

Adam had been talking about cars from the moment they had gotten on the road. He'd started with Bentley, how the quality of their cars had gone down over the last few years. Acura had gotten praises for their most recent cars, and he was talking about the classic Ferraris, when he noticed they were driving by the turnout for Whisper Lake.

"Uncle Damian, you missed the turn."

"Hmm? Oh, no. We're not going going there. One of my employees told me about this place, thirty minutes further. He says you get amazing sun rises and sun sets, think about it, we get to have sex under the rising and setting sun." His uncle gave him a smile, and Adam had to admit that really sounded cool.

The problem was that changes of plans, with his uncle, weren't usually a good thing. Whisper Lake was always where the family went camping, it was secluded, and beautiful.

"Uncle," Adam started, tentatively, "What are you going to do to me?"

"Nothing, why?"

"Something happened with Aaron. Are you going to do the same thing to me?"

"No, of course not. I just want to spend some time with you, find out how you're doing, and talk cars. You realize you're the only person who knows as much about cars as I do?"

"I doubt that."

"I mean it. You knows about the Audi, the Peugeot, hell, you even know about the Caravel. Who, in this day and age, but you and me, knows about the Caravel?"

Adam laughed, "I guess."

"I promise, Adam, by the time we leave, you'll be happier than when we get there, but if you prefer, we can turn back, I'll drop you home."

"No, this is fine. I promised I would, and I am."

"Good. I like someone who keeps his word."

Adam nodded, and went back to talking, starting on the new engine design for the Ford's latest truck.

They parked in a clearing, put their backpacks on their shoulders, and hiked for an hour, at which point Damian stopped. Adam looked around, it was a fairly flat area. The ground was hard, but they had roll out mats to sleep on, so that wasn't going to be a problem. There were a lot of trees, so he didn't see how they would see the sun setting or rising, but he figured it was probably a spot close by.

"This is a good spot," Adam told his Uncle.

"What? Oh, no. This isn't where we're setting up camp."

"Where is it?"

Damian pointed up.

Adam had seen the rock cliff they were standing next to, he'd simply refused to acknowledge it was there. Now he had no choice. He looked at it, and then up.

He wasn't standing before a rock cliff anymore.

It was on the house's roof. He'd found a ladder, set it against the facade and climbed it. His kite had gotten tangled on one of the vents on the roof. He was nine years old. Old enough to go up and get it, without asking anyone for help. It wasn't worth disturbing his fathers over.

The slope was low, and he was careful as he stepped closer to his kite. He was almost to it, when his foot slipped. He caught his footing again, but he lost his balance and had to take a few steps back to regain it.

The last step didn't find any surface to land on. He pitched backward, and for a moment, he thought this wasn't too bad, he was flying. His body spun as he fell, and he saw the grass coming at him a moment before he hit.

With a start he was back in front of the cliff, holding his right arm, the one he had landed on and broken in three places. His uncle couldn't seriously mean that.

"Where . . . Where's the path that leads up there?" He couldn't see any, just the wall of rock, extending until he lost it among the trees.

"There isn't one. All we have to do is climb this."

"I can't do it," Adam said quickly.

"Of course you can. There's a lot of hand and foot hold, a lot of people do it, even kids. It'll be fun, you'll see."

Adam looked at his uncle, who was looking up, shading his eyes. He couldn't be serious. "I k, k, can't, uncle. You know t, t, that. Not since . . ."

His uncle sighed. "Adam, you're eighteen. Don't tell me you can't do this, you haven't even tried it."

"I'm s, s, sorry, uncle. I can't."

His uncle sighed again. "So you're just giving up without even trying? Why did we even bother coming here?"

Adam winced. He hadn't wanted to disappoint his uncle, but he couldn't do this. There was no way he could go up there. He'd just end up hurting himself again.

His uncle looked at him, and when Adam didn't do or say anything, he shook his head sadly. "Fine, we'll setup camp here." He turned. "This is going to be such a waste," he mumbled.

Adam rubbed his eyes, he wasn't going to cry. He wasn't a child, he was eighteen. He looked up at the rock face, and he shuddered.

"Well? You going to stand there all day? Or you planning on helping me setup the tent?"

Adam dropped his pack, and went to his uncle's help. "I'm sorry Uncle. I just can't."

"Whatever. Look, let's just set this up."

The brusque tone made Adam wince. They raised the tent in silence. After that, Adam built a fire pit, while his uncle went for a walk, glaring at him, just before walking out of sight.

Adam felt the tears come again, and he wiped them away. He wasn't going to cry. He spent an hour alone, fighting the tears, hoping for, and dreading, his uncle's return. He looked at the cliff, and then away, his stomach churning. He looked at it again, and away. He couldn't do this, he knew that.

He couldn't believe he was such a failure.

The tears did come.

He hears branches rustling, and he dried his eyes. Moment later his uncle came into view. He was carrying wood. Adam got up and gathered kindling. He made a small pyramid in the fire pit with it.

His uncle looked at it, grunted, and started the fire. When the kindling was well and caught, his uncle added a log to them. They were silent for a moment, and then Adam reached for his uncle's arm. "Uncle?"

His uncle shrugged the hand off.

"Uncle, please."

"The food's in your pack, go get it."

Adam looked away. would his uncle ever talk to him again? He stood and went to his pack. He had his pack in hand when he realized he was actively not looking at he cliff. He forced himself to look at it. He wasn't hungry anymore. He forced himself to continue looking at it, until he thought he was about to throw up. Then he looked away.

He grabbed his pack. His uncle said kids did it. He was eighteen, if a kid could do it, he'd be able to, wouldn't he? After he ate. He was going to do it after that.

When he was back by the fire, his uncle had pots and pans out. They were old, and had seen many fires before. He put a rack over the flame.

Adam took out two cans of stew, and the can opener. "I'm going to do it, Uncle."

"Do what?"

"I'm going to climb it, after dinner."

His uncle looked at him for a moment. "Okay."

Adam had hoped for more enthusiasm, from him, but he wasn't going to let that discourage him. He was going to make his uncle proud.

They ate in silence.

Once they finished, they had the coffee cake that his fathers had made for dessert, they washed the pots with the water from the jug, and put everything away.

Adam looked to his uncle, who was still watching the fire. The sun was getting lower. If he didn't do this right now, it would be too dark.

Looking straight ahead, Adam went to the cliff. He looked only high enough to see a handhold he could reach. He put his hand in it, then found a foot hold. He located a second hand hold, maybe a foot higher. All he had to do was pull himself up with his hand, and push with his foot, he'd reach it easily.

He calmed his breathing, and wished he could slow his heart, it was beating like he'd just finished going through all his weight training exercise in record time.

"I can do this," he whispered. He pushed, and pulled.

Nothing happened. There was no strength in his arm, or his leg. That couldn't be right. He hadn't exerted himself on the hike up here. He tried it again. Nothing. His leg was shaking, it couldn't support his weight. His arm wouldn't bend.

Why couldn't he do this. He could do twenty chin pulls without even trying back home. Why couldn't he pull himself up to that next handhold?

He tried again, and again. When it became so dark he could barely see the cliff in the firelight, he stopped. His face was dusty, with tracks made by his tears.

What was wrong with him?

He wiped his face, and went back to the fire. All the logs his uncle had brought had been burned, all that was left now was some ambers. He wet a cloth, and washed his face. He just looked at the ambers, wondering if it wouldn't be simpler to bury himself in them. That way he wouldn't have to be such a failure.

His uncle moved. He was taking off his shirt. He hung it on one of the tent pole. Then he took off his shoes and pants, hung them on the same pole and entered the tent. Adam waited a moment, he should go to bed too, snuggling with his uncle would make him feel better.

He undressed, hung his clothes, entered the tent. The mat was large enough to cover the whole floor. They'd brought sleeping bags, but they were unzipped, to use them as covers only if it got cool in the night.

Adam laid down, turn to spoon against his uncle and place an arm over his side.

His uncle pushed it off. "Just go to sleep, Adam. I'm not in the mood."

Adam's head spun. Why? What had he done? I tried! He wanted to scream. Doesn't that count for something? He turned away from his uncle, pulled the sleeping bag against himself and cried himself to sleep.

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Adam had a fright when he woke. He couldn't open his eyes. He almost panicked, before remember he'd been crying as he fell asleep. He rubbed the dried tears off. The sun was up, and his uncle was moving outside.

He wanted to greet him, to hug him, but the fact that his uncle didn't turn to look in his direction when Adam got out of the tent, told him he was still angry. It wasn't fair. He'd tried. It wasn't his fault he was terrified of heights.

There was a small fire going, with a kettle on it, and an empty cub by the place where he'd sat last night. He filled the cup, blew on the steaming coffee, and carefully sipped it. It was really good coffee.

His uncle stood. "I'm going to go for a walk. Explore the area." He didn't look at him.

"You, you want me to come?"

"No." His uncle sighed. "Look, Adam, I don't really want you around me right now, okay? I'm sure you can find something to do while I'm away."

"But."

His uncle didn't give him time. He walked off.

This wasn't fair! He glared at the cliff, it was all that thing's fault. If it hadn't been there, he wouldn't have disappointed his uncle, and they'd be fucking right now. He almost threw his cup at it, but remembered there was good coffee in it. He put it down, grabbed a fist size rock, and with a scream threw it at the cliff.

He didn't particularly feel any better for doing that. He looked through his pack for breakfast. There was oatmeal, powdered eggs, freeze dried bacon, but he didn't feel like working at it. He found a few granola bars, and had that.

What the fuck was he suppose to do now? He'd come here to spend time with his uncle, not spend it alone, feeling sorry for himself. Maybe he could tell him he'd gone up, and then back down? Who was he kidding, his uncle would know he hadn't done it. And he didn't want to lie to him.

Or at least, not without actually trying.

He stood, and looked at the cliff. That was what he was going to do, while his uncle was away. He was going to try to climb it. Maybe he would kill himself in the attempt, that would certainly take care of the problem.

No, lets not think like that. Let's try this without any preconceptions. He chuckled as a line from one of Alexander's favorite old movie popped in his head. 'Do, or don't do, there is no try.' A cheesy line, from a cheesy movie, but he'd had to watch it countless times, most of the family liked it.

Still the puppet had a point. He needed to have a positive attitude. He was going to do this. He walked to the cliff. Located the hand hold and foot hold he had started at last night. Hand and foot in place, he looked for the next one, and pulled himself up.

Nothing.

With a scream he pushed himself from the cliff. "You're not going to stop me," he growled, then looked at the cliff. "Do you hear me! I am going to do this. I'm going to make my uncle proud!"

He stepped to the cliff, put his hand in the hole, his foot in its hole and pulled himself up. His other hand went in its hole, his other foot struck stone. He moved it about, trying to locate a foot hold, but there didn't seem to be one.

He glanced down, trying to see where one might be, and saw he was off the ground. His head spun, he felt himself shake. He closed his eyes and pressed his head against the stone.

"Calm down, calm down. Breathe Adam, you're barely two feet off the ground. There's nothing to be afraid off." Yet, his mind provided: How about when you're ten, twenty, forty feet up, what then? "Shut up," he growled to himself. "That's just he fear talking. Don't listen to it."

When his breathing did calm, he opened his eyes. He slowly looked down, keeping his sight centered on the cliff, he knew that the ground was visible in his periphery, but he refused to acknowledge it, like he had done with the cliff on his arrival. He found a foot hold, and put his foot in it.

Okay, this was a start. He located the next foot hold, moved his foot to it, and located the one for his other foot. That done he looked up, for the next hand hold. It took him three tries to be able to get his body to move, and when his hand was in, he was shaking so hard that he was afraid he'd fall. He wasn't going to fall. He'd already disappointed his uncle enough.

He gave himself as much time as he needed to calm down. Then moved up again. And again. And again. He had found a rhythm, move, take the time to calm down, do it again.

That worked until he couldn't find any more handholds above him. He almost panicked, before remembering to look to the side. There they were, clearly marked with orange paint. Someone had gotten stuck here before.

This time, the problem was that he couldn't get himself to release his hold, and reach for the next one. The moment he thought about letting go, he could see himself falling, and he started shaking.

"Damn it." He couldn't get stuck here. He'd gone too far for that now. He forced himself to let go of the handhold. He didn't try to reach for the next one, he simply proved to himself that he was able to hold on with only three point of contacts.

It still took him a few minutes for his breathing to calm enough that he was willing to try reaching for the next handhold. His hand fit securely in it. He moved his foot, and the other hand and foot. He didn't count how many times he had to do that, until he could go up again, just like he wasn't counting the movement up. He didn't want to know how high he was, he knew that if he realized that, he would freeze in place. He only focused on the move he was doing, not the next one, not the previous one. He started up again.

And eventually, he reached the top. The next handhold was over the edge, and he pulled himself over. He stood, for a moment, before his body started shaking. Before his knees could give out, someone had their arms wrapped around him, and was holding him up.

"I'm so proud of you," he heard his uncle whisper in his ear. "I knew you could do it." Adam held on tightly to his uncle, and started crying, burying he face in his chest fur. His

uncle kept on whispering how proud he was, and how brave Adam was.

When his crying ebbed, he looked up at his uncle's face. He was smiling at him. They kissed, first tenderly, then hungrily. Adam's t-shirt went flying, then his shoes, and his pants. Then his uncle was on his back.

"Fuck me, Adam."

Adam didn't have to be told twice. He was so in the moment, that he didn't even think to ask for lube. His uncles legs were on his shoulders, and he pushed his cock in, not stopping until he was buried to the root. Only then, did he realize his uncle had lubed himself ahead of time.

He plowed his uncle, long and hard. The adrenaline from the climb intensifying the sex. He always loved fucking his uncle, his ass was tight and felt like it could move on his cock, milk it as he thrust. He'd made his uncle proud by making the climb, and he was going to give him a fucking to make him proud of.

He was still pounding his uncle ass hard, when his uncle tensed under him, groaned, and then roared. Cum flew over his uncle's head, and Adam grinned. He loved watching his uncle cum from being fucked.

He kept going. His uncle stayed hard, and he knew he could cum again, if only Adam had the stamina for it, but he didn't try to control himself anymore. Now, he just wanted to feel the pleasure, let it build. He still lasted some time. Time spent groaning, growling, and cursing.

Moments before his orgasm hit, his uncle tensed again. He pulled Adam down and kissed him hard.

Adam exploded in that kiss. Pushing his cock as deep as it would go, shoving his tongue down his uncles throat. They both screamed in that kiss, as Adam filled his uncle's ass, and his uncle emptied his balls on his stomach, the cum trapped in the fur between their bodies.

Afterward, his uncle held him.

Adam thought he slept a little. One moment he was sure the sun was high in the sky, then the next it was a little lower.

"How are you feeling?"

"I'm feeling wonderful."

"Victory sex will do that to you." His uncle bit his shoulder lightly, and let him go.

"Is this what that was?" Adam asked, rolling on his back, and looking at his uncle's body. He never got tired of looking at his naked form, just like he never got tired of looking any any of his family, when they were naked.

His uncle stretched, then reached for his jeans.

"How did you get up here?" Adam asked. The realization only now sinking in that his uncle was up here with him.

"There's a path that leads up here," his uncle indicated the trampled grass with an motion of the head.

"Oh, thank god! That's an easy way down." Adam stood, and

looked around for his pants.

"You're not going down that way."

"What do you mean?" he located them over a nearby rock. He also saw his t-shirt in the branches of a tree.

"You're going down the same way you came up."

Adam froze, his hand almost on his pants. His hand started shaking. "No," he whispered. He looked at the edge of the cliff. "I can't." He turned to face his Uncle. "Uncle Damian, please, don't ask me to do that."

"Why not?" his uncle asked, reaching for his shirt, which was hanging on the tip of a branch. "You made it up, you can make it down."

"N, n, no, I can't. Please. I'm gonna . . ." He could finished the phrase, th look his uncle gave him was withering.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me. What are you, a one note wonder? You do it once and then that's it?"

"P, p, please, Uncle. It's not . . . I can't . . ."

"Fuck! I can't believe this." He rubbed his forehead. "And I was so fucking proud of you." He turned, not bothering to putt his shirt on.

"Uncle, please. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to . . ."

"You know what?" His uncle's tone was harsh. "Lets just go pack the tent and leave this fucking place." He headed down the path. "I can't believe this." He mumbled, "this has been such a waste of time. I had such high hopes."

"Uncle! Please!" Adam fell to his knees. His uncle didn't stop walking away. Things had been going so well, how could he have screwed it up again? He wrapped his arms around himself. Disappointing his uncle like that hurt so much. Why had he done that again.

He looked at the edge again.

Maybe he should just throw himself over and get it over with. The thought had only just popped in his head that he was laughing at himself. Right, because that wouldn't be a disappointment.

He could just imaging his uncle, speaking over his body. 'I had such high hopes for you, but you just couldn't man up, could you? What a disappointment.'

No. Fuck this. He wasn't disappointing his uncle again. He was done disappointing him. He got dressed, and went to the edge of the cliff. He looked down. He didn't want to, but he forced himself to look down. His head started spinning, but he braced his feet, and kept looking down.

He gritted his teeth. He'd made it up. He was going to fucking make it down. He was serious this time. He was going to do this if it was the last fucking thing he did. He lied down on his stomach, and backed to the edge. His legs went over, then his hips.

He had a moment of terror, when he couldn't find the foot holds, but he clamped down on it. He didn't have fucking time

for this. He needed to keep his mind on getting down, not on being fucking afraid. His foot scraped against the rock, and found a hole.

There, there was no reason to be afraid. He lowered himself, this time, instead of letting his body shake to the point of having to stop, each time he started shaking he forced himself to remember the disappointment he'd cause his uncle, how much that hurt. Each time he promised himself, that would never happen again. He forced himself to calm down, he wasn't going to waste time listening to his body, he was the guy in charge, not it.

He took it slow, but he didn't waste any time. He retraced his path, constantly cursing under his breath for having disappointed his uncle. It became a mantra, he was going to make him proud, he wasn't going to disappoint him ever again, he was going to make him proud.

When he finally set a foot on the ground, his body was shaking, but not with fear, he was utterly exhausted. With the knowledge that he was touching the ground, all his strength left him.

He didn't crumple to the ground. His uncle caught him, and picked him up.

"I did it, uncle," Adam rasped, "I made it down. I made you proud."

"You did, Adam." His uncle whispered to him. "You made me extremely proud."

"I'll never disappoint you again, I promise."

"I know. Now just relax, I'll take care of you."

Adam rested his head on his uncle's shoulder, and he started shaking. They walked pass the tent, the extinguished fire, through the trees. Adam heard running water, and moments later, they were walking in a river. His uncle didn't stop until the water went to Adam's neck.

The water was cold, and the shock of it, after his exertion, made him shiver momentarily. Then he relaxed. They stayed like that for a time, then his uncle carried him to the shore. He laid him down in the grass, and undressed him. He spread the wet clothes on large rocks, hot from the sun. He took off his own clothes, and spread them out too. Then he picked Adam up again, and carried him to their tent.

His uncle laid him on the mat, knelt next to him, and leaned down over him. He kissed him, gently, for a moment.

"Rest, Adam. You've worked hard today." He turned him on his stomach. "You deserve the rest." His uncle then started licking him. He licked the water off his neck, his back, his ass. When he was done, he rolled him on his back, and he licked all of him. He licked over sensitive areas, but there was nothing sexual about what his uncle was doing to him, there was only tenderness. That didn't mean Adam didn't react to the sensations. By the time his uncle was done, Adam's cock was

hard, and leaking.

His uncle straddled him, and slowly lowered himself. Adam gasped as his cock entered his uncle. It his ass swallowed more of it. When his uncle was sitting on his crotch, he looked down at him.

"Adam. I'm sorry for putting you through this. You have no idea how proud of you I am."

Adam looked at his uncle, He tried to thank him, but all that came out was a long moan. His uncle's ass was jerking him off better than he could do with his own hand. And then his uncle started moving back and forth.

Adam gasped. If he'd had any strength he would have thrust in reflex, but he was at his uncle's mercy. He had always been at his mercy.

His uncle moved slowly, bringing Adam close to the edge, and then keeping him there. His uncle never stopped moving, and yet he could control how close, or how far Adam was from his orgasm.

Adam moans, groaned, and begged, but if he heard, his uncle didn't listen. He just looked at him with those pale blue eyes of his and moved on top of him.

Adam lost himself in the pleasure, the waves of it, that took him from knowing that his uncle was doing to him, to a place where nothing else existed.

When he finally heard his name, he realized his uncle had been calling him for a time. He focused on him, he was still moving on him, slowly, gently.

"Adam, look at me."

He had trouble keeping his eyes focused. He felt so good, the pleasure was calling to him again. He smiled at his uncle, who smiled back at him. He stopped moving, but the sensations didn't stop, they actually increased.

Adam found his voice, and started cursing. It turned into a scream and his body tensed, and shook. Adam's mind exploded. The waves of pleasures he'd been riding all came crashing down on him at the same time. A small part of his mind knew that he'd never come back from this, he'd go insane from the pleasure.

When he did come back, his uncle was still smiling at him. Adam's body was vibrating, only his cock and balls hurt. His uncle got off him, turned him on his side, and lay against him. His uncle put an arm around him, held him close, and slowly entered him.

Adam was too dazed to say anything, not that he'd have complained. His uncle was a wonderful lover, even now, he wasn't in a hurry. After having his cock in his ass for how ever long it took Adam to cum, he had to need it bad, and yet, he took his time. This gave the daze Adam felt time to pass.

"Uncle Damian?"

"Yes?" he didn't stop hiss slow, languid thrusting.

"Thank you for forcing me to do this," Adam said, meaning

every words. Just like he meant the ones that followed. "But I'm never going to be alone with you again."

"I know," his uncle whispered. "It does seem to be the way of things."

"I'm sorry, Uncle, I don't mean to hurt your feelings, it's just that if your weren't so . . ."

His uncle shushed him gently. "I wasn't complaining, Adam. I know the cost of what I do. I accept that you probably won't be able to look at me after this, or even be in the same room as me."

"No. I would never push you away, you're my uncle, you're family. I love you."

"I know."

"Are you going to cum soon?"

"Are you getting sore? Do you want me to stop?"

"No, this feel nice. I'm just thinking you must really needed by now."

His uncle kissed the back of his neck. "Don't worry about me. You just rest, you have exceeded my expectations, Adam, so you don't have to do anything else. Just rest and enjoy yourself."

"Alright, uncle."

Adam closed his eyes, and fell asleep to the sensation of his uncles cock moving inside him

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When Adam woke up, the sun was fairly high up, and his uncle was still inside him, hard.

"Good morning, Adam."

"Morning, Uncle Damian. Have you been awake long?"

"No. I didn't want to pull out and risk waking you."

"Did you cum?" Adam asked, as his uncle pulled out of him.

"Oh, don't you worry about me, I had my fun."

Adam turned on his back, looked at his uncle and kissed him. His ass did have that nice soreness it got after being fucked for a long time.

They got up. Adam went to retrieve their clothes, while his uncle prepared breakfast. Adam also took the time to rinse off in the river.

When he came back, carrying their clothing, one of the pan had scrambled eggs, another bacon, and there was toast, not quite burning. They ate, Adam leaning against his uncle.

Once the dishes were washed and he was dressed, Adam found himself looking at the cliff. He realized he was afraid. He was afraid that he wouldn't be able to do it again. He needed to find out now, while he was with his uncle.

He was able to trace the path he had followed, and now that he was paying attention to it, he could see other paths, some marked with paint, others just a series of hold too well lined up to be natural.

He chose a different path, and without hesitation, he

started climbing. As he realized he wasn't afraid, he picked up speed. Feeling giddy.

And then he missed one of the foot holds, slipped, his other foot went, and he was only holding on with his hands. He cursed. Respect the danger, he told himself. This wasn't a kids playground, this was a cliff side. He could kill himself if he wasn't careful. He wasn't going to be afraid, but he had to be respectful.

As he looked down for foot hold, he saw his uncle climbing not too far away. He was taking his time, looking where he was going to put his hands and feet, before moving. That's how it's done. Adam told himself, carefully. Having chastised himself, he continued climbing.

On top of the cliff he looked around. The view was great. Except for the trees behind him, to the north, he thought, he could see all the way to the horizon. His uncle crested the edge, and they smiled to each other.

Adam looked at the see of green, grays and browns before him. He took a deep breath and he screamed. He had done it. He had conquered his fear. His uncle wrapped his arms around him, they looked at each other, smiled and nodded. They took a deep breath, and together they roared.

They stood like that for a time, and then Adam disentangled himself. "Race you down." He went for the edge, but his uncle caught him am.

"No."

Adam looked at him surprised, he had been sure his uncle would have liked the challenge. "Why not?"

"Never race in a situation you don't have complete control of, against an opponent who is more skilled than you, or less skilled than you."

Adam thought about it for a moment. "That doesn't leave anyone."

"That leaves you, Adam. You are the only person worth competing against. When others want to compete against you, they are trying to prove something to themselves, and others. You are an Orr, you have nothing to prove to anyone other than yourself."

Adam nodded. "Well, I'm going back down."

His uncle smiled. "So am I."

They spent the rest of the day climbing the cliff, trying different marked paths, and figuring out their own. When the sun got close to the horizon, they brought the mat to the top of the cliff, laid it down, and had sex on it, to the light of the setting sun.

They slept there, exhausted from their cliff climbing, and love making. And were woken by the first rays of the sun. They greeting the sun my making love to it. Afterward, they sat, Adam resting against his uncle, and looking in the distance. An uneasiness was starting to creek in him.

"Uncle, do you mind if we go home?"

He kissed the top of his head. "No, I don't."

They repacked everything, and trekked back to the car. The ride back was in silence. Adam was trying to figure out what he was uneasy about, and why his hand had started shaking. As they drove by the turn off to Whisper Lake, Adam realize he couldn't look at his uncle.

Half an hour later, the shaking had spread to his whole body, and what his uncle had put him through came back to him. The fear, the humiliation, the despair.

When the car stopped in the garage, Adam bolted. He didn't say goodbye to his uncle, he just ran off. He had to run by the dining room to reach his room, and there he saw that his new brother, Patrick was playing cards with his family. He caught a glimpse of the shock on Patrick's face, then his fathers were restraining him.

Adam didn't see what happened. He was in his room door shut behind him. He didn't hear what had to be the screaming that happened. Every room in the house was completely soundproofed. He slid on the floor, and cried. He hadn't conquered his fear. He had exchanged it. He was no longer afraid of height, he was afraid of his uncle.

With trembling hands he took out his cell and sent him a text.

'I'm sorry.'

'I understand,' came the reply.