

This story is a fictional story that deals with strong sexual situations between males. If you are not of legal age, reside in an area where viewing such material is illegal, or are offended by homosexuality and/or homosexual themes, please do not read this story.

This story is based on an original Story by the late Green Meccatoon and it's written as a tribute to him.

For those that do read this story please let me know what you think. [Jd.as.green@yahoo.com](mailto:Jd.as.green@yahoo.com)

## Brian Black Sings a Sad Song

Written by JD as Green  
Chapter Two: A Happy Tune!

Sometimes when I perform I feel like I am home. The thousands of people screaming out and singing along with me as I sing my songs makes me feel alive. My songs mean something to thousands of people. I touch them when I sing and they touch me as they sing along with me.

Today I'm on a different stage. Brady and his camera man are my audience. Years ago Brady was my boyfriend and my protector now he's my best friend. Together we've been through a lot and both of us were saved from the street from people that cared enough to see us succeed.

"You said once that part of you is remorseful of what you do have," said Brady. "Can you elaborate on that?"

"I'm remorseful because I could have found a way home," I answer and pause to drink some water. He Isn't trying to bait me I knew that. Yet this question is cutting clothes. "I could have found a way to find my family. Because of what that man had done to me, because I was ashamed and because I felt like they let it happen."

When I was on the street I was Jaded. I saw my father looking for me on several occasions and I hid from him on more than one. I took down the missing fliers they had put up all over. I wasn't ready to go back home. I wasn't the son he knew anymore.

"What if I hadn't gone into that store?" I said to the camera. "Where would I be if Detective Grant had not found me?" In the back of my mind I know that I wouldn't be here without everything I have been through. I am blessed and I am grateful to have all that I do have. I could still be on the street if they never found me. "I don't regret doing what I had to to survive. I regret that I let someone take everything from me."

AHT

Detective Grant wrote down all of the information that I told him. When he was done he told me to go home that he would contact me there. Tim and Lisa were only too happy to oblige. They wanted to get out of there as soon as possible. I couldn't blame them they weren't use to living like I had lived. Jack and Joey waved goodbye at us from the alley as we left.

"Don't worry Detective Grant will find him," said Lisa as we drove out of the city.

"Yeah I mean he did find you," said Lisa and punched him in the arm. "What? I'm just trying to help."

As my siblings bickered I looked at the city as we drove away. It always looked beautiful at night. Somewhere out there beneath the amber lights Brady was waiting for me to come help. That man could hurt Brady like he hurt me. It wasn't lost on me that I had gotten away from the man.

"Were home," Lisa said. "Come the rents are waiting."

I was barely out of the car when I felt my mothers arm around me. "Please don't leave us," she said. "Don't leave us. You can't imagine how sorry we are."

I was uncomfortable. My mother was apologizing to me. I wanted to run farther. "Mom stop please," I said. "I'm staying." I walked into the house and climbed the stairs up to my room. I wanted to be alone to think. My head was swimming and I was overwhelmed.

I paced back and forth in my room. I needed to clear my head and I felt like the walls were closing in around me. Brady was somewhere out there in trouble. My family wanted me to stay and I wondered if I would be strong enough to say no?

"You look like you need some air," Lisa asked me , startling me. "Come I want to show you something." She led me out into the balcony that our rooms shared. The balcony looked over on to the lake. The full moon was illuminating the lake, making everything shine a silvery blue. It was beautiful.

A sudden calmness fell over me. I wanted to believe that Brady was out there safe. I wanted to be optimistic about my future. I wanted to be a part of my family again. I wanted Brady to be a part of it as well. "We'll find him," Lisa said and I smiled as she held my hand.

A red car pulled into our driveway. "Who's that?" I asked Lisa.

"That's Connor's car," She told me. A moment later Tim walked out of the house. He motioned for Tim to follow him to the lake.

"What's he doing here?" I asked.

"I don't know. They don't seem to like each other much," she said.

Then suddenly we both saw something we were really not expecting. Tim kissed Connor. "Whoa," Lisa said.

"Did you know?" I asked her.

"I had no Idea. I mean Connor and him always seem to be at odds with each other," she said and pulled me away from the window. "Come on I don't think I want to see anymore."

AHT

"Jeannie, this is Brady," Steve said as he walked into his apartment. "Brady this is my daughter." Brady looked to the girl who could be no older than fifteen. Brady apprehensively extended his hand. Something told him these were good people that really wanted to help but his mind was still on Brian. Brian was out there and he needed to go back.

"I'm Jeannie," she said as she took his hand. "Come you probably want a shower." She pulled him into

a bathroom. Brady didn't know what to say. People aren't usually nice to street kids like him. Some are but they usually want something in return. But Jeannie with her nice smile and

“Why?” Brady asked Jeannie. “Why would you want to help someone like me.”

“Well dad does this all of the time. You must be one of the lucky ones cause dad never brings street boys home,” Jeannie said as she handed him a towel. “Look he really wants to help you OK! So don't take him for a fool and please don't take anything if you plan on leaving. Nothing we have is worth much.” Jeannie turned the shower on and handed Brady a bar of soap before closing the bathroom door behind her.

“Thanks Jeannie,” Steve said as she walked by him.

“Dinners ready and I have homework to do,” she said as she climbed the stairs to her room. She stopped half way and looked back. “You think he's the one don't you?”

“We'll see Jeannie,” he said and smiled. “by the way can you set up

Years ago he had taken custody of Jeannie when his dying friend, Grace had asked him to. However Jeannie had a brother. A brother that Steve had been looking for a long time now. He had been close on so many occasions. A week ago he had gotten a lead from one of the officers at the local precinct. Steve was well aware of the resemblance the boy had to his Jeannie. Could Brady be the boy he had been looking for?

If Brady was the boy he had been looking for, would it be a great idea to take him in? Brady seemed like a good kid but some of the street kids never seemed to leave the street far behind. The sad truth is that many of those kids on the street fell pray to drugs and alcohol.

Steve ran a school that helped kids like Brady. Street kids that had long ago stopped their education. His school helped many kids graduate and head into college and vocational programs where they could further their education. Brady could be one of those kids.

Brady walked out of the bathroom wearing a towel around his mid section. Steve grabbed some clean clothes and handed them to Brady. “Come I'll show you where you're staying,” Steve said. “I want to ask you a few questions after you're dressed.”

“Staying,” Brady thought. These people wanted him here yet he couldn't help but wonder what they wanted from him. Things like this never happened to people like him. His father always taught him to fend for himself.

Steve led Brady to the guest room and waited outside as he changed. Brady dressed quickly. The pants fit perfectly but the shirt was a little big. Brady The room was small but it had a bed and a television. It also had a window. Brady wondered if he could use the window to get away. The window was near the fire escape and if he could figure out how to open it he could make a run for it.

“I prefer that you use the front door if you want to leave,” Steve said, startling Brady. “You are not here against your will. My daughter and I would like to help you.”

Brady crossed his arm and looked to the floor. His stomach was growling at the smell that was coming from the kitchen. He could have stayed there and have a place to stay. These people were nice and the more he thought of it the more he wanted to stay there.

"Can you tell me how you ended up on the street?" Steve asked.

Brady's father never trusted anyone. The man had such a deep paranoia that he and ultimately Brady never stayed in one place for more than a day. When Brady was twelve after four years on the road his father disappeared leaving Brady a note. The note told Brady to fend for himself and to never trust anyone. Brady would have to fend for himself while on the street.

Brady took a deep breath and said, "my father left me on the street. I had nowhere else to go."

"What happened to your mother?" asked Steve as he pulled out a first aid kit from under the bed. He motioned Brady to the bed and opened the first aid kit.

"I don't remember her," Brady replied as he sat on the bed. "My father said her name was Grace. He said she died when I was a baby."

"Grace?" Steve asked as he cleaned one of Brady's cuts with an alcohol swab. Grace was the name of Jeannie's mother and Steve's best friend. When Jeannie was four Grace was diagnosed with cancer and given months to live. On her death bed after she asked Steve to take guardianship for Jeannie. Grace also confessed that she had a son. A twin brother with Jeannie. Steve promised her that he would find the boy. Grace died before he could ask her anymore.

"What about family?" Steve asked, placing a bandage on Brady's Cheek. "there that should keep you from bleeding."

"I don't know if I have family," Brady let out in a barely audible whisper. "My father never told me if I did." Brady thought about his father. The man had kept them moving from city to city but the man always provided for Brady. The man made sure that Brady never went hungry. That man was gone and as far as Brady was concerned Brian was his family.

"Can you tell me what happened to you Brady?" Said Steve as he put a bandage on Brady's cheek.

Brady couldn't remember anything but waiting for Brady the night before. He shook his head and looked down to the floor. Something bad had happened to him that wasn't to be questioned. Someone had beat him up. Yet to him it was scary that he couldn't remember what had transpired.

"You don't remember do you?" Steve asked.

"No," Brady said.

AHT

"Makes you glad that your kids are at home," the coroner said as he raised the tarp. Ricky Streets lay dead on a metal table. His body was found by the river floating. Detective grant knew the boy and he identified the body. His parents wanted nothing to do with the body.

"What a shame," the detective said as the coroner covered the body. Part of him was relieved that he did not have to tell Brady that he found his boyfriend dead. Yet he still needed to find the boy. Unfortunately the boy could be his prime suspect since they had no leads as to who the man with the white Buick was. "I'll be in touch once you find something. Forensics should be in soon."

Detective Grant worked with a lot of the street kids. He tried to get them out of the streets but the reality is that most of them ended right back there. Ricky was one of the ones he tried to help. He felt personally responsible for what had happened. He used to tell himself that if he got one out of the street he made a difference. He wondered if that was enough to keep him going anymore.

He needed to find Brady and he hoped that the boy wouldn't end up in the same state. In the mean time the detective had a phone call to make.

AHT

John Black poured some pancake batter into a greased pan. For the first time in two years he had all of his children under the same roof. Yet he wondered if Brian would blend back into his family. John Blamed himself for everything. He forgot his son and ultimately he lost him.

He flipped the cooking pancake and poured more batter into the pan. Diana his wife walked into the kitchen smiling. She pulled herself a chair and poured herself a cup of juice. "I just spoke with Detective Grant," she said. "We may have a problem."

John flipped another another pancake and placed it on a plate which he handed to his wife. "Well it isn't unexpected," he said. "What did he say?"

"He told me that Brian contacted him last night," she said, pouring syrup on her pancakes. "Well our son has a friend and that friend is missing. It looks like he was kidnapped."

John turned the burner off and looked at his wife. "Is there anything we can do?"

"Detective Grant isn't optimistic. He says that they've been looking all night Brady. That's his name," Diana told her husband. "He doesn't want to frighten Brian but they found a boy murdered last night." It wasn't lost on both of them that the murdered boy could have easily been their son.

"So what do we do?" John asked his wife. "Is there anything we can do?"

"I think we need to keep his mind of this. I want to take Brian out and get him some new clothes," Diana said as her husband sat next to her.

"So how close of a friend is this Brady?" John asked wondering if he really wanted to know the answer to that question.

"They were close," Diana said and kissed her husband. "Would it matter John? He's our son."

"He's our son and I wouldn't change him. I'm more worried about your father," John said. "I'm also worried about what our son has done out there to stay alive."

Diana shared his concern as well. Her father would not take kindly to the news. The man was really set on his ways. Years before Diana had a brother that her father threw out on the street when he was discovered kissing another boy. Diana never saw her brother Steve again. She wondered if he was alive out there. She wondered if he was happy.

Diana also wondered about her sons health. She did not want to imagine it but her son lived on the streets for two years. "We should take Brian to a doctor for a checkup. I'm going to schedule an appointment."

## AHT

I smelled food being cooked. It smelled like eggs and sausage. Just like my father used to cook when I was younger. I smiled remembering how much of a bad cook my mother always was. I got up from my bed. The smell was coming from downstairs so I walked in that direction.

I climbed down the stairs and I made it to the second floor of the house. Tim was coming out of his room. He looked like he had a rough night. "Good morning," he said before yawning and rubbing his head. "It smells good come on." I smiled and followed my brother. Years ago I wanted to be like him. It turns out we were more like each other than I thought.

My parents were in the kitchen. As i suspected it was my father cooking. He was always the better cook. I sat on a stool and Tim sat next to me, still yawning. My father placed a plate of food before me and winked. My mother hugged me. It still felt awkward for me. The familiarity was there but It felt foreign. "I need to take you shopping," she said. "Later we can go to your uncle Georges restaurant for lunch. We can surprise him."

"Did Detective Grant call?" I asked. My parents exchanged glances. "What did he say?"

"He called," My mother said. "Maybe you and I can discuss this later."

"Tim knows," I told her. "We can discuss this now. Did he find Brady?"

"He didn't find him yet," My father says. "You need to calm down Brian."

Diana walked over to her son. "It's going to be alright Brian. We'll find him OK."

I ate the rest of my food in silence. Tim looked like he had been bitten by the silent bug as well. He barely touched his food and he seemed like he was deep in thought. I elbowed him and he looked at me.

"I know about Connor," I whispered. "If they know about Brady they'll be alright with it. You should tell them."

"You don't know anything," Tim whispered back and stormed off.

"Brian why don't you go get ready?" Said my mother. "We have a long day."

I left the kitchen yet I still wanted to talk to Tim. On my way up to my room I stopped when I saw his door was open. He was sitting on his bed with his head in his hands. He was crying. I knocked on the door. "Are you alright?" I asked but he didn't respond.

I walked into his room. The room was completely lined in sports trophies. When we were younger we both played in the little league. I wasn't too good and eventually I quit the team but Tim was great at any sport he played. He always seemed so strong to me and all of his trophies were a testament to that. But something was wrong and it was clearly eating him inside.

"You have it easy Brian," he said to me. "You get to be anyone you want to be. I have to be this and that."

"I don't think anyone is expecting you to be someone you're not," I said. "I mean yeah I am who I am but it took me a while to realize I could stop living under you and Lisa's shadow."

"What?" Tim asked. "What do you mean?"

"Well I mean mom and dad weren't really concerned when it came to me," I said and sat next to him. "Between Lisa's art and your sports you guys kind of stole all of the attention."

"Well you could always sing," he said to me and I smiled.

"So is this why you're so upset?" I asked.

"Grandpa is on my ass," he told me. "Grandpa is like always there. Football this, baseball that. It drives me up a wall and I'm exhausted. I don't want to play anymore."

"Look why don't you tell him it's not like he can force you to play," I said. Our grandfather did that to all of us. He had these incredibly high expectations of us. He wanted us to be perfect little carbon copies of him.

"So are you gonna tell me about Connor?" I asked him.

Tim took a deep breath and then he said, "Connor is my boyfriend. It's such a relief to be able to say that."

"Why don't you want to tell mom and dad about him?" I asked. "They don't seem to care that I have a boyfriend."

"It's not that easy for me," Tim said. "Connor is always nagging me to tell mom and dad and everyone we know that we're dating. I'm not ready."

Something that came so easily to me was so hard for my brother to accept. He was struggling with finding who he was. For the past two years my biggest struggle was finding a place to stay for the night. My brother had demons that I never thought I would deal with and I felt bad for him. He had someone to love like I did, but he was afraid of what that meant.

AHT

"Brady, how about these?" Steve asked, showing Brady a pair of sneakers. Brady nodded. This would be the first time he had ever been shopping in a mall. On the street his clothes came from the local salvation armies and thrift stores. Steve was buying him a new wardrobe and he reminded Brady of a crazed squirrel looking for acorns. "You're going to need a few pair of pants and I want to get you some dress clothes."

Jeannie rolled her eyes when Steve pulled out a pair of dress slacks. She grabbed them from him and looked at them "Do you really expect him to wear these?"

"Yeah these are nice," Steve said.

"You want to get him clothes not an old man costume," Jeannie said as she put the pants back on the rack. She pulled out a pair of black pants. "Here these are more like it."

"Do you like these Brady?" Steve asked. Brady didn't know how to respond. He had never worn a pair of dress slacks especially ones that were expensive like these. "I don't know."

"Why don't you try them on," Steve said and motioned to the dressing rooms. *This was going to be difficult*, Steve thought. It hadn't occurred to him that the boy might not be used to shopping and that he would feel uncomfortable.

Steve and Jeannie waited outside of the dressing room. When Brady came out of the dressing room Steve and Jeannie laughed. "What?" Brady asked. The pants were too long on Brady and they were falling off his skinny body. Brady held the pants up to his waist with his hands.

"Looks like we'll need a belt," Steve said. "I'll go get one and you can try these on as well." Steve handed Brady a pile of clothes.

Jeannie waited by the dressing room with another pile, "You're not going to run are you?" She asked. "I mean Steve would really like you to stay and I would to."

Brady looked at himself in the mirror. Brian was out there and he was with nice people that were offering him a home, food and nice new clothes. Something wasn't right. What did they want with him? Brady opened the door and looked at Jeannie. "Why do you want me to stay so bad? You don't know me. I am grateful but this is too much."

Jeannie was stunned. She didn't want to say anything but he did deserve an explanation. That explanation would have to wait until Steve was ready. She took a deep Breath and said "Steve is a nice person. He wants to help you. He and I want you to be a part of our family."

"How do I look?" Jeannie smiled. "I like how those look we can keep those." Inside she was relieved but they would have to come clean sooner or later. For her sake she hoped it was sooner.

AHT

The mall was crowded. I had an anxious feeling at the back of my mind. This was where I was taken from everything I knew and part of me wanted to run as fast as I could away from there. However my mother seemed so anxious to buy me stuff.

"I want to buy you some shoes as well," she said and I rolled my eyes. "Why don't we head there first?"

"Alright," I said, but I wanted to tell her I wanted to get the hell out of there. Part of me feared that the man in the Buick was still out there waiting for me to return.

I followed my mother in and out of stores as the bags we held increased. "Brian why don't you go to the record store and buy yourself some music," my mother said and handed me some money. I'm not going to lie I thought about running. The doors were only ten feet away, but I knew that running away wouldn't find me Brady.

The record store was full of kids. Mary beth the girl I met at the diner the night before was there with a tall blond kid. I walked over to one of the music kiosks on the wall. I had to admit I didn't know what people listened to. I found a listening station and I put on the headphones as I made a selection. I listened to the first song. I didn't like it much. The song that played next was a cover of an old eighties song. I sang along with the band. I closed my eyes and lost myself in the song.



When the song was over I opened my eyes and was startled at what I found. It was the blond kid and he was looking at me with a huge smile on his face. "Am I not supposed to listen here?" I asked, nervously.

"Do you have a band?" The kid asked me. "I need someone like you. You have an amazing voice dude."

"I, uh...thank you," I said. "I don't think I would be good in a band."

"No? Dude have you ever listened to yourself?" he asked me. "Look they were all listening." He turned me to the rest of the store. Several of the kids were looking at me. Mary Beth was also there smiling at me. "Look dude I'll give you my number you can call me if you want to."

I was overwhelmed once again. All these people were smiling at me at this guy was asking me to join his band. I didn't know who he was. "I don't have a cell phone," I said and I walked away. He stopped me before I left the store and he followed me.

"Look my name is Tommy," he said and handed me a paper with a phone number on it. "Look call me please we could really use someone like you."

I smiled he was really persistent. "My name is Brian," I said.

"I know," Tommy said and shook my hand. "Please give it some thought. The guys will like you."

I watched him go back into the store. I realized that I had not bought any music but I couldn't force myself back into that store. I wandered the mall for a few minutes. I had no idea where my mother was. So I waited by the food court.

"You're Tim Black's brother aren't you?" Someone said to me. I turned to see Mary Beth Stevenson. She extended her hand to me. "Hi I'm Mary Beth. You just met my brother."

"Tommy is your brother?" I asked her. She smiled and I realized she still had her hand extended towards me. I took her hand and she pulled me to a table.

"So tell me all about you," she said and I wondered if everyone in this mall was crazy. "I mean you don't go to the same school you're brother and sister go to. Where have you been?"

Alright this was scary. This girl was grilling me for information. "I was living on the street," I told her.

"On the street really?" she said. "Why were you on the street?"

"Leave him alone Mary Beth," Connor said, saving me from her interrogation. "Hi Brian how are you?"

"Fine," I said, noticing that Connor was being nice to me. I wondered if Tim had told him about the conversation we had earlier that day. "I have to go."

"Tim's here he went to the cellphone store to meet your mother," Connor said. I searched looking for what direction I should go in. "I'll go with you."

We said goodbye to an annoyed Mary Beth. I had a feeling that she was not done with me. We walked

or rather I followed Connor in silence for a few minutes. "Um thanks for back there," i said.

"No problem Mary Beth is really nosy," he said. "Um thanks for talking to Tim"

"No Problem," I told him. Connor really seemed like a nice guy now. It was a contrast from the day before where he practically wrote me off. "I'm sorry for being a dick to you yesterday."

"Its cool dude," he said.

I smiled and gave him a nod as we walked in to the store. My mother was hugging some guy and Brady was standing next to them.

AHT

Steve looked at his watch. It was almost lunch time and he wanted to take Jeannie and Brady to lunch. They had gotten most of what was needed. They just needed to buy a pair of sneakers for Brady and Jeannie had asked for a new cellphone.

"Come on guys we need to finish some time today," Steve said and picked up the pile of clothes they were going to buy.

Brady and Jeannie followed Steve to the register. The girl at the register scanned all of the clothes into the computer. Steve wondered how he would tell Brady about his mother. It wasn't something he could approach lightly. Jeannie had almost spilled the beans earlier and he knew it wasn't easy for her. He promised her a cellphone if she could keep her mouth closed a little while longer.

"Thank you Steve," Brady said wondering how he would ever repay the generosity that Steve had shown him. "You really don't have to buy anymore."

"You need a pair of shoes Brady come on," Jeannie said and then whispered, "Brady just take what he gives you. He gets mad if you don't"

Brady smiled and followed Steve out of the store as he headed towards the shoe store. As he walked he thought he heard someone singing. It sounded like Brian. Brady stopped and looked around but he Couldn't see where the singing was coming from.

"Are you coming?" Jeannie asked. She had stopped when she realized that Brady was no longer near her. She turned to see that Brady had stopped.

"Yeah, I'm coming," Brady replied and turned to join her. Thirty minutes later Brady walked out the shoe store wearing his first new pair of shoes.

"Thank you Steve," Brady said as he adjusted his feet. The shoes were nice but they felt stiff. Brady felt like he was in no position to complain about the brand new shoes the man had bought him. Once again he was floored at the generosity.

"You are welcome Brady. Now come on I'm hungry and I need to buy your sister the cellphone I promised her," Steve said and stormed off towards the store.

"My sister?" Brady asked Jeannie before he followed the man.

“Oh man come on lets go,” she said as she pulled Brady towards the store.

Steve was already at the store looking at the cell phones when someone tapped his shoulder. It was Diana. She had seen Steve her brother in one of the stores. She wasn't sure it was him but then he crossed her path again and all doubt went out of the window. “Steven?” She asked as he turned around.

Steve looked at the woman before him. It was a woman he hadn't seen since he was seventeen. Years ago Steve was part of another life. He went to the best schools, he had wealthy friends and he lived a life of society. The life for him was suffocating and he found an outlet. A friend named David that he would ultimately fall in love with. Someone that shared his interest and that lived a similar suffocating life. Steve found that if he wanted to be with David it meant that he couldn't be a part of his family anymore. A fact that was compounded when his father threw him out of his house.

“Diana?” Steve whispered to himself as his arms wrapped around his sister. “Diana it's been so long.”

Brady watched the exchange. His mind was swimming and he looked at Jeannie, his sister. For the first time since he met her he noticed their similarities. They had the same color eyes and the same small features. Somewhere at the back of his mind he had a vague memory. One where he played with a little girl that bossed him around a sand box

“Is it true?” Brady asked Jeannie.

“There is someone behind you,” Jeannie said. Brady turned to see that Brian was standing behind him...