at Jason's cock, closed his eyes and then started sucking. He immediately went into deep strokes, and because of Jason's new position of open legs and raised knees, it was much more pleasurable. Jamie soon mastered being able to breath normally through his nose and suck at the same time. After a few minutes of sucking, he stopped, looked down again, and then started licking Jason's cock, as if it was an ice cream cone. He licked Jason's balls, penis and pelvis area, and then started sucking again. He was beginning to enjoy the act of sucking, and nonchalantly held Jason's butt cheeks with his hands, almost helping Jason pump him in the face. Jason closed his eyes, gripped the sheet he was lying on with both hands, pressed his backside down and lifted his chest slightly, and then ejaculated straight into Jamie's mouth, letting off a massive grunt.

Jamie shot up and spat Jason's cum out onto Jason's stomach, and watched in amazement and Jason's second spurt shot up into the air and did a backward flip onto his chest. Jason, now having no penal stimulation, moved his hand down and stroked his dick to completion, letting out a few more grunts and more spurts of sperm.

"Ooh" he cooed as his orgasm subsided, and he dropped his knees in exhaustion. He opened his eyes and looked at Jamie, who was still lying there, stunned with what had happened.

"I'm sorry; I should have given you a warning. I forgot it is your first time." Jamie still didn't speak. He looked down at Jason's dick which was now going limp, and looked at the mess he had just created. He took this opportunity to move his head closer, and smell the come. He sniffed, pondered, sniffed again, and then licked one of the puddles. He tasted a bit, and then looked back up to Jason, who was watching his every move.

"It's got a strange taste" said Jamie. He licked again, this time a little more, and tasted. "I like it" he said. With that, he licked some more up, savoured the taste, and continued to lick up all the dabs of come, including the sperm that he spat out. Lastly, he sucked the now limp dick, completely cleaning it and draining it of any remaining sperm.

"Ooh, that was so nice" said Jason. "Would you like me to do you back?"

"Can I try to bang you in the bum instead?" asked Jamie. He remembered how Jason enjoyed it so much yesterday; he was hoping it would be the same for him.

"Okay but you'll probably need some of this." With that, Jason got up, walked over to his suitcase, and pulled out a little plastic bottle of clear fluid. The bottle was like one of those vinegar dispensers, with a small opening at the top.

"What is this?" asked Jamie, who was handed the bottle.

"Its Eros lubricant, it will make it slide in easily" said Jason, who had lain back on the bed.

"Shouldn't you be lying on your front?" asked Jamie.

"I could but we will both enjoy this better if I lie on my back. I'll lift my legs up and rest them on your shoulders. And then you insert your cock."

"How will we both enjoy it better?"

"You will get it in much deeper if we do it like this. Put some of that on my hole, and smear it around so that it's slippery all around. Then you must put a bit on your dick before you put it in."

Jamie dropped a drop on his finger, and then smelled it.

"It doesn't smell like anything."

"Yes, it doesn't taste of anything either." Jamie licked his finger, and sure enough it didn't taste of anything. Jason then lifted his legs up, and held them up for Jamie as he dabbed some of the stuff onto his anus. Jamie smeared it around, so that it was nice and slippery, and then proceeded to pour some onto his own cock. To ensure even spreading, he had to rub it all over his cock, and even then it began to feel real good. Jason now gently rested his heels on Jamie's shoulders, as Jamie took aim. He pressed his cock head up against Jason's anus, and then started pushing. It easily slipped it's way in, and before he knew it, his head was in Jason's anus.

"Now you can rest your arms here next to mine, and let your hips do the rest" said Jason. Jamie obeyed, and dropped his torso down, resting his body on his hands which he stuck next to Jason's arms. He pushed his hip in, and his dick slid in even further into Jason's ass. Both the boys could see each other's expressions, and as if it were a mirror image, both boys had a look of pleasure on their faces.

"Push it in as far as it can go" pleaded Jason. Jamie pushed hard down until he could push no further, and than saw Jason's expression change into a delightful bliss. "Aah" said Jason, who had closed his eyes in pleasure. "That's feeling so nice, please don't stop." Jamie moved backwards, let his dick slide out about halfway, and then back in. He was delirious with enjoyment, he even started drooling a bit, but managed to suck his spit back in before showering Jason. He moved out and in again, gently, as he was savouring every stroke.

"Can I cum there" asked Jamie.

"Yes of course" said Jason. Jamie sped up a little, as his balls were now getting ready to shoot. He felt the tingly sensation build up in his testicles, and a few pumps later, his orgasm started building up. He closed his eyes now, the pleasure becoming almost unbearable. The feeling was so nice, and he noticed that he started going slower again. Jamie's legs started to shake, and he was overcome by the first wave of orgasm. His body went still again, and Jason could feel Jamie's dick pulsate inside his ass, and knew that he was being filled with precious seed.

"Ooh" exclaimed Jamie, now managing to get his breath back. "That was fantastic." He just stayed like that, not daring to move. He slowly opened his eyes and gripped Jason's shins.

"When you take it out, do it slowly, otherwise it will hurt me." Jamie co-operated perfectly, and slowly removed his dick. To his surprise, it wasn't covered in shit as he expected it would be.

"I think we'll need to shower again." said Jason. "Want to do it together?"

"We'll be saving water if we do" said Jamie, who grinned.

After having breakfast, and checking out of the hotel, they re-entered Alton Towers for their second day of fun. The still well charged walkie-talkies were checked for functionality, and then they went on their own way. It was still the special weekend, so again most of the rides were close to empty, and the two boys had hours and hours of fun, before having to meet up to go home. The train journey was again long, but went without a hitch. At the station, Jamie's father came to pick up the boys to take them home, and the car journey was filled with stories of the rides and fun they had at the park. When they got to their homes, they went upstairs to their bedrooms, waved to each other and then went straight to bed, as they were completely knackered. Both had pleasant dreams and a good sleep that night.

Jason's eyes opened. The light from outside was becoming brighter with every morning, and it had that Friday woken him up before his usual wake up call. He strolled over to the window and almost blinded himself as he drew the curtains. After re-adjusting his eyes to the light, he looked out to see Jamie already sitting on his window sill, and waving frantically. Jason smiled, and waved back. Suddenly, his door opened.

"Get up. Oh, you're up already. What the hell are you doing?" Jason turned around and looked at his father who was now strolling over towards him. "You poof!" He shouted, and smacked Jason on the head making him fly to the floor. "Let me catch you prancing in front of your window only in your pants again, and you'll really be in for it." Jim looked out of the window now, and looked straight across the road. "I'm sure they got the babies mixed up at the hospital" he muttered under his breath before walking out. Jason, in tears, crawled back up and looked out of the window to see Jamie no longer watching.

After school, Jason went round to Jamie's house, and was greeted by a smiling face.

"Come on in, I've been waiting for you" said Jamie.

"Well it's nice to know somebody is. I came straight here from school, so I don't have my violin."

"Well, I can't teach you today. I've hurt my arm and it's very painful."

"How did you do that?"

"When your father came in I dove off onto the ground and fell on my arm quite badly. What happened?"

"Please let me in" pleaded Jason. Jason scurried past Jamie, and turned around, stood in the hallway and started crying. "Why can't I have a dad like yours?" He asked, in-between his sobs. Jamie walked up to Jason and embraced him to comfort him.

"It's OK you're with friends now" he whispered. He patted him on the back, and felt Jason's fists clench up and tug at his shirt. It was only at this point he remembered that his mother was home, looked up towards the kitchen and saw her standing there watching them. Jamie froze. He even stopped breathing, and Jason noticed this. Jason lifted his head out of Jamie's shoulder, looked at Jamie's "I've just seen a ghost" expression, and then turned around quickly to find Mrs Andrews watching.

"Is everything alright Jason, you seem a bit upset about something?"

"I'm sorry Mrs Andrews, I didn't know you were home."

"Don't be sorry you dear boy, what is it that is upsetting you so?"

"It's just problems at home Mrs Andrews."

"Oh you poor thing." Ruth came over and hugged the two boys pushing them together again. "You can come over whenever you want, our home is your home." The three of them hugged each other for a while longer before Jamie spoke.

"Mom, would it be okay if Jason stayed the night?"

"I don't see why not."

"Could he stay the whole weekend?"

"Sure, that's fine too, but I'll have to check with his parents. We can pull out the sofa bed again." The three finally released each other.

"Mum, I had a different idea. Why don't the two of us sleep outside in the tent? It can be like camping." Jason's face lit up.

"That sounds like a wonderful idea. We can also have a camp fire and sing songs." Jason's face lit up even more.

"Do you really mean that?" asked Jamie.

"Of course I do, I wouldn't tease my boys." Jason stood there mesmerised. She said "my boys" as if he were one of them. Oh how he would love to be a son of hers, and a brother of Jamie.

"So, if we're going to do campfires tonight, let's go shopping and get some stuff."

They went to Asda and got some stuff ready for that evening, even though it had not yet been finalised with Jason's father yet. They got several bottles of Coke, some charcoal BBQ packs, some chops and several other pieces of food usually found in a BBQ. It was quite a fun experience, the two boys took turns in pushing the trolley, and occasionally both pushed the trolley at the same time. When they were doing it together, they were forced to stand shoulder to shoulder, and enjoyed every moment of the physical contact. Sometimes they would out of the blue look at each other, and smile. Once, Jamie even mouthed the words "I love you" while his mother wasn't looking.

They drove back to the house and unloaded the groceries. It was quite fun trying to figure out which cupboard held what item, and Jason was enjoying himself enormously.

"I'll just give your Dad a ring" said Ruth. She picked up the phone and got the business card off the wall.

"Hello, is that Sylvia? It's Ruth, Jamie's mom. I'm well thank you. Yes, I have the boys with me now. Jamie was wondering if Jason could stay for the weekend. They'll be camping out in a tent in our back yard. No, don't worry about that. Yes, either myself or my husband. Excellent, I'll tell them the good news." She put down the phone and turned to the boys who were both behind her and beaming.

"Your mother says it's OK. Why don't you go home quickly and get some clothes. Bill will be here shortly so we can all have a nice BBQ."

Jason hurried home, and burst through the front door and shouted "Yahoo!" He started hurrying up the stairs and just as he got to the top, his father emerged.

"What the hell are you so happy about?" He grumbled.

"Oh - Dad. I thought you were still at the office."

"Evidently not. Now what are you so excited about?"

"Uh, I'm going to stay over at Jamie's house tonight."

"Like hell you are." grunted Jason's father. "I'm not going to let that brat turn you into a Nancy boy."

"Mom said I could go" said Jason hurriedly.

"I said NO, and that's FINAL!" With that, Jim slapped his son across his face. Jason stood there, and rubbed his cheek with the top of his hand. Tears started forming in his eyes, but he was determined not to cry.

"You're a bastard" whispered Jason.

"WHAT?" shouted Jim, his face getting redder by the minute.

"You're a bastard!" shouted Jason. His father's eyebrow twitched a few times as his anger level rapidly rose. Jim punched Jason in the gut, and Jason went down, wheezing. He gasped for breath and crawled on the landing floor in agony.

"If... If you don't let me go" he gasped, "I'll tell mum about Cheryl."

"What?" said Jim.

"You heard me just fine" said Jason, now turning up to his father. "If you don't let me go stay with my friend Jamie the whole weekend, I'll tell mum about Cheryl."

"You wouldn't dare" said Jim in a deep menacing tone.

"Try me" said Jason. Jim couldn't take this anymore, his own son threatening him, so he kicked him in the face. Jason went tumbling backwards and down the stairs, and landed with a dull thud on the carpet at the bottom. A few seconds later Jason screamed in pain and started crying really loud. Like one those cries you hear when a two year old child falls in the playground and grazes their hand, except that Jason was crying because of the searing pain where he had hit his head on the wall going down right on the spot where he had stitches. At that exact moment, the front door opened, and in stepped Sylvia, she saw her son in agony on the floor and screamed before dropping to her knees to comfort him.

"Oh Jason, my darling what's wrong? Jim, what happened?" Jim knew he couldn't possibly tell her that he'd kicked his own son down the stairs. "I'm not sure" he said.

"What happened honey?" Jason was sobbing into his mother's shoulder and she was patting him on the back. "There, there sweetheart." She gave Jim a menacing look, almost as if she knew what might have happened. "Now tell me my dear, what happened?"

"I didn't know dad was home. I was running up the stairs to pack some stuff for the weekend, and I got such a fright when he appeared from nowhere, I fell backwards down the stairs."

By this time, Jim had walked down the stairs and examined Jason for any other injuries that might give away the truth.

"Well honey you might have to cancel your weekend now so that you can recuperate."

"I'm sure he'll be just fine" said Jim.

"Your son is hurt" said Sylvia, still cradling Jason.

"Nah, he's a strong lad. He'll be just fine, he'll be only across the road."

"I'm okay mom." Jason got up, and walked up the stairs to his room. He wasn't fine; he was in great agony and desperately needed some attention. He decided though that it would be best for him to take advantage of the situation and get out of the house before anybody changed their mind. He grabbed a backpack from his cupboard that he usually used for school, stuffed some clothes in there and then proceeded back down the stairs. His father was outside in the garden taking measurements and mother was in the kitchen preparing food. Jason ambled into the kitchen to say goodbye, and Sylvia rushed to him as she thought he was going to fall over.

"You're in no state to go out tonight" she said.

"Please mum, please let me go. I must get out of here. I must get away."

"Did your father hit you again?"

"Please mum, let me go and stay with my friend."

"Is Jamie anything like your old friend?" Jason looked up at his mother. He didn't know how to respond to that, how much did she know? He had to assume that she knew everything.

"Jamie and I are just good friends" he lied.

"Jason, I know we really haven't talked about this before. But I want you to know, that I don't agree with your father in some respects. You are my son and if you find love and companionship in another boy, you will still be my son. I want you to be happy with whatever you do in life. Just please don't start smoking, because that really will break my heart.

"Oh mom" said Jason, and hugged her, weeping in her shoulder. "I promise to you that I will never smoke. Thank you for being so understanding."

"You love him, don't you?" she asked, still holding her son.

"Yes" said Jason, after pausing several seconds.

"Well, you get back to him then."

"Why are you being like this mom?"

"You know your uncle Bernard?"

"Yes?"

"Well, he's gay and being his younger sister, I watched my mother and father neglect him to such a point that he even tried to commit suicide. He didn't do it because I pleaded him not to. I don't want you to feel the way he did."

"Oh mom, I'm so sorry."

"Don't be sorry, just be happy. I'll deal with your father."

"Mom?"

"Yes my darling?"

"If you and dad ever split up, please promise me, you won't let me live with him."

"I love your father very much; I don't want to split up with him. Now you get going." Jason gave his mother a kiss on the cheek, and then ran next door.

"You're not going to believe what happened" said Jason as Jamie opened the door. The two went into Jamie's room, and Jason told Jamie the whole series of events that occurred during his half hour away.

"You're joking" said Jamie.

"No, dead serious. She asked me if I loved you and I just felt like she already knew in some way, so I just told her the truth."

"She's not going to tell my mom is she?"

"I don't think so."

"I hope she doesn't." At that point, the doorbell rang, and Jamie looked out the window to see who it was. It was Jason's mother. "She's outside" said Jamie, his heart now beating several times faster per minute.

"Who?"

"Your mother." She disappeared inside as Ruth had obviously invited her in. The two boys walked to the top of the stairs and looked down at the two talking together. Sylvia spotted Jason and called to him.

"Hello darling, you forgot your toothbrush" she said. Jason walked downstairs and took the small overnight bag she had prepared.

"Thank you" he said.

"Well, I best be off, I've got a hungry man to feed."

"Wait, I'll walk down with you" said Jason. "You didn't tell her did you?" whispered Jason from the corner of his mouth as they were walking down the path.

"Don't be silly. I would look bad if I admitted something like that AND still allowed you to see Jamie. It's our little secret, as far as anybody is concerned, I know nothing."

"Ok mom, thanks." With that, he rushed back inside, grinning inanely at both Jamie and Ruth. "My mom's fantastic" he added, and Jamie smiled, knowingly.

After food was eaten, the two boys and Bill set up the tent in the back yard. Jamie, even though he lived there, also got a backpack and stuffed some clothes in it.

"We'll only come inside for the toilet" he said. "We'll make like we're really out in the woods and we'll not have any other luxuries." Bill brought down the sleeping bag for Jamie and then looked at Jason.

"Where's your sleeping bag?" He asked.

"I don't have one."

"Well, you can't quite go camping without a sleeping bag, now can you?"

"That's so big it can fit both of us in it" said Jason, pointing at the sleeping bag. Jamie looked at his father, who in turn looked down at Jamie. "I'm sorry did I say something wrong?"

"No, not at all" said Bill, looking back at Jason. "If you two don't mind sharing it's fine by me."

They completed setting up the tent with the single sleeping bag, and equipped it with a torch and walkie-talkie. It was nice to have a father in the police force; he had all this cool equipment in the trunk of his car. After 8pm, they were all ready for the night.

"OK boys you're on your own now" said Bill. "If you need anything, use the walkie-talkie. I'll show Ruth how to use it."

"Bill!" Exclaimed Ruth, and the boys laughed. Bill hugged his wife and said "only joking darling." They hugged and kissed each other before going back inside.

And there they were, the two boys alone in the middle of the garden with the tent behind them.

"What shall we do?" asked Jason.

"Let's go to the movies."

"The movies? But we're supposed to be in the wilderness here."

"We can watch X-Men2"

"OK, I want to see that, but I'm not really keen on going back home to ask for money though."

"I'll pay for you" said Jamie.

"You, but why?"

"Because I love you."

"Oh. That's so sweet" said Jason, and he smiled. "If I knew nobody was watching, I'd hug you right here and right now."

"We can hug the whole of tonight" said Jamie, and he grinned. "This can be our first official date." They walked to the centre of town and arrived in time to be able to buy tickets for X-Men2. They managed to get seats right at the very back, and the cinema was well packed. During the first few minutes, Jason reached for Jamie's hand, and they held hands between the two of them. They would every now and then stop to wipe off the clamminess that built up, but did it so slowly that nobody next to them would notice. They enjoyed the two hour long movie, even though most of the time they were thinking about each other.

After the movie they went home, and it was dark and all the lights in the house were off.

"What shall we do now?" Asked Jason.

"Let's wrestle" said Jamie, who then dragged Jason down onto the grass and then knelt on top of him.

"Ow" exclaimed Jason. "I'm still in lots of pain"

"Oh I'm so sorry" said Jamie, getting up. "Wait, I have an idea, let's go into the tent." They went into the tent, and closed it up so that nobody could see inside.

"What are we going to do?"

"I'm going to ease your pain" said Jason. Lie down, and close your eyes. Jason did as he was told, and he lay down on the sleeping bag. Jamie knelt close to him and started lightly rubbing his fingers over Jason's chest. He decided that it would be more comfortable if he did it symmetrically, so he shifted his knees so that they were either side of Jason, and effectively was sitting on his crotch. Jamie used both hands to gently rub Jason's chest, shoulders, arms and stomach, slowly circulating between those 4 parts. Jason moved his hands slightly so he could play with Jamie's knees as they were right next to his waist. Jamie ran his fingers over Jason's face, mouth and ears before bending down and kissing him

softly on the lips. Jason opened his eyes to look at Jamie's beautiful face, but it had become too dark to be able to see properly, so he just closed his eyes again. Jamie lifted his head, and once again stroked Jason's shoulders, arms and chest.

"I was really upset earlier on today" said Jamie.

"Why?"

"Because of your father. When you told me what he did I felt really angry."

"Do you think, if both my parents had to die in a horrific accident, that your parents would let me stay here with you?"

"I don't know" said Jamie. "But I'd really like it if we could live together. I could get to hold you and hug you every day." Jamie started unbuttoning Jason's shirt, and revealed his bare chest. He then ran his fingers over Jason's nipples and naked stomach, making patterns whilst caressing his lover. "You are so special to me, I don't like to see you get hurt" said Jamie and he lowered himself again to lie on top of Jason. Jason wrapped his arms around Jamie, and they held each other for some time.

"I've been thinking about what we did at Alton towers" said Jamie.

"Oh yes?"

"It was very nice to do you in the bum."

"You did seem to enjoy yourself."

"And you enjoyed it too, right?"

"Yes, you managed to touch my g-spot."

"Err, can you try to do it to me?"

"I don't have any lubricant with me. When I was packing at home I didn't think about bringing it, all I wanted to do was get out of there."

"Would spit do fine?"

"We'll need lots of it, I'll help." Jason and Jamie undressed themselves and were soon both completely naked. As the house was in darkness they knew that they would not be disturbed, so they had no hesitation in being completely naked.

"OK, let me make your hole lubricated" said Jason. Jamie stood on all fours and faced in the other direction of Jason. To his surprise, Jason didn't wet it with his finger, but he felt a wet tongue lick his pucker.

"Doesn't that taste bad?"

"Only if you don't wipe properly." said Jason.

"Uh, did I wipe properly?"

"It's fine" said Jason. "This is such a turn on for me. It's known as rimming. I enjoy doing it." He continued to lick Jamie's anus, and started masturbating himself as he had become so incredibly horny. "There, it should be wet enough. Now the best thing to do is sit on my dick, you have more control over it so you can speed it up or slow it down."

"OK but first we lube your dick right?"

"I've done your ass very well so it shouldn't be necessary... ooh that's good" said Jason, who was now sitting down and a dark figure was licking and sucking his dick. Jamie ensured that he left lots of spit behind, as opposed to sucking in all the spit produced when he gave Jason a blowjob in Alton Towers.

"I'm sure your cocks grown bigger since last week" said Jamie as he finished lubricating Jason's cock with his mouth.

"No, it's only because I'm very horny" said Jason.

"Well here goes" said Jason, who now brought himself a bit further up and he held Jason's hard prick and guided it to his hole.

He then slowly sat down, and let the head penetrate his rectum. He closed his eyes, and slowly sat further down on Jason's cock.

"Oh that feels so nice" said Jason. "It's so tight. It's not hurting you is it?"

"No, but admittedly it doesn't feel as nice as OH my God!" Jamie exclaimed as he felt a tingling sensation at the base of his cock. He stopped dead still.

"Is everything OK?" Asked Jason, now very concerned.

"Ooh, it is such an amazing feeling" said Jamie. "Is that my G-spot then?"

"I guess so" said Jason, giggling. Jamie started to pump up and down again, still slowly, and enjoyed every moment of it. He started playing with his dick with his right hand, and noticed how much precum there was. He knew that if he leaked this much it meant that a big shoot was building up. He had passed the point of no return now, and starting stroking his cock in full. He was in such an ecstatic trance that he didn't even hear Jason say "I think I'm going to cum soon". Jamie pushed down one more time deeply on Jason, and came real hard. He felt five jets of sperm shoot out of his cock before he could recover from his orgasm, and open his eyes.

"Did I get you?" asked Jamie.

"Are you joking? You got me up the nose, in my hair and on my chest." Jamie felt Jason's body, and sure enough there were drops of wetness on most of Jason's stomach, chest and face.

"Oops"

"I came too" said Jason.

"Aw" said Jamie. "I was hoping to suck you off again"

"Did you like the taste of cum then?"

"Yes, sure it's nice."

"Well, there is always tomorrow night" said Jason. Jamie lifted his ass up slowly, remembering the tip that Jamie gave him in the hotel. Rightly enough, taking it out was an interesting sensation in its own right. Jason's cock fell limp the moment it came out, and cum trickled from Jamie's ass.

"I'm really tired now" said Jamie.

"That's always the case after one has come. I've read that males have 13% less energy after an ejaculation. It is late anyways so let's get to bed." Jamie and Jason fumbled about and eventually got the sleeping bag open. They did both fit in quite snugly and the sleeping bag was zipped up. They were facing each other, but Jamie asked Jason to turn over, which he did, and then Jamie held Jason real tight where they soon fell fast asleep.

Jamie awoke the next morning with the stupid birds tweeting like mad. This was one disadvantage of sleeping out in the open, but it was worth it, to be able to sleep with his best friend and lover. They had somehow become detached during the night, so Jason turned to Jamie, and then wrapped his arm around him. He lay there, looking at Jamie who had his mouth open and was breathing slowly. He felt so content with Jamie, knowing that he loved him probably more than his own parents ever would. He leaned over and kissed Jamie on the cheek. Jamie didn't stir. Jason positioned himself over Jamie, but didn't lie on top of him, just held himself horizontally over Jamie's body, and looked him straight in the face. He leaned down on his fists and kissed Jamie's open mouth, and then came back up. Jamie slowly opened his eyes, and then smiled at Jason who was still hovering over him. Jamie pulled Jason closer and forced him to lie directly on top of him. They fondled each other and kissed some more, neither boy getting an erection. They knew that there was true love between them and were so glad to be with each other.

"Do you want to try something new?" asked Jason.

"What?"

"Do you want to 69?"

"Sure OK" said Jamie, after a small bit of thought. They unzipped the sleeping bag and got out. Before they started Jason said "Hey look, I'm a girl". He squatted, put his penis between his legs and urinated on a grassy patch. Jamie giggled, and bent down to look as the piss streamed out of his friend's cock and disappeared into the grass.

"Hey have you ever pissed on yourself before?" asked Jamie. Jason gasped; he couldn't believe what Jamie had just asked. Jamie seemed to be a much more perverted person than he was, and that was saying something.

"No, have you?"

"Only in the bath" said Jamie. He lied down on his back and pointed his now hardening dick upwards, and started urinating. Pee shot out onto his chest and Jamie started laughing hysterically. His whole body was shaking and it looked like he was watering the garden with the pee going in circular shapes over his body. Jason watched, and seeing his friend pissing over himself actually made him very randy. His cock edged upwards as the blood flowed into it and he was soon ready to mount anything. Jason laid down on the mattress sideways, and Jamie after drying himself with yesterday's shirt joined him. They positioned themselves so that each one had easy access to the other one's dick, and started sucking each other off. The extra taste of a few droplets of urine did not deter them, they sucked as if it was a very tasty lollipop and they had a limited time in which to savour it. Jamie made it slightly difficult for Jason though, because he started hip movements, which meant that Jason had to reposition his head every now and then.

"Jamie?" Came Bill's voice, and the two boys scrambled up off the sleeping bag and started quickly dressing so that when Bill came in he wouldn't see anything.

"Jamie?" Came the voice again, and the boys looked at each other. The voice came from inside the tent. Jamie looked down at the walkie-talkie and picked it up.

"Hello?" He said.

"Ah Jamie, I hope I didn't wake you boys up. There's been a problem at the station and I have to go in this morning. Your mother is here in case of emergency, and will prepare breakfast for 9 am."

"OK dad" said Jamie. Jason, relieved at the fact that his father wasn't about to imminently come in, came over and held Jamie from behind, Jamie holding Jason's hand in appreciation.

"What do you boys think you'll do today?" Jason reached down his hand and touched Jamie's dick.

"I'm not sure dad, perhaps we'll go bowling or something. Maybe we'll just watch some movies or something."

"OK boys well have fun, whatever you do. See you later. Dad out." Jamie put down the walkie-talkie, turned to look at Jason, and then clutched his heart and fell down, mocking a heart-attack. Jason smiled.

The boys decided not to continue with the mutual sucking, and dressed properly before going in and enjoying a nicely cooked full English breakfast. They watched two movies in the morning, and then went to McDonalds for lunch. The afternoon saw them at the Bowling Alley, and spent some time in the shopping centre walking around window shopping. The four of them had supper at Garfunkles, and Jason had never had a nicer meal out. He never felt more accepted in all his life and everything just seemed to be absolutely perfect. It was almost like a dream. He was sitting opposite Jamie, and while the

two adults were talking about something uninteresting, the two boys gazed at each other lovingly.

That evening, the two slept out in the wilderness again, completely stark naked in the tent, holding each other as if they were in the middle of the ocean and the other person was a life buoy. They were so good at it that when they woke up the next morning, they were still somehow clutching on to each other.

"Good morning" said Jason.

"Hello darling" replied Jamie. He looked at his watch - 09:12. He wondered - both of his parents would be at church this morning. "Do you want to go shower together?"

"Will your parents be gone long?"

"They're at church, so we'll be all alone until ten-thirty."

"Let's do it" said Jason, all excitedly. They got up, put on shorts and a shirt, and then scurried off inside to find the house completely empty.

"I have an idea" said Jamie. "Let me pretend to be hurt, and then you have to help me take a bath OK?"

"Sure OK."

Jamie lay down on the carpet just outside the bathroom, and Jason screamed "Jamie! What happened?" Jamie started laughing, but then managed to control himself. "Oh Jamie" squealed Jason as if he was a caring mother. He fell to his knees and then started to check for broken bones, breathing and a pulse. "Hang on" he said

"What is it?" asked Jamie.

"There's technically no reason to give you a bath" said Jason.

"Oh yes, I forgot about that." With that he did a snake type movement and moved himself further into the bathroom where it was tiled, kicking the bathroom mat into the corner as he manoeuvred. He looked up at Jason, who was still hovering over him, and then gritted his teeth. Jason knew what he was doing, because he looked down and noticed a wet patch forming in his trousers. Jamie was once again giggling with excitement, as he continued to wet himself.

"Oh dear you've accidentally wet yourself" said Jason with a big grin on his face. "We're going to need to get you out of these clothes and get you washed." Jason first pulled off Jamie's shirt, and then proceeded with his trousers and pants. They were soaking wet. He flung them directly into the washing machine. Jamie was now naked on the ground; his cock was erect with anticipation. Jason turned the shower on, and then undressed himself before trying to pick up Jamie to take him into the shower. He wasn't really strong enough to lift somebody his own weight, so Jamie helped by stepping into the shower. Jason soon followed, and picked up a bottle of shower gel, squirted some into his fingers and then washed Jamie, concentrating on the dirty part. Jason was facing Jamie and was busy washing him, when suddenly Jason started giggling. Jamie looked down to see Jason also urinating. Jamie quickly stooped down before Jason had a chance to react, and allowed for the urine to flow directly onto his face. After Jason had finished, Jamie leaned forward, and sucked Jason's cock. It became apparent that Jamie was frantically horny and all he wanted to do now was have sex.

"Do you want to do me up the ass again?" asked Jason.

"Oh yes please" replied Jamie. With that he stood up, and then turned Jason around. He took some more shower gel, rubbed it on his cock, and then inserted his cock slowly into Jason's ass. Jason cooed as Jamie's member slid into his hole with ease, and he bent down a bit so that Jamie could get deeper penetration. Jason was soon in ecstasy as was Jamie, as he pumped in and out. He was trying something different this time, he was using deep long strokes, taking

his dick out as far as it would go without actually popping out, and then pushing it all the way back in. It didn't take very long at all, and Jamie was bucking his legs and shooting inside of Jason. He had enjoyed it tremendously, and sat back in the bath to get his breath back. Jason turned around to look at him, and Jamie smiled back up at him. Jamie looked at Jason's cock, which was still completely erect, and he had a look of "please" on his face. Jamie got on all fours, and faced the other way, making his hole stick out into the air. Jason accepted the invitation, sloshed some shower gel on his cock and then inserted it into Jamie's ass with care. Jamie groaned, as he felt Jason's cock slide up inside him. He felt like ejaculating again as his sensitive g-spot was prodded several times, and after about 2 minutes of this, Jason came, his whole body jerking with each tremor of pleasure. He collapsed on top of Jamie, before the two slumped into the bath. They looked at each other, and then kissed and embraced as the water cleared away the seed that came slowly trickling out their asses.

After Jamie's parents returned from church, the four of them took a trip to the beach, and played two versus two beach volleyball (adults versus children). They also took a picnic lunch and ate it on the grass close to the beach. Bill took his camera and took candid pictures of Jamie, Jason and Ruth as they played Frisbee on the sand. Jason felt so happy, it was like he was part of a real family now, and he would do anything to keep it like this. The afternoon saw them back at home and watching some movies together, followed by the packing away of the tent gear and equipment. Jason stayed for dinner and only went back home at about 8pm that night. He didn't care if he got shouted at for being so late, and not keeping them informed. For him right now, everything was perfect, and nothing on earth could ruin his day. He slept well that evening, smiling all the way through the night.

On Monday, Jason came over to have some more violin lessons, and they hugged and kissed a bit during the lessons. Tuesday came and went with only a wave and smile through the window, and Wednesday saw the boys spending some cuddling moments on the couch watching a movie.

On Thursday, Jason came over to Jamie's house, but when the door opened, he was greeted by a very sad looking Jamie.

"What's wrong?" asked Jason.

"Come upstairs with me." Jason followed Jamie upstairs, and into his room. Jamie closed the door, and then looked over at Jason. He could not bear to tell him the news, but knew that he had to. Tears formed in his eyes.

"My dad got a promotion. We're moving to London this weekend."

"No" said Jason, silently. "No, no, no. You can't move." Jason's eyes started watering, and he shook his head. "You can't move!"

"Oh Jason, I'm so sorry" said Jamie.

"Please don't go."

"I have no choice."

"Please don't leave me."

"I don't want to leave you."

"Please don't leave me" pleaded Jason, his crying becoming more agonising. Jason rushed up to Jamie, and flung his arms around him, sobbing.

"I don't want to lose you" said Jason, between his sobs. Jamie was crying too, and they stood there holding each other firmly and in bitter grief.

Friday was a day off school and a day of packing for Jamie. He worked like a slave putting all of his possessions into boxes, and then helping put everything else in the lounge, study, kitchen and loft into boxes.

"Look son, I know you're upset about losing a friend, but you will find more in London, there are much more boys down there." Jamie poked at his fried chicken with his finger. He had hardly eaten again for the second night in a row.

Saturday was upon them, and the movers came in early and in two hours all the boxes and furniture had been loaded onto the lorry. The lorry was off, and it was soon time for them to start making their long journey down to London. Jamie looked up and saw that he was being watched. He made a come here gesture to the onlooker, and Jason was soon out of his home and walking down the path. Jamie held open his hands, and Jason looked at him blankly.

"Your parents can see."

"I don't care" said Jamie. "My love for you is stronger than shame." Both Jamie and Jason started tearing, and they embraced.

"I'm going to miss you so much" said Jason.

"I'll miss you too" said Jamie. He gave Jason a peck on the cheek, and continued to hold him. Jason looked up and saw Jamie's parents looking at them in absolute shock. He then shut his eyes, and tears flowed from his sockets.

"You'd better go" said Jason. Jamie gave him another peck, and they let go of each other. They held hands and looked at each other, before Jamie turned and got into the car without saying a word to his parents. Jason stepped out into the street, and watch the car pull off. He stood facing the car and waved, until he could no longer see the car in sight.

Jason sat on his window sill, head on knees and looked. He didn't look at anything specific.

He just looked.

Part 3 - The Surprise

"Get up" came the all too familiar grunt.

"Get bent" thought Jason. The bedroom light shone through the bottoms of his duvet, and once again the buffoon had left the door open. Jason got up to close the door, and then turned to his window. He looked at his curtain for a while before opening it. Perhaps he was thinking that it was all a bad dream and that he would see Jamie on the opposite side of the road, but unfortunately that was not the case.

He got downstairs, and his mother was in the kitchen.

"Sit down dear; I've made you some porridge." He sat down, thanking his stars that his father was not there again. He took one mouthful of his Quaker Oats, and then put his spoon back down. "I'm not really hungry" he said.

"That's okay dear, I understand." Jason looked up at his mother and tears started coming out of his eyes. He was so happy that at least one person understood what he was going through. "Oh mom, I miss him so much" said Jason. His mother embraced him and held him tight. "I know darling, I know."

"Should I pick up some nappies for the cry-baby on my way home?" Asked his father sarcastically as he entered the room. This only made Jason cry even more, drenching his mother's top with tears.

Thirty minutes later, Jason's mother announced she was off to the office.

"Mom?"

"Yes dear?"

"I'm sorry for everything."

"Oh dear, don't be sorry, I'm just sorry your father is the way he is. Bye now." She left and Jason watched through the keyhole to see her close the gate and walk towards town.

Jason ran upstairs, grabbed his backpack he had used for the Alton Towers visit, stuffed some in some pants, socks a tracksuit bottom and a shirt. He was already dressed in his school clothes, so he undressed and put on normal clothes, as if it was a week-end. He opened his little metal box at the bottom of the cupboard, and took out the money he had saved up for several years. £86. It wasn't much, but enough for a one way train ticket to the biggest city in the UK. After locking up and putting on the alarm, he carefully walked to the train station. Being such a small town centre, he couldn't chance running into his parents or police or something.

"One way ticket to London please" asked Jason.

"How old are you?"

"14"

"Travelling alone?"

"Yes"

"Where are your parents?"

"They're already in London; I've been visiting a friend."

"Oh alright then, that will be £32"

"£32? is that all?" enquired Jason as he handed over £35.

"Well, it is past 9:30 in the morning, so you qualify for a super saver and you have a child fare. There you go; your ticket and change. Join the train at platform 1 for the 10:00 to Glasgow and change there for the GNER service to London via Edinburgh." Jason thanked the man, and then looked down at his watch. He realised that with all the stealth and caution in getting to the train station, it had taken him over an hour. He boarded a coach Scottish Rail destined to Glasgow Central, and then sat down in a seat that wasn't reserved.

Eight hours journey time, all the time spent looking out of the window, waiting to see the tall buildings of London. At King's Cross, he got off, and watched as everybody filtered off the platform onto the concourse. Only then did he realise that he had no clue where to go or what to do. Ten hours earlier he didn't care, he just had to get out of the house. He walked down cautiously towards the end of the platform, when he suddenly stopped dead in his tracks. There was a policeman at the end of the platform. He was just standing there, but he did notice Jason who had stopped for no apparent reason. The policeman looked at him for a little bit, and then brought his walkie-talkie up to his mouth, and then started walking towards him.

Jason panicked. The policeman was coming closer, and Jason did the only thing he could think of. He ran, he darted sideways, but there wasn't anyplace he could go.

"Alright lad, the game's up" came a booming voice. The black dressed bobby with a jersey labelled 'Metropolitan Police' grabbed him by the scruff of the neck. Jason didn't say a word, he knew that it was over, and it was off to jail for him, or even worse, back home.

"Now what do we have in here?" asked the policeman as he took Jason's bag. Another police constable had flanked Jason and was standing behind him. The first officer rummaged through the bag, mumbling each item he saw.

"It's only clothes" said the officer to the woman constable behind Jason. "Alright, empty your pockets." Jason obeyed and emptied his pockets of crisp packets and chocolate wrappers, and his remaining money.

"Looks like we have a runaway here" said the first officer. "You handle this one"

"Hello" said the woman constable, and Jason spun around.

"I'm PC Williams, and this is PC Kirk. Do you want to tell us your name?"

"Do I have to?"

"It depends on how much you want us to help you. Are you running away from home?"

"I've come to visit somebody"

"You have a friend in London you've come to visit?"

"Yes."

"Do you have a contact number for them? We can call them and let you know you've arrived."

"No, I only know their name."

"Do you know where they live?"

"No."

"London is a very big city, and we can't help you if you have such little information. How were you planning to find your friend?"

"My friend's father works for the police. I was going to try to find Scotland Yard and ask for him there."

"What your friend's father's name?"

"Bill Andrews."

The other PC who was listening to everything called on his radio for information on a William Andrews or Bill Andrews, and he got back four possibilities.

"There's more than one" he said.

"He's new and he's a senior policeman" added Jason. Once again PC Kirk went to his radio and then after a minute of talking he looked up at the woman.

"He's on his way, we've got to keep him here."

"Oh" said the woman, rather surprised. "Let's go to our office where it's warmer and we can wait for him there."

They led Jason off to an office in King's Cross, and they waited about 10 minutes when Bill stormed in, and he looked furious.

"Here, now!" he commanded, waving a beckoning finger. Jason had never seen him like this before, and he was too scared to disobey. He followed Bill out Kings cross, to a civilian vehicle that had a blue light attached to the roof, and got in when the back door was opened. Bill walked around and got in the front door, removed the blue light and drove off. There was about 10 minutes of silence before Bill started talking.

"I had no idea" he said. "I'm sorry I shouted like that in the station. I've had a lot of mixed emotions lately. Moving house is hard enough, and having Jason the way he is has just made it too unbearable. I had no idea he valued your friendship so much. He hasn't eaten properly since we moved in, and all he does is sit in his room in complete silence. I'm used to seeing him smiling and chatting away, but he's virtually a completely different person. I know that you and he were much closer than friends, and I'm not mad at you or him for that. If anything, I'm mad at myself because my own ambitions of improving my career had so much of an affect on my family."

"You're not mad at me?"

"The only thing that makes me angry is if people lie to me. Let's say I have sort of a sixth sense, I can tell if somebody is lying, just like a dog can tell if anybody is afraid. Are you hungry?"

"Where are we going?"

"We're going to pick up some KFC and then we're going to go home and see if we can get Jamie to eat."

"I'm going to see Jamie?"

"Of course. I'm not going to give up this opportunity to make him happy, even if it is only for a short time. You do realise of course that at some point you're going to have to go back home."

"Yes, I know. I just had to get away from home, I couldn't take it anymore." There was another awkward silence, but was soon broken by the arrival outside KFC in High Street Kensington.

"Come sit up front" said Bill as he reached into the cubby hole for his wallet. He soon came back out with a bag full of KFC.

The journey to the new house of the Andrews' didn't take very long. Soon they stopped outside a large white 4 storey house.

"Is this your house?"

"Well it belongs to the bank, but we're paying it off." He opened the door and they entered, Bill announcing their arrival. Ruth came out of the kitchen door and clasped her hands over her mouth when she saw Jason. "Bill, what have you done?"

"It wasn't me woman, give me a kiss." Bill gave his wife a peck and a cuddle. "He came down by himself."

"Hello Jason" she said, with a smile on her face.

"Dinner's ready!" shouted Bill up the stairs.

"Not hungry" came a voice from upstairs.

"Go fetch him" said Bill to Jason, with a grin on his face. "Top floor."

Jason climbed two flights of stairs, and had a choice of three doors. One was clearly a bathroom. The second door was closed, and the third was ajar. Through the small opening in the door that was ajar, he could see Jamie's violin. Edging closer, as if nervous or a burglar, he knocked on the door.

"Come in" came a familiar voice. Jason opened the door to find Jamie sitting on his bed and looking out of the window. He was just sitting there as if hypnotised, and he still had no idea who was behind him. Jason walked closer, and put his hand on Jamie's shoulder. Jamie put his own hand on top of Jason's hand, and then immediately spun around.

"Jason" he said, before leaping into Jason's arms and holding him tighter than he'd ever done before.

"What are you doing here? I thought I was never going to see you again."

"I missed you too much" said Jason.

"You came back with my dad?"

"He picked me up at the station."

"Did he plan this for me?"

"Well, not really. How much does he know?"

"Everything."

"How?"

"On the way down he noticed that I was really quiet. Usually when we go on car rides I look around at all the scenery and stuff. He turned to me and asked me why I was so quiet. I said 'no reason'. Then he asked me if it was because of you. I said 'maybe'. He then asked 'you like him a lot do you?' I said 'yes'. Then he said 'you

love him, don't you?' I didn't answer him and he didn't say anything for a long time."

"Wow, I'll say it again, I wish I had a father like yours. Now, please can we eat, I've not eaten for a long time."

"Of course, but first give me another hug."

When they went down, the table was laid, and there were soft drinks all around the table.

"Tuck in boys, there's plenty to go around" said Ruth, grabbing a thigh for herself. After they had finished, Bill was sitting with one hand on his stomach and hacking away at his teeth with a toothpick.

"We're going to have to call your parents."

"I know" said Jason, sounding all crestfallen. Bill went into the other room and could be heard talking soon afterwards. Ruth took the empty containers away, and the boys were left alone to talk again.

"I can't go back" said Jason

"What will you do?" asked Jamie.

"I don't know, I can't keep on running. The thought of seeing him again just makes me want to vomit. What does my mother see in him?" Jamie reached out and held Jason's hand in a reassuring manner, and gave him a supportive smile. "Why is he such a bastard?" Bill came back into the room and Jamie quickly removed his hand, but could see that his father noticed.

"Well, that was an interesting conversation" he said.

"According to your father, you can stay here until you die, and he hopes that to be soon. Do you have a mobile number for your mother?" Jason gave Bill his mother's mobile number, and he went away for another conversation.

"Wouldn't it be just wonderful, if I could stay here with you" said Jason.

"Well, normally I'd be happy about that, but you see, I've got a girlfriend now."

"You what?"

"Got you" said Jamie, with a cheeky smile on his face.

"I'll get you for that" said Jason, and he jumped on Jamie, toppling him over and they started to play wrestle. Jamie soon got on top, and Jason became much more relaxed. Jamie stroked Jason's hair, and smiled.

"I came because I wanted to say goodbye"

"What do you mean?"

"You know I won't be able to stay, and I'll be forced to go back home."

"I know" said Jamie, a big tear falling from his eye and landing straight on Jason's cheek. "I've looked out of the window every day since we got here, and even though the sun has been shining, all I have been able to see is darkness. Now that you're here, the sun is shining again, but I'm afraid that it won't last."

"Well she was... Oi, you get off of him, I won't have that kind of behaviour while I'm around." Jamie jumped off of Jason, suddenly realising that both of his parents were home and that he had to be a bit more discreet.

"As I was saying, she was a bit more reasonable to talk to. I'll be putting you back on the train tomorrow so for tonight you'll have to stay here."

"Uh, Bill, the guest bedroom isn't ready for guests yet" said Ruth.

"So? They can share Jamie's bed." Both Jamie and Jason looked at Bill in a very shocked manner. Even Ruth was looking strangely at Bill.

"What? I'm sure they'll behave themselves, it's not like they're alone in a hotel room hundreds of miles away from me. Remember boy, our bedroom is directly under yours, and we can hear any movement up there. The moment those springs start to squeak I'll come bashing in with my torch, and then we'll see if you boys can cuddle each other with a bit of mace in your faces." Now, both boys looked quite shocked and afraid. "Naah, I'm kidding about the mace, but I'm dead serious about the springs."

Neither of them could sleep. They also dared not to move in fear of the springs in Jamie's bed giving a tiny hint of a squeak.

"You're very quiet" said Jamie.

"I'm thinking about tomorrow" said Jason. "I'll be taken back to Kings Cross and I'll never see you again."

"I'll come with so that I can say goodbye."

"I'd like that." Jamie decided to chance it, and he moved close up to Jason, and cuddled him. Jason didn't say anything, but he put his hand on Jamie's hand which was resting on his stomach. Now that Jamie was cuddling Jason, they both managed to fall asleep.

The next day the boys woke up and found that they were the only people at home. Jamie came running backup the stairs with a very excited look on his face.

"We're all alone" he said.

"Oh?"

"Let's take a shower!"

"I'm not really in the mood" said a despondent Jason.

"I'm not either, but I want us to do things together while we still have the chance. I'm not interested in sex, I just want to be with you as much as I can."

"OK then." The boys got naked and stepped into the shower, pulling the shower curtains all around them. Jamie turned the water on, and they both shrieked and screamed until the water temperature was acceptable to both. They both lathered themselves up with some shower gel and washed themselves thoroughly, occasionally taking a peek at each other's genitals.

"Can you wash my back" said Jamie, and Jason agreed. Jamie turned around to face away from Jason, who proceeded to lather his back. The washing went from rough all over to a gentle type massage, finally ending up with a sensual type massage of his sides and pelvis. Jason couldn't take any more of this and he wrapped his arms around Jamie, pushing his body up against him. The natural position of his now extremely erect penis slipped easily between the crevice of Jamie's ass.

"I'm in the mood now" said Jason, and he moved his hands over Jamie's chest and down to his also erect penis. "Can I put it in?" he asked

"Yes" came the immediate reply, and Jason repositioned and pushed. The soapy member found it's mark and slipped right in. Jason pushed it in all the way and paused. The sensation was magnificent, it was almost like he was ejaculating already, and he dug his fingers into Jamie's chest. Jamie gave a deep sigh as the initial pain subsided, and relaxed his ass muscles. Jason withdrew his cock a little, and then pushed it back in, real nice and slow.

"Ooooh" cooed Jamie, as he felt his lovers member slip back inside. Jason continued to hump in and out, and within a minute he was already at his climax. He gave a final push, and ejaculated into Jamie's ass, his penis pulsating with every shot.

"Ooooh I could feel that said Jamie, after a few moments. Jason let go his grip, and slowly pulled out his cock.

"Will you suck me" asked Jamie, now turning around to face his beloved. Without replying Jason kissed Jamie, and they held each other passionately and French kissed for about a minute. Jason knelt down, and took Jamie's cock all the way into his mouth, and started sucking it like it was rock. He used his tongue to give extra sensation to Jamie's purple headed warrior, and knew that it was good because that's how Stuart wanted him to do it. Jamie rested his hands on Jason's head and his knees started to go weak as he was brought closer and closer to the brink of climax. Jamie's knees almost gave way as he started ejaculating into Jason's mouth. Jason, who immediately recognised the taste of sperm pushed his head all the way into Jamie's crotch and waited there. Jamie finally stopped holding his breath and breathed cooed a long, pleasurable sigh, as his climax finally subsided. Jason stood back up, and the two embraced, kissing each other passionately.

"I love you so much, and I don't want you to go."

"I know" said Jason, and he held Jamie, comforting him as best he could. He could feel Jamie crying now, and the tears started forming in his eyes too.

"You've got to be strong" said Jason. "You'll find a way to carry on without me. Please stop crying" pleaded Jason, tears rolling down his cheeks. "Please promise me you'll carry on with your life when I'm gone."

"I don't want you to go!" shouted Jamie.

"Promise me you'll look after yourself" said Jason.

"I promise" he said, in-between sobs. They continued to hold each other for another 10 minutes, occasionally rubbing each others backs. They also rubbed their cheeks together, and fondled with each other's hair for a while. Eventually, they mutually agreed to get out.

"I forgot to bring in my towel" said Jamie, as he got out of the shower, and then he suddenly stopped dead in his tracks, preventing Jason from getting out. "Oh God!"

"What?"

"Those towels weren't there" he hissed.

"What?"

"Those towels weren't there when we got into the shower" he said, pointing his finger at two clean towels which were placed on the sink.

"Are you sure?" Jamie handed Jason a towel, dried himself off and proceeded out of the bathroom very slowly. Jason followed him, and they walked upstairs to find Bill sitting on Jamie's bed.

"Dad, I..."

"You don't have to say anything" said Bill. "I'll let you boys get ready now. We have to go soon, I've booked the 11 am train to Aberdeen for Jason." Bill walked out and down the stairs, and the two boys looked at each other awkwardly.

"I guess he's happy that I'm going" said Jason.

"Well, I'm definitely not happy that you're going."

"I wish I had something to give you, to remember me by."

"Let's take some photos at the train station, in one of those passport booths."

"OK, we'll do that. I've got some money, so I can pay for the photos."

After the boys got dressed they went downstairs and entered the lounge where Bill was watching a bit of CNN News, and he turned the telly off with the remote.

"Right, are you guys ready to go? My wife won't be with us, it's charity day for her." The boys nodded, and Bill ushered them into the car and drove off to Kings Cross station.

"You know, when I was younger, I did some really naughty things too" said Bill. "I had my first girlfriend when I was 13, and we had sex too."

"Was it mom?" asked Jamie.

"Naah, I met her when I was finished police training. That's a whole other story I will tell you sometime, but as I was saying, I did naughty things when I was your age too. The strange thing is, I started very soon after my dad told me the story about the birds and the bees. If my memory serves me correct, we did have a conversation a few months ago didn't we?"

"Uh, yes, we did" said Jamie as he thought back.

"I really don't know what to think about your choices you've made recently son, but I want you to know that I still love you and the fact that you like boys instead of girls doesn't change that."

"Thanks dad, that really means a lot to me" said Jamie. Jamie looked over to Jason, who looked like his nose was put out of joint. "Jason?"

"Yes Mr Andrews?"

"I've arranged for PC Harris to meet you at Glasgow Central station so that he can take you back home by car from there."

"OK Mr Andrews."

At the train station, the two boys went to one of the booths, and with great difficulty managed to get 4 pictures taken of the two of them together. The first was a standard picture with both of them smiling, the second was one where they were being just silly, and the third showed them looking at each other longingly, with the last a picture of them kissing. Jason asked to go into WH Smith to buy some cards, which he did, and he came back handing an envelope to each of them.

"You can't open these now, you have to wait until teatime tonight."

"Oh, alright then" said Bill.

"Promise you won't open until tonight" he re-iterated to Jamie.

"OK, I promise."

"You see, I have carefully worded these cards, and the darkness outside will set the right mood to read them."

"Oh" they said in unison.

"Passengers for 12 pm Glasgow Central, can start boarding at platform number 11" came an announcement on the tannoy.

"Well, I guess this is it. I'll let you say goodbye in private, but please remember that you are in a public place. Goodbye Jamie" he said, holding his arms out in a hug inviting position. Jason hugged Bill, resting his head on Bill's chest.

"You've been a better father to me for the last 6 months than my father has been my whole life. I will miss you very much."

"I'm sure things will get better for you" said Bill, as he smiled, and turned to exit the station.

"So, here we are" said Jason.

"Write me a tune in memory of me. A nice one, like summer, where we are both together and everything is alright. A tune to remember the days where we were happy together."

"I don't need to write a tune to remember you, I don't think I can ever forget you. You're the best friend I have ever had, and I love you very, very much." They embraced, and held each other for a while. They finished hugging, and looked at each other, and both had teary eyes.

"Go now, before I start crying" said Jamie, and Jason turned to walk to his platform. He went through the ticket barrier, looked back, and saw Jamie standing in the centre of the concourse, weeping.

Jamie and Bill drove back home, and said nothing to each other until they got to Kensington

"Would you like some KFC?" Jamie nodded. They stopped at KFC, and went in to sit down and eat. Although Jamie was feeling very depressed, he managed to finish his food.

"Did you love her, that girl you had sex with when you were 13?"

"I did fancy her, yes, but back then I didn't know what love really was. I had nothing as strong as what you and Jason have. This might sound strange, but in a way I envy your passion. Being a policeman, I can't be passionate, I can't have such powerful emotions, it would affect my job too much. Your mother is the passionate one, she has enough for both of us." They finished lunch, and then headed back home.

"You know, you are going to have to go to school next week."

"I know."

"I'm sure you'll meet new friends."

"Yes, but you know how long it took me to find Jason."

"Time heals all wounds."

They went back home, and Bill went back to work, leaving Jamie at home by himself. Jamie sat on his bed, and stared out of his window, and after a half hour or so, he laid back on his bed, resting his eyes.

"Hello" called Ruth from downstairs, as she entered the house. Jamie woke up with a start.

"Hello" he called back down. He looked down at his clock - 4:39 pm - Jamie would be almost in Scotland by now. Jamie remembered that he had a card from Jason, and he decided to open it. Jason wouldn't know that he opened it early. He put a finger in the one side, and tore open the envelope. It was a card inside, with the lettering "I'll miss you" in gold over the head of a sad looking mime. He opened the card and found £60 in cash inside, which made his eyes open really wide. He moved the cash to one side, and saw that Jason had written a small note.

"I won't need this where I'm going" it said. The standard text inside said "Sorry to hear that you're going away", which didn't make sense either, because Jamie wasn't the one going away, Jason was.

"Honey, can you help me with the shopping please?"

"OK Mom" he shouted, and quickly stuffed the money and card under his pillow. After bringing in the shopping, he decided to watch a bit of television to pass the time while he waited for food to become ready. Bill came back home a half hour later, and whispered to Ruth before coming in to sit down with Jamie.

"Hello?" said Jamie, with a confused look on his face.

"Did Jason say anything strange to you, anything at all?"

"No dad, why?"

"Think carefully now, are you sure?"

"I'm sure dad, why what's going on?"

"It's gone" said Ruth, as she came downstairs. "Oh no" she said, realising what has happened.

"What's going on?" repeated Jamie. Bill sighed.

"Jamie has tried to commit suicide."

"What?"

"The train conductor found him when they passed Doncaster, he was sleeping, and he couldn't wake him up to check his ticket. They stopped at York and the paramedics took him to hospital. They've

pumped out his stomach, but they think it's too late. He's slipped into a coma, and they don't think he'll recover. They're also checking for damage to the liver and kidneys." Jamie stood up, in utter disbelief, lifted his hand slightly, and then fell over in a faint.

Jason opened his eyes slowly, but found it hard to focus. The room was dark, and he didn't recognise anything.

"Where" he started, realising that his mouth was fairly dry. He opened and closed his mouth again, generating a bit of saliva to moisten his mouth. It was then that he saw somebody move over to his bed, but he couldn't make out who it was.

"Where am I?" he said to the stranger.

"You're in hospital" said a familiar voice.

"Jamie?" asked Jason.

"I'm here" said Jamie, and he moved closer, putting his hand into Jason's hand.

"Oh no" he said. "It didn't work. Why are you so blurred? What's wrong with my eyes?"

"I'll go get the nurse" said Jamie, and within 10 seconds he came back with a nurse who turned the lights on.

"Oh, it's common for people who sleep for so long, they need to get adjusted to using their eyes again." The nurse took her pen torch out of her pocket, and shone it in his eyes one at a time.

"They look good to me. Focus on my finger" she said and watched as Jason followed her finger left, right, up and down. "Excellent, I'll inform the doctor that you've awoken", and with that she left the room.

"How long was I sleeping for?"

"Four months."

"Four months? What happened?"

"Well, after you took the tablets, you went to sleep, and then they couldn't wake you up. They took you to hospital up north and they pumped out your stomach, and injected you, and all sorts of things. After three weeks, they took you out of the intensive care unit and transferred you to Great Ormond Street hospital, where you are now. Why did you do it? It really hurt me when I heard the news."

"I'm sorry, I never meant to hurt you. I wanted to stop myself from getting hurt. I never wanted to give my father the chance to call me names, to push me aside like I'm a sick dog again. And of course, I didn't want to..."

"Hello Jason" said a bald and bearded man wearing glasses as he entered the room. "Jamie, I'm going to have to ask you to leave so that I can examine Jason."

"I want Jamie to stay" said Jason.

"Jamie will come back tomorrow, he'll be able to see you again."

"I'll come and see you straight after school" he said, and he kissed Jason on the forehead before leaving.

"You are a very lucky to have such a caring family" said the doctor as he sat down beside Jason, and started examining him.

"We're not related"

"Oh? Well I guessed he was your brother. He's come to visit you almost every day now for the last three months."

"Really?"

"Yes, he's sat here with you each night, talking to you, reading to you. He even came to play his violin in here for you."

"And he's held my hand too" said Jason, with an expression of realisation on his face. "I can remember some things, it's like a dream."

"You are a very lucky person master McAllister"

"Please, don't call me that" said Jason. "It reminds me too much of my father. Please call me Jason."

"OK Jason" he said, with a smile on his face. "You're a very lucky person indeed. You suffered acute renal failure due to your overdose, which you have managed to recover from, and now that you are out of your coma, you have no more health problems."

"Oh that's what you think. My father is going to kill me when I get back home."

"Well, I guess you have one week left to live then. I'm keeping you for observation for one more week, and then you're free to go home. Oh, and it would be in your best interest if the nurses continued to believe that Jamie was your brother. The nurses have let him help wash you and clothe you for the last two months, it could be quite embarrassing for them if you were anything other than a brother. Good-bye and I'll see you tomorrow."

"Doctor" Jason called out as the doctor left the room. The doctor stepped back and looked inside. "Thank you" said Jason, and they both smiled.

Jamie did visit again the next day, which Jason found out was Friday.

"Remember you asked me to compose a piece for you, right? Well, I didn't write a piece of music, but I did write a poem for you. Would you like me to read it to you?"

"Yes please"

Jason sat up to listen while Jamie closed the door to the room. He took out a piece of paper, cleared his throat, and started to speak.

"I used to sit in absolute silence
I used to be gloomy and sad
I used to think the world was a pile of shite."

To which Jamie laughed

"Until one day when it filled up with bright.

I used to play all at school by myself
I used to think I was all alone
I had no ambitions, and I had no desire
I had nobody close whom I could admire

The one day I met someone just out of the blue
He said he was looking for a friend or two
He seemed like a nice bloke and seemed quite sincere
I didn't know then that he was a bit queer

We would hang out and play games a lot
We were ever so happy, I kid you not
And probably with a little help from above
Our friendship became a story of love

A love of abounding care and desire
A love of limitless mutual admire
A sort of a passion that only cupid can know
And our love from the start continued to grow

But fate said "Hold on, what's going on here?"
And insisted that Jason had made Jamie a queer
And decided to part the two by hundreds of miles
The two parted with sadness, and did not have smiles

But another, nicer fate had taken pity on them
And allowed them to see each other again

And the first fate then planned to put and end to this
By sending Jason down to the deep dark abyss

And the one who took pity, used all of his might
To stop Jason from disappearing out of all sight
Because this fate knew that they were meant to be
Together and in love for all of eternity"

There was a long pause before anybody said anything.

"You wrote that?"

"No, Shakespeare wrote it. Of course I wrote it!"

"I'm sorry, it's just so... beautiful."

"Look Jason, I know that your dad doesn't love you, but I love you and your mum loves you. You put us through a lot of pain, I don't know if you know what it's like to lose somebody so close to you."

"I know how much it hurts, or are you forgetting that I lost Stuart?"

"What did I do to you for you to hurt me so much?" Jamie was dead serious now, and he had a look of confusion on his face. "Don't you care about me, or about your mum?"

"Oh, give it up will you" said Jason, now becoming irritated at Jamie's whining.

"Come with me" said Jamie.

"What?"

"Come, get up, I want to take you somewhere."

"But I'm wearing pyjamas."

"Please, it's important. We won't leave the hospital." Begrudgingly, Jamie got out, and put on his slippers he had found earlier in the day.

"Where are we going" he asked.

"You'll see, follow me." Jason followed Jamie along the corridors of the hospital, and to his surprise, nobody looked at him in a strange way. They went down some stairs, and then up another long corridor until they came outside a big double door, with the word "Chapel" written on the outside. They went inside and found that it was completely empty.

"I've come here every day when I was visiting you, and I prayed that you got better."

"Oh" said Jason. He followed Jamie up to the altar, and found that there was a large bible on it.

"Put your hand on the bible" said Jamie.

"You want me to do what?"

"Put your hand on the bible" he repeated. Jason complied.

"Now, swear that you will never try to kill yourself again." Jason looked at Jamie in a sort of "are you mad" type look, but noticed that Jamie was completely serious.

"SWEAR IT!" he shouted. At this point, the Chaplain stepped out of his office to hear where the noise was coming from. Jason looked at the chaplain, and then back at Jamie, his hand still resting on the bible.

"Please" pleaded Jamie, now sobbing with grief. "I don't want to lose you." Seeing Jamie in this state started Jason off with weeping too, finally feeling guilty for what he did.

"Oh Jamie, I never wanted to hurt you, I'm so sorry" he said. Jamie came closer, then fell to his knees, looked up at Jason with his teary eyes and said;

"I'm begging you, please promise you'll never try to kill yourself again."

"I promise I will never try to kill myself again." Jamie shuffled closer, and hugged Jason by his waist, resting his cheek

against Jason' pelvis." Jason stroked Jamie's hair, and looked up and was relieved to see that the Chaplain had disappeared during the whole ordeal.

Later that day, Jason was moved to a low risk ward, which unfortunately meant that he had to share now with 4 other patients. This made him a bit more uncomfortable, however there was a consolation as they were boys too, and he occasionally got a glimpse of them when they were changing. He realised that he was getting his libido back and with every passing day was getting more and more horny. He often thought about jerking himself off, but then remembered that he would soon be home again, and without Jamie, which was an instant turn off for him. Jamie's mum and dad came to visit him over the weekend, and they bought him some Kentucky Fried Chicken, which he was very grateful for, and the doctor was pleased with Jason' overall recovery. Because of the nature of the incident which led to Jason' attempted suicide, he had a Social Worker come to visit him to ask him a few questions, but he requested that he could see the hospital Chaplain instead. The chaplain was a certified councillor so there was no problem with that request, and Jason was soon given an all thumbs up by the Chaplain.

Finally the big day arrived. He put on the clothes he had when he was admitted to hospital, and waited for his mother to come and pick him up. Soon enough, she peered through the door and smiled at him.

"Oh mum, I'm so sorry" he said as he rushed to her and hugged her.

"That's okay my darling, I know you are sorry" she said. "I'm just sorry that you felt like you had to do that."

"Why didn't you come and visit me?" he asked

"I've been busy, anyway, I know Jamie's come to visit you all the time, and I thought I would let you two spend lots of time together.

"Thanks mum" he said, smiling at her. "I was thinking, maybe if I complete my GCSE's, I can come down to London and find a job, and then I will be closer to Jamie."

"Maybe in three years time you'll have another boyfriend and you'll be happy." Jason looked at his mother, and smiled. It was strange to hear his mother talking like that. "After all, you are young; I don't think I know anybody who's been with somebody since they were teenagers."

"Yeah, I guess. Hey, maybe I'll start to like girls." She looked at him with a surprised expression on her face. "Nah, I don't think so" he said, and they both smiled. They went to the tube station and got on the Piccadilly line from Russell Square, destination Heathrow Airport.

"Are we flying up?" asked Jason.

"No, we're going to visit Jamie and his family now before we go home."

"Aw mom thanks. You're the greatest." In amongst the din of the train hurtling along the tracks, she leaned over to him and said

"Who would you prefer to live with, me or your father?" Jason looked at his mother in a shocked way.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, when PC Harris came to visit us to tell us what happened, I went upstairs and got my handbag, then I came back down and just simply said; "I'm leaving now, and I don't think I'll be coming back." He then asked me if I was mad, and I just said "No, I've just come to my senses." Jason was shocked.

"You left dad?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I have. Now, you can choose if you would like to live with me, or your father."

"What a question! Of course I'd rather live with you."

"Well, that doesn't surprise me in the slightest. It's good too, because I've already prepared your new room."

"So you've moved out?"

"Yes, moved out and bought my own house. It's a nice one too, you'll like it."

"How can you afford to do that?"

"Well, I started up my own realty, your father really never was good at it, and I managed to get my hands on some really good properties which I've sold."

"But... did you get a divorce?"

"No, no divorce. He will have to wait 5 years now before he can marry his mistress. Oh yes, I know about her" she said as she saw another look of horror on Jason's face. "Your father never has been the cleverest of people; he's been very bad at covering up his tracks."

They soon got to South Kensington station, and walked to Bill's house, which was not too far away. They were greeted at the door by all 3 of the inhabitants, and invited in for lunch.

"Shouldn't you be at school?" asked Jason to Jamie.

"Yes, but I got today off."

"I phoned up the headmaster last night and told him that Jamie couldn't be at school tomorrow because his grandmother died" said Bill.

"I just forgot to mention that she died four years ago." It took about three minutes for everybody to stop laughing, and when they did, Jason decided to strike up a new conversation.

"Have you changed your kitchen?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" asked Bill.

"Well, the table looks different. All the cupboards look different.

"Honey, have you changed our kitchen?"

"No darling" said Ruth.

"My wife says nothing has changed, and she knows everything. Maybe that coma you were in made you imagine some things" said Bill, with a complete serious look on his face. Jamie was smirking and trying very badly to keep a straight face. Jason got up off his chair, and looked around the kitchen.

"I don't recognise anything" he said.

"Well, of course you don't recognise anything you poor dear" said Ruth. "You've never been in this house before."

"But I... This house is yours, right?"

"No"

"Then... whose house is it?"

"It's mine" said Sylvia. Jason was astonished. "It's ours" she added.

"I don't believe it" whispered Jason. "So this isn't your house?"

"No" said Bill. "We live across the road, you can visit us sometime, and you'll see that we haven't changed the kitchen at all." Jason sat down on his chair, shaking his head and looking at the ground. He then looked up at Jamie who was smiling at him.

"How long have you known?"

"Oh for about one month now" replied Jamie, grinning sheepishly.

"Darling, why don't you show Jason around" suggested Ruth.

Jamie took Jason around the house for a guided tour, and the last room they visited would be Jamie's room.

"I arranged your room for you" said Jamie. "Almost just like you had it. Your mother phoned us when she left your dad, she was crying she didn't know what to do, so my dad invited her down to come and stay for a bit. They talked a lot, and your mum stayed in the guest room for a month. She had enough money to start up her own business, and sold a few houses which made enough money to pay for a deposit on the house. Now she's paying the bank off. She left everything behind, absolutely everything. All the clothes in your draws and cupboard are mine, I put them there last week when you woke up. Your mum says that you two will go shopping now that you're back, so you can help her decide how to decorate the house, and also what clothes you want."

"Whose violin is that" asked Jason, pointing at the one resting up against the wall.

"That's yours, it used to be mine, but my new violin teacher suggested I get a better one because I'm getting better. Of course, I'll still be happy to teach you."

"You're giving me your violin? But that must have cost hundreds."

"And with that money you left me, I bought a special present for both of us" he said, walking over to the window. He removed a handset from its base station.

"Now we can talk to each other. These are police radios but they were from Aberdeen. They don't use the same frequency down here, so it's safe for us to use. You press here to talk, and you let go so that I can talk back."

"I'm going to take your mother to Jamie's school so that she can enrol him" said Bill as he came to the door. "Your mum is going back home, so you two need to look after yourself."

"Wait, Mr Andrews" said Jason as Bill was heading for the stairs.

"Thank you" said Jason as he gave Bill a big hug. Bill wrapped his arms around Jason, and hugged him back.

"So, we're alone" said Jamie, looking out of the window and watching all the adults leave.

"Yes" said Jason, and he turned Jamie around and kissed him on the lips. Jamie wrapped his arms around Jason, and the two French kissed for a few minutes before separating.

"Jamie Andrews, I love you very much" said Jason, as he rested his chin on Jamie's shoulder.

"Jason McAllister, I love you very much to infinity."

"I know" said Jason after a pause.

"Did they wash these clothes at the hospital" asked Jamie after he had a quick whiff of Jason's shirt."

"No I don't think so" said Jason.

"Ewww, three month old clothes, how gross."

"I'll change now" said Jamie, and he went to his new chest of drawers, to get some clothing.

"I don't believe it" he said as he picked up a single pile of clothing from the top shelf. He examined the clothes, and recognised that the carefully constructed pile contained the exact same clothes that he had worn after he had his accident.

"You have such a good memory" said Jason. "Maybe you would like to put them on me, like you helped me so many months ago."

"I was hoping you would ask" he said. Jason went to lie on his new bed, shoes and everything. "Pretend to be sleeping, or better still, pretend to be in a coma again." Jason complied, and lied there, eyes closed, but with a hint of a smile on his face. Jamie

unlaced his trainers, pulled them off one at a time, and placed them neatly at the foot of his bed. Next came the socks, which he bundled together and threw into the corner by the window. He lifted Jason's arms so that they were above his head, lying on the bed. Jamie gingerly lifted Jason's shirt over his head, and chucked them on the same pile as the socks. Jamie spent some time now looking at the naked chest in front of him, and he caressed Jason's stomach and chest with the tips of his fingers, and all up his arms. Jason smiled as this was being done to him, because it was partially ticklish, but managed to remain in the same position for the caressing. Jamie knelt on the bed and leaned right over Jason's body, this time caressing Jason with his nose and cheek. He rubbed his nose from below Jason's belly button, and all the way up through his sternum and right up to his chin, and ending off with giving him an Eskimo kiss. Jamie shifted again to bring his head level to Jason's chest, and then started to nose his nipples. He circled his nose around each one, occasionally going over them. Noticing that they were getting harder, he decided to try something new out, and then put his mouth over one of Jason's nipples, giving it a bit of a suck and a lick. He alternated between the two nipples, giving each one a nice bit of tender loving care. Jamie got back off the bed, and proceeded to pull down Jason's tracksuit bottom. There was no surprise when his boxers revealed the shape of a boner underneath, what he did could have turned a straight man gay. Not trying to rush things, he spread Jason's legs slightly apart, and then nosed his way from his toes, up the shin, over the knee and then onto the thigh, and then coming up all the way to the crotch. He took a deep breath there, taking in the scent of Jason's manhood which he hadn't smelled for over four months, and then nosed his way back down the other leg. Jamie finally pulled down the boxers, exposing Jason's quite hard cock, and he could see that it had a bit more hair than he had seen it last time. He was fascinated with it, but managed to avoid the temptation of taking it into his mouth straight away. Jamie did the nose thing again, concentrating purely on Jason's pelvic region, his waist, and of course, Jason's dick. He rubbed his nose up and down Jason's quite hard penis, making the skin move slightly backwards and forwards along the shaft. He finally encircled Jason's penis with his mouth and went down all the way, making Jason shudder with delight. He stayed down for a few moments, swirling the penis in his mouth, and he looked up at Jason who had somehow, in his 'comatose state', managed to grab a hold of the headboard and was holding it tight. Jamie then started moving his head up and down in a rhythmical fashion, but stopped after about thirty seconds. Jason opened his eyes and looked down at Jamie, who was shifting his position on the bed a little. He bent Jason's knees so that he was in a similar position to a woman about to give birth, and then laid on the bottom part of the bed, his head at the right level to continue the fellatio. Jamie got a bit more playful now, and used his hands to stimulate Jason's testicles, and then continued to suck. He used his other hand to pull the skin down so that it exposed his crown of glory, and ensured that his sucking was full length, giving the crown the exciting rub that it enjoys. Jason's knees started shaking now as he was being brought closer to orgasm, to which Jamie responded by using a bit more tongue movement. Jason ejaculated, real hard. His whole body spasmed as if he was being shocked by a defibrillator as the first wave of pleasure hit him. Another spasm followed, followed by a third of lesser intensity, and then he was finally spent.

Jamie watched as his friend's penis shrunk in size, after which he played with the soft dick, in a playful sort of way. He also stroked the hairs which surrounded the base of Jason's cock, but to Jason's

surprise, Jamie did not get undressed or anything. In fact, after a few minutes, Jamie started putting on Jason' new clothes for him.

"What's the matter" asked Jason.

"Nothing" he said.

"Didn't you want to do me up the bum?"

"Sure, but not right now. I want to do something else with you now."

"Oh?"

"I just want to be with you, to hold you and to care for you" said Jamie. "I want to make up for all those years of pain that you've suffered." Jamie put on Jason' tracksuit bottom. "I want you to feel loved, like my parents have loved me." He put on the shirt, and kissed him lightly on the lips. Jason looked up at him and smiled.

"I guess Angels are real after all" he said.

"Oh, don't get me wrong, the sex is fun, but right now I just want to hold you. Let's go back to my house, I've got something in mind." They went back over next door where Ruth was upstairs with the Hoover.

"Mom, can I use the hi-fi please?"

"Oh, you're back - OK darling." They went into the living room and Jamie grabbed the remote and sat in the Lazy boy.

"Come sit with me" he said, as he parted his legs and invited Jason to sit in front of him. When Jason sat down, Jamie reclined the seat, so that Jason's body was lying against Jamie's, and Jamie curled his arms around Jason' body. He pressed play on the remote, and turned the volume up. Jason' head was resting on Jamie's chest, and when the music started, he felt really relaxed, and with his friend's arms around his chest he felt safe and protected.

"Who is this?" asked Jason

"This is Simon and Garfunkle singing Bridge over Troubled Water. I heard my father playing it the other day and I thought about you when he did." The two lay there, motionless, mesmerised by the piano, words and harmony.

"It's beautiful" whispered Jason as it finished.

"I think they're talking about us in the song" said Jamie, and kissed Jason on his head.

"Hello, anybody there?" squawked the radio.

"Yes, I'm here" said Jason as he appeared in the moonlight.

"I'm so glad everything is back to normal" said Jason.

"Yes, I'm glad too. Jamie?"

"Yeah?"

"Thanks for everything."

"You're all right."

"I love you."

"I love you too. I'll see you tomorrow. Goodnight."

"Goodnight" said Jason, and he blew a kiss across to the house on the other side of the road, where Jamie was standing behind his window, wearing his boxer shorts. Jason drew his curtains and disappeared from view. Jamie looked down on the street - the odd occasional person was walking down the road, but this time he did not watch them. That day was the day that he stopped watching strangers passing by his house, because he had something much better to do with his free time.

He had Jason.

The ♥ End