



# Jayden and Me

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

**Maxwell Carlsen**

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**About the Story:**

Fourteen-year-old Eddie wonders if he's gay. He has a major crush on brown-haired, green-eyed Jayden, the boy living around the block. What happens when Eddie spends the night?

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May 1989

## Chapter 1

“Have you ever given yourself a blow job?” fourteen-year-old Jayden asked, making my heart flutter with love for him.

“No.” I giggled. We walked from math class to our ride in front of the school. It was the last day of school. I was also fourteen and also in the eighth grade—but soon to be freshman in high school, we’d be in the fall. The hot Arizona summer sunshine cooked us alive.

“I bet you would, if you could,” he said, making me tingle inside. “I have,” he said, pointing at his chest proudly. “It felt awesome. My mouth can just reach the head of my dick.”

I laughed. Was he serious? It’d be awesome to give yourself oral sex.

“Were you circumcised?” he asked.

“No,” I replied. At least I assumed I wasn’t. I have never seen another boy’s penis, except for in an old porn magazine I came across on my dad’s armoire. It had pictures of men and women going for it. But I wanted Jayden’s body, all for myself, and knew I was gay, or at least bisexual, as I was attracted to girls, also.

“I wasn’t, either,” he explained.

“Okay.”

“Don’t you want to see?” he said, grinning. “At my penis,” he said, moving his eyebrows up and down and making me blush because I was in love with him and really wanted to.

“When?” I said.

“Tonight,” he said.

“All right, if you say so,” I said, not knowing how to react.

“Do you want to spend the night? We can watch *A View to a Kill* and play Pac-Man,” he said.

“Sure,” I said, wanting to be with the boy I had fallen in love with.

“I’ll have to ask my mom first,” he said as we approached his mom’s purple van. It looked like an eggplant.

“Purple, just like Prince,” I said, pointing to the van.

“It’s the ugliest van in the whole world,” he said, as I admired his beautiful green eyes and handsome brown hair.

The van used to be for Jayden’s dad’s plumbing business until he bought a larger and newer van.

In the van, Jayden and I sat in the back. We each sat in a large box, each half full with plumbing supplies.

“Mom. Can Eddie please spend the night? I promise we won’t cause any trouble. Please?”

“All right,” she said, “but I want you to clean your room when we get home.”

“Okay, I promise. Thank you.”

## Chapter 2

Jayden's mom dropped me off in my driveway.

"I'll call after dinner," I said with a wave, heading inside. I wanted to be with him so much.

My mom gave me permission to spend the night. Jayden's house was around the block, so I'd ride my bicycle there.

"Mom. Do you know that there are boys younger than me who fought in the Iran-Iraq War?"

"Yes, dear. I knew."

"An Iraqi twelve-year-old carrying an AK-47 right into battle, only to be killed. What a shame," I said. "Shouldn't that be illegal?"

"Yes. I agree. It's a real shame for boys to be killed in war."

After dinner, I phoned Jayden.

"Hi. I can. When should I come over?" I asked as we talked.

"Come over now, if that's all right," Jayden said, being submissive, which made me want to be his lover.

"Okay. Bye."

"Bye," he said, and we hung up.

"Would you like me to drive you to Jayden's house?" Dad asked.

"No," I said, "I'll ride my bike."

I put my toothbrush into a plastic baggie and packed it with my swimsuit in my school backpack.

"Can I spend the night, too?" John asked. He was my nine-year-old little brother.

"No, you can spend the night at your friend's house," I said, wanting to spend some alone time with Jayden, just the two of us, so

I could stare into his beautiful green eyes.

Then, I rode to Jayden's house.

## Chapter 3

Jayden answered the door.

“Hi. There’s a rattlesnake at the end of your driveway,” I said, pointing.

Jayden led the way.

“Too cool,” Jayden said, grabbing a broken tree branch from his yard. I watched as he poked and prodded the snake. It was about three feet long. Then, it rattled its tail and curled up, angry at Jayden.

“Don’t,” I said. “It might bite someone after it goes away,” I said, hoping Jayden would stop.

“He threw the branch back into his yard, making it break and splinter into pieces. Then, the snake slithered away, rattling its tail.

“You dumb-dumb. Now it might bite someone because it’s angry. See,” I said as it continued to rattle its tail as it slithered under a large thorn bush next to a saguaro.

In his bedroom, we played Pac-Man on his Atari game system, which wasn’t nearly as much fun as playing it at the arcade.

Jayden’s mom made us popcorn, which was drenched in butter and salt. My fingers turned yellow from eating so much.

Then, we watched *A View to a Kill*, a James Bond spy movie.

“I liked it when the stairs in the blimp moved flat and the man slipped out, falling to his death,” I said.

“Yeah, at least the Nazi war criminal doctor got what he deserved in the end,” Jayden said.

Jayden’s room had a nice bookshelf full of all kinds of reads,

including a book with color pictures about haunted places. I glanced through it and read about the Amityville house and the murders that took place there.

“The murderer had heard voices,” I explained to Jayden, as he peered at what I was reading. “He must have been mentally ill,” I said. “He might be a paranoid schizophrenic,” I added, “which doesn’t mean he didn’t necessarily know better.”

“Yeah, he’s like my uncle, who has mental illnesses like his. My uncle also has OCD,” Jayden explained. “He lives in a group home across town. He’s a nice man, when he’s doing well.”

“Amityville murders were perpetrated by an insane man who might not have known what he was doing was wrong,” Jayden corrected my opinion, and I nodded and looked into his handsome green eyes and noticed his handsome eyelashes and cute nose, which made me feel horny, just imagining sleeping with him.

“They say that the house is haunted now and that one family moved out right away after moving in, because of an unexplained phenomenon,” Jayden said, making me want to be his lover.

“Please refrain from any sexual contact,” I said, flirting with Jayden. “You see, I am gay,” I said, lowering my voice so his mom wouldn’t hear. “I like guys,” I said, raising my eyebrows up and down, “like you, Jayden,” I said holding his hand. “I’ve really liked you for a while now,” I said, noticing a glimmer in his eyes. “How about we do something fun tonight, like wrestle? I like you, Jayden, like my lover, because I’m gay,” I said, hoping he was gay, too, or at least bisexual, like I assumed most people were. “How about we hold hands and talk?” I said as he cracked a big smile.

“I’ve been in love with you for a while now, too,” he said. “Let’s be best friends.” He gripped my hand.

Then, it happened: I leaned in and kissed his lips.

We were in l-o-v-e!

## Chapter 4

Later at night, after we went to bed, we wrestled in our underwear. He locked his bedroom door. He played a Chicago album on his dual-cassette tape player.

At first, he held me down supine, holding my arms above my head, with him squatting on my chest. Then, I managed to flip him around.

"I've got your foot," I said, making my anus whirl holding his body down.

Struggling to hold him down, I flirted. "You're going to wish your mama would have swallowed you, by the time I'm done with you."

"No way, man," he replied, straining his arm muscles and pushing me off of him.

Then, we positioned ourselves whereby we were on all fours and I was behind and over him. I moved my hips in and out quickly against his ass, and he spread his legs, arching his back. I felt horny just being against his warm body, which was beautiful. As I pretended to make love to him, I slapped his leg, making him submissive to my acting, like I was making love to him.

"If you want to ride me, you'd better pull on my hair," he flirted, making my chest tingle with intense love. I pulled on his short hair with my hand as I continued to hump him.

"You bitch," I teased. "Little slut," I said, pulling harder, but not enough to cause him pain.

He groaned, but not too loud, so his parents wouldn't hear.

I wanted to have sex after I was older, but acting like I was having sex with Jayden was enough fun for now.

Then, we did it. He pulled down his underwear, and then, so did I, now both of us completely naked. That's when I noticed that our penises were a little different, and he explained.

"You were circumcised. See, your foreskin was cut off." I looked at his penis in awe.

His penis was so handsome. I loved to look at his pubic bush. Then, we jerked off facing each other, with me climaxing first and then him climaxing on my sperm, which was on a tissue.

I held the tissue for several seconds and then handed it back to him. He was so cute, holding our sperm. He threw the tissue in his trash, and we hugged, making my heart flutter with absolute love for his beautiful body.

Before we lost our erections, he let me pull back his foreskin, which was awesome, but I wish we were the same.

He told me, "I'd get circumcised just to be like you, because you're cute," and then he raised his eyebrows up and down at me with his really cute smile, revealing his pearl white teeth. He had a cute teenage mustache, which was more visible with the slight sweat that had accumulated on it. I knew that he was in love with me, which made my anus tingle because I wanted to be submissive to him and let him make love to me.

Do you know that I have ESP?" I said with a big grin. "I was thinking the same thing," I said. He held my hand. "I love you," I said, as he groaned quietly.

"I watched the *Black Hole*, and in it, the character Kate has ESP

with Vincent, the robot," I chimed. "Please let me see your ass. Please."

"Okay," he said, getting on all fours, spreading his legs for my delight. Then, I did the same for him. His anus had a dark colored area around it. Mine might be the same.

"Does my asshole have a dark area around it? Yours does. It's so handsome, just the way it is."

"Yes, a little bit. Yours is really handsome, too," he said, making my chest whirl with joy.

I wanted him to lose his virginity, but we were too young. He might be a virgin, I thought. I was.

"Are you still a virgin?" I asked. "I am."

"Yes," he said. "Maybe when we are older, we can go for it and make hot love," he said in a low voice, making my heart flutter because he was being very caring toward my feelings about sex. I wanted him to lose his virginity, to me and only me. Maybe we'd be lovers, but we'd have to keep our affair a secret, at least in the meantime. I mean, in high school, we'd be picked on and beat up if people knew about us. He was an absolute angel to me, and I wanted to spend the rest of my life in his handsome arms.

Then, we put our underwear back on, and each of us lay in a sleeping bag next to each other.

"I love you," I said quietly, as he stared into my eyes. "I love you too," he said, grinning, and then we slept, with me being in love with Jayden, wanting to get to know him more and to spend time with him.

Maybe tomorrow, we'll kiss again, I thought, and we fell asleep

holding hands. I was in love!

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