

# Boy Trouble

**A Gay Coming-of-Age Love Story**



Maxwell Carlsen

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## Chapter 1

Late June 1984

As thirteen-year-old Luke sucked his lime-flavored lollipop, he said, "See? I'm going to suck on it, good," as Tristan, the same age, smirked. They stood under a tall maple tree, next to the monkey bars in Luke's backyard.

Tristan tilted his ankle to the side, scuffing his red high top. "Let's go inside the shed," he said, making Luke's insides tingle with love for this absolute angel. "I'm going to show you something." Tristan motioned for Luke to follow him.

Luke smiled, following Tristan inside.

## Chapter 2

### One Week Earlier

Luke hung by his arms from the rusty monkey bars in his new backyard. He had been outside for about an hour now. The sun would set very soon. His family would be moving in within the next week or so. His parents were painting the master bedroom right now, while Luke hung around outside. Soon, the sun would set. A boy approached from the edge of the woods. Luke noticed the boy's really cute face as the boy neared. Luke got down and held out his hand to the cute boy. Luke was gay, and the sight of this boy filled him with sexual feelings like he had never had for anyone else.

"I'm Tristan," the boy said. He shook Luke's hand and held his slingshot in his left.

Luke admired Tristan's new red high tops and grey AC/DC muscle shirt. "I'm Luke," he replied, thinking about how strong Tristan was, judging by his handshake and muscular arms. He had beautiful, sculpted muscles, perfect for hugging and for wrapping around his body—Luke could already picture it. Tristan was cute. Really cute. Luke could feel himself falling in love with Tristan's light blue eyes and sandy blond hair. Tristan was a few inches shorter than him, which Luke liked. Being shorter than him made Tristan even more sexy.

Suddenly, Tristan pulled his slingshot, aimed at a boulder in the distance, and launched a pebble that he took from his shirt pocket. The pebble struck the boulder and ricocheted in their direction.

"That might hit one of us in the eye," Luke warned. The truth, though, was that he felt horny, watching Tristan flexing his arms muscles as he shot the pebble. "Be careful," he added.

He noticed Tristan glancing at Luke's red hair, and then his gaze lingered on his brown eyes.

"Yeah. It might rack you in the balls," Tristan said. "Right here." He grabbed his private area, but over his pants.

Luke's heart threatened to pound right out of his chest. Maybe he'll be my lover, Luke thought, and we can be lovers forever and ever. I'm going to make him feel great.

Luke knew he was gay. He wanted to be with a young man his age; he wanted to do everything lovers do in his wildest imagination. He wanted Tristan to remove his shoes and socks so Luke could get on his hands and knees and kiss his toes. Then Tristan would definitely want to be his lover.

Luke's dad called from the side of the house, "Luke. It's time to go home. You can see your friend tomorrow."

"See you," Luke said, feeling his heart flutter. Wishing he could stay, he jogged to his parents.

"Will you be back tomorrow?" Tristan called out. "Please come," he said.

Now Luke was filled with hope that Tristan liked him. "Yes."

### Chapter 3

Luke arrived at his new house at the same time the next evening and played on the monkey bars, hoping Tristan would come back. He had asked his mom for red high tops, just like Tristan's, and she had obliged by taking him to a department store near their apartment complex. As he hung upside down, he thought about how wonderful it felt to be in love—

"Ouch!" he cried out.

Tristan laughed as he came out of the dense woods from behind a large shrub. He had shot Luke in the leg with his slingshot!

Luke stood upright, rubbing his leg.

Tristan smiled and said, "I'm a better shot than you, I bet."

"Hey, that really hurt," Luke complained. "It's not funny."

"Aww. Did the little baby get hurt?" Tristan teased in a baby voice. Then he laughed. "I'm really sorry. I won't do it again," he promised.

"How 'bout I shoot you next time, in the balls," Luke said. "Then, you'll know exactly how it made me feel."

"No. That's okay," Tristan said, giving Luke's arm a hard nudge.

Luke nudged him back, but not as hard. He liked to be submissive.

Tristan crossed his arms over his chest. "Do you think I could kick your ass?" Tristan asked. He tone turned hard. "Do you? Who'd win a fight? You or me?"

"I don't know," Luke replied. "But why would we fight? We're buddies," Luke reminded him, even though he was sure Tristan wouldn't really punch him. "You're my first and only friend here," he added. He felt a little sad at the thought, but at the same time, he was excited to have met Tristan and fallen in love so quickly.

"Did you have a girlfriend?" Tristan asked. "And where are you from? New York?"

"No, I'm from Arizona, in the desert. And I didn't have a girlfriend."

"I do. She's a babe. She doesn't live too far away, and I call her every evening. She goes to my school. We danced at the middle school dance on the last day of school and French kissed as everyone was leaving."

"Awesome!" Luke said. But would Tristan break up with her to be with him? "I like babes," he added.

"Me, too." Tristan said, "Like, how 'bout you date her sister? She's just as hot. And she's a year younger than us."

"Okay."

"She'll sit on your face, like Debbie sits on mine," Tristan bragged with a big smile.

"No, she doesn't!"

Tristan grinned and tilted his head at Luke. "Did you know that condoms have serial numbers? Did you?" He added, "You didn't, did you?"

"No," Luke smiled as he felt his heart tingle with joy.

"That's because you don't roll them down that far," Tristan said, and they giggled.

"I got kicks, like yours," Luke said, pointing to his red high tops.

"I know. We're practically twins."

Luke heard his dad call him from the house. It was time to go home.

"Bye-bye," Luke said with a quick wave as he walked toward his parents.

"See you tomorrow."

## Chapter 4

The next evening, Luke went to his new backyard, while his parents painted the kitchen light green. Tristan was already waiting on the monkey bars.

"Let's butt fuck," Tristan said.

That was a surprise! Luke could feel himself blushing. "Really?" he asked. "Really?"

"Oh, no." Tristan chuckled.

Luke felt his stress evaporating. He wasn't ready for sex—he was only thirteen! He wanted to wait until he was older and with someone he loved, because sex was sacred.

"Have you ever kissed?" Tristan asked. "A boy, I mean?" He looked down at his high tops. "Because . . . I have."

"You have?" Luke replied, wondering why Tristan was admitting to such a thing. "When?"

"Please keep it a secret. Don't tell anyone. Ever. Okay?"

"All right."

Tristan bravely explained, "It was when I was about seven or eight. I'm serious," he said as Luke grinned in disbelief, "I don't know why, but I did. It was really weird."

"Explain," Luke demanded, wanting to hear it all. He hoped Tristan was gay, or at least bisexual.

"I was playing house with a boy who was a year younger, when I kissed his cheek. I stuck my tongue out when I did it. I don't understand why I did that. It was really weird. But, I trust that I can tell you about it, because you are my true friend," Tristan explained placing his hand on Luke's arm. "I trust you not to tell."

"Yes, all right. I won't tell." Luke hesitated, and then admitted, "I've never kissed anyone. I've never kissed a girl or a boy." He added, "I'd really love to, though." He wished he could French kiss Tristan right now.

"Oh." Tristan smiled widely and raised his eyebrows up and down a few times.

"I hope my first time is really special," Luke said smiling and rubbing his arm. "I don't ever want to forget it."

"Oh. Okay." Tristan smiled as he held his right hand above his head for a second or two and then kneeled tying a shoelace.

Is Tristan gay? Luke wondered. Is that why he told me about the boy? I want Tristan to be my first kiss. How will it feel inside when I kiss him? I can't wait to feel his tongue in my mouth. We'll become lovers! I love being gay! He smiled, thinking about the intense sexual feelings he would experience with Tristan.

A short time later, they boys climbed a tall oak tree. Now they had a view of the surrounding area.

"There's my house," Tristan said, pointing, "And there's my tree house." He explained, "But we can't go inside my treehouse because there's a wasp nest inside. We're going to get rid of it soon. My dad looked up the safe way to do it. He has to do it in the evening, so the wasps can't see."

"How big is their nest?" Luke asked. "Can I see it?"

"It's about the size of two basketballs, and it's inside the tree house. My dad doesn't want anyone going inside, because you could die if you were trapped by stinging wasps. The way the nest looks is really awesome, though. I don't know the words to describe it." He paused for a moment. "Well, the truth is, it actually is kinda disturbing to see it. It's like a person seeing a bunch of small holes on someone's skin. It disturbs me to see it. I learned about the nests in science. I don't remember the name for it. But it's really cool. Imagine my arm being covered in small holes about the same size all over. Wouldn't that disturb you? In science, I learned that it has something to do with certain things, like spots or holes or something like that, covering a surface, and apparently, it is disturbing to many people. My science teacher had a large photograph of a lotus flower seed pod, which kind of freaked me out but I still liked seeing it. It is a flower with holes, and there's a seed or something inside them," Tristan explained.

"I've never heard of that before," Luke said in awe, wanting to see a lotus flower. "Tell me more."

"Oh, I remember. It's called *trypophobia*. We should go to the library to find books about it," Tristan said. "I'd like to get a T-shirt with a photograph of a lotus flower or a wasp's nest. That'd be really cool."

A breeze blew through the leaves, fluttering them, just as Luke's heart was fluttering with love and joy from being with Tristan. He was in love; he was sure of it.

"Maybe we can read about it after I move in," Luke suggested. "I want to learn more. I want to feel uneasy."

"I know! We'll start our own t-shirt business! We could sell t-shirts with tryphobic photographs printed on them. We'll make everyone feel uneasy. Isn't that a great idea?" Tristan exclaimed, and then answered, "It really is."

"Okay. We'll do it! Right after I move in, tomorrow."

"I'll get my dad to take a photograph of the nest before he gets rid of it," Tristan said.

Luke could tell Tristan was excited about their plan, because his smile was huge.

Tristan explained, "We can buy lotus seed pods at a crafts store and take pictures of them. My dad has a really expensive camera that he got while in the Navy, when he was in Hong Kong."

As Tristan and Luke continued to talk about their business, Luke felt more and more love for Tristan. His chest tingled with joy and love. He was so glad his family had moved; he was having such a fun time with Tristan. He loved Tristan more than anyone else, ever. He couldn't wait to officially move in! He didn't regret leaving behind friends and family in Arizona—he couldn't even think about them, with Tristan sitting so close to him.

## Chapter 5

The next day, Luke and his family moved into their new house. In the evening, Luke climbed the monkey bars. Sitting on a rickety picnic table nearby were several of Luke's 1/72 scale die-cast toy fighter jets, some replete with camouflage, missiles, and bombs.

Seeing the toys gave Luke an idea. He planned to show Tristan his fighter jet collection and make a joke to see if Tristan was gay or bisexual.

Luke climbed to the very top of the monkey bars and looked for his love. Within moments, he saw Tristan coming.

Tristan said, "How are we doing tonight? Wanna have sex?"

Luke could tell he wasn't serious. "Please refrain from masturbation," he remarked with a big smile as he leaped off the monkey bars. "It's like making a baby," he smiled at his lame joke. He really wanted to masturbate with Tristan, though.

But they didn't. Instead, they bantered at the picnic table near the fighter jets..

"Let's arm wrestle," Tristan suggested after a while.

Luke was happy to hold his hand. And he was thrilled by the idea of touching Tristan while both of them were exerting themselves. Already, his imagination was running wild.

They gripped each other's hand to begin.

"Ready. Set. Go," Tristan said. Each of the boys pressed his palm against the other.

Tristan was ahead, pushing Luke's arm downward.

Luke couldn't really push back much, because he wasn't as strong. Then, *bang!* Luke's hand went down in flames.

"Oh, poo," Tristan bragged, "I'm stronger than you, girl."

Luke giggled. His heart fluttered when Tristan said the word *stronger*. He wanted to spend more and more time with this boy. He was so in love with him.

"Let's try it again, girl," Tristan said. Then he bragged even more. "You're such a girl."

His words made Luke feel horny. He loved being submissive to someone so tough and attractive. "Okay," he said, "we'll see who's better: you or me." Filled with love, he grabbed Tristan's hand. His chest whirled when Tristan squeezed tightly.

Then his grip became merciless.

"Oww! Please, stop," Luke begged, kneeling on the grass next to the bench. "That hurts!" He wanted Tristan to treat him with respect.

"Tell me if you're gay," Tristan said, laughing as he squeezed even harder. "Tell me. Admit it," he ordered. "Say it."

"I'm a faggot," Luke admitted, but not in a serious tone. "I'm gay," he said, as Tristan continued to squeeze. Tristan still didn't let up. "I'm a fag!"

"Okay," Tristan finally said, letting go as Luke shook his hand to make the pain less.

Luke frowned. "Be nice," he said and Tristan apologized.

"Wanna arm wrestle, for reals?" Tristan asked. "I won't squeeze too hard this time," he added. "Please?" Tristan said.

"Okay, boss," Luke said with a grin. He assumed Tristan wanted him to be submissive and do exactly what he was told to do. He already had an erection.

Tristan grabbed Luke's hand again.

"One. Two. Three. Go," Tristan said.

They arm wrestled, with Tristan in the lead again, making Luke strain his weak arm muscles. Luke pushed and pushed with all of his might, using muscular ability he didn't know he had.

Then, *bang!* Luke's hand smacked down onto the picnic table top again.

"You're the winner. I guess I'm weak compared to you, muscle boy," Luke said, grabbing Tristan's bicep. He loved being weaker than the boy he loved. Luke imagined Tristan's strong, handsome arms around his body.

Tristan smiled, tilting his head in a way that made Luke believe Tristan liked him as more than just a friend.

Luke hoped Tristan would agree to be his secret boyfriend. They could not be open about a gay relationship, especially with Luke's conservative parents. Luke hoped to at least have some type of gay experience, though, and very soon, because he was horny and in love.

"I broke up with my girlfriend," Tristan said. "I called her before coming over."

"Please refrain from jacking off," Luke joked, laughing.

Tristan joined in the laughter, tilting his head at Luke.

In that moment, Luke knew: Tristan was in love. Luke could tell by his body language!

"So, what is this stuff?" Tristan gestured to the items at the other end of the table.

"This is an Iraqi Mikoyan-Gurevich MiG-21 Fishbed. I love the green and beige camouflage and its pattern. It's got two fuel tanks and rockets," Luke said, holding it up to show him.

"My dad was a pilot in the Navy. I bet he was dogfighting against planes like these," Tristan said. "He was stationed in West Germany before I was born. He was an ace," Tristan bragged.

"Oh," Luke said, "That's really cool."

"No. He had never shot a plane down. I'm only being a joker," Tristan said with a big smile and then a big grin.

"Oh, yeah. I'm an Eastern Bloc pilot who refuses to defect to the West, because I'm loyal to the Communists," Luke explained pointing to the pilot in the cockpit. "I'm a Red."

"Are you a commie?" Tristan asked.

"I am. I'm in love with my East German Mikoyan-Gurevich MiG-23 Flogger," Luke said, flying the jet with his hand in the air in between them, "and my Czechoslovakian Sukhoi Su-22 Fitter." He watched as Tristan flew the other plane and landed it on the bench.

"You know, I've got a huge poster on my bedroom wall of a Romanian MiG-21 taking off. You'll have to see it when you come over. The camouflage is awesome. I love the insignia, which is colored circles centered within each other," Tristan said.

"I can't wait to see it," Luke said. He longed to see where Tristan slept.

"I saw *Beastmaster* on HBO last night," Luke said. "I like the teenage boy's character. You know, the one wearing the loincloth."

"Oh, yeah. I've seen it, too. He's pretty muscular," Tristan said. "He's even more buff than me," he remarked. "But he's older."

"I like his loincloth. I wonder if the film crew ever saw his stuff as he was acting on the set—you know, in the gap between the cloth and his thighs," Luke explained. "He's got to be big—I mean really big—down there," Luke said.

Tristan laughed. "Yeah, I bet he is."

"I saw ET at the theater, where I used to live. Have you seen it?" Luke asked. "I liked when ET lived at the end," he said, remembering how he felt like crying when he thought ET was going to die.

"Yes. I cried when I thought he was going to die," Tristan said, rubbing his eyelids and moving his head back and forth. "I was in tears." He pretended to sob.

Despite his joking manner, Luke knew Tristan had actually felt like crying when he'd seen that part, too. Tristan had tender feelings, maybe just like him.

"I'm not going to do it with you," Luke suddenly announced. "I'm straight," he said. Once he had Tristan's full attention, he added, "As straight as a curved arrow." He watched Tristan's eyes widen.

"Same here," Tristan replied, tilting his head at Luke and smiling like he had done so many times before, making Luke fall deeper in love with him.

Luke put down the fighter jet toy and grabbed Tristan's hand. Tristan smiled. He placed his other hand on top of Luke's and kissed his lips.

Luke had his first real kiss. He was completely in love.

And Tristan made a great secret boyfriend.

**About the Story:**

For mature readers, 18 years and older. Thirteen-year-old Luke falls in love with Tristan, a cute boy in his new neighborhood, but Tristan turns out to be a bully. Does Luke find a boyfriend?

**About the Author:**

Maxwell Carlsen is an author of gay coming-of-age love stories. Maxwell lives in the southwestern United States. [www.maxwellcarlsen.com](http://www.maxwellcarlsen.com)