

Forbidden Feelings... Deadly Desires

**A
Short Story
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FORBIDDEN FEELINGS DEADLY DESIRES

No longer one for religion, my prayers, I thought, were answered that warm Friday afternoon when everyone went to watch some absurd rendition of Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet' in the school gymnasium. Despising Shakespeare and his unbelievable stories of love in a time long-gone, I went to the library instead to study for my mid-term exams. To study in the senior year, I was discovering, was hard enough, without devilish thoughts of Jason floating through my head.

Half way through the second chapter of 'Biology Made Easy' I leant back and glanced out through the shabby library window, past the archaic statue of Our Lady and onto the football fields where Jason was kicking a football around. God, I loved his body! Those Herculean legs of steel, those rippling muscles of delectable flesh and the gorgeous face that topped this magnum opus of a man made my body shiver in lewd delight. For months I'd endured the frustration of simply staring at him at his desk, watching him fool around in class as usual. Not permitted to touch, I agonised over Jason's sensuous masculinity and longed for this guy who broke all the rules to disobey just one more.

"Stop it", I screamed, as I realised that once again I had drifted into the realm of forbidden desire and unrequited love. Attracting unfavourable glances from the other ghostly students at my disruption of the silence that seemed to offer a haven of security and freedom to these 'nerds', I promptly fled the library's invading walls to the sanctity of my room.

Shortly after my embarrassing incident in the library, seemingly out of nowhere, Jason materialised at my desk. The sweet smell of his manly sweat made my heart skip a beat and I almost fell into a spasmodic

heap on the floor as he asked me if he could join me in study. Now, Jason was one known not to study, but stuff it, I thought - who was I to argue with the angel of my desires? A thousand images flashed before my eyes as he slowly sat down in a chair beside me. What will happen? What could happen? What on earth will I do if it does?

Side by side we worked together on our exam preparation. Jason copied my notes while I breathed in his unique smell, he borrowed my equipment while I admired his physique. It was then, as he leant across to nick one of my biros and I reached across to get another text book and to catch a view of his magnificent chest that our faces came only a centimetre or two from each others. We both slowly pulled back, just that minute fraction and our eyes met. Almost instantly we both were consumed by the passion burning in the heat of the moment, and not being able to look any longer into a reflection of my own sensual longing, I closed my eyes. The book that was shaking violently in my hand fell to the floor as Jason moved an inch closer and pressed his mouth against mine.

I had imagined this moment so often that I could not believe it was in fact anything but pure fantasy. I felt his warm lips envelop mine, and his wet and lively tongue lashing about my own provided evidence enough that this time I wasn't dreaming. Leg hooked over leg, arms gripped tight, we grappled and strained and stroked the back of each other's neck while cramming onto the same chair. We kissed deeper and deeper until I believed I was tasting his soul.

Then all of a sudden, he leapt up and ran out the door mumbling something about having a lot to sort out. Fair enough, I thought tolerantly as I heard the last of his footsteps fleeing quickly away down the corridor. I didn't have anything to sort out. I had been in love with Jason for a year and a half and I knew exactly what I wanted. Yet, Jason, captain of the school football team and envy of all the guys of the senior grade, obviously might need some time to catch up.

I spent the following day confined to my room wondering how Jason would react if he saw me. It simply never occurred to me that I would never see him again.

The police later informed me that Jason, apparently suffering from extreme confusion and inner turmoil had put a bullet through his head an hour after he ran out of my room. Jason it seems, the image of strength and what the media tells me is a real man, was unable to come to terms with our kiss, our expression of common love and human companionship.

And I suppose what happened all sounds fairly ordinary and rather innocent, unless I somehow manage to work in that my name is Andrew. That is why he did it. That is how I am the one guilty of Jason's death.

Sorry Jason. Please forgive me.