"Good Morning."

"Morning. How'd you sleep?"

He shrugged, even though it couldn't be seen through the phone call, "I had another nightmare, but other than that, fine."

"Oh. Was it the same one you've been having the past couple days?"

"Yeah, but the ending was different. I didn't die this time."

"That's an improvement, eh?"

"No. You died."

"Well. That's a turn of events. I won't be dying any time soon."

Benjamin's shoulders vibrated as a small sob escaped his lips, "I was so sad. So, so sad. I was scared, I didn't know what to do."

"You can't do anything when someone is dead. It was just a dream, Benji. You know I would never just leave you like that."

"I know."

There were a few moments of silence.

"You know I love you, right, Benjamin?"

"Yeah. We're best friends, Lucas."

A laugh escaped Lucas' lips and echoed through the telephone. "Can I love you more than a friend?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know exactly what I mean. You're just equivocating."

"That's quite the big word, Lucas."

"Makes me sound smart, don't it?"

"No, you ruined it."

"Okay, stop stalling. You're trying to change the subject."

"Am not. I just don't want to answer."

"Why?"

"Because, Lucas, we're best friends. Best friends aren't supposed to like each other."

"Oh yeah? Says who? People who don't know what it's like to talk to you? To listen to your voice? To touch you? Those people don't know what it's like being with you."

"But...we're both guys. We can't go out in public without people looking at us weird."

"Do you honestly think I care? As long as I'm surrounded by you, who else cares?"

"Lucas. I can't. We can't. You can't."

"I can do anything I want. I want to love you more than pals. I want to hold your hand and kiss you in front of everybody. I want to shout at the top of my lungs that a beautiful boy name Benjamin Green is all mine. And I know you feel the same. You're just ignoring it."

"How would you know?"

"You dream about me."

Benjamin scoffed, "Dreaming about you results to nothing, Lucas. You're an idiot."

"You can deny all you want Benji, but I'll make you say it someday. When that day comes I'm going to ravish you from dusk til dawn."

He blushed then a hearty laugh bubbled from his chest. "You, Lucas, are the most ridiculous person ever. Ravish me? What are you? Eighty?"

Lucas chuckled. A few moments of silence passed.

"Lucas?"

"Yes, my love?"

"Don't call me that."

Benjamin hesitated.

"Why me? Of all the pretty girls out there. Me. A boy. Your best friend."

"If you saw the way you looked when you smiled, you'd fall so hard to the ground you'd break your nose. I wish a picture could capture how beautiful you are. No girl or woman could compare to you.

Look at me...being such a poet. But seriously, Benjamin, if I could put into words why I fell so hard for you, I would. I just can't find the right ones that convey them correctly."

"...I hate you, Lucas," Benjamin sniffed, "Every time you open your stupid, dumb, mouth."

"You can shut up my mouth with yours. Are you so moved that you're crying, Benji?"

"No, you nitwit. I'm crying because I'm so goddamned frustrated with you!"

"Why?"

"Because, you... you," he stomped his foot in agitated and groaned, "You make me feel so...weird. We aren't supposed to be lovers. We're supposed to be friends, Lucas!"

"We're supposed to be together, regardless of what we label it."

"I just...don't know what to do."

"I can wait, Benjamin. I can wait for the day you come up to me, confessing your love. I can most definitely wait to feel the touch of your lips on my own."

"You'll be waiting for a long time, then."

"I can wait forever. Anything for you, my love."

Benjamin tried not to, but he smiled at the thought.