

I first published this story in 2000, the firsts of 3. I just decided that some of the things I said weren't really quite on target, as I have learned a lot about gay youngsters since I wrote this story. So here is an updated version with a few modifications.

This is a period piece; i.e. written at a time when HIV and AIDS weren't issues. The characters don't use condoms except to prevent pregnancy. Unfortunately, in today's times, condoms are an absolute necessity unless you have the will power to be monogamous, which I encourage.

This is a story about love between two boys. Sexual acts are graphically depicted, because sex is a basic part of being in love and sharing your love with one another. If you are under the age of 18, you really should be doing something else, but if you insist on reading this story, I hope you get something good out of it. It is written with you in mind.

What Is True Love Anyway?

By Dan

Chapter One

Part I - The beginning

Dan and Sam grew up together in the 50's and 60's when families were close, life was simpler, *drug usage* meant heroin in New York, and gays and bisexuals were called other names. Japanese were still called "Japs" and *Made in Japan* meant cheap and to be ridiculed - but Americans bought it anyway, didn't we. Words like *Migs* and *commies* were all part of the war games they played over in the holler where there was plenty of loose dirt to fall down in and mounds of rock and dirt to hide behind.

Cowboys and Indians was a favorite game, and when Sam's sister, Nancy, was available, she would play the nurse who wrapped their imaginary wounds and soothed their pain, real *and* imaginary. She had such a nice soothing way of stroking their heads gently, running her fingers through their hair, that even at age seven and eight, it was fun.

The boys were what was considered cute. Both were a bit on the skinny side in their grade school years. Dan was short for his age, until he hit the twelfth grade, and lightweight with light brown hair and hazel eyes. People probably thought him an emotional child because all of his emotions were so close to the surface. He laughed a lot, but he cried easily, too. And just about anything could bring him to tears, whether it was an injury, or a lost kitten returned home, or his brother getting a spanking, or his best friend Sam laying in the hospital with his tonsils just removed. Dan was also very affectionate, a cuddler from start to finish. He cuddled his cats, his mom and dad, his best friend Sam, and sometimes even his older brother.

Sam was a lot like Dan, a little taller and a little heavier built with sandy blond hair and blue eyes. But Sam was more aggressive, better able to face down his foes and his fears than Dan. Maybe that's

why Dan looked up to Sam so much. Probably the biggest difference between the two boys, at least in their grade school years, was the level of their emotions. Sam seemed content to leave other people alone. He was never all that close to his two brothers and one sister, and at times it seemed that Dan was closer to Sam's dad than Sam was. This apparent lack of emotional attachment was true with everyone except Dan, and when it came to Dan, nobody was closer than Sam. Sam was Dan's protector, his guardian, his confidante, his best friend. They did everything together. Living across the alley from one another helped, for they were seldom separated throughout grades 1 thru' 6. They went to the same school, were in the same Cub Scout den, sang in the church youth choir, were always on the same teams in neighborhood games, and were constantly spending the weekends together at one house or the other.

Their dads both worked for the same company which sponsored two week camp sessions throughout the summer, and the boys always went to the same session and always asked to be in the same cabin. Sam *always* got the bottom bunk, and Dan *always* got the one just above it. They loved camp and would have attended every session if their parents could have afforded it. There was riflery, archery, crafts, nature, swimming lessons and free swim time every day. In the afternoon, there was always some kind of sporting event pitting one cabin against another - softball, volleyball, basketball. This was one area where the two boys weren't together. Sam loved all sports, Dan didn't like any of them. Sam was always one of the first chosen to play, Dan always did his best not to get chosen. Swimming was the only sport they enjoyed together.

Dan and Sam were such fun-loving kids, they could always make those around them laugh, especially Dan. His childish antics had everyone around him chuckling, whether they were kids his own age or older people. Because of this, his cabin mates at camp would probably have been surprised had they known of his bed time difficulties. You see, there was something else that could bring Dan to tears quickly, and that was music - not all music, of course, but special music. And the routine every night at camp was to signify lights out by playing The Lord's Prayer on the camp loudspeaker. On Fridays, they played Ave Maria for the Catholic kids. It didn't matter which one was played, Dan almost always cried when he heard it. The soothing, melodious tones reminded him of home and the love he knew there, and quite honestly, it was love that was at the root of Dan's emotions. His love for animals, family, Sam - these were the things that could make Dan cry. And on those nights when he felt Dan's crying gently shaking the bunk bed, Sam would quietly crawl out from under his covers and climb up into Dan's bed. And they would hug each other and snuggle down under the covers until Dan dropped off to sleep. Usually Sam was able to wait and get back into his own bunk to sleep, but occasionally the cabin counselor would find the two together when he came in to get ready for bed and would lift Sam out of one bunk and put him into the other.

This action of friendship was always a topic of discussion at the counselors' break room, but never in a derogatory way. The boys' friendship was so overwhelmingly obvious during the day, no one found this bed sharing unusual. In the 50's people didn't immediately begin to question kids' sexual orientation simply because two boys or two girls were seen holding hands or hugging or sleeping in the same bed. In fact, year after year at camp, the counselors from the other cabins would often stop by the one Sam and Dan were assigned to to see if the boys were sleeping together. Even in the shielded light from a flashlight, the boys were as cute as they could be, their faces of innocence resting next to each other on the pillow, their arms resting over the other's ribcage.

As a matter of fact, the boys began playing "doctor" with each other and several of their friends when they were about six. Of course, they never gave any thought to the sexual side of what they were doing. They didn't even know what "sex" was. They just knew it felt good to have their hard little peckers stroked, squeezed, tickled, twisted and otherwise played with. And they each enjoyed playing with the other as much as being played with. They liked looking at themselves and at each other, too. Their circumcised penises with little rounded heads were a never ending source of visual pleasure, and they took every opportunity they could get to be naked, or at least pull their pants down, and look and play with each other.

Some times, when Dan stayed overnight with Sam, Sam's sister would play too. There were two beds in the basement, and the boys would have somersault races from one end of the bed to the other. Sam's sister would play with the winner's penis and balls. Of course, the boys would play around with Nancy's little hairless slit, too, but they didn't even know you could put a finger inside. Probably wouldn't have been interested in doing so at that age anyway.

Usually when they finally settled down to sleep, they would do so facing each other, their little cocks sticking out of their pj's, wrapped in the other's hand.

But, sooner or later, everybody begins to "grow up," and Dan and Sam weren't any different than anybody else. It was January, 1956 in the middle of their sixth grade year that their "playing around" began to take on a new mantel of awareness. Their first experience of pre-pubescent sexuality happened one night when Dan was staying at Sam's house. Sam's bedroom provided a lot more privacy than Dan's did, so they could do more things - like leave the light on without attracting attention.

Sam lay on his back in his bed, naked as a jaybird, his little two inch erection standing straight and proud from his hairless groin. Dan lay on his tummy at Sam's side, his shoulder and head resting on his best friend's right thigh. As Dan stared at the penis before him and once again marveled at its beauty, its awesomeness, and slowly stroked it and the ballsac below it, he tried to think of how he could bring up a subject that had been on his mind for several days. Even as close as the boys were, they had never discussed sex stuff before.

"Sam?"

"Yeah?" Sam answered, his eyes closed, his voice relaxed and his breathing even.

"What're you thinking about?"

"My dick, silly, whad'ya *think* I'm thinking about?"

"So what are you thinking?"

"I'm just thinkin' about how good it feels when you do what you're doin'. There's nothin' that feels better than playin' with my dick, 'cept when *you* play with it."

"Have you ever thought there might be more to this than just twisting and squeezing it and rubbing your balls like I'm doing now?"

Sam finally opened his eyes and watched as Dan continued to run his little fingers all over Sam's pubic area.

"No. Why, is there?"

"I don't know," Dan answered as he stared at Sam's penis and tiny ball sac. He was starting to think, though, that maybe there was more. He knew that Sam's penis had started taking on new meaning recently, and he was starting to feel differently than he used to when he played with it and looked at it.

After several more minutes of this quiet, peaceful sharing, Dan spoke softly once again.

"Sam?"

"Yeah?"

"Have you ever talked with Jimmy or John (Sam's much older brothers) about sex stuff?"

"No," Sam answered sleepily. He *was* tired, and Dan's fingers rubbing his penis and balls was having its usual intoxicating affect on him.

"Have you ever talked to Bob about it?" Bob was Dan's brother who was two years older.

"No, but when he's in bed and thinks I'm asleep, I sometimes hear his hand rubbing against the sheet. He was doing it the other morning, and when I opened my eyes it was light enough that I could see his hand moving. It looked like he was rubbing it across the head of his penis."

"Oooh! I like it when you use that word," Sam said.

The boys had recently found that they usually used slang words like *dick*, *peter*, *prick* or *willy* when they referred to their *peckers* (there's another word they used) when they were just funning around, but *penis* seemed to have an *erotic* affect, not that they thought in terms of words like *erotic* yet.

"Yeah, me too. Anyway, I tried it once when he wasn't around and all it did was make me have to pee. I almost wet the bed, for cryin' out loud."

Sam snickered at the image that popped into his head of Dan running from his bed to the bathroom squeezing his *dick* to hold back the *pee*.

"Sure hope you didn't run into anything. You might of bent it," he said, giggling.

"Bent it, hell, I might of broke it!" Dan responded using the punch line of an old joke they had heard.

The boys were quiet for a while before Dan spoke again.

"Sam?"

"Yeah?"

"I think your penis is really pretty."

"Pretty!? Yuck. How about handsome, or cute or good looking? Pretty's for girls!"

"Well, good looking, then. But I really like looking at it and playing with it like this."

"Thanks, Danny, I like that."

Sam only called his friend Danny when he was feeling especially close to him, like now. Although he wasn't really aware of it, Danny was truly a term of endearment.

Again, the boys fell silent as Dan continued to stare at Sam's penis. Sometimes he would raise up on his elbow and get really close to it, looking at the tight slit on the head where his friend's pee came out. Sometimes, when he was close enough, he would sniff it, enjoying a smell he couldn't identify. This, too, was something new that he had just started to notice recently. It wasn't stinky like dried pee or anything, but it wasn't just a fresh soapy smell either. It was sort of like soap mixed with sweat, but not unpleasant like underarm sweat.

"Sam?"

"Yeah?"

"Have you ever seen your brothers naked?"

"Naw. They've always avoided me whenever it was time to change clothes or get dressed or take a bath, and everyone's real careful to keep the bathroom door locked. How 'bout you? You ever seen Bob naked?"

"Yeah, the other day I walked in on him in the bathroom. You know ours doesn't have a lock on it."

"Yeah, so did you see anything interesting?"

"He has hair already."

"Shoot, I've got hair. So do you!" Sam said, laughing, as he ran his fingers through the hair on Dan's head.

"Not up there, silly!" Dan said, giggling. "Down here!" And he gave Sam's penis an extra strong squeeze.

Sam jerked as Dan squeezed his dick. "No shit?"

"Yeah. You know he's only 13. I guess that's when we'll get hair, too, huh?"

"I suppose."

All this time, probably a half hour or more, Dan had continued to play with Sam's penis and nuts, as Sam just lay there, sometimes with his eyes closed, sometimes looking at Dan's hand moving around on his crotch.

The boys were silent for a few more minutes as Dan continued to stare at Sam's crotch, marveling at the way Sam's body made a little mound that surrounded the base of his prick. The more he looked at Sam's little two inch hardon and smooth, hairless ballsac, the stronger those new unfamiliar feelings seemed to get... the ones that so often made him cry for no apparent reason. He suddenly realized that he wanted to lean forward and kiss his best friend on that mound at the base of his penis. This startled and scared him. He couldn't figure out where those feelings had suddenly come from. Then, without apparent reason, he started to whimper. His tears were so frustrating. He wasn't hurt, and he wasn't sad, so why was he crying? And the more he cried, the worse it got.

Soon Sam could feel Dan's tears dripping onto his thigh and he could hear Dan's sniffles. He knew Dan was like this, that his best friend could cry at the drop of a hat and without any apparent reason. Opening his eyes and looking at his best friend who now had his eyes closed as tears streamed across his cheeks, Sam sat up and laid his arm across Dan's shoulder.

"Come up here, Danny," he whispered, as he drew his little friend up across his chest.

Sam gently rubbed his hands over his friend's naked back and shoulders as Dan rested on his chest. "That's OK," he whispered, "I'm here, you're here, and all's right with the world."

Strange words for an eleven year old? Where do such thoughts and expressions come from at that age?

Dan soon fell asleep, lying with his left arm draped over Sam's right shoulder, his head and upper body lying on Sam's chest and midriff. Sam just lay there, stroking his friend's hair with one hand and his back with the other, allowing his own erection to subside, even as he felt Dan's start to take form against his leg.

After about fifteen minutes, Sam reached down and wrapped his fingers around Dan's skinny little two inch hardon and began to gently twist it back and forth between his fingers and thumb. This attention to his most sensitive part soon woke Dan up.

"Mmmm, that feels good," Dan said, as he sighed and rolled over onto his back. "Don't stop."

Sam scooted down on the bed so that he was in the same position Dan had been in earlier. "Not for awhile, anyway," he said. "We have all night, and I'm just getting started."

Part II - six months later

School was finally out, and the boys were looking forward to their two weeks at summer camp. Dan was once again spending the night at Sam's house. They had spent the evening playing Monopoly with Sam's parents and sister, Nancy. Dan liked Sam's mom and dad, especially his dad. For some reason that he could not explain, he often felt closer to Mr. Russell than he did to his own dad. He took advantage of every opportunity to sit close to him on the couch when they watched television.

Mr. Russell had stopped by Sam's bedroom as he made his rounds before going to bed and almost caught the boys in one of their almost nightly rituals of self examination. The youngsters had been lying on Sam's bed with their jockey shorts around their knees examining themselves and each other for any signs of pubic hair, of which there was none, when Sam's dad knocked on the door and immediately opened it to say good night. He saw just enough as the boys grabbed the covers and pulled them up to their chests to know what they had been doing. But it wasn't any surprise. Although Sam and Dan had thought they were being careful all these years, their parents had always been fully aware of what they did when they were alone together.

"Night boys," Mr. Russell said as he pulled the door closed. "Don't stay up too late."

"Boy *that* was close," Dan said, his heart beating rapidly in his chest.

"I'll say! My pecker just lost all its stiffness!" Sam responded with a giggle.

Pushing the covers down, Dan said, "Yeah, me too. Look."

And sure enough, lying in their laps were two little flaccid peckers, still bald, still skinny, still accompanied by two miniature nuts in their hairless, wrinkled sacs.

Sam pushed his underpants off his legs and knelt between Dan's feet. He bent forward and grabbed the waistband of Dan's briefs and tugged them off.

"Well, I *like* your pecker soft," he said, looking at Dan with a smile on his face and a twinkle in his eye. "But it won't be that way for long. Get ready for the attack of the peter petter!"

"Ooh! I'm scared," Dan said with a giggle, squirming down further on the bed so he lay flat on his back. He spread his legs a little further apart as Sam lay down on his tummy between them, his head just above his friend's prick.

As Dan laid his head back on the pillow and closed his eyes waiting for the joys he knew his best friend could provide, Sam just stared at his pecker. He had been experiencing the same feelings Dan was. They hadn't really talked seriously about their feelings since that night in January, although they had continued playing with each other whenever they had the chance.

Tonight Sam started with a game of peek-a-boo that he only used on rare occasions. The boys were both circumcised, but Dan had quite a bit of loose skin resting just behind the glans when he was

soft. There was enough, in fact, that taking his friend's dick in both hands, Sam was able to push the head down into the loose skin on Dan's dick so that it was completely hidden. This made his friend look uncircumcised, and both boys enjoyed watching the head slowly work its way out of the hood when Sam let go of it. As the head pooped fully into view, Sam would whisper, "Peek-a-boo!"

Of course it didn't take much of this treatment to get Dan's hardon fully established, and Sam settled down to examining it as he always did, with great attention and much fingering. Using both hands, he played with his friend's balls and dick at the same time, rolling the nuts softly between thumb and fingertips as he twisted Dan's shaft in a rotating back-and-forth motion. As he played with it and stared at it, Sam found himself feeling many of those strange new feelings that he couldn't quite describe or understand.

The boys had played with each other since first grade, and yet for each of them recently, each episode was almost like it was the first time. The penis before him held Sam's rapt attention. He studied it in minute detail, sniffing it as Dan had done to his so many times now. The smell was definitely different this year than it had ever been. Or was it that they were just beginning to react to the smell? Were their hormones starting to kick in and produce different reactions?

Sam didn't think of these things. He just knew he was fascinated by the penis he held so softly between his fingers. Suddenly he noticed something new. He moved his face even closer to Dan's penis, so close in fact that Dan could feel his hot breath.

"What's this little circle on your penis, Danny?"

Dan felt his heart flutter when Sam used this familiar form of his name. Opening his eyes and lifting his head off the pillow, Dan paused a moment to enjoy the proximity of his friend's face to his prick. Seeing Sam's hands on his penis caused one of those warm feelings he had been having in the last few months. Then he looked at where Sam was pointing to his penis.

"Oh, that's a chicken pox scar. Mom said I had it really bad when I was little, but that's the only scar I know of. Strange, huh?"

"I think it's neat. How many guys can say they have a beauty mark on their penis?"

Dan loved it when Sam used that word, and he said so as he looked at his best friend with a soft and gentle expression on his face.

"Samuel?" Dan said, using his pet name for his friend, the name he used the same way Sam used Danny.

"Yeah?"

"I really like it when you say penis. It's makes me feel different than when you use those other words for it."

"Really, Danny? Me too. I mean it makes me feel different too... like it's more personal or something."

Gosh I wish I knew what's going on each of them was thinking to himself. *I don't understand my own feelings and I don't know how bring it up.*

Dan lay back and closed his eyes as Sam continued playing with his sensitive, erect penis, stroking it with light feathery strokes. Sam liked to form his fingertips into a circle and starting below Dan's ballsac, draw his fingertips lightly up across the scrotum and along the length of the stiff shaft to the head. As soon as his fingertips slid off the head, he would start over, repeating this same motion over and over again. Both boys had enjoyed playing with their friend this way for a long time now. Up til now they just did it until one or the other got tired or too sensitive to continue.

Tonight, though, was different. As Sam played, he noticed Dan's breathing change. It lost that smooth, calm, relaxed rhythm and became ragged, harsh, heavy, noisy. At the same time, he noticed Dan's hips start to move just a little bit, up and down in time with but counter to his hand gestures.

"What's wrong, Danny? You want me to stop?"

"God no, don't stop! I don't know what's going on, but that feels sooo good!"

As his friend was answering, Sam's hand *had* stopped. Unconsciously, he had wrapped his hand completely around his friend's penis and squeezed it, almost like he was afraid it would get away from him.

"Oh wow!" Dan exclaimed. "Do that some more, use more pressure! That felt ... aahhh! That feels sooo good!"

Staring at the hard penis in his hand, Sam thought the same thought that had been going through his mind over and over for the last few months. *Gosh his penis is beautiful. Is that a good word to use for a guy? Can I tell him his penis is beautiful, or would he think that's a sissy word?*

Sam began moving his hand again. But this time he didn't go back to the fingertip method. Instead, and for some reason he didn't understand, he left his hand wrapped around Dan's penis and moved his whole hand up and down the slender shaft. This was entirely new to him, but he could tell that Danny liked it. His balls seemed to pull up tighter in their sack until they almost disappeared, and his hips began to move even more forcefully up and down on the bed.

"O God, Samuel. Keep doing that! What's happening to me? I feel like my nuts have been sucked up into my stomach!"

"I don't know what's going on, Danny. Have I ever told you I think your penis is beautiful?"

All of a sudden, as though Sam's use of the diminutive form of his name and his statement that the penis in his hand was beautiful had some special power, Dan's body began to do things he had never

experienced. He began to feel things he had never felt. It was almost frightening. These feelings were so powerful, so wonderful, and yet so strange. As his hips bucked up and down, thrusting his penis through the circle of his best friend's fingers and palm, Dan couldn't keep quiet.

"Ooooh Samuel. I'm scared! What's happening to me? No, don't stop! That feels soooo good!"

And he came for the first time in his life. His dry orgasm took over his body and left him unable to say anything. All he could do was grunt and gasp as this new pleasure overwhelmed him.

"Uuuuunnnngghh! Oooooohhhh! Uuuuunnnngghh!"

Sam stared wide eyed at his best friend humping up and down on the bed, listening to his grunts, feeling the slender cock in his hand swell and pulse more powerfully than ever before. He, too, was almost scared by what his friend was doing. This was all so new. *What the hell is going on?* He thought to himself. But he kept stroking Danny's penis, up and down, up and down, furiously, until Dan finally collapsed back on the bed in a dead faint. If his chest hadn't been rising and falling so rapidly, Sam would have thought him dead.

Even Sam, who didn't cry nearly as easily as Dan did, found that tears were leaking from his eyes and dripping across his cheeks. *Golly, what was that? What have I done? Is he OK? God, let him be OK!*

A moment later, Dan opened his eyes and looked at his best friend with a sudden, deeper affection than ever before. He smiled down at Sam who still lay between his legs, holding onto his rapidly deflating penis.

"Are you OK, Danny?"

"Oh Samuel. Yeah! You *have* to try that. That was awesome!"

The boys lay there quietly for a moment. Sam let go of Dan's dick and just laid his head on his crotch, Dan's penis resting against his cheek. He'd never done this before, but it just seemed the right thing to do at the time.

After a few minutes, Dan reached down and drew Sam up to lay beside him. As he reached out and wrapped his hand around Sam's penis, which had softened by this time, he was finally able to speak what was on his mind.

"You know I asked you a few months back if there was something more to it than just playing with each other like we always have?"

"Yeah," Samuel said sleepily.

"Well, I think we just got our answer. There is *definitely* more to it!" Dan said with a giggle. And as the feelings of joy and euphoria continued to ebb and flow within him, his giggles turned to

laughter. Soon, Sam was laughing with him, even though he didn't know why.

Part III - Summer Camp

The boys' last season at Camp Crawdad, so named for all the crawdad holes throughout the campgrounds, started in the middle of July. The next year they would go do a different camp for 7th thru' 9th graders. As usual, they were in the same cabin and had bunks, one over the other. Camp was a blast. Both of the guys were good swimmers, so they were able to compete on fairly equal footing. Dan signed up for riflery while Sam took archery. They spent all of their craft time making lanyards with brightly colored plastic. Most of the kids stuck with four-strand lanyards which let Dan and Sam impress most everybody with their fatter eight-strand ones.

Sam's body had started to beef up a bit and was starting to outpace Dan in height as well. Dan was still stuck with the label of "skinny," but he was lithe and quick on his feet. Like all the prior years, Dan avoided any active role in the sporting events during the two weeks of camp, but he was always on the sidelines watching. Had he been aware of it, he would have noticed that his "watching" was almost strictly confined to his best friend. When Sam played tennis, Dan's eyes didn't follow the ball like the other spectators. Instead, they followed Sam's movements on the court. Although he wasn't really aware of what he was doing, he seemed always to be looking either at his friend's bare chest or studying his crotch, trying to imagine what it would be like to watch Sam play naked.

Sam's attention always seemed to be split between the game he was playing and the sidelines. Again, without realizing quite what he was doing, his gaze would wonder over to where his friend was sitting whenever there was a lull in the game. Any time he didn't *have* to have his eye on the game, he was looking in Dan's direction. And although the boys didn't realize what they were doing, some of the counselors certainly were. Many of the counselors came back year after year and knew the boys well. They had seen them sharing the same bed several times over the past six years and really didn't see anything unusual about the level of friendship between the two boys. Remember, in the fifties people weren't looking for hidden messages or secrets in the way other people behaved.

One thing the boys *were* aware of, however, was their desire to share the same bed. No longer did Sam wait to see if Dan was going to cry at night. He simply waited until the Lord's Prayer or Ave Maria started and immediately climbed up into Dan's bunk. Sometimes they would lay back to front, spooned together as close as possible. At other times, they would lie facing each other, their foreheads touching, enjoying each other's fresh toothpaste breath. Is it really possible that they could stare at each other in this position for long periods at a time without realizing what was happening? It would seem so, since neither of them ever spoke about their feelings for the other. If Sam was still in Dan's bunk when the counselor came in, he was usually told quietly to get into his own bunk. He was getting too big for most counselors to lift him out of the top bunk.

One of the camp's long-standing traditions came towards the end of camp, usually on the day before

the boys left. Since this was an all boys camp, the last free swim usually ended up as a skinny dipping melee. Even though all the boys who had been to camp at least once before knew what was going to happen, they still waited for the counselors to pounce on them and strip them of their swim trunks. After all, this was part of the *tradition*. The strange thing was that as much as he liked to be naked with Sam, and as curious as he was about other boy's private parts, Dan was always, every year, so bashful that he stayed outside the pool fence during the last free swim. Every year except this year, that is.

For this year, Sam wouldn't let him. With Dan dragging his heels, pleading with Sam to let him go, tears streaming down his cheeks, he was finally forced into the pool area. Sam had been one of the first ones naked. He loved it, always had, and was convinced Dan would too if he'd just try it. So he had scampered butt-naked through the gate to where Dan was sitting and grabbed him.

"Come on, Danny. It's great! I'm not going to let you leave our last year at camp without trying it at least once!" Sam said as he drug his best friend into the pool area.

Dan stood with his back to the pool so the other kids couldn't see his tears of embarrassment and frustration. But try as he might, he could not prevent Sam from stripping his trunks down his legs and off his feet. At least Sam had the decency to push Dan into the pool backwards so his face would be all wet when he surfaced, hiding his tears from the other kids.

And sure enough, once the initial shock wore off, Dan found that he *was* having fun. It really *was* fun to be naked outdoors, in front of other kids. Even the adult counselors, most of whom had also stripped off their own trunks and joined the boys in the rough housing, didn't seem to bother him. His anger at Sam quickly faded, and the two friends had the time of their lives. In fact, when it came time to get out and put their suits on to go back to their cabins, Dan didn't want to put his on. He just grabbed his trunks and his towel, and shouting at Sam, he began to run for the cabin.

"Race ya, Sam!" he yelled, and off he went.

Sam wasn't about to let Dan beat him in a foot race, even if it meant having to run all the way naked. So the entire camp, both counselors and kids, watched, laughing and pointing, as these two friends ran naked across the open campground. Of course the fact that their cabin was the furthest from the swimming pool gave everyone plenty of time to "enjoy the sights."

Dan may have been slender and shorter than Sam, but he was a fast runner. He beat his friend to the cabin by about fifteen feet. When they got inside, Dan collapsed, laughing and naked, on Sam's bunk.

"Beat ya, slow poke! What took ya so long?" he said, giggling and trying to catch his breath all at the same time.

"Call me slow poke, ya little runt!" Sam said, laughing. And he pounced on Dan and began tickling him.

Lying on his back, Dan clasped his arms to his sides to protect his most ticklish areas and drew his knees up to his chest. Of course, this left his butt exposed with his little ballsac sticking out from between his legs. So Sam went straight for the goodies. He thrust his hand between Dan's legs and cupped his cock and balls in his hand, tickling the sensitive pubic area with his fingertips.

Naturally, this led to the expected reaction - in both boys, and they barely had time to cover their erections with their towels when the rest of their cabin mates stormed into the cabin, all yelling and kidding Dan and Sam about running bare-assed across the camp.

"Hey guys, did you see the glare out there today?" one boy yelled.

"Yeah! There sure was something awful shiny out there reflecting the sun into my eyes," said another.

"You said it!" chimed in yet another. "But whatever it was, it must have been broken, cause I saw this big crack in it."

"I saw it, too," yelled another kid. "But there were two of them, and they were both cracked!"

By the time the kids were through making their jokes, Sam and Dan were crimson red from blushing and laughing. But at least their hardons had gone away, which was good 'cause all the boys were standing around them, and they were the only two without any clothes on. When it became apparent that the other boys were not going to leave the circle they had formed around the two friends, Dan and Sam looked at each other and came to an unspoken agreement. Knowing they had to get dressed sooner or later, they stood together and let their towels drop to the floor. They just stood there, drawing strength from each other, as the other boys stared at their nakedness.

Just as Scotty, the cabin counselor, walked through the door, Dan hollered jokingly, "take a picture, guys! It'll last longer!"

With that, everybody laughed and the circle broke up. All the boys seemed to pair off and go to their own bunks to get out of their trunks and into shorts and shirts for dinner. Many of them found themselves looking at their bunk mates with renewed interest as their trunks slid to the floor and their hands moved towels over their private parts.

Their counselor noticed something new, too, as the boys lined up for the trek up the hill to the dining hall. They always walked side-by-side in two columns, and this time Dan and Sam were in front and their arms over each other's shoulder. Scotty noticed that all the other boys had paired up with their bunk mates (not standard procedure before tonight). The older ones were mimicking Sam and Dan. Some of the younger ones, first and second year campers, were even holding hands. *Now this is something I never thought I'd see. Seems Dan and Sam's friendship is rubbing off on the other guys,* he thought to himself as he led his group up the hill.

After dinner, the campers were released for some free time before the closing bonfire. Most of the kids take this opportunity to chase each other around the camp grounds in various games of tag or

whatever. But Scotty's kids all returned to their cabin where they quickly stripped down to their undershorts and began talking about tonight's closing events. Obviously the skinny dipping and close encounter with Sam and Dan afterwards had had an unusual affect on this group of boys, and they quickly agreed that since the camp's theme was American Indian, they decided to ask Scotty if they could dress up as Indians and paint their faces. Everybody did this on the middle Saturday, but these guys wanted to do it again. This time, though, they planned to be naked under the towels they would wear in lieu of loin cloths. No one seemed to know how to make a loin cloth, so they decided towels would have to do.

As soon as Scotty walked in and saw the boys all sitting around in just their briefs (hardly anybody wore boxers in the fifties) he knew something was up.

"OK, guys. What are you up to?"

Andy spoke for the group. "We want to paint our faces and go to the bonfire like Indians," he said quickly.

"OK. There might be just enough time to get ready as long as you help each other with the paint. It's a little unusual, but I guess since it's the last night here I can get the director's OK. I'll run up to the craft shop and get the paint."

As soon as Scotty returned with the paints, the guys got started. First they did their faces. Then someone suggested doing their chests, too. Then someone else suggested that since they weren't going to wear anything under their towels, they might as well strip off their undershorts now so they wouldn't risk getting paint on them.

Scotty just sat on his bunk and watched in amazement as his brood of 8 to 11 year olds stripped to the buff. He could hardly believe how *all* of them seemed so unconcerned about the nudity - even shy Dan who had fought so hard to keep his swimming trunks on earlier. As his gaze traveled around the room, he saw several of the boys sprout boners as their bunkmates got paint brushes south of the belly button area. Then it was time to figure out how to use the towels to look like loin cloths.

They lined up in front of Scotty, their little naked bodies painted and towels in their hands, waiting for him to help. Most of the boys were so short that he just folded the towel lengthwise so it wouldn't hang all the way to their knees or below and then wrapped it around the kid and tucked one end over the other at the waist. A couple of the kids were so skinny he had to dig into his emergency supplies and get some safety pins to help hold the towel together. By the time he was through looking at all those little cocks and balls, he was sporting a pretty sizable boner. So when the boys suggested he dress like them, his answer was a quick and emphatic NO.

The rest of the camp hooted and howled as Scotty's cabin marched into their section of the campfire circle dressed and painted as they were. Everyone had a lot of fun that night, sometimes at the expense of a youngster whose towel had managed to loosen and fall off at the wrong moment. Of course, painted as they were, all Scotty's kids had to hit the showers before they could go to bed. The shower building was separate from all the others and was just two large rooms, one for dressing and

one with shower heads around all four walls.

Scotty noticed that here, too, the boys had paired up by bunk assignments to share shower heads and help each other wash the paint of their faces and chests. Usually one would wash his face as his bunkmate washed his chest, Then they'd switch places. Scotty watched from a corner outside the shower room and saw several instances where hands went lower than supposedly necessary. But none of the kids seemed disturbed or frightened by this *extra* care, so he didn't feel it necessary to interfere.

When they were finished with their showers and had dried themselves, and each other, the boys lined up naked as jaybirds and walked back to their cabin, arm in arm or holding hands. They had yet another surprise for Scotty when they got back to the cabin.

"We all talked about it right after supper and decided we want to share beds tonight - since it's our last night together," Mark announced to Scotty.

"You mean you all want to sleep with your bunkmates?" Scotty asked, somewhat amazed at this apparent unanimous decision.

"Yeah!" the boys all answered together.

"Are you sure? Is there *any one* of you that doesn't want to share a bed with your bunkmate?" And he let his gaze move slowly around the room, looking each boy in the eye.

Andy spoke for the group again.

"Dan and Sam have been doing it almost every night. We want to, too."

Dan blushed as he heard comments of agreement travel around the room. His hand slipped softly into Sam's, their grasp hidden behind their legs which were touching from knee to hip.

"Well, I guess it's Ok then. But PJ's or undershorts for everyone. And no funny stuff," he added with a grin.

"Yeeeeaaa!" the boys yelled in unison, as they scrambled for their choice of PJ's or shorts and climbed into bed. Most of them chose the top bunks, just as Dan and Sam had every other night of camp.

This time when Ave Maria was played, Dan didn't cry. He just lay there with his forehead touching Sam's, the two of them looking into each other's eyes and smiling. When the song was over, Dan spoke softly.

"Isn't it neat how the other guys all wanted to do this, too?"

"Yeah. 'Spose we've started something?"

"Nah. Most of these guys won't even see each other after they leave tomorrow. We're the lucky ones."

"Yeah."

A moment later Sam spoke again in a whisper.

"Danny?"

"Yeah?"

"Uh... you're... uh... really special, ya know?"

"Yeah, Samuel. I know. You're special to me, too."

"Thanks, Danny. I... uh... lo....."

"What, Samuel?"

"Oh, nothin'. Let's just go to sleep, huh?"

"Oh... OK. 'Night."

"G'night, Danny."

The boys silently reached into each other's briefs and wrapped their hand around their friend's limp and shriveled penis. They woke the next morning in the same position, holding onto their friend's morning woody.

Chapter Two

Interlude -

Perhaps now is the time to explain that because the relationship between Dan and Sam had started when they were four or five years old, their parents were unconcerned about it. They had become accustomed to the constant attention the boys paid to each other. Sleepovers had been a big part of their lives for so many years each set of parents thought they had an extra child. In their early years, the boys had held hands when they went places together, and as they prepared to enter seventh grade this had moved into resting their arms over each other's shoulders. When they were at home, the boys always seemed to sit close as they watched TV or played games. And if they were laying on the floor or bed watching TV, it wasn't unusual to see one's head on the other's chest or shoulder.

Often times they would fall asleep in such a position, and invariably the parents would look at them lovingly and marvel at the relationship and how cute the boys were together.

Part I - First year in Jr. High

The rest of the summer passed all too quickly, it seemed, but with plenty of sleepovers and opportunities to explore their sexuality and that new experience they had discovered. They had each taken advantage of every opportunity to bring their friend to the accelerated heights of pleasure which resulted from serious stroking of their peckers rather than just fiddling around. Feeling like they had crossed some vast, but as yet unexplained frontier, Dan and Sam looked forward to getting into the school environment where they might find out what it was they were doing with each other. What was it called? Was it harmful? They had about decided that anything that felt *that* good couldn't be bad, but they probably couldn't have stopped even if it were.

This was the first year the boys had Phys Ed classes at school. And back in the fifties, showers weren't optional. Of course, shy, skinny Dan was always embarrassed when he walked into the communal shower room with so many other guys. The few experiences at summer camp hadn't really overcome his bashfulness when it came to showing off his naked form.

Sam, however, didn't seem to be bothered by it at all. Probably because he was starting to fill out better. While Dan's body said *leave me alone, I'm weak and afraid*, Sam's said *I ain't afraid of you or anybody else!* It probably would have taken forever to find out whether or not other guys their age did the things to their peckers that Dan and Sam had been doing if it had been up to Dan. But Sam's more outgoing nature provided the answer before the first month of school was over.

He had been rough housing in the shower after PE with Robby, another kid his size, and both of their peckers had gotten semi-hard. One of the other kids yelled at them.

"Hey pecker-heads! You get any stiffer and you're gonna have to beat your meat before you leave."

Sam and Robby stopped and looked at the kid.

"What are you talking about meathead?" Sam said.

The other kid grabbed his cock and gave it half a dozen fast strokes.

"Like I said, dirt wad. Beat your meat. Pound the pud, slap the slong, jack off. Don't you know nothin'?"

Dan just stared from the corner where he was trying to remain unnoticed. He felt his own dick begin to rise at the sight before him. He quickly rinsed under the shower and fled the room before the others could notice what was happening to him.

Sam saw Dan's predicament and covered his retreat by asking Robby quietly, "What's he talking about?"

Robby stared at Sam and said, "Masturbation, Sam, don't you know anything? All the guys do it."

"You mean when we stroke our cocks til we get that funny feeling? Is that what it's called?"

"Yeah, silly. Do you cum yet?"

"What's that?" Sam said.

"Cum is that white stuff that shoots outta your dick when you get that funny feeling."

"Oh," Sam said, now embarrassed. "Uh... no.. We.. I mean I... uh.... don't do that yet."

"Well, don't worry about it," Robby said, conspiratorially. "I don't either, but I saw my brother do it once. He's fifteen. But I never had guts to ask him how old he was when it started. Oh, and when you cum, you know, get that funny feeling? That's called a climax or orgasm. I don't know if there's a difference."

Sam and Dan could hardly wait to get together that night. Being a Friday, Dan was once again spending the night at Sam's house. They forced themselves to stay with the rest of the family until the news was over and Sam's parents indicated it was time for bed.

"Are you guys going to take a shower before you go to bed?" Mrs. Russell asked.

"I don't know," said Sam. Looking at Dan he said, "think we ought to?"

Dan made a pretense of smelling his arm pit, which hardly *ever* smelled 'cause he hardly *ever* sweat, and said, "Yeah. 'Spose so."

"Well, have fun, but be careful. We don't want to have to send Nancy in there to rescue one of you from cracking his head on the tub." Mr. Russell said, chuckling. They had no idea of the kind of fun Sam and Dan had in mind.

Nancy and Dan both blushed, and Sam just said, "Awe Daaad!"

The boys took their time stripping down to their briefs while Nancy took her turn in the bathroom. They were each sporting an obvious boner by the time they made their way down the hall and into the bathroom. Fortunately, Nancy had shut her bedroom door and had already turned out her light.

As soon as the bathroom door was shut, Dan had his hand in Sam's crotch, making it difficult for Sam to get the door locked. Giggling, Sam made a show of attempting to shove Dan's hand away with his hip as he struggled with the lock.

"Geeez, Dan! Get a grip, will ya?!"

"That's what I'm tryin' to do, dummy," Dan answered with a giggle.

As soon as the door was locked, Sam turned around and thrust his hand down to cup Dan's package outside his briefs. The boys stood there for a moment staring at each other and fondling one another's dick, both of which were rapidly rising within their undershorts. As their breathing quickened, Dan moved his free hand to one side of Sam's waistband and his occupied hand to the other. Then, slipping his fingers under the material, he slowly began to push them down from his friend's hips and across his butt. His eyes left Sam's and moved down to his crotch as he sensed the briefs beginning to display his friend's erection.

As the material slid gently over the length of Sam's cock and slipped off the head, it popped up to a rigid position parallel to the floor. By this time, Dan was kneeling at Sam's feet with his eyes level with his penis. He stared avidly at the still hairless cock and ballsac before him as his hands continued to push the underwear down to the floor. Then he moved his hands gradually up the outsides of Sam's legs, across his thighs and onto his intended target.

I can't believe how much I love looking at Sam's penis, Dan thought to himself. *I wonder if this is normal. Do other guys do what we're doing? Do they enjoy looking at another guy's dick as much as I do? Does SAM like mine as much as I like his?* he wondered.

As Sam looked down at his hardon sticking straight out at Dan's face, he saw his friend's hands moving up towards it. He also noticed how intently Dan seemed to be staring at his erection. He watched as Dan's left hand reached his balls and cradled them softly in his palm while his right hand gingerly wrapped itself around his stiff penis and stroked it slowly up and down.

God, that is so cool, he thought to himself. *It's like he's making love to my dick with just his hands. Something's changed since summer camp. The way he's touching me and looking at me is different somehow. And it's sooo neat! What's going on here?*

Before Dan could get too carried away, Sam grabbed his hands and pulled him to his feet, forcing him to let go of his prize.

"It's my turn," Sam said in a whisper. The way he looked at Dan would have told any observer the

whole story. But the actors in this youthful drama seemed totally unaware of what was happening. And why not? How many seventh graders had ever experienced love at their age, much less understood it or recognized it for what it was.

Sam stripped his best friend in the same manner Dan had used. As he slipped his hands under the material of his friend's undershorts, he moved them around to cup his little bubble butt. Without squeezing, he simply moved his hands softly over the flesh of Dan's bottom. He felt Dan's muscles contract as he did this and then moved his hand on down his thighs, carrying the briefs with them. He almost giggled when Dan's skinny little erection popped free and bounced right in front of his face.

His dick is sooo cute! He thought. *If I weren't afraid Dan would run out of here screaming bloody murder, I'd kiss it.*

When Dan had stepped out of his shorts, Sam did something a little different. He slid his hands softly up the back of his friend's legs and onto his butt. Then he pulled Dan towards him so his face was pressed against his stomach, just below his belly button. This put Dan's penis just under his chin, rubbing softly against his neck.

Omigod! Dan thought, as he gasped for breath, feeling Sam's hot breath on his tummy and his dick rubbing against his friend's neck. *What's he doing? What's happening here?* And he felt tears spring to his eyes and fall across his cheeks. He quickly pulled Sam to a standing position and grabbed him in a big hug, resting his head in the crook of Sam's shoulder. As they stood there holding each other, their stiff dicks rubbing against each other, each was lost in his own thoughts for a moment.

When Dan had once again gained control of his emotions, they backed away from each other. Sam turned to start the shower running as Dan tried to apologize.

"I'm sorry, Samuel. I don't know why I do that."

"Do what, Danny?"

"Cry like that, for no reason. It just happens sometimes with no warning."

"That doesn't bother *me*, Danny. That's who you are. That's part of what makes you special."

The boys hadn't used that phrase since the last night of summer camp.

"Thanks, Samuel, but it's still embarrassing to me."

They climbed into the shower and took turns washing each other's hair and body, paying special attention to their "special" places.

By the time they had dried off and brushed their teeth, their erections had subsided enough not to poke holes in the towels they wrapped around their waists to return to Sam's bedroom. They dropped

their towels as soon as the door was closed, and crawled into bed, leaving only the bedside lamp turned on.

As they lay on their sides facing each other, hands stroking each other's cock back to erection, Sam told Dan what he had learned in the shower.

"I saw you starting to get hard in the showers today, Dan. Is that why you left in such a hurry?"

"Yeah, when that big kid started playing with his dick, I started to get excited. Sure hope nobody else saw it."

"Nah, I don't think anybody did. I asked Robby what the guy meant, and he told me that when we play with each other the way we've been doing, it's called masturbation."

"You didn't tell him we do this to each other did you!?"

"No, silly, I just asked him what that big kid was talking about and he said it was masturbation. Then he said that when we get older, white stuff called cum will shoot out of our dicks when we get that funny feeling. He said he saw his brother, who's fifteen, shoot cum once."

"Wow, I wonder when that'll start for us."

"I don't know, Danny, but you keep doing that and it might start tonight."

With that, Sam rolled over onto his back and laid his arms over his head, opening his body to Dan's willing fingers. They usually took turns bringing each other to that powerful feeling they had discovered this past summer, and Dan always enjoyed doing Sam first.

When Sam rolled onto his back, Dan raised up to rest his head on his left hand so he was slightly above the level of Sam's body. Then his right hand began rubbing Sam's chest with a gentle back and forth motion, from neck to belly button. When he reached Sam's waist, his hand slid down the side and back up along the side of the rib cage to his friend's still hairless armpit, across his nipples to the other side and back down to the waist. Once in a while he would stop at Sam's nipples and draw light feathery circles around them using just his finger tips. Then as the nipples hardened, he would rub his palm across them, marveling in their stiffness.

Throughout this loving stroking, Sam just lay, his penis rock hard at times and semi-hard at other times. Even as young and virile as he was, it wouldn't stay hard forever without some direct attention. So it would soften a bit, only to be brought back to stiffness when Dan's hand would rub across that area between pubes and belly button. Then, when Dan finally moved his hands off of Sam's chest onto his thighs, the hardon returned with a vengeance, lying on his stomach, throbbing with each heart beat.

The boys had never talked about their feelings at a time like this, but each of them had begun to wonder just what was going on between them. New emotions seemed to be surfacing, especially in

Sam. New feelings of closeness that each was afraid to put into words. For what word could they use to describe this new sensation, this deepening bond that was developing. Love? That was almost too scary to allow the word to be given even silent expression. Boys didn't love other boys. That was queer, and neither of them felt they were queer. Certainly neither *wanted* to be queer.

As he rubbed his hand up and down his friend's thighs, coming close to his ballsac, but never touching it or Sam's penis, Dan conducted a detailed examination of his friend's sexual equipment. He never tired of looking at the hairless cock and balls before him. Had he been able to free his mind to express itself without reservation, he would have admitted to himself, if not to Samuel, that he *loved* Sam's penis and testicles. Although still quite devoid of hair, Sam's penis and balls had started to show signs of his advancement into puberty. His penis was getting bigger, both in length and width, and his balls were also getting larger. Dan knew that Sam was outpacing him in the growth department but didn't really care. He knew he was smaller in all respects and figured he'd catch up sooner or later.

Eventually Sam started whimpering and moving his hips around, trying to push his prick into Dan's hand as it passed across his belly from one thigh to the other. Not one to cause any one or any thing undue distress, Dan raised up further to lean on his outstretched left arm so he could actually look down on what he was doing. Then as his hand traveled up the inside of the thigh closest to him, he finally moved it on up to cup his best friend's ballsac. At first he just rested his hand there, his palm relishing the smooth skin, his fingers curled around the edges and touching the base of Sam's cock. Then he started squeezing gently, in rhythm with Sam's heart beat, all the time watching Sam's cock swell and contract, swell and contract as it throbbed for attention.

Finally, he moved his hand off of Sam's scrotum and onto his penis, gently, lovingly wrapping his fingers around the shaft. Again, he paused and just held this powerful tool in his hand for a moment. The heat, the pulse... suddenly Dan was struck with the thought that this experience was like holding Sam's heart in his hand. Little did he know that for Sam, that was exactly what he was doing, emotionally at least.

Before he began the up and down stroking that they both loved so much, Dan slid down the bed a little bit and again laid down with his head resting in his left hand. This brought his face much closer to Sam's crotch where he could see every detail, smell that unique and thrilling smell that was the essence of his best friend, the smell that Dan *knew* was for him alone.

"Samuel?"

"Yeah?"

"Have I ever told you how much I like looking at your penis?"

"Only about a million times, but you can tell me again if you want to."

Dan was silent for a moment as his hand began to stroke his friend, sliding smoothly along the shaft from base to head, squeezing the head gently, and then returning. He didn't try to move the skin with

his hand because Sam's penis always seemed to outgrow the outer sheath. There just wasn't much that could be moved. But as he stared at his friend's most private parts and watched his hand glide softly and gently along its length, Dan felt a little tear leak from one eye and fall across his cheek. *Oh no, not again*, he thought to himself. *Why do I get choked up and all teary eyed every time I play with Samuel's penis?* He waited until he knew he had control of his voice before speaking again.

"Samuel?" he spoke softly

"Yeah, Danny?" Sam answered just as softly.

"I really l.l..l..love your penis."

Omigod! What have I said? What have I done. He's gonna kick me outta here and outta his house
Dan thought with fear. *How could I have ever used that word?*

But he needn't have worried. Dan couldn't see from the position he was in, but as Sam's breath caught in his throat at Dan's expression, he, too, felt his emotions soar and a tear dripped from the corner of his eye and dropped down the side of his face to nestle in his ear.

"Thanks, Danny. You've never said it *that* way before. I.. Uhmm.. Uh.. I.. uhh love what you're doing, too."

There! Both boys had used that word, the word they had never mentioned, never let themselves use before. Did they even know what love was? They were only 12. Sure they loved their parents and sister and brothers, but their feelings for each other were different. They had never felt this way about anybody else, and they weren't sure what love was in the first place.

Neither of them said anything more as Dan's hand began to move more rapidly on Sam's penis, and his grip tightened a little bit, the way he knew Sam liked it. He marveled at the beauty of the instrument before him, the way that perfect, rounded head swelled each time his hand reached it and squeezed. He studied the slit in the underneath side of the head and wondered for the umpteenth time when *cum* would start coming out. Their 12th birthdays had both come and gone and neither of them had pubic hair or produced semen yet. In quiet moments alone they worried that they weren't developing as fast as some of their other friends, but they never said anything to each other about it.

As Sam's climax approached, evident by his breathing pattern and the way his hips were humping against Dan's hand, Dan scooted forward to rest his chest against the side of Sam's hip and lay his head on his friend's tummy, just above the head of his penis. Then he doubled his efforts and stroked Sam to one of the best, most powerful dry orgasms he had ever had.

But as Sam settled down, Dan noticed something new. Dry? Well, mostly. But right there, in Sam's pee slit was some gleaming wetness. Just a drop or two, but maybe a sign of things to come. Without thinking about what he was doing or checking to see if Sam was looking, Dan leaned real close, close enough to sniff at the head of the penis he still held in his hand.

Hmm. No smell. Wonder what it feels like? Is it pee?

Had he been able to see Sam's face, he might have chuckled, for as Sam felt Dan's hot breath on the head of his pecker, his eyes popped open and he stared at his best friend's head in his lap. For a moment he thought Dan was going to lick his penis, and for some unknown reason, this thought thrilled him immensely. Then he felt Dan's forefinger slip across the head of his dick.

What's he doing? Sam thought to himself.

Huh!? It can't be pee. It feels kind of slippery, like honey. Dan thought to himself as he rubbed this fluid between thumb and forefinger.

At that moment, Sam reached out and drew his friend up to lay beside him.

"Wow, Danny, that was awesome! I don't know what made this time so different, but that was really *special!* I never came so hard before. Let me get my breath, and I'll do you. I just hope I can make it as good for you."

The boys lay there for several minutes, their arms wrapped around each other, their foreheads touching, their mouths almost close enough to kiss. Neither of them had ever given any thought to kissing. After all, they had never kissed a girl, and they only kissed their family members on the cheek. Lip kissing was for couples or married people.

Dan actually fell asleep, he was so happy about the joy he had been able to give his friend. Sam just laid there watching his little friend sleep for a few minutes. And yes, Dan was smaller than Sam. They never mentioned it, but Sam's body was developing faster, his muscles were more pronounced, bigger. As a result, he felt very protective of this bundle in his arms. He was startled by the thought that suddenly popped into his head. *You are so kind and so gentle, Danny. I'll never let anything bad happen to you. I'll protect you forever.* Strange and deeply powerful thoughts for a 12 year old, and not thoughts that Sam was prepared to explain, even to himself.

But it was getting late, and Sam didn't want Dan sleeping through the night without the same experience he had just had himself, or at least as close to it as he could create. So he gently rolled his friend over onto his back and looked down at his nakedness. Yep, Danny was skinny. His ribs showed, and his arms weren't very well developed. Yet Sam knew that he'd do anything for anybody. All they had to do was ask. He had seen Dan rescue a neighbor's cat from high in a tree while suffering multiple scratches from both tree and cat, watched him run into the house of one of his paper route customers to make sure the family was out before calling the fire department to report the fire he had seen in the basement. And Sam had actually cried with his mother when Danny wouldn't accept any money for delivering his paper route in addition to his own for the week Sam was gone on vacation.

You may be smaller than me and weaker than most kids our age, but you're special to me Sam thought as he looked lovingly at Danny's face. Of course, he didn't think of his look in that way, 'cause they didn't use that word with each other, even in their private thoughts. Well, they hadn't

until tonight, anyway.

As Sam's gaze traveled slowly down Danny's body to his crotch, he saw that Dan had become quite soft. His limp little penis lay still in his lap, resting quietly on his smooth, soft ballsac and the two miniature nuts inside, barely as big as the first knuckle of Sam's thumb.

God, that's beautiful, Sam thought to himself. *And I don't care if that IS a sissy word. It's the right word to use for Danny's penis.*

Then Sam did something neither had ever done before. While he was sure his friend was asleep, he bent over and quickly kissed Dan's limp penis, right in the center on the top. Then he began the same soothing rubbing motion that Dan had used on him. He grinned when he saw Danny's penis begin to swell and stand up from his crotch, even before the boy woke up and opened his eyes.

"Ahhh, that feels so good," Dan said sleepily as he felt Sam's hand slide across his erection and down onto his nutsac.

Sam rested his hand on Dan's nuts, cupping them as though they were a baby's head, then rolling them gently in his fingers. Then he moved to a sitting position at Dan's waist so he could use both hands; with one, he began stroking Dan's penis as his other hand moved softly, gently across the boy's nutsac and down into that sensitive area between scrotum and ass crack. His stroking hand moved slowly, up and down, squeezing just hard enough to move the outer sheath of skin along the rigid shaft underneath.

Dan's penis was still pretty short, maybe three inches erect, and Sam's hand just about covered the length of it when he held it in the normal way, fingers wrapped around it from the side. Every so often, Sam would change his grip, forming a tent with his fingers and grabbing the shaft with his fingertips just below the head. He knew Dan really liked it this way because his friend had told him so. Besides, this was the way Danny often did it when they played with themselves together.

The combination of one hand on his penis and the other rubbing his scrotum, which by now had shrunk to a little bag with his nuts practically hidden inside his body, soon had Dan moaning and squirming on the bed, the pressure building ever closer to that moment of blissful release the boys loved so much. Sam wasn't even thinking about what he was doing any more. As he quickened his stroking of his friend's boyhood, the only thought going through his head was to make Danny's experience even better than his own, if that was possible.

So as he felt Dan's penis begin to swell and saw Dan start to arch his back up off of the bed, the telltale signs of his approaching orgasm, Sam bent over and placed his open mouth just above the head of his friend's instrument. Then as his hand sped up and down on the shaft, he huffed hot air onto the glans.

Dan went ballistic. His eyes snapped open as he felt the sudden hot air on his penis, and the combination of hot air and the sight of his best friend's mouth so close to his sex brought him to a crashing climax. He covered his face with the pillow to stifle the cries he could not prevent as his

hips bounced up and down more forcefully than he had ever experienced, thrusting his penis in and out of Samuel's grasp.

As Dan collapsed in exhaustion, Sam was tempted to kiss him again, this time on the head of his penis. But he was afraid of Dan's reaction, so he leaned back and just sat there, holding his friend's beautiful, deflating penis in his hand and looking at Dan's face which was by now no longer covered by the pillow. Dan lay there peacefully, his breathing slowly coming back to normal, such a peaceful, satisfied look on his face, the hint of a smile resting on his lips. Sam laid down beside him.

"Danny, you awake?" he whispered, his head just inches from Dan's.

"Yeah, Samuel. I'm awake. But I think I just died and we're in heaven."

(Silence)

"Samuel?"

"Yeah, Danny?"

"Thanks. That was really special."

"You're welcome. I wanted it to be special, as special as you are."

"For a minute there I thought you were going to kiss my dick."

"You did?"

"Yeah. You could have, you know. I wouldn't have minded."

"Oh."

Part II - Eighth grade begins

Seventh grade passed with little significance. Dan and Sam continued to do just about everything together. Most everyone saw them as a team, an apparent partnership. They walked to school together and had most of their classes together. Even their paper routes overlapped, so they could help each other or meet up at different points to sit and bind the papers for the next section of their routes.

Summer provided another opportunity to go to camp. This one was for 7th, 8th and 9th grades with a girls' camp just a half mile or so down the road. The two camps got together on the middle Saturday for a movie and dance. Dan was always too shy to ask a girl to dance and would watch with no little jealousy as Sam danced with one girl after another. When he said something to Sam later as they were getting ready for bed, Sam's answer was a bit short.

"Well, *one* of us has to dance with the girls! If we both just sat there, together, the other guys would start calling us queer."

Immediately, Dan felt tears spring to his eyes. Sam had never talked to him like that before. He felt dirty somehow when Sam put it that way. He had never thought of him and Sam as being queer, although he *was* beginning to use the word they never used when he thought of their relationship. He turned away quickly, climbed into his bunk and curled up facing the wall, his back to Sam and the others. He had the bottom one this year, Sam had the top.

Sam climbed up into his upper bunk and laid there thinking about what he had said. He was certain he had seen tears in Dan's eyes just before he turned away, and it hurt to think he had hurt his friend's feelings. He laid there for a long time, unable to sleep. At times he thought he could feel the bed shaking and wondered if Dan was playing with himself or crying. Then he heard a definite *sniff*. He climbed as quietly as possible from his bunk and tiptoed to the bathroom, looking carefully at each of the other boys and the counselor to see if any of them was awake and watching.

He pretended to pee but didn't flush the commode for fear it might wake someone. Then he rinsed his hands quickly, just in case someone *was* awake. When he got back to the bunk, he looked around quickly and then slid under the covers with Dan. Snuggling up to his friend and wrapping his arm over the smaller boy's upper body, he put his head up against Dan's.

"Danny?" he whispered.

Sniff.

"Yeah?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean it the way it sounded. I don't really care what others think. I know we're not queer."

"You sounded like you were angry with me."

"Maybe for a second, but you know I couldn't be really mad at you. I lo... I mean, you're special."

Silence.

"Samuel?"

"Yeah, Danny?"

"Thanks, you're special to me, too."

More silence as Sam listened to Dan's breathing calm down and the sniffles stop.

"Samuel?"

"Yeah, Danny?"

"Don't you think you ought to get into your own bunk before we fall asleep?"

"Yeah, I 'spose so. But I'd rather stay here."

"Mmmm, me too."

And with that, Sam got up and climbed into his own bunk.

The second week of camp went off without a hitch until Friday. That was the day the boys all went skinny dipping in the lake. Even the counselors stripped down and left their trunks in the pile with the boys'. Everything would have been just fine had that not been the day the girls had left early in the morning to hike down past the boys camp on a nature hike. They had to return along the road that bordered the lake and were in full view of the swimming area before the boys knew they were coming. A few boys had to dive quickly from the dock to hide their nakedness, but it did little good since to get to their camp, the girls had to walk across the boardwalk along the dam that created the swimming area. When they got to the other side, there were all the boys' swimming trunks in a pile on the path.

After a cacophony of cat calls and ribald jokes and trying to scare the boys into thinking they could see through the lake water to what the boys were trying to hide, the girls grabbed all of the swim wear and carried it off with them. They left it about four hundred yards down the road near the stables.

Some of the more aggressive boys were all for leaving the water right away to go get their suits, but the counselors made them wait til they were certain the girls had left. Then it was everybody for himself, naked little butts running all over camp, some to get their trunks, others to their cabins to get dressed first. The counselors thought it was quite funny. Most of the boys weren't so sure.

Eighth grade started just a few weeks after the boys returned home from camp, and everything went well until just a few days before Christmas break. What an appropriate time of year for the boys, and many other people for that matter, to be reminded of the words of St. Paul in the new testament where he said something to the effect that the power of Christ is made strong in our weakness.

Dan was sitting on the school steps listening to Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata on his portable tape recorder and thinking of his friend Sam and the growing changes in the depth of their relationship. He figured they were going to have to talk about it one of these days, and he was in a bit of a turmoil not knowing if Sam felt quite the same way he did. This anxiety, combined with how he felt about Sam and the moving music to which he was listening, all combined to cause one of those moments when tears sprang unbidden to his eyes.

As luck would have it (how does the song go? If it weren't for bad luck, I'd have no luck at all?), just at that moment, Randy, the school bully, and his two friends happened to be coming down the steps. As he passed, Randy slapped Dan on the back of the head, knocking his hat off. When Dan looked

up to see who it was, Randy saw the tears in his eyes.

"Hey look guys, cry baby's at it again!" he yelled to his friends.

Dan just hung his head and tried to wipe his eyes, but the attack and humiliation just made matters worse. Besides, Randy's yell had attracted the attention of other students who were milling around talking, waiting for rides, or for their friends.

"What'samatter, cry baby? Did Randy's little slap hurt ya?" the bully taunted.

Dan jumped up to go after his hat.

"Go away and leave me alone!" Dan yelled back, his voice cracking embarrassingly.

"Hey guys!" Randy continued. "I bet this little pipsqueak is queer. Look at those tears and listen to that squeaky voice. And look at how puny he is. We all know queers is little and puny and scared of their shadows!"

All this time, Randy was pushing Dan's shoulders and slapping his face. And Dan wasn't fighting back. He never did. Usually he could avoid fights because he could run faster than anybody else. But this time he was caught unprepared. And the more Randy belittled him the worse it got.

"I'm NOT queer, you asshole! Leave me alone!"

"Who you calling an asshole, you little faggot?" Randy yelled, and he hit Dan with a sucker punch that knocked his head back, and he went down hard. When he fell, his head hit the step with a sound that all the kids who had gathered around could hear. The little guy lay there unconscious, everyone just staring at him, waiting to see if he would get up. Some of them even worried if he would ever get up.

Sam had just walked out the school door in time to see Randy punch his best friend and hear the CRACK! that Dan's head made when it hit the step. In a blinding rage, Sam was down the steps and through the crowd. With a yell like a banzai warrior that startled Randy and every kid within fifty feet and attracted the attention of Coach Williams who was in the classroom on the second floor right above the school entrance, he kept going through the crowd and right into Randy, his fist given power by his forward momentum.

Randy fell back on his butt, totally surprised that someone smaller than him would attack him. Then he saw the look in Sam's eyes. Those eyes which were usually mild, calm, filled with laughter, those same eyes that looked at his friend, Danny, with love (even if Sam *was* having trouble admitting that emotion), were, at that moment filled with a hatred that was almost palpable. And with a voice that almost matched the look in his eyes, he spoke.

"Don't you EVER touch my friend again! Not if you want to grow up!"

"Who are YOU to threaten ME, ya little runt!" Randy yelled from his sitting position. "The little fart's a queer and everybody knows it! What are you, a queer lover?"

Faster than anybody expected, Sam leaped from where he stood looking down on Randy and landed both feet square on the bully's chest.

"He's NOT queer! And yes I love him. He's like a brother to me and a giant compared to you!"

Then Sam dropped the coup de grace.

"And I'd find it easier to love a queer than a bully like you!" And he turned to sit at Dan's side, cradling his head in his lap, his tears falling uncontrollably onto his friend's face where he used them to soothe the bruise that was already starting to appear.

With that, Randy's friends helped him stand up. Sam wasn't all that heavy, and while his attack on Randy had hurt the bully, it wasn't enough to keep him down for long. The kids in the circle around them feared the worst, but made no attempt to stop the fight they all saw coming. None save one, that is.

Standing near the back of the crowd was a kid whom Dan had befriended in the seventh grade. John was a big kid, I mean BIG! He was also older than everybody else because he was slow, mentally. He had been held back so many times, he was old enough to be in the twelfth grade but was only in the eighth. Dan was one on the few kids who spent time with the boy everybody else called Big Bad John. He stood six feet tall, almost a foot taller than any of the others, including Randy, and weighed in at about 200 pounds. With his size and strength, he would have made a great defensive tackle, but he just didn't have the mental capacity to make the team, although he *had* tried out all three years he had been coming to this school.

Coach Williams was looking out the window of the classroom upstairs where he had been reviewing plays with the varsity football team, many of whom were ninth graders and pretty good size themselves. As John made his move, coach called the team over to the windows and told them to watch carefully.

John stepped through the crowd with ease. After all, *everybody* made way for Big Bad John. Just as Randy pulled his hand back to slug Sam in the back of the head, John stepped forward, stuck out his hand and caught Randy's fist in his own. Without letting go, he spoke in his usual slow manner.

"You shouldn't oughta beat up on kids smaller than you," he said quietly.

"Oww! Let go of my hand, you big ox!" Randy yelled. "Who do you think you are, anyway. This ain't your fight."

"No, it ain't. It ain't no fight at all when you pick on somebody too small to defend himself. But if you want a fight, you can pick on me, if ya want to."

Randy turned to his two friends who were stupid enough to still be backing him up.

"Let's teach this clodhopper a lesson, guys. Then we can finish off the smart aleck and his queer friend."

Upstairs, coach Williams quickly asked his team, "Quick thinking test time guys. Which team down there do you think needs the most help?"

"Sam and Dan," one of the team members yelled quickly. The rest of the team immediately yelled their agreement.

"And which team do you think *deserves* the help?"

"The same team, coach," answered Hank, the team captain, with immediate support from the rest of the group.

"Then get down there and back up big bad John."

"And don't get into a fight unless it's absolutely necessary!" he yelled as the team ran out into the hall and down the stairs.

As the three bullies were circling to attack John, the football team came out the door, marched calmly but quickly down the steps and took up positions behind John. Sam and Dan were still on the ground behind them. Coach Williams had gone to the office to call the paramedics, not knowing how severe Dan's injuries were.

The sight of the entire football team suddenly appearing in front of them, their arms crossed at their chests, angry looks on their faces, stopped Randy and his friends in their tracks.

"Randy, you and your goons have been bullying kids in this school for way too long. It *has* to stop, and it *has* to stop *now!*" Hank said, his voice calm but firm. The rest of the team just nodded their heads in agreement, staring at the bullies.

"We're all tired of you picking on the weaker kids, the little ones like Dan, who either won't or can't defend themselves. Let me ask you a question, Randy. Who do you think is really the bigger person here, you or Dan?"

Before Randy could answer, the crowd answered for him.

"Dan!" they all shouted, almost in unison.

"And who do you think the other kids respect, Randy, you or someone like Dan and Sam who are always helping other people, making us laugh, making school more fun than it would be if they weren't here?"

Again, the crowd answered for Randy, "Dan and Sam!"

"I think your time has come, Randy," Hank said as the paramedics drove up in their ambulance.
"Why don't you go home and grow up?"

The look in Randy's eyes caused Hank to add, "and don't think you can catch these guys alone somewhere and hurt them. In fact, you might even want to become their body guards, because if anything bad happens to either of them, we're just gonna have to assume it was you and your friends that did it. Then you're gonna wish *you* were queer, cause you sure won't be able to have kids when we're through with you."

There was no hatred, no venom, in Hanks voice. But his reputation with the other kids and the sincerity with which he said those words caused every kid there to stand up straighter and add their two cents worth. By the time they were done, Randy and his friends knew their days of bullying the others had come to an end. Their rule over the others had ended, and they moved away with their heads down.

The paramedics were concerned that Dan might have a concussion, so they packed him up to take him to the hospital. After a brief scuffle, during which the coach had spoken for the boys, they agreed to let Sam ride with them. After examining him thoroughly, the doctors decided that Dan was OK and could go home. They warned him to take it easy over the weekend and spend most of his time in bed. The Whittington's (did I ever tell you Dan's last name) had arrived with Sam's mother and took the boys home. With only a little pleading on Dan's part, they agreed to let Sam spend the night.

During supper, the Whittington's filled their son in on Sam's actions that afternoon. Coach Williams had come to the hospital and explained everything to them in great detail, especially the way Sam had attacked the bully. Dan kept staring at Sam as the story unfolded, his feelings for his friend building to the point where they threatened the all too normal tearful reaction. Afterwards, the boys stripped down to their underwear and curled up on the couch to watch TV with Dan's parents. But Dan kept falling in and out of sleep, and it became difficult to watch the shows and fill him in on what had happened while he was out of it, so Sam suggested they go to bed.

The boys gave Dan's mom and dad hugs, brushed their teeth, took a whiz and climbed into Dan's double bed. They could never really do much with each other at Dan's house, because the door to his room was just a flimsy folding one, and there was a window which opened onto the enclosed back porch which was his mom's sewing room and laundry area. But neither of them felt like fooling around anyway.

Dan fell asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow. The boys lay on their side facing each other, Dan's face just a few inches lower on the pillow and a few inches away. Sam wasn't really sleepy yet, so he left the light over the bed turned on. It only had a twenty-five watt bulb in it, so it cast a soft glow over them and allowed him to stare at his friend and think. What had happened today was causing him to admit certain things that he knew he had been feeling but hadn't wanted to think about. His feelings for Danny went beyond simple friendship, WAY beyond. As he was finally able to say the

word both boys had unconsciously avoided using with each other, his emotions gave way and tears began to flow down his cheeks, just as they had that afternoon.

The Whittington's chose that inopportune moment to stick their heads in the door to see how their son was doing. As they looked down at the boys and the way Sam was staring at their son, their love for both boys threatened to bring tears to their own eyes. When they noticed Sam was crying, they stepped softly to Dan's side of the bed and looked at Sam with affection.

"Are you OK, Sam?" Dan's mom asked, even as Mr. Whittington laid his hand on top of Sam's which was lying on Dan's shoulder.

Choking on his tears and trying to keep his voice down, Sam blurted out, "I love him, mom Whittington. I was so scared out there today. When I saw Danny fall and hit his head, I thought he was dead. I couldn't even think about what I was doing. I was just so angry at what Randy had done, I couldn't control myself. Then, all of a sudden, I felt like every bit of energy just drained out of me, and I sat down with Danny. I was really afraid those guys were going to beat us both up."

What a speech for a fourteen year old caught in the throes of emotions he couldn't understand, much less control.

Dan's mother looked at Sam with the love of a mother for her son, for he was like a son to her and had put himself in harm's way to protect one of her own.

"That's OK, Sam. We know you love him. It's been obvious to everybody for a long time. Maybe you never thought of it that way, but we have. We just want you to know how proud of you we are, and how grateful we are for what you did today. That took a lot of courage, and it really shows how much you care for Danny (only Sam and his own mother were allowed to call Dan by that name). Are you going to be OK?"

"Yeah. I just want to look at him a little bit more."

"Alright, son," Dan's dad said. "But don't stay up too late. We're going to bed now ourselves."

As they left the room, the Whittington's turned to see Sam rubbing his hand softly across Dan's cheek and forehead, brushing his hair aside, feeling the soft texture of his skin. For a moment, they wondered just what kind of love the boys felt for each other.

Later that night, Dan woke up having to pee. The light over the bed was still on and Sam's face was only inches from his own. His first thought was of the story his parents had told at dinner, and his feelings grew even stronger. *I love him*, he thought to himself. *I really love him. I need to find a way to tell him. I just hope he feels the same way. But what if he doesn't? How would I live if he gets mad and doesn't want to speak to me again. What if he thinks I'm queer because I love him? Am I queer? Was Randy right? I don't want to be queer. But I do love him.* Dan leaned forward and kissed his friend lightly on the cheek. Then he got up to go to the bathroom.

Sam hadn't been sleeping very soundly and Dan's kiss woke him immediately. As Dan slipped from the bed he thought, *did Danny just kiss me? I'm sure that's what he did. Maybe he loves me, too. But what if he doesn't? What if he asks me to leave when he finds out how I feel. I couldn't live with that. But I gotta tell him.* Sam got up quickly and joined Dan in the bathroom where they half heartedly fought their age old sword fight with their pee.

When they returned to bed, they left the light on and snuggled up close, wrapping their arms around each other, their heads once again only a couple of inches apart. For long moments they just stared into each other's eyes, each buried in his own thoughts but afraid to speak them. Finally, Dan took the initiative, the boys speaking in hushed voices just above a whisper.

"Samuel?"

"Yeah, Danny?"

"Have you ever kissed a girl?"

"Sure, I kiss Nancy all the time. Not much to write home about though."

"No, silly, not like you kiss your sister. I mean on the lips."

"I knew that," Sam said with a grin. "No, I never did. Have you?"

"Are you kidding? I can hardly talk to girls, much less kiss one."

Sam just smiled lovingly at his friend. He knew Danny was too shy to try to kiss a girl. He just wanted to tease him and see where it would lead. They were quiet for a few minutes more before Dan spoke again.

"Samuel?"

"Yeah?"

"If boys kiss each other on the lips, does it mean they're queer?"

Sam thought for a minute before answering.

"If a guy pees sitting down, does it mean he's a girl?" he asked with a grin.

Dan giggled and gave Sam a hug.

"Of course not, silly."

"Then I guess guys could kiss each other without being queer. Certain guys... at certain times... when they felt a certain way about each other..."

They were quiet again, eyes closed now for fear of telling too much with their stares. Pretty soon Dan spoke again without daring to open his eyes.

"Samuel?" he whispered softly.

"Yeah, Danny?" Sam answered just as softly, his breathing beginning to quicken in anticipation of where this conversation seemed to be heading. He opened his eyes and saw a single tear leak from Danny's eye and slip slowly across his cheek.

"Would you... uhh... I mean... uhh... could I, uhh..."

"Go ahead Danny, say it, please."

Dan opened his eyes and saw that Sam was looking at him intently. Their gazes locked and seemed to ease the tension as they looked into each other's soul.

"Would you kiss me?"

As a tear escaped from the corner of his eye and slid down his nose, Sam leaned forward the mere two inches that separated them and placed his lips gently on Dan's. Both of them gasped through their noses at the unexpected and previously never experienced electrical charge that surged through them. Neither had known what to expect and couldn't have been prepared for the sudden feeling of warmth and deep satisfaction that overwhelmed them and drew them more deeply together.

They kept their lips pressed gently together, each struggling to breathe through his nose, neither wanting this experience to end, both seemingly afraid that if contact was broken it might not be repeated.

For the next several minutes all of their senses seemed to become involved. As their lips touched, their hands began to move over each other's upper body, stroking softly every place they could reach, but never below the waist. Each drew in the fragrance of the other's body with every breath, smelling new scents suddenly released by their bodies' natural hormonal reaction to this stimulation. Their eyes fluttered open and closed, seeing one another in a new way, looking into each other's soul when their eyes chanced to meet. Each boy's ears picked up the other's heavy breathing as well as his own. Even the rustle caused by the uncontrollable movements of their legs back and forth between the sheets didn't go unnoticed by their subconscious minds.

Finally, when breathing through their noses couldn't keep up with the oxygen needed to sustain them, they broke the kiss. As they lay there staring at one another, Sam saw tears forming in his friend's eyes, *again*.

"Danny?"

"Yeah, Samuel?"

"You wanna know something?"

"What?"

"I figured out what makes you cry so much."

"What?"

"Well, just about everything you care about real deeply. You know, like when you lost your cat and you were sad, you cried?"

"Yeah?"

"And when it finally came home and you were so happy, you cried."

"Yeah?"

"And when your grandmother died, you cried."

"Yeah?"

"And you cried when I wanted to pay you for passing my papers for me, when you did it because we were friends and didn't want money for it."

"Yeah?"

"And sometimes listening to classical music makes you cry, right?"

"Yeah, so what are you getting at?"

"Danny, you cry about things you love."

"Oh..."

"And you're crying now, with me."

Sniff.

"Yeah."

"Danny?"

"Yes, Samuel?"

"I love you, too!"

... to be continued

Please send comments to me at micrometer69@hotmail.com Writers thrive on feedback. I hope this story helps someone (actually, a lot of someones).