

Because You Make Me
By: Meester Matt
Chapter 6

Legal Stuff:

Pretty typical stuff... This story is about a budding relationship between homosexual teenagers. If you're too young to read then don't get caught doing so. If it's illegal for you to read this type of material then you probably shouldn't be doing that either. This story is copyrighted so please do not duplicate, in whole or are in part, without my prior written permission. If you'd like to e-mail me, you can send it to:

av8ormatt@yahoo.com.

This story is part fiction, part fact but all the names and places have been changed to protect the identity of the people involved.

This is for Scott. Without you, I couldn't be me either.

Let me start by saying... I know what you're thinking. Our Hollywood movie cliché kiss lead to Daniel and I fucking like bunnies in Edmonton, through all of high school, college and beyond, living happily ever after. Well, not quite. I'm sorry to disappoint. Really, I am. You see, I'm a dreamer. I tend to dream inside a dream, and when I woke up that bright Saturday morning we hadn't exactly left Calgary. I'm sorry, I really am. And I'm sorry to have kept this from you for so long. It's been years, but it feels like only yesterday Daniel Truder walked into and drastically changed my life.

Speaking of life, it's moved pretty quickly for us. Since we last chatted, I've gone on to get my pilot licenses, built my hours flying an assortment of propeller and turboprop aircraft, and have just begun my airline career at one of Canada's regional carriers flying the Canadair Regional Jet. I love it, 21 years old and flying jets baby! It was a stroke of good luck for which I will always be thankful. Danny has been just as busy. He graduated with a degree in commerce last summer that he has no intention of using. Never one to be interested in business (how odd to take it eh? Oh well, he's my weirdo! ☺), Danny caved to his obsession with teeth and began his first year of Dentistry school. That's right... I'll have my own personal dentist on call 24/7! Despite our hectic schedules, we couldn't be happier.

Now that the pleasantries are out of the way, it's only fair that I take you back in time and set the record straight. Or bent. Or, you know what I mean. Queue the harps and fluffy clouds...

Edmonton. Nothing happened. We went, we had fun, and became better

friends. Most of all, our confidence with each other grew exponentially. Things pretty well stayed that way until Danny passed his driving test and got his red Sunfire towards the end of September. No power windows, no keyless entry, no OnStar. No cruise even! It was as basic as can be, except for Air Conditioning and the CD Player with premium sound. You know what? I don't even care about that, because the Sunfire changed our lives. It was the ticket to freedom we needed to express our feelings to each other. He still drives it and neither one of us could ever part with it. Even though we did splurge and get the G6 last year ;-). Hey, there's only so many hundreds of thousands of kilometers without cruise or keyless that I can take! But that's another story. For now, let's go back to September 25th, 2004...

It was after 9AM and I hadn't quite woken up yet. On a Saturday morning, what 15 year old is going to get out of bed before 10? Not this one! My parents and brother were up and about, so I didn't give the doorbell much thought around 9:15; probably another flock of people trying to sell us a cult or clean our ducts. I slept naked that night given that it was unseasonably warm, and couldn't help myself from slipping a hand down my chest and tweaking my left nipple. I thought about Danny's uber sexy lips and lickable nose. How I would love to have my tongue exploring every inch of him. Unable to resist, I slid lower and wrapped a fist around my morning hard-on. I wished it was Danny's, and gave it a few tugs imagining that it was. To say I was surprised to have him race into my room 30 seconds later would be an understatement. I froze. So did he for that matter, in all his mouth watering hotness. His eyes darted between mine and the tent in my sheets. I was caught, and knew he could also make out my fist and arm underneath the thin flannel material. A door closed somewhere on the main floor and Danny gasped, breaking our trance. He quickly turned and closed my bedroom door to afford us some privacy – spending just enough time looking at the door to let me slip my hand out of the sheets and turn on my side. You know, so the obvious wasn't quite so... obvious. I hesitantly looked to Danny. He was beet red and I know I had a few shades up on him. Danny's eyes told me things between us had changed. The glow that always existed when he looked at me was there, but brighter than ever. The silence was deafening, but the energy flowing between us could have electrocuted an Enmax worker. It was then I realized how funny the situation really was. Me, naked, caught jacking off by the guy I was thinking about while jacking off, the guy whose eyes were glowing for me at this very instant. I couldn't help but giggle, and it was contagious because before long Danny was giggling with me. He made his way to the bed and sat down on the edge back to me. When the laughter settled, he spoke first.

"Ummmm, dude, not what I expected to find when I came to get you up!"
We chuckled again

"Yeah... well... have you ever heard of knocking?? I mean... *I blushed* haven't YOU been in bed at 9:15 in the morning and engaging in some... extracurricular activities??"

"Ummmmm... No comment!" He smiled and blushed an even prettier shade of crimson. I stuck out my tongue at him and gave him a playful punch on the arm with the fist I had just been pleasuring myself with.

"Besides..." he continued. "You'll have plenty of time for that later, come on, I've got a surprise for you."

"YOU GOT THE CAR???" I shouted excitedly, propping myself up on my elbows. He dangled the key in front of me and beamed from ear to ear.

"Come on sleepy, get dressed." Danny reached down and deliberately took my right hand to pull me out of bed. I started to swing my legs over the side of the mattress and the sheets began sliding off my naked chest, and I realized I didn't have a stitch of clothing on.

"Wait! Ummmmmm... Danny?" He stopped pulling me up, but didn't let go of my hand.

"I... uh... I'm, I mean, I've got nothing on." I looked up at him shyly, suddenly self-conscious. He glanced at my naked chest, then further to about where my crotch was covered beneath the sheets. I felt him hesitate a moment before whispering a quiet "Oh." I cleared my throat.

"It's... you know... not a big deal..... or anything... but... ummmm... God this is so embarrassing... like... I'm still a bit.... 'excited'... Danny..." My cock throbbed anew when I squeaked out his name. "So... I uh... Danny snapped out of his trance and nodded, reluctantly letting go of my hand.

"I'll just wait... over... over here..." He turned and walked towards my door. I watched him a moment and smiled to myself, thanking my lucky stars he was such a cool duck. I climbed out of bed and turned away from him, picking up the jeans and t-shirt I wore yesterday off my desk chair. I really wanted to shower – mostly because it'd give me a chance to finish what I started – but I'd let it slide for Danny. I'd do anything for him, remember?

"Ok, I'm decent. Well, as decent as I'll be without a shower." Danny turned around and snickered.

"What?" I asked. I reached up to see if I had a bad case of morning hair, but

I just had a haircut and it was still too short to create much of a mess. "Dude... your shirt's on inside out!" I looked down and saw that not only was it on inside out, but backwards too. I shrugged it off.

"Fuckit, let's just go see the car." Danny grabbed my right hand and practically pulled my arm off as dragged me out the door and down the stairs. I kicked on a pair of flip flops and ran out the front door quick on Danny's heals. I enjoyed watching his bubble butt flex inside his cords so much that I crashed into him when he reached the car.

"Yikes, hehehe, geez Matty, you cluts!" I shoved him playfully and finally turned to look at his brand new Sunfire.

"Sweet!!!! Dude it's awesome!!!!" I did a quick walkaround checking it out up close, and then jumped in the front passenger seat expectantly.

"Well?" I said. "Are we going today or what??" He laughed and shook his head at me.

"Are you even going to tell your parents where you're going?"

"Eh, they'll figure it out eventually. Come on already! Let's go!!!"

Danny climbed in and started the engine. Stereophonics – Dakota was just starting to play on the CD Player. I don't know if he rigged it to do that or what, but how fitting. Given that I just got caught 'thinking back, thinking of you...' We rode around the area in silence enjoying the song. I thought back to the day I met Danny and wondered how I could have ever dealt with starting over in this town as well as I had without him. I put it out of my mind, it was irrelevant. He was my friend and that's all that mattered. The song ended just as Danny turned into his driveway.

"Not bad, we're back in a driveway in one piece!" I chided.

"Shuddup fucker. So... do you want to maybe go do some hiking? Or something?" Something? I kinda like the sound of SOMETHING... First class perv right here!

"Um, yeah! We've been planning this for weeks! K-Country by Eden Valley. It's nice and quiet... and private... out there."

"Yeah, I know... So, like, come in for a sec, we'll pack some peanut butter sandwiches for lunch."

I followed his holy hotness into his house and was surprised to find no one home. I guess I was used to having people around most of the time in my house.

"Where is everyone?"

"Who knows, probably out at some function or another. And you know where my sister's gone off to..." I rolled my eyes and shook my head.

"What DOES she see in him??" He shrugged his shoulders, walked around me to grab my right hand and practically dragged me into the kitchen. I stood awkwardly at the counter while Danny got out a loaf of bread, the peanut butter and Saskatoon berry jam. I spotted a picture of a much younger Danny on the fridge door and stepped over to have a closer look.

"Dude, how old were you here? 10?" He looked exactly like the younger version of himself, except, well taller and more defined.

"I think 11. I wish my mom would take those pictures down." I perused the handful of other pictures up there and found one taken not long ago on a beach somewhere. He was shirtless wearing a pair of blue swim trunks, absolutely delicious.

"Awwe, don't say that, it's a good picture of you! Cute wittle Danny!" I chided, meaning every word. He giggled a little but wasn't having any of it.

"Quit it! Here, help me wrap these up." I tried in vain to wrap a couple of sandwiches in plastic wrap but couldn't quite hack it."

"Retard, like this..." Danny stepped behind me and took my hands in his. I froze a little, his touch was always electric but whenever he took more than one hand, I felt weak in the knees. Having him work my fingers and softly issue instructions was taking its toll on me. When he finished, he continued to hold my hands, and went on to talk about finding something to drink. I missed most of it, took a deep breath and turned around in his arms. He stopped talking; we stood just inches apart, staring into each other's eyes. I could feel the heat radiating off his torso, and the rise and fall of his breathing as our chests just barely touched. I wanted to tell him - needed to tell him how I felt. I know he knew. He knew I knew. I opened my mouth to speak, but what came out was:

"Danny..... I..... was wondering.... If you had any Pepsi...*Gulp* to, you know... bring with us..." I chickened out. I thought I saw the glow in his eyes fade a little. He shifted a little and slid his hands off my arms and

nodded, turning towards the fridge. He rooted around for a few seconds and pulled out a 6-pack of Pepsi Twist bottles.

"Cool." I whispered. We stood there for another few moments staring at nothing in particular.

"Well... I guess we should head out. You know, to get there before too many people decide to show up." He said. I nodded and took the Pepsi bottles from him and picked up the bag of PBJ sandwiches.

We spent the first half hour of the trip making little more than small talk. Leaving the town of Black Diamond, I decided to break the ice.

"Danny, ummm, about this morning..." I started. He shifted in his seat and stole a quick glance at me.

"Matt, it's ok, relax." He blushed a deep crimson before continuing "I, uhh, you know, everyone... you know, jacks off... and... uh... it's a fact of life.... And I won't tell anyone, I swear. It – It's ok, it's cool, I uhh, am REALLY sorry for, you know, just barging in." I was blushing too, and wanted to interrupt him to tell him he didn't have to apologize but he waved me off.

"Let me finish... cause I feel really bad that... you know... you didn't get to... uhh... finish."

He stole another quick glance at me. I studied him carefully. He was focused on the road, but I could feel him watching me in his peripheral vision. I looked ahead at the empty stretch of highway, faintly aware Stereophonics was playing again. Decisions, decisions. Aren't they a bitch? I looked back at Danny. I admired his nose and candy red lips. I watched his adam's apple shift as he swallowed, and further let my gaze slip to his slim, slightly tanned arms. I took a deep breath and slowly reached out to ever so gently take hold of his free hand. He shot me a sideways look.

"It's your fault, you know..." It was barely above a whisper but he managed to hear it over the stereo and the muted hum of the tires against the coarse Alberta pavement. I spotted a sign for a roadside turnoff – a historical point of interest.

"Danny, slow down and turn off over here." He glanced at me, slowed the car and turned off the highway. The monument was a good 300 feet off the highway and he parked alongside it.

I squeezed his hand and he slowly turned to face me. His eyes. Danny's eyes

are a window to his soul. The glow was there, but there was also fear of the unknown. A slight tremble in his hand gave me a renewed sense of confidence to come clean with the love of my life. I squeezed his hand again.

"It's your fault, you know..." I repeated. He swallowed and shifted slightly in the seat.

"If you hadn't been so unbelievably perfect in every way and the love of my life, I wouldn't have had a massive hard-on to take care of this morning." I surprised myself with the confidence with which I spoke. "You do that to me, only you. I feel like a piece is missing when you're not around, and the thought of you makes my heart flutter. I... I love you Danny."

He was trembling slightly, and fighting to hold back tears. I unbuckled my seatbelt and leaned across the console, pulling him into a hug. He buried his face in the crook of my neck, and I could feel his tears leak down my shoulder. It took a couple of moments, but he came alive and wrapped his arms around me tightly. Minutes past as we took comfort in one another's arms. When Danny had relaxed enough to stop trembling, I pulled back slightly so I could look him in the eyes. There was something new to the glow – a sense of relief. Tears of my own pooled in my eyes, and eventually leaked down my cheeks. Taking both his hands in mine, I continued.

"You are my everything Danny. I'm yours, for now, forever."

He pulled me into another tight hug and whispered the words "Thank You" in my ear. We spent the next hour holding each other and whispering I love you's back and forth. When we had calmed down enough, we continued on our journey to Kananaskis Country. But that's a story for next time.