

# Antecedent

- An *Abatement* Prequel -

by Ben Hanson

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It has been nearly four months since I wrote the last words of *Abatement*. The whole time I wrote the story, developing tales that gave each character a dynamic history, I always had an image in my mind of the characters in earlier days. While this installment of the Abatement Universe will begin with Wesley, he will not be the only character that I look back on. As much as *Abatement* was a new literary experiment for me (age regression) so is the art of the prequel. This may be slow to write, not nearly as slow as *Abatement*, but I will try to keep things as accurate and seamless as possible. In the mean time I would love to hear from *Abatement* fans, both old and new, concerning whose history you'd like to see in this tale. My ultimate ambition at this point is to form the prequel, and move on to a sequel that follows the lives of everyone's favorite regressed duo. I leave you with an introduction, and a promise of more to come. Remember, this prequel is dependent upon your feedback! Email me anytime at – benhanson1980@yahoo.com

**Warning** – As is required, this story is not for those under eighteen, or those who have issues with boy-boy or man-boy relationships. While this introduction features no sexual acts, it does allude to them and actual sexual acts will follow in due course.

Without further ado, welcome back.

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## Introduction

The summer winds blew violently through the woods, past pine trees, past memories long forgotten. The sound of cicadas chirping flew listlessly along, forming long strings of thoughts, memories and moments. A young boy stands, holding his exhausted arms, framed by a dirty white shirt. The wind felt great, but the evening meant the day was done.

"Wesley, hon, come inside!" Sounded the voice of the caretaker.

The young Chinese boy nodded, regretfully but dutifully and turned on his heel. He ran half heartedly towards her. The sweat on his brow dripping down to his nose, to the wooden porch beneath.

"Get in the shower right now young man and then hop into bed!" Bessie chided, casually, only causing Wesley to grin a little brighter as he ascended the stairs before him.

The landing came into sight, dotted with the same homogenous doors that always waited for him. It was a comfort for Wesley, something to cling to after his normalcy was usurped. He sighed, his shoulders losing their tension, as he walked into the bathroom and shut it behind him. He knew well that Bessie didn't approve of that, every place was supposed to be open, but for him she made an exception.

Wesley had always been a fragile boy, belonging to an oppressive parentage that, while dutiful, demanded far too much of him. He had craved freedom, even hoped for it, but when it finally came in the form of a collision, he knew he had never meant it. He had lost them, but not the sensibilities they gave him. He was a dutiful child, his studies always first, but when it was time to play he played hard. There was no better time than that to remove his guilt, his memories. When he ran, sweat pouring from each corner of his brow, covering his small frame, sticking to him, he didn't remember anymore.

Within moments he had removed his top, his shorts, each falling into a soiled mess on the linoleum beneath. By the time he removed his underwear and slipped towards the tub to run the stream of water that would soon surround him, a light tapping came at the door. Wesley turned, grinning a little with no doubt as to whom it was.

"Come in," he half whispered, although as precisely as he could manage. It was clear enough to be heard over the water, but to no one else.

As the door slid open, in stepped a young black boy, a few years older than Wesley, who grinned from ear to ear. He looked up and down Wesley's frame, only causing him to blush.

"What?" The boy giggled, grabbing the hem of his shirt and pulling it over his head.

"Nothin'," Wesley responded, an impish look covering his face as he stepped backwards, ending the tumultuous water's flow.

As soon as the black boy disrobed, the two sunk into the tub together. Wesley laid his head back onto his companion's chest, sighing and taking his hand into his own.

"You alright?" The boy asked.

"Why wouldn't I be Charlie?" Wesley asked, his voice fairly monotone despite the good spirit spread across his dirty face.

"Just making sure," Charlie mused as his free hand's fingers danced across Wesley's chest.

"You wanna?"

Wesley turned crimson as he sat up, grabbed a rag and began to soap it up.

"Is that all you ever want to do?" Wesley asked, mildly incredulous.

Charlie laughed a little before responding.

"Not always, but most of the time."

Wesley groaned a little, a look of deep consideration covering his face as he began to thoughtlessly caress his chest with the rag.

"Not tonight," he said with a sense of finality. It wasn't unkind, just definitive.

Charlie nodded in understanding. He was Wesley's first friend at the orphanage and knew him better than anyone else. They had on more than one occasion discussed their pasts, their families.

Charlie was from a family that was quite the opposite of Wesley's. Instead of being overbearing, they were underbearing, so to speak. He was allowed free reign, they were never home, and Charlie managed to raise himself for quite some time. Despite the fact he took great care in doing his homework, keeping up with the chores, and cooking for himself, his grades began to inevitable fall under the weight of a stress too heavy for one so young.

His teachers took note and just when the social worker became involved, his Mother took a note to

change things. One overdose later and Charlie had landed in the same orphanage a full two months before Wesley's arrival. There were some, Bessie mainly, that considered their friendship fated. There had been whisperings of what the two young boys did together behind closed doors, but Bessie was always quick to silence it. Kids would be kids, or that's how she parsed it. Plus, in tandem, the two had managed to help each other more than any doctor ever did.

As soon as Wesley finished washing he stood, wrapped a towel around his waist, and preceded to step out of the tub. Charlie looked up at him, a faux affronted look etched across his defined features.

"Aren't you going to wait for me?" He asked.

"Guess you better hurry or I'm gonna lock the door!" Wesley giggled, allowing the towel to drop in the moment as he ran out of the bathroom and down the hall.

Charlie grinned, grabbed the towel along with another one that he tied around his own waist, and made chase. Within moments he caught up with the shorter boy just as he opened the door. They rushed inside, towels falling to the floor, as they jumped on the bed.

"Stoooop!" Wesley cried from behind bell like laughter, Charlie's fingers penetrating each facet of his exposed frame.

"Not til you say uncle!" Charlie responded, not relenting an inch. He had Wesley pinned beneath his larger legs and there was no option for escape.

"Fiiiine! Uncle!" Wesley shouted, his body contorting in a last ditch effort to escape despite his knowledge that he couldn't.

Charlie grinned, his hands departing as he lowered himself, laying his head on Wesley's chest. For a brief moment they laid there, Wesley regaining his composure and Charlie listening happily to his heartbeat.

"You sure?" Charlie asked, his fingers dancing casually across Wesley's side.

Wesley nodded.

"Sorry, I just have a lot on my mind."

"Kay," Charlie replied simply, stood, and cut the light off.