

Jason and Me

A Gay Coming-of-Age Love Story

Maxwell Carlsen

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Chapter 1

Saturday, July 1983

*Cute. Really cute.* Jason was lighter than air; he felt his heart flutter and tingle with love. He had never felt this way about anyone before. At twelve years old, Max was a year younger than Jason, and totally adorable.

Max had just moved into the neighborhood, down the block. They first met in a cul-de-sac on their bicycles a few days ago. It was love at first sight, for Jason. Jason and Max confabbed behind a shed in the shade of a tall eucalyptus tree. Light reflected off the pool water. It was summer in Arizona, and in a month, school would be back in session.

"Fight, and fight well, my boy." Jason pointed his plastic sword at Max’s chest. Sweat cooled him as it dripped from his sandy-blond hair. He couldn’t get over how cute Max was. His shorts tented a little. He really wanted to lose his virginity to him.

"I don’t like to fight," Max replied, meeting Jason's sword with his own. Max’s sword bent downward a little beneath Jason's unrelenting pressure.

"Then you will be my slave," Jason declared feeling a tingle inside, pressing his sword into Max’s chest, "since you will not stand up for yourself and fight me." He smirked in triumph, while secretly imagining himself running his hands all through Max’s brown hair.

"I don’t like to fight in real life," Max replied, lowering his sword.

"Kneel, my slave," Jason demanded, lowering the sword so it was pressing into Max’s belly. Then he really started having fun with his role. "Get on all fours. Be my sex slave."

Max smirked. "You wish," he said, holding his sword down at his side.

"No, really. We could be sex slaves for some Playboy bunnies, the two of us, right now."

"You bet," Jason agreed hoping to marry a beautiful woman someday.

"Roman men had sex with adolescent male slaves," Jason told him. He dropped his sword to his side and stuck his tongue out at Max for a second.

He suddenly changed the topic. "I could kick your ass, if I wanted to. I’m much stronger than you, because I exercise. I do pushups and sit ups every day." He glanced at Max’s arms which weren’t as muscular.

Max put his sword into a metal toy chest next to the shed, and then so did Jason.

"Are you still a virgin?" Jason inquired, hoping he was.

"Yes. I’m gonna lose my virginity after I’m married," Max shared, feeling happy to be a virgin.

"You’re too religious. When we’re in high school, I’m going to lose my virginity to Jennifer, the girl across the street," Jason made up. He was scheming to lose it to Max, and soon, if Max was like him—gay or bi.

"Is she a babe?" Max asked, "Is she cute?"

"She is and she has a nice ass. She’s got blond hair and blue eyes."

"It’s not because I’m religious," Max replied. He really wanted Jennifer to lose her virginity after she was married. It bugged Max that she’d have premarital sex. "I want to wait because a romantic relationship means more to me and I want losing my virginity to be special."

"Have you ever kissed a girl?" Jason asked.

"No."

"You will. In junior high," Jason promised, gazing at Max’s sensuous lips. He would love to French kiss him. "Turn your head to the side," he ordered wanting to check out Max's cute nose and upper lip.

Max turned his head for a few seconds. "What is it?" His handsome brown irises glimmered in the sunlight.

"Nothing," Jason said.

"Have you ever kissed anyone?" Max asked. "I mean, a girl, of course."

Hmm. Jason wondered if Max was bisexual. "Yes. In the fourth grade, before my family moved here from California. We kissed behind the sofa," Jason boasted. "Her name was Kylie, and she was as pretty as Jennifer."

"What if you sat on a rattlesnake?" Max laughed, "At my old house there was a rattlesnake behind the sofa. We had to chase it out."

"Oh, my God." Jason quizzed, "How would that feel?"

"It would slither up your butt," Max said.

"Weird," Jason commented. "Really weird, dude."

"My Dad chased the snake out holding a sofa cushion in between him and the snake."

"My old man doesn’t know what’s best for me." Jason explained, "He doesn’t want me to form my own rock band. I would be the lead singer, but he won’t buy the mic and other equipment. If my family worked together, I’d become a famous singer. You’d play an instrument, like the drums."

"That stinks," Max said.

"It really sucks big time." Jason posed, putting his hand on his hip. "I’d be famous, like Boy George."

Jason’s mom peeked her head out of the slider and said, "Max. Your mom wants you to head home now."

"Okay, thank you."

Then she went back inside.

"After dinner, I’ll come back over," Max offered. "Or maybe you can spend the night."

"Let me ask if you can spend the night here," Jason said as they walked inside. Jason’s mom was organizing the pantry.

"Can Max spend the night?" he pleaded.

"Yes," she said putting a large can of nacho cheese on the counter.

Max went home and got permission from his parents.

Chapter 2

Jason carried Max’s red sleeping bag, and Max carried a paper grocery bag holding fresh clothes as they rode their bicycles to Jason’s house. By that time, the sun was coming closer and closer to the horizon.

Max followed Jason to his bedroom and plopped his things on the bed.

Jason played Steely Dan on the dual cassette tape player on his dresser. "Do you know where the name *Steely Dan* comes from?" Jason asked. Before Max could guess, he grinned and said, "It is a sex toy."

There were two Kiss posters and a Prince poster on the wall opposite the bed and above a desk. A Blue Angels poster hung above the headboard, and a cracked body-length mirror hid behind the door. There was also a huge poster of the solar system carefully tacked on the ceiling. Jason's dresser held two Rubik’s cubes, one small Now and Later candy in an old glass peanut butter jar, and a small plastic gumball machine, half-full. Max looked at the diorama on a shelf of a Huey helicopter in Vietnam, replete with jungle foliage and medics carrying a wounded soldier on a stretcher.

"Cool," Max said. "My dad served in Vietnam. He was shot in the leg and earned a Purple Heart."

"Thank him for me, for his service." Jason smiled and gave a soldier’s salute.

"Are you going to join the Marines?" Max asked.

"I might. I don’t know what I’ll do when I’m grown up. I want to have an open marriage with my wife," Jason explained, "so I can fool around with nineteen-year-old college babes my whole life, even when I’m old and grey. I want to go for it, even when I’m old." Despite what he was saying, Jason really wanted to fool around with handsome young men.

Max felt repulsed as he felt his stomach twitch. His insides sank to the floor, and his heart seemed to stop beating for a second or two. "I only want my wife. We will have a large family and adopt kids. And we'll adopt a child with a disability, like Down syndrome; my cousin has that," Max said.

"Oh, okay. I want to be a cartoon artist and maybe draw comic books or illustrate children’s picture books," Jason told him. "I’ve got over a hundred pages worth, in a binder." He pulled out the artist’s binder from under his bed.

Max opened the binder and looked at the pages in awe. "You’re a talented artist. I don’t doubt you’ll be a freelance artist someday." He flipped through the pages of cartoon characters, planes, helicopters, cars, boats, people and animals.

"I want to become a heart or brain surgeon and drive a Maserati Bora," Max said.

"I’m going to drive a ’67 Vette. One painted metallic purple, like something Prince would own."

"Cool!"

"Let’s go into the desert," Jason suggested. He planned to show Max the secret treasure he had stashed. Jason hid his find in an old wooden electrical cable spool, which was sitting empty in the desert, under a bush near an old saguaro.

Jason led the way down the hallway and into the kitchen.

Jason’s eight-year-old little brother, Bobby, was sitting at the counter, building a skyscraper with Legos.

"We’re gonna head out to the desert to look for snakes," Jason lied to his mom.

She pulled the vacuum out from a closet in the hallway. "Okay. Be careful."

"Can I come?" Bobby asked. "I want to hear a rattlesnake rattle its tail at me."

"No. You need to stay inside," Jason’s mom said.

"If we come across any snakes, we’ll come get you," Jason promised him.

"Maybe we’ll come across a sidewinder," Max joked, nudging Jason’s shoulder.

"Really weird, dude." Jason nudged back harder, then turned and led the way outside. "Come on. I’ve got something to show you," he said over his shoulder. "It’s something cool." As he led the way, he thought about making out with Max. His stomach tingled.

After following a trail between cactus for a while, they finally arrived. The bushes around them were thick enough to give them some privacy. The spool was in new condition and had a UPC code sticker on the side and a price tag sticker next to it.

Jason said, "Hold on." He unbuttoned and unzipped his shorts and peed on a prickly pear cactus, aiming upward.

Max pretended not to look at Jason’s penis and testicles, although he hoped he’d be able to see more. "Aim for that dried petal," he said.

"Okay." Jason splashed his urine onto the petal and the green petals around it.

Once he was done, Jason turned the spool on its side and peeked down the center hole to see if there were any spider webs. Seeing none, he grinned at Max, put his hand down the hole, and pulled out a *Playboy*. He smacked it onto the sandy ground.

Max smiled. A blonde babe posed on the cover. She wore white panties and held her hands over her breasts.

Jason reached in again and pulled out a *Playgirl*, with a bare-chested young man wearing worn blue jeans.

"A *Playgirl*?" Max asked. "For what?"

"We can trade it with some girls for another *Playboy*," Jason explained, "unless you want to jerk off to it."

Max picked up the *Playboy* and skimmed through it.

"I’d like to have sex with her." Jason stood beside him and, smirking, pointed to a brunette. "Right now."

"Me, too."

Jason really enjoyed looking at Max’s cute face as Max poured through the magazine. "Do you have a boner?"

"No," Max lied, embarrassed to admit the truth.

Jason knew he was lying. Max’s shorts were bulging. "You will soon, by the time you’re thirteen, like me. Do you have wet dreams?" he asked.

"No."

"I don’t either."

Jason took a chance. He held his hand on Max’s arm.

Max continued to look at the babe in the magazine.

Then, he held his hand on Max’s bulging shorts.

"You’d like to do her?" Jason continued to hold his hand over Max’s groin. He wanted to make all-out love to Max, especially now, since Max wasn't resisting his advances.

Still acting as though Jason weren't touching him, Max put down the magazine and picked up *Playgirl*.

In that moment, Jason knew that Max was bi. "Are they handsome to you?" he asked.

"How do you know if you’re gay?" Max finally turned to him, with a big smile. "Do you want to go for it with really cute guys?"

"You know because you’re attracted to guys. You want to have sex with them."

Then, they heard someone coming. Jason shoved the treasures back into the spool. Bobby came running up to them.

"What are you doing?" Bobby asked.

"We’re just talking," Jason said, hoping Bobby would beat it, "Did mom say you could come out here?"

"Yes."

"Okay."

"Have you found any snakes?" Bobby asked.

"No," Jason said.

"I want to catch a python," Bobby said. "A huge one."

"Pythons don’t live in Tucson," Jason Informed him. "You’d have to get one at a pet store."

"Okay."

"It might eat Mrs. Carmichael’s white cat, Fluffy, if we let it outside, though," Jason said.

Bobby tilted his head, thinking. "You know, that would be gross," Bobby said.

"Fluffy has one eye," Jason explained to Max. "The other eye was injured somehow, before Mrs. Carmichael adopted her. She’s too cool—the cat anyway, not Mrs. Carmichael. She’s a bit of a bitch, if you know what I mean—Mrs. Carmichael, not the cat," he added.

"You know what? At my old house, in the desert boonies in the backyard, I came across a beer can that hadn’t been opened.

"Did you drink it?"

Max was speechless at first. "I opened it and poured it out, so no kids would drink it." Max shared.

"You know what would be really cool? If we expanded the trail back here for an ATV or go-kart! I know someone from school who broke his leg on an ATV. His leg got twisted backward somehow," Jason boasted, scratching his head.

Bobby jumped up and down listening. With one yank, Jason broke off a dried branch from a paloverde tree and impaled a dark red prickly pear fruit with it. Then, he flicked the fruit high in the air toward his house—but his house was too far away to be hit by it.

"You hit the target," Bobby said with a smile.

"You’re a Russian nuclear missile launcher," Max imagined. "A SS-20 Saber or a Scud."

"Stand over there, and I’ll pelt you." Jason pointed to a backyard wall in the distance. "I’ll smash your face."

Max said, "Oh, no, my friend."

Jason flicked a second fruit in the opposite direction, and it smacked into a boulder, splattering its juicy red insides on the desert brush.

He pointed. "I bet I’ll make it inside that yard."

"Don’t," Max pleaded, not wanting to get in trouble.

Jason flicked the fruit, and it sailed far over the wall of the backyard.

"Fuck!" an old man yelled, and then he glared at them from over the wall. The man was bald and wore glasses with round lenses.

Max and Bobby followed Jason as they raced down the trail, back to the house.

Once they reached safety, Bobby ran inside the house. Jason and Max stayed outside, talking in the carport about the sight of the angry old man.

After an awkward moment of stilted conversation, Jason announced, "I’ve got a great idea!"

"Okay, what?" Max asked.

"Let’s see if Jennifer wants to go to a movie tomorrow."

"All right. Let’s go," Max said.

Max felt his insides twinge on the walk across the street. He was really looking forward to meeting her. Jason rang the doorbell, and Jennifer answered.

"Hi," she said. She was even prettier than Max had imagined.

"Hi, Jenn." Jason introduced Max, and then asked, "Would you like to see a movie with us tomorrow?"

"Sure."

"We’ll come over tomorrow, and I’ll bring the paper, so we can see what’s playing," Jason said.

"I’ll see you guys tomorrow, then," Jennifer said.

"'Bye," Jason and Max said before they left.

Chapter 3

On the backyard porch, Jason and Max bantered, while Bobby played with a Matchbox car full of sandy dirt on a dusty glass-topped lawn table.

Max noticed that he had the same car in his Matchbox collection, but was too embarrassed to say so. Instead, he said, "Something’s telling me that Commodore's stock will go up. It’s going to be bigger than Apple someday, I predict." He nodded. "When I get older, I’m going to save my money and invest in stocks."

Jason rested his shoe back against the house's side paneling. "If your mind predicts stock prices, I’ll invest the money for you, and we’ll split it."

Max shrugged and didn’t reply, as he was anxious to change the topic.

The slider opened. "You should come inside and watch some Scooby-Doo," Jason’s dad encouraged Bobby. "They’re probably just talking about girls. You don’t want to talk about girls, do you?"

"No," Bobby said, walking in through the slider. The moths, praying mantises, June bugs, and other insects hovered around the porch light.

Max followed Jason behind the shed.

"Do you like to watch Scooby-Doo?" Jason asked, curious about Max’s intelligence.

Max was silent at first. He couldn't say what he really thought. Instead, he planned to give the answer that Jason wanted to hear. "Well, I don’t know—"

"Tell me, or be a faggot," Jason demanded.

"I don’t know. I guess I like the Scooby-Doo show."

"I don’t like the show. The storylines are always predictable. There’s a mystery, Scooby and Shaggy are afraid, the gang solves the mystery, and when they do, Scooby and Shaggy are suddenly brave and not afraid. It’s the same thing. It isn’t a show for smart people."

Max was silent as he locked his fingers at his stomach.

Jason asked, "Are you a fag?" He rested one hand on his hip. "Are you?"

"No," Max shouted, feeling threatened.

"Oh, okay," Jason said, taking a step back. After a moment of tense silence, he added, "Last week on the news, there was a story about a gay man executed in Saudi Arabia for being gay—he was beheaded." Jason said throwing a rock into the desert, "Isn’t that extreme?"

"Yes. He was innocent. Maybe Reagan can do something about it, like an airstrike on a Saudi military base," Max said.

Now Jason was even more certain that Max was bisexual. "Reagan cannot do anything," he chided.

Max bit his lip. He felt so stupid for having supported the president.

"I’m going to get a paper route," Jason announced, "sometime after school starts. I’ll deliver papers on my bike in the afternoons and on Sunday mornings. You can help, or get a route for yourself."

"Maybe," Max replied. "How much money do paperboys make?"

"About two dollars per customer per month," he said, "plus tips, if any of my customers aren’t real tightwads."

"Some people are so cheap," Max said.

"I want to get a mountain bike and put a basket on the back rack, like the blue bikes at Kmart," Jason explained with a smile.

"Cool," Max said.

Jason added, "I’m going to save my money and get a nice stereo system, too, like the ones at Sears."

"That’d be neat," Max replied. He wanted the same thing.

"Should we set up the tent, assuming it’s not going to rain tonight?" Jason asked. He was already thinking about skinny dipping with Max tonight in the pool. Plus, it was a full moon.

"All right."

"Let me ask my mom what the weather will be like," Jason said, walking inside.

While waiting, Max tried to catch a huge praying mantis that was hunting for moths hovering in the porch light.

Jason came back. "The tent it is."

"Look at that huge praying mantis."

"Look at that huge mother—it’s the mother of all praying mantises. Feed it a moth," Jason directed. "That one—grab it."

Max snatched it by a wing. It fluttered as he held it up to the large insect. The praying mantis ate it alive, piece by piece.

"Cool," Jason said. "The mother of all insects is hungry."

"If we had a place to keep it, I’d catch it, like in a terrarium," Jason said, "The pet store at the Tucson Mall sells small plastic homes for insects and small animals."

Jason and Max went inside the storage shed and Jason turned on the light switch. Jason pointed to the tent box, high on a shelf. As Max reached for it, Jason closed the door and then put his hand over Max’s groin. Max lowered his arms and stared at Jason’s hand for a moment. Then he unbuttoned his shorts and pulled his shorts and underwear down around his knees.

Jason stared in awe! Max was erect. He had a bush of pubic hair and was circumcised, too. His penis was about an inch shorter at six-and-a-half inches, at least. Jason’s heart throbbed with love for Max; his chest tingled with joy.

Max put his hand on the door for balance, and it flew open! He almost fell out of the shed. Then, the slider door to the house quickly slid open. Max grabbed the knob and slammed the door closed, hoping no one had seen him.

"Hurry," Jason urged, as Max pulled up his shorts and then zipped and buttoned them.

There was a light knock. Jason’s and Max’s stomachs sank to the floor as Max opened the door.

"Did you find the tent?" Jason’s dad asked.

"Yes." Jason reached on his tippy toes for the box and pulled it out carefully, trying not to drop it.

"Isn’t it a little too hot to have the door closed?" his dad asked. He wondered what the boys had been up to. He easily remembered the mischief he had caused at thirteen.

"We didn’t want any animals to sneak in," Jason said, blowing dust off the side of the box.

The boys set up the tent under the moonlight and backyard floodlights. Jason recalled the steps to putting up a tent from their trip to the White Mountains. All the while, though, he throbbed at the thought of being with Max. Jason tilted his head and stole a glance at Max’s handsome face in the moonlight. He was madly in love.

Chapter 4

Jason and Max watched late-night TV with Jason’s parents until midnight. They wanted to play Pac-Man on Jason’s Atari game system, but the console wasn’t working.

"This *damn* thing still doesn’t work! *Damn it, damn it, damn it,"* Jason complained to Max.

"Watch your language," Jason’s mom scolded him with a finger pointing right at his face. "Watch it."

"Okay, Mother," Jason said, being a smartass.

"Watch it—be a gentleman."

"I want to get an Intellivision. I want to play Night Stalker to see what happens when you get to the higher levels. I play it at my cousin’s house and am able to get to the level where the robots are invisible. It’s so cool. They’re awesome! They’re like demons—to me, anyway," Max joked, making Jason smile.

"Oh, look at the demons! Damn it," Jason joked back.

Max flushed with embarrassment.

"Watch it, mister," Jason's mom warned.

Later that night, in the tent, Jason turned on a battery-operated lantern. The light went out in his parents' bedroom, so Jason knew they were in bed.

He and Max took off their clothes until only their boxers remained. Jason loved seeing Max’s chest as Max removed his shirt. Max didn’t have any hair on his chest.

Jason lifted Max’s arm up over his head. "You’re not a man," he remarked, as he saw no hair in his armpit.

Jason didn’t have hair on his chest or in his armpits, either.

"Neither are you," Max replied softly. He wished he could sound more aggressive, but his voice sounded so submissive. He just couldn't stand up for himself.

"You’ve still got baby fat." Jason slapped Max’s belly.

"It’s not much." Max rubbed his stomach where Jason had slapped him.

Jason liked Max’s nipples and cute belly button. He liked seeing Max in his underwear, and he loved Max's hairy legs, which had much more hair than his.

They turned off the lantern and lay in their sleeping bags.

"You’ll find a girlfriend in junior high," Jason predicted, "and you'll French kiss her."

"All right," Max replied. "Maybe you can help me find my girl, and I’ll help you find yours."

"Okay."

"Maybe we’ll each date a twin. Some babes, with cute faces and great bodies," Max added. He really wanted to be Jason’s best friend.

"We could marry them," Jason said.

"There’s this joke involving a girl who used a carrot as a dildo, but I don’t remember it," Max said, smiling in the dark.

"We need to get you a dildo," Jason stated, "to relieve your sexual tension." He wanted one, too.

"I bet you want one," Max said, liking the idea of using one himself. "And I bet you’d use it, too."

Jason smiled.

He was sure his parents were asleep by this time.

Jason got out of his sleeping bag. His heart tingled with love for Max as he pulled off his boxers. Then, he watched as Max removed his underwear. Jason’s heart fluttered with joy as he looked at Max’s handsome body.

"Let’s skinny dip," Jason suggested, hoping for some more fun.

Outside the tent, walking on the fresh green grass to the pool, Jason could see his own erection in the moonlight. But Max was limp.

"Don’t splash," he reminded Max, so as not to wake his parents. "Go in the jacuzzi. The steps are on that side." He pointed. The jacuzzi was adjacent to the pool, with a narrow, tile-covered wall separating the two. Max slowly lowered himself into the water, which was still warm from the sun. Jason followed.

Jason slid closer to Max on the seat. He put his arm around Max’s shoulder and pulled him close. Jason’s stomach and chest fluttered with love.

Jason flirted by placing his foot on top of Max’s. Max smiled, moving his foot and scooting away. Then Jason rubbed Max’s chest.

Max submissively stayed still.

"Sit up here," Jason said, patting the concrete edge of the pool.

Max followed his directions and faced him on the edge, with his legs dangling in the jacuzzi.

Jason’s mouth watered. He spread Max’s legs and watched as Max grew hard….

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"Go in the tent," Jason ordered.

Max followed orders, still being submissive, like a sex slave in Jason’s opinion.

Jason’s entire being throbbed with love and lust for Max’s body.

Chapter 5

Jason held the tent flap open for Max. Once they were inside, Max sat crossed-legged.

Jason got on all fours and giggled. "Go for it, now."

Max just smiled.

Jason believed that Max was continuing to be submissive. He sat up and said, "On all fours."

Max did as ordered.

Jason gathered saliva….

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After quickly sliding on his underwear, Max got into his sleeping bag in a fetal position and almost immediately fell asleep. Jason lay on his sleeping bag, with his arm over Max.

He heard an occasional mesquite tree seed pop and hit the tent, because there was more pressure inside than out of the seed.

Jason happily fell asleep.

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About the Story:

For mature readers, 18 years and older. Thirteen-year-old, bisexual Jason falls madly in love with twelve-year-old Max, the totally adorably handsome new boy in the neighborhood. What happens when Max spends the night? To find out more about the author, please visit [www.maxwellcarlsen.com](http://www.maxwellcarlsen.com/).

[www.gayboyromance.com](http://www.gayboyromance.com/)