

JAMIE WRESTON - 12

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This story contains descriptions of sexual contact between males, both adults and teenagers. As such, it is homoerotic fiction designed for the personal enjoyment of legal, hopefully mature, adults. If you are not of legal age to read such material, if those in power and/or those whom you trust treat it as illegal, or if it would create unresolvable moral dilemmas in your life, please leave. Finally, remember that maturity generally demands safe sex.

CHAPTER 12

(Revisiting Chapter 11)

The next person who joined Matt in the bar turned out to be an inspector with the Tanzanian CID [Criminal Investigation Department]. After getting the story and recording as much detail as Matt could remember, the Inspector apologized for his experience and promised protection until they left the country in the morning. "I would not advise going out into the town tonight," he said finally. The way in which Stone Town is laid out makes it difficult for us to maintain our surveillance. Other than that, however, you are safe. Though we have had no report of similar difficulties, I do advise speaking with the authorities on Baromos. Good night, sir."

When Jamie joined him only fifteen minutes or so later, Matt made the excuse that he was really too tired to go out on the town that evening. Why didn't they enjoy the hotel's noted restaurant for supper and then make ready for their early morning flight? "That's a plan, dad!" the redhead chortled as they left the little bar.

(Continuing Our Story: The Golden Isles)

Some might never have noticed, but Matt had learned from the best in his early days as a Marine. Several Jeep-like vehicles and a helicopter that discretely hovered in the vicinity of their taxi ensured their safety on the way to the Zanzibar airport in the early morning. Indeed, they MUST have experienced some difficulties in the past year! His feelings of discomfort returned, however, at the close of check-in. After Jamie and he had cleared security, an airport official asked them to accompany him to the manager's office. There they were told that the Air Tanzania plane that had been scheduled to stop in Baromos had been ordered to fly directly to the Seychelles. Thanks to the Sultan of Baromos, however, all was not lost. Indeed, he had placed one of his planes

at their disposal. Confused, concerned, and increasingly irritated, Matt raised all sorts of questions. The noise in the office began to rise exponentially until a door opened and a tall, thin teen entered. As silence descended on the room and perhaps a third of the people in the office bowed low, the Manager whispered, "the Amir of Baromos". "Prince Yusuf," he breathed. "Welcome to this place." "Peace be with all those present," the teen said in perfect, American-accented English. "Please forgive my delay." Turning to Matt and Jamie, he smiled and continued. "I bring greetings from my father, Ahmad, Sultan of Baromos. He learned from our great friend, Mr. Kenneth Porter, that you would be honoring us with your presence. In respect and friendship, he has sent a plane to convey you to our land and awaits your arrival in order that he might greet you properly." "Prince Yusuf," Matt replied simply, "thank you for your kindness. We gratefully accept your offer of assistance." With that, the tension in the room evaporated and Matt and Jamie joined the Prince and his entourage as they made their way to one of the airport hangers. Jamie couldn't help but grin at the Prince - who proudly returned his smile - when he saw the beautiful executive jet painted in the metallic gold and white colors of the Sultanate.

It was an easy...an effortless...flight. As they boarded the plane, the Prince was sharply saluted by the pilot and the co-pilot, both in military uniform. The small jet was magnificently appointed with facilities for eight to ten passengers. Prince Yusuf could not possibly have been a better host. With the assistance of a steward, refreshments were served as soon as the jet had gained flying altitude and had headed east by nor'-east in the general direction of the Seychelles. Coffee, fruit juice, a rich assortment of breakfast pastries... Excellent!

After one more year of preparation (with tutors), the Prince hoped to attend a university in the States, either Harvard or Stanford, he said proudly. Matt thought that might just happen, for the youth appeared to be smart as a whip, as well as personable. He did notice that the Prince and his staff were rather distinctive physically...handsome, well built, somewhat taller than the peoples they had met in East Africa, appearing to have far more Arab blood than those they had met in Dar es Salaam and even Zanzibar - and more than a few traces of a European background (probably Portuguese, Matt surmised). Matt, in particular, was peppered with questions about going to school in America - until, that is, the Prince learned that Jamie was actually there! Then his curiosity was insatiable. Sports, food, travel...every subject was fair game!

After nearly two exceedingly pleasant hours had passed, the steward announced that they were approaching the Baromosian archipelago. The pilot would circle the island group in order to give their guests a good view before landing. Matt guessed that there must have been nine or ten islands of widely different sizes in the relatively compact archipelago. Most were wooded and possessed long white beaches; most appeared inhabited. A working oil platform stood in the sea fairly close to an island on the far western edge of the group. Not surprisingly, the largest island - wooded, with farms and wide beaches, possessing the only town of any size in the Sultanate - was Baromos. A lightly smoking volcano at the far end reminded Jamie of pictures he had seen of Mount Suribachi on Iwo Jima. Baromos' shape, he suggested, was akin to the silhouette of

one of the small lyres played to accompany recitations in pre-classical Greece. (Matt smiled to himself with pride.) This was the island that had given its name to both the archipelago and the Sultanate. Appropriately, the Sultanate's flag consisted of a golden lyre on a light blue background, the lyre surmounted by the golden crescent and star of Islam.

(The Sultan of Baromos)

His nose to the window, Prince Yusuf announced, "We're about to land on our military airstrip. Father will be with us in minutes. Better strap in." Turning to his guests, he smiled and added, "Please leave your ties and coats in the plane. The steward will see that they are taken to your quarters." The landing was as smooth as the rest of the flight.

As they came down the plane ramp onto the tarmac, the heat hit them. Lawdy! It was hot...and bright! If they hadn't had heavily tinted dark glasses, they would have had to keep their eyes shut! Their hosts, including the squad of soldiers drawn up at attention in full dress, didn't seem to notice. In the background a military band played softly. Jamie, who enjoyed watching international swimming events on TV, identified the tune as the Baromosian anthem, "The Golden Isles". Suddenly, two Army Land Rovers and a long Rolls Royce appeared in a cloud of dust as they swept towards them. The man who was standing in the lead Land Rover turned out to be the Sultan! Late thirties to early forties... He was especially good looking, his powerful body filling out the sharp khaki slacks and shirt. Gold embroidered scimitars and a "jambiya," a traditional Arab curved doubled edged dagger, graced the epaulets on his shoulders. He wore what appeared to be a very old Jambiya with a handle made of horn on his belt. Jumping out of the Land Rover, reminding Matt of pictures of Teddy Roosevelt, he immediately asked his son to introduce their guests. His greeting was wholehearted. It appears that while his Oxford contacts had helped him to involve the British in training his military, Ken Porter had helped him to involve the Americans in looking for oil. They had found it during the previous year! (Porter had been his guest some four years ago...and seemed to be regarded as a close personal friend.) "You will see the results throughout my country tomorrow," he promised. "But what am I doing? I realize that you will desire to have at least a couple of days to enjoy our beaches and the tourist's life. Could you not give us the rest of today and tonight? Have dinner with us tonight and meet some people of the area. Stay overnight in the palace. Tomorrow, I shall personally take you to an island that everyone agrees is a place whose beauty is exceeded only by that of Paradise itself." Matt and Jamie looked at each other. It was an easy decision!

They drove to the palace in the Rolls...in order to enjoy the air conditioning, Yusuf laughed. The two Land Rovers escorted the big limo, their lights flashing. They slowed down only as they passed through Baromos Town - and then because the citizens on every side insisted on cheering their ruler. ('This man is an absolute monarch?' Jamie asked himself.) After being shown to a magnificent suite in the palace where they found all needed luggage unpacked and put away, as well as time to freshen up, they sat

down to a delicious lunch with the Sultan and his son.

Matt, of course, remembered that the Sultan's education had been in England and asked him about his experiences. "Ah," he said, "there was never a more comfortable fit between a person and a place than between me and England in general, and Oxford in particular. I enjoyed every minute there. Had it not been for my people..." He left that thought unfinished. Matt immediately continued, noting that the people of his kingdom looked somewhat different than anyone they had seen on the trip. The Sultan smiled proudly at his son, who essayed a reply. "Well, sir, anthropologists tell us that there have been native Africans on the Golden Isles for as long as anyone knows. Additionally, Sumerians, Assyrians, Egyptians, Phoenicians, Indians, Chinese, Persians, Portuguese, Dutch, and English have all left their mark. But it was the Omani Arabs who came here to rule who put the most distinctive stamp on our people. There is a special place in our heart for Oman - and in theirs, for us. It is they, for instance, who have brought us to the threshold of membership in the United Nations."

"Well done, Yusuf," the Sultan murmured. Now, for the rest of the day... I thought Professor Weston might enjoy seeing a bit of this island. Given the fact that it is the first day of our Olympic trials in swimming and diving, Jamie is invited to go with Yusuf to the trials. Indeed, I believe he will be invited to swim with his club in a couple of internal warm-ups." Jamie grinned widely as he looked directly at Yusuf. "Tonight there will be a dinner at which I shall delight in introducing you to some of our leading citizens. Is that agreeable to everyone?" Hearing no objection, the Sultan rose from the luncheon table.

Although they saw a few sights and did a little shopping in town, the Sultan obviously wanted to show off his military to Matt. (Ken Porter laughed later and said that the Sultan knew an honest report would reach him.) In truth, Matt was thoroughly impressed by the small army with its excellent air and naval support. More, they were beautifully fitted to their mission. For example, the British brigadier who served as the Sultan's Military Chief of Staff didn't have to worry about internal uprisings in the Sultanate, but he did have to be concerned about pirates who had infested these waters since the dawn of history. Now and again, there was no alternative other than forcibly teaching them to stay away from their fishermen, western cruise liners, and the like.

Matt and the Sultan were able to reach the swimming facilities on the outskirts of the town when several trials remained. They were quietly shown to a box where they could watch without the Sultan's disrupting the program. Yusuf clearly had some work ahead of him before he could be competitive in his freestyle events. On the other hand, his sportsmanship and the good feeling between him and the other members of his club team were very pleasing to his father. Simply as a courtesy to him and the Sultan, Jamie had been invited to swim in a special heat. He would swim against the three members of Yusuf's club who had won the right to take part in the Sultanate's 50-meter freestyle trials on the morrow. Placed between two official heats of the trials, the stadium was packed. When the four young men came to the starting blocks, there was no question as to who the American guest was. (Matt wondered if he had really had to

choose a racing brief that was at least two sizes too small and left absolutely nothing to question!) Handsome, lightly tanned, as well as taller and more muscular, he stood out against his somewhat darker and smaller adversaries. At first the crowd merely buzzed. As announcements were made over the loudspeaker, it began applauding and cheering. This continued throughout the race, a race that only ended when the top Club swimmer just touched out his American rival. (Although he had seen nothing, Matt suspected what had happened. His boy was growing up.) All four boys were mobbed at the close of the race. The Sultan was asked to come down and shake hands with each of them. His dark glasses helped hide his feelings, but Matt knew he was thoroughly aroused by the glorious redhead who stood almost naked in front of him.

As a matter of fact, Ahmad asked about Jamie on the way back to the palace. "I never did learn how Jamie fit into the picture when I talked to Ken Porter," he began. Matt responded openly, "He was my brother's son. His entire family was killed in an auto accident. Jamie accepted my invitation to come and live with me. He's had a rough adolescence, but I love him as if he were my son." "Related or not, it must be difficult to have such beauty in one's home on a daily basis," the Sultan continued smoothly. Reasonably certain that the Ahmad was gay, Matt replied, "Yes... I never married... never thought about being a father. Occasionally, it's been very...challenging." Never diverging from his single-minded pursuit of information, the Sultan probed further. "We share another interest then, an interest in the beauty of young athletes?" (Pause.) Given his experience in Zanzibar, it was as if a icy hand gripped Matt's heart. His instinctive knowledge that Ahmad did not pose a threat to him - or to Jamie - prompted him simply to smile slightly and shrug his shoulders, saying quietly, "So it would seem."

(Author's Note: One guesses that each reader has a list of "favorites" gleaned from his reading in the Archives. One of my all-time favorites is a series of stories about a character named "Eric" that appeared in the mid 1990s. With the author's permission, I have fashioned my account of the meeting between Sultan Ahmad and Jamie on his fictional account of the meeting between a real Sultan and Eric, the teenaged ward of the main character in those stories.

Parenthetically, I highly recommend the entire series. The author is a great storyteller who handles both English and eroticism with a fine hand. An index will be found in Nifty/Adult-Youth, 6 December 2000, under the title "Eric".)

"I would like to get to know him better...even more intimately," breathed the Sultan. "Ah, your Majesty," Matt replied immediately, "our customs may differ here. In our culture, such decisions are Jamie's at his age. I may advise when so requested, but I never command." The Monarch was vaguely irritated. In his world, such...arrangements were made with the help of euphemisms, even at times classical referents. When there was a sense of full agreement with the father on the basis of shared experience, the Sultan would finally speak with the boy. Obediently, the lad would accede to his father's wishes - and his need for physical release - as well as the need for respectful confidentiality. Afterwards there would be small gifts. Feeling somewhat irritated as if Matt had muffed one of his important roles in the matter, he snapped, "Very well then, sir, I shall speak with him."

Back in their suite in the palace, Jamie knocked lightly on the shower door and asked if he might join his dad. As the redhead fitted his broad shoulders and his powerful butt into the shower stall, Matt commented that it was a good thing that the stall was outsize. "You're getting b-i-g, Jamie," he observed lovingly. "I saw what you did for their top freestyle swimmer, by the way. That said that you are growing nicely, too." Rather than saying anything, the boy simply grinned lecherously and rubbed his soapy torso against his dad. "Oh, man," Matt groaned. "That feels so good." Jamie threw his heavy arms around Matt's body and held him close for a moment before he continued his shower.

"The Sultan is interested in you," Matt said slowly, as if the words were being dragged out of him. "Yeah," the redhead grunted as he soaped his pits, "That was pretty clear after the race. "Son, I'll be completely straight with you," Matt continued. "I don't know quite what to say. He's going to ask. I do believe that he will accept your decision. Thankfully, he's not the bloodthirsty despot of earlier times. For what it's worth, I, too, will accept your answer. I know...oh, God, I know how difficult it's been for you... physically...since you came home. If the fires are really lit at your period in life, jerking off is a pretty inadequate substitute." If possible, I love you all the more for the patience you have had with me.

"Won't I hurt you...and, maybe, even lessen my chances eventually to be able to love you fully? At the very least, won't you be jealous," the boy asked quietly, a pained expression on his face. His mentor took the bar of soap into his hand and quietly began to work on his boy's broad back. "Yeah," he answered, "but I've got to be honest with you. Jamie, I don't OWN you. You're a free man who has the freedom to act as he deems best and, I believe, the moral obligation to do so. Each party in a relationship sometimes has needs that are...difficult for the other. Those different needs have to be balanced...lovingly, sensitively, reasonably. They CAN'T be ignored. A real love relationship isn't possible when one person demands that the other act like a slave... anymore than when he consistently acts in complete disregard of the other." (Pause.) "I'm sorry that I don't have a specific answer for you, son. A man has to work one out in the new situation. Rules and others can help, but they can't tell you what to do. Just know that you'll be my son and the love of my life as long as you want to be." Jamie turned around towards Matt and threw his arm around him. Matt felt him sob as he broke away and left the shower stall.

The Sultan's dinner was a grand occasion and most instructive for Jamie. He did extremely well, handling introductions as if he were an old timer, seeking out a few of the grande dames for a few minutes' attention, joking easily with several of the British officers who saw home in his face and shock of red hair - or, perhaps, a bit more - behaving flawlessly at the table. Matt was getting a breath of air out on the great terrace after dinner when Jamie joined him. "What's the matter, Big Guy? Though I have never been prouder of you, you look as if something's wrong." "Ah..." Jamie mumbled, "the Sultan gave Yusuf permission to leave early in order to attend his girl's birthday party." "Oh," Matt replied, thinking that a noncommittal reply might be best.

They had no opportunity to explore the boy's feelings further, for at that very moment the Sultan joined them. "Let me join you in breathing more easily for a few minutes," he said lightly. "Jamie," he continued, "I hate to miss the dancing, but I have to go over to one of our nearby islands. Evidently, something is wrong at the ancient fort we call 'Lefthyn'. Since I'll be taking one of the speedboats, I'll have to stay overnight. Believe that you have made your father proud this evening. Would you like to join me?" Matt took a couple of steps backwards, symbolically giving his ward room to make his own decision. In the light that spilled out onto the terrace through the windows of the Great Hall, Matt could see that his boy's face had reddened and that he was looking down at his feet. After no more than a few seconds, his head rose and he looked straight into the Sultan's eyes. "I'd be most honored to accompany you, sir," he said quietly, but firmly. "Dad, Sultan Ahmad, would you excuse me in order that I might change and get a few things together?" Their permission given, the boy returned to the Great Hall as the two men leaned against the balustrade.

Matt spoke hesitatingly. "Sir, I hardly know how to say this, but I know that I must. The boy is everything to me...my life, my honor, my dreams, my fears. I trust that you will treat him with the same care and respect that you would afford Ken Porter...or me." "I accept the obligation, Professor Wreston," the Sultan answered gravely. "Believe that I shall return him by mid-morning happy and well. At that time, we shall all travel to the special spot that I mentioned earlier. Other than for a very small staff to attend to your needs, the two of you will be alone in Paradise for as long as you are able to honor us with your presence."

(To Be Continued)