

## Writing To Reach You

By: Meester Matt

### Chapter 2

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:

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This story is based loosely on real characters, places and events, but certain details, names and locations have been altered to protect the identity of those involved. Thanks to everyone who's written me - it really means a lot to hear from you.

Most importantly, this is dedicated to Scott, the most wonderful, lickable, smoochable and totally loveable sweetheart in the galaxy. Love you always!

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How should a sixteen year old respond to his sister one, telling him that she knows his best friend is in love with him, two, that she knows he's in love with his best friend, and three, that she knows, and has known her brother is closet case gay boy? Especially when one such gay boy has gone out of his way to make sure no one other than his best friend would ever find out his nasty little secret. I mean, it's like brain overload.

BEEEEEEEEEP!

I don't know how long I stood in the rain, lost in thought leaning against the Cobalt, but the pissed off taxi driver whom I'd boxed in wasted no time bringing me back to reality.

"Yeah, yeah, cool it buddy. It's not like another minute's going to make a difference when you go sit in the taxi line for an hour..." He shot me the finger, and I made sure to reciprocate. I hate Montreal taxis.

The ride home felt like an eternity - nine kilometers of going through the motions of driving but not noticing a damn thing. How could she know? What were the signs? Who else knows? She still loves me! What if Miranda's wrong? What if I say something to Ryan and he flips out? What the fuck do I do?? By the time I hit the driveway I was emotionally drained. Maybe I just wasn't mature enough to deal with all of this yet.

I sat in the car for a few moments composing myself. Crying might have made everything easier but knew better than to plaster my face with such evidence. The fewer question marks raised the better.

Deep breaths, breathe Christopher. You don't have to say anything, just act normal. Normal. What is normal?? By today's definition, it would imply being a total basket case that looks for any out to avoid the issues facing us. Mood swings. Hi's and low's. We'd had a few days like this in the last couple of weeks. Thunder clapped in the distance and I checked the time; 5:45PM. It had been forty minutes since I left the house and I knew Ryan would be out of the shower by now. The rain had picked up in intensity and I could tell we were going to get nailed with a massive thunderstorm. We were due; it had been an unseasonably dry spring.

Hitting 'LOCK' on the key fob, I sauntered my way through the downpour to the front door. It was unlocked and I let myself in, kicking off my Vans into the open cupboard door. The faint sounds of water splashing could be heard from upstairs - Ryan was still in the shower. I'm going to tell him, I thought. And after taking a deep breath, I climbed the stairs to my room ready to face the music.

The bathroom door was ajar, and I could faintly hear Snow Patrol playing on the small shower radio Ryan had bought me for my fifteenth birthday. Open Your Eyes, what a fitting song for the circumstances. I peeked in the door, watching Ry's fuzzy reflection in the slightly foggy mirror. Even through the frosted shower door and misty mirror his silhouette looked good enough to eat. A blast of humid air poured through the gap and I could smell the fruity fragrance of shampoo and soap. And just like that, I changed my mind. I wasn't ready. Soon... soon...

"Ry... I'm back." I don't know how I managed to speak without distortion.

"Hey..." He replied. "I'll be out in a minute. I got cold again so I thought I'd take a second shower." Noticing our piles of wet clothes on the floor, I pushed the door open and reached to pick them up.

"Take your time, there's lots of hot water." Ryan turned around to rinse his back, and I could make out the fuzzy outline of his pubic patch and limp penis through the glass door. I only looked for a second, but I could feel myself boning up knowing his delicious cock was just feet away from me.

"I... Ummm..... I'm just going to put our wet clothes in the dryer. When you're done I'm going to shower too."

"Kay."

Shutting the door behind me, I carried the bundle of clothes to the laundry room. Knowing Ryan never remembers to empty his pockets, I checked and pulled out his cell phone, wallet and cigarettes. Stripping off my top, wet jeans and damp boxers, I tossed them in with the others and shut the dryer door. I stood stark naked, watching the clothes tumble inside the candy apple red LG machine. My thoughts drifted back to the summer of 2003, that lazy, humid afternoon where I revealed my attraction to guys to Ryan. I strained to remember more details about that day... We'd had peanut butter sandwiches for lunch and drank Code Red Mountain Dew listening to Spacehog over and over. I'd tried singing along with peanut butter on the roof of my mouth and Ryan went into hysterics. The second time around, we resigned to

tapping our fingers in tune to In The Meantime – a song we still love to this day. When the song faded, I up and told him straight... “Ryan I’m gay.” We talked, we shared, about everything and nothing... my being gay, his new bike, the color gray, aluminum siding. Later he’d been reading an X-Men comic while I flipped through a copy of Flying magazine. I remember feeling tired and tossing my magazine at him for fun while I climbed in the sleeping bag we had rolled out days before. And later still we battled it out with Game Boy Advanced. But there was something more, something I’m forgetting.

A sudden chill tickled my spine as I continued to space in the cool laundry room. Shaking my head, as if it would clear my thoughts, I walked back to my room in search of something to wear. The shower had stopped and I could hear the muffled sounds of Ryan drying himself. From my closet, I pulled out a pair of Homer Simpson pajama bottoms and an old Myrtle Beach souvenir tee-shirt I got on a past family vacation. I slipped them on quickly, not wanting Ryan to emerge from the bathroom and find me stark naked. Over the years, we’d been around each other in various degrees of nakedness but today was different. Timing was perfect – Ry stepped out just as I finished pulling on my tee-shirt.

“It’s all yours.” He said, with a towel around his waist. His eyes fell momentarily to my pajama bottoms before he turned to the closet in search of fresh clothes. I nodded and entered the steamy bathroom, shutting the door behind me.

The Myrtle Beach tee-shirt I’d just put on came off and I tossed it on the counter opposite the shower. Imagine my surprise to find a faint doodle of Homer Simpson’s face on the mist covered mirror. Ryan was a doodler, and a good one at that. I began to wonder if he might have ESP too. Somehow, Homer’s porky figure brought a comfort to my awkward state of mind and I smiled to myself, shedding the pajamas and hopping in the shower. The hot water felt wonderful against my chilled body and I spent a few minutes soaking up the warmth. The radio was still playing tunes from 99.9 “The Buzz” – a Burlington radio station that served as Montreal’s only decent source of new rock/alternative. I turned up the volume as Weezer faded into the Kings of Leon and let my mind drift to fresh images of Ryan’s perfect body. My dick sprang to life as I imagined his perfect dime sized nipples were right in front of me, mine for the licking. I tweaked my right nipple, and took hold of my five and half inch cock. Ry’s ass flashed before me, the symmetrical globes begging to be squeezed. I wanted to pry them apart and bury my face in that hot steamy crack until my tongue was as far up his tight hole as I could get it. I whimpered, and pumped my cock furiously at the thought. I wiggled my outstretched tongue, now fully in the moment and craved to get a taste of him. With my left hand, I reached back and pressed my index finger against my tight virgin hole. My knees buckled, and I shifted my thoughts to Ryan’s own tongue attacking my hole. I pushed harder, and let the tip of my index finger enter the tight ring. I couldn’t stifle the moaning as I worked my cock and my asshole simultaneously. My hand was a blur and I could feel the start of tingling in my balls that would soon signal the end. I visualized Ryan’s tongue being replaced by his six inch cut cock and shoved my finger deeper into the steamy hole. It took me over the edge and I gasped loudly as cum flew out of my cock with a force I had never experienced before. Six, seven, eight, nine globs of cum, it was bar none, the most intense orgasm of my life. Totally spent, I pulled my finger from my ass and gave a couple of quick tugs on my still hard cock to milk out any last drops of juice. I wondered if I’d been loud enough for Ryan to hear me gasping and moaning.

I spent another ten minutes washing up and enjoying the feel of water trickling down my lean body. The music served as my distraction and I slowly danced along to the tunes of Red Hot Chili Peppers, Econoline Crush and Travis blaring over the radio. But all good things must come to an end – and a growling stomach is just enough of a motivator to get me out of the shower. I dried off quickly and pulled on my Simpsons jammies. Ryan's Homer doodle was still visible in the mirror, and I reached out to draw a stick figure slapping Homer on the back of the head. That's the extent of my artistic abilities!

“Hey” He said as I emerged from the bathroom. He was sprawled on my bed wearing a pair of Adidas sweats and one of my Old Navy hoodies.

“Hey... Are you hungry?” I asked, just as my stomach began growling again. He'd been listening to music on my Zen and pulled the ear buds from his ears when I spoke.

“Kinda. What do you want to do for dinner?”

“Let's just get a pizza. I'm in the mood for Dominos and don't really feel like cooking...”

“Cool... extra cheese!” I rolled my eyes and tossed my damp towel at him. He giggled and tossed it back to me – it was as though things were back to normal between us. Catching the towel, I smiled at him and headed out the door to dispose of the wet towels. The dryer was still running, so I tossed the towels in the hamper before picking up the kitchens cordless and dialing the number for Dominos Pizza.

“This sucks.” I said, tossing the soggy half-eaten pizza slice back in the box. “I can't believe how greasy extra cheese makes a cheese pizza. See? We should have ordered pepperoni or something.”

“Oh relax, a little grease a few times a year isn't going to kill you.” I glared at Ryan, who made an elaborate show of deliberately stuffing his mouth with the greasy pizza. Truth be told, it was actually pretty funny watching the always neat and proper Ryan stuff his face like a pig. Despite my best efforts, my glare slowly gave way to a giggly grin. Ryan, finally managing to swallow the mouthful of pizza, followed suit and before long, we were rolling with laughter.

“You... You.... You going to eat that???” Ryan howled and pointed at my half eaten piece of pizza. I was laughing too hard to answer. I thought I would die when he made an attempt to reach for the piece of pizza. Crazy moments like these were so typical of our friendship; we could defy maturity and be complete retards without fear or being judged or offended by one another and it's something I truly valued as much as life. Needless to say, we didn't eat much more of the awful pizza.

“Put on Ocean's Twelve, we haven't seen that in a while.” Ryan suggested.

“A while? We saw it last week!”

“Yeah... well... that's a while ago!” I smirked at him, knowing he didn't find her attractive.

“Wait wait wait... YOU just want to look at Julia Roberts huh?” He contorted his face.

“No thanks!” I paused and smirked even more.

“Casey Affleck???” He giggled and shook his head.

“Yeah, that's it... Casey Affleck. You got me. Ewwww!!”

“Brad Pitt?” I asked.

“Dude, nooo! I just feel like watching it!”

“How about Ocean's Thirteen?”

“Twelve! Twelve first, Thirteen After.”

“TWO movies? What, you're planning to sleep here now too??” I chided.

“You KNOW you want me to.” He smirked, I blushed.

“Fine...” I caved. “Popcorn...?” Ryan nodded enthusiastically.

“Yeah, lots of popcorn. Do that Caramel one you make that's really good.”

“Okie. Get the movies ready, Twelve's probably in my room though, maybe still in the Dell.”

“Yeah I'll find it...” He looked at his feet for a second before continuing. “I'm... uhh, just gonna go outside... for a minute... just to uhhh, get some air...” I rolled my eyes and shook my head.

“For chrissake Ryan, enough with the smoking already...”

“I know, I know, you've told me a billion times and I'm trying.” He interrupted. “I hate facing you with it every time you know... just... just trust me ok? I'm working on it...” I rolled my eyes again as he bolted up the stairs to my room, and turned to head for the kitchen.

Tossing a bag of popcorn in the microwave, I pulled a small bowl out of the cupboard and readied a handful Kraft caramel squares to make a little caramel sauce. The trick to making caramel sauce that ACTUALLY tastes like caramel is to use the squares with the brown sugar, butter and boiling water.

“Chris? Where are my cigarettes??” Ryan shouted from somewhere upstairs.

"I threw them out." I lied. He came bounding down the stairs and into the kitchen, stopping inches away from my face. I stared at him and silently breathed in his clean, slightly fruity scent.

"You're lying, I can tell. Look, you're holding your breath." If only he knew!

"I'm not, I threw them out in the laundry room." He gave me a little playful push on the shoulder and scooted off to the laundry room. I hated knowing that 10 minutes from now he'd smell like a fucking fireplace instead of the sexy, wonderful smelling boy he really was. A few moments later I heard the front door close gently and I swore quietly to myself, wishing I had the courage to express my true feelings to Ryan. Despite all his faults I loved him to death. The Microwave beeped, and I popped the door open to retrieve the bag of popcorn. Tossing it aside, I tried to concentrate on measuring the butter and brown sugar for the caramel sauce, waiting for the water to boil, but I couldn't focus. I was dying inside, and I desperately needed to talk to my sister.

Abandoning the caramel squares, I ran to the living room and strained to make out Ryan's silhouette against the dark, rainy night. Eventually, I spotted him pacing in the driveway behind the Cobalt. I reached for the phone and dialed Miranda's cell phone, hoping she'd be in Toronto between flights. Like usual, luck was against me and the call went to voicemail on the first ring.

"Mir... it's Chris. I just wanted to see if you got in ok... and... and... to talk, you know, about what you said before. I... need to talk to you so please call when you get this ok? Thanks... and I love you too."

To Be Continued...