

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 Three: Here and There

Brady is such an important person to me. He's my best friend and I miss the days we used to be much more to each other. These days our relationship consists of phone calls and emails. He has a busy life and so do I. I am glad that that I can see him, even if it is to do an interview. He still has that very focused nature that he had when we were younger. Accomplishment after accomplishment I wondered if Brady ever tired of living the life he did. I wondered if he did this to prove that he has better than his father.

"I found that living on the street makes you a lot stronger.," I said. "You make a lot of friendships that may be superficial. You also find friendships that can last you a long time. You also lose people. I've seen so many people come and go." I find it harder to talk now.

Brady notices and he says, "Why don't we take a break?" The camera man stops taping and walks away for a moment. Brady's production assistant pours more water. I smile and so does Brady.

"How am I doing?" I ask.

"You're doing Great," he says and stands. "Lets take a walk, I need a cigarette."

I follow Brady. He leads me out of the studio and up a set of stairs. It's been at least a year since I've seen him last. He looks tired I wonder if the documentary was taking a toll on him. After the stairs Brady opens a door and were on the roof of the building. It looks over the city.

"I always liked it here," Brady says as he takes out a pack of cigarettes. He offers me one and I decline it. "When did you quit?"

"A while ago," I say as I walk over to the ledge. These days I find it hard to talk to Brady. Even though he's my best friend it's been a while since we had a face to face conversation. I want to smack myself. It's Brady It shouldn't feel awkward, but it does. We have so much history together. Yet I can't face him.

He beats me to it. "So what happened to us?" he asks, joining me at the ledge. "We used to be so close."

"We used to be much more," I tell him, surprising myself. "I mean you and I were."

"I know what you meant," he says before putting his cigarette in his mouth. "I'm lucky if I can get you to say hello these days."

“Were both busy Brady,” I tell him. “I just got back and well you know how it is.”

“I suppose you're right,” he says and steps closer. “I just think that we could have made an effort. Brian I miss you, and I want us to be close again.” I couldn't help but notice the nervousness I had within me. I had someone now and so did he. That was something I was unwilling to change but I knew the attraction was there. Its always been there.

“We have time now. The tour is over and were recording the next album here in Maybury.” I say as I find myself walking closer. I notice things about him that I haven't noticed in years. His eyes are still that vibrant shade of green. He still bites his lower lip and he still has that nervous quality about him that makes him fidget a little.

“Steve told me,” he says then looks at me. “How is Drew?” Ouch he're we go.

“Drew is great.” I offer no more information. Drew and I's relationship was something I rarely spoke of. He seems to get the hint and he chuckles. I wondered when the question would come up.

“I guess I don't have to play coy do I?” Brady says.

“Lets go back down Brady, Come on,” I tell him because I'm not ready for this.

## H&T

What the hell was happening? I had a long lost uncle and he was taking care of Brady? Brady had a twin sister? It was bordering on ridiculous. Everything was so confusing to me. In two days my life went from us living in the street to being at the center of an entire mess. To make it all worst I couldn't get Brady alone to speak to him. Detective Grant asked us all to meet him at the station. We were all seated in a room waiting as the Detective asked Brady questions.

“Dude this is some shit huh?” Tim whispered into my ear.

“Yeah it's probably not the best time for you to come forward about you and Connor,” I said as Brady's Twin sister approached us. To me there was no doubt that they were related. She was almost identical or as identical as a twin sister could be.

“Hi I'm Jeannie,” she said and extended her hand towards me. “I'm Brady's sister.”

“I'm Brian and this is my brother Tim,” I responded as I took her hand.

“This is a crazy situation were in isn't it?” Tim added.

Jeannie and I nodded as my mother walked into the room with Steve. “Your mother told me of your situation,” he said to me. “I run a school that can help you until you can catch up school wise. The program is intensive but your mother assured me that your grades were very good. I would like it if you enrolled at the school.”

It had been two years since I had stepped into a classroom. The last thing I ever thought about was going back to school. “Thank you,” I said and left it at that.

Brady was coming out of an office with Detective Grant when my father walked into the room. My sisters and my grandmother followed. The twins sat between Tim and I. Lisa sat next to me and we all

watched as my grandmother gave Steve a huge hug.

"I'm so sorry," my grandmother said to Steve. "I'm so sorry"

"Can you believe it?" Lisa whispered in my ear. "I can't wait to hear this story."

Detective Grant spoke with my Parents for a few minutes before my mother invited everyone to my uncle George's restaurant. I was losing my patience. Brady smiled at me. I smiled back as Lisa introduced herself to him. Tim introduced himself as well.

"Brady is really cute," Lisa said to me. I smiled because Brady was really cute. He had bright green eyes that always seemed so inviting. His smile when it appear could warm the hearts of anyone. And his red lips were calling for me.

"Why don't we all go for dinner," my mother said. "I bet everyone is hungry."

Everyone agreed to meet at my uncle George's Restaurant. Once again I found I was being separated from Brady. Did they not see that we both wanted to be closer to each other? I wanted to scream as my mother pulled me towards her car. "This is so great," my mother said. "You're uncle, I thought I'd never see him again." I frowned as I gazed at Brady.

Tim noticed my frown and he said, "I'll drive Brady and Brian over." I loved my brother for it.

"Alright," my mother said. "I suppose they need the time together."

H&T

Steve watched as the boys pulled away. "Are you going to tell me what the hell that was?" Jeannie asked.

"That was family," Steve said. "A hell of a lot of family."

Steve pulled out of the parking lot and followed the three cars ahead of him. This was the family that he was forced to leave behind so long ago. He had nieces and nephews and his mother. He thought about Jeannie and Brady his own family. At least he hoped Brady would stay a part of it. Part of him felt blessed to have this much and part of him feared what was coming.

"So how come you never told me you had a sister?" Jeannie asked.

"Because I didn't have one until today," Steve replied. "I guess we both gained siblings today."

Jeannie looked out of the window and watched the city. Jeannie wondered what all of this family would mean to the family that she was used to. Steve and her had made it through a lot. He was always there for her and she hoped he would be there for Brady. But now she had to share him with all of these other people and she did not know if that's what she wanted. She was his daughter and he was her father as far as each of them were concerned.

"look Jeannie I don't want you to feel like I am keeping things from you alright?" Steve said as he took a curve. "My father took that family away from me a long time ago. My father kicked me out when he found out I was gay."

Jeannie Blinked really fast wondering if what she had heard was right. Steve had never had a love interest a fact that was always a sore spot for both of them. Jeannie always asked him to go out and meet people and Steve always seemed so defensive. Then it dawned on her David was Steve's boyfriend.

“You're gay?” Jeannie asked.

“Yes I am Jeannie,” Steve said.

Steve smiled at how easy it was for him to share the information. His major priority had been Jeannie so he kept his love life a secret. For years he had dated a man named David. Jeannie had met David on several occasions but Steve never introduced the man as his lover. Only as his friend and his Pastor David Shaw.

“This explains so much,” Jeannie told him.

Steve looked at Jeannie perplexed. “What do you mean?”

“You and David! You're together aren't you?” Jeannie asked with a huge smile on her face.

Steve nearly drove himself off the road tossing Jeannie back into her seat. “Sorry Jeannie, I really wasn't expecting to hear that.”

Jeannie regained her breath and asked, “So are you together?”

“Yes we are,” Steve said. For the first time since he and David had been in a relationship he could say it and it felt good to do so. “Yes we are.”

“Good now you two don't have to tell me that you're going to the bar because obviously you're going to hump each others bones,” Jeannie said with a smile then she kissed the shocked Steve on the cheek. “I'm happy for you two.”

“Really? Well that's our relief.

H&T

“A little too much back there,” Tim said as Brady and I kissed each other in Tim's back seat. I didn't care, I couldn't care. Brady and I were finally together. I wanted to say so much to him but the taste in my mouth was all that mattered. Brady was there in front of me and he was alive.

“What happened to you,” he whispered in my ear.

“Detective Grant took me back to my family,” I whispered back. “What happened to you?”

Brady pulled away from me. “I don't know, and that scares me,” he said and turned to look out of the window. Something was wrong but it was not the time to ask. He would tell me when he was ready.

“Were here lovebirds,” Tim said when he pulled into the parking lot.

“Come on let's go eat Brady,” I said, kissing my boy friend after.

My uncle George is someone that I could always look up to. He was always there for me when my

family couldn't. I was nervous about seeing him again. He had a knack for pulling things from me when I least expected. Today would be no exception he was waiting for me and I knew it.

Uncle George's new restaurant was very nice and fancy. It was also very packed. Waiters and waitresses moved between tables and brought food to everyone that was already seated. I held Brady's hand as the hostess led us to a separate room. "I don't think I can do this" Brady said to me. "This is all too much. Lets go Brian. Lets go back out there we can make it on our own."

Theres one thing I'll always know about Brady. His loyalty to those that he cares about never wavers. I had to admit that I wanted the same thing he did. I wanted nothing more than to leave them right then and there and live my life with Brady. Yet we had something now that could ensure that. Brady had a family, a sister and my uncle Steve to be a guardian. They wanted to be there for him, like my family wanted to be there for me. We couldn't just run away from it.

"Brady it's ok," I told him and squeezed his hand. "I'm here for you and so are they. Brady you have a family that you are incredibly lucky to find. We can't leave now." he looked at me and then to the door. A moment late Brady squeezed my hand and I smiled. I knew full well what that meant. He was staying.

The room we were led to was just big enough for all of us to sit in. Uncle George walked in after a few moments. He walked directly to me and gave me a bear hug. "Look at you Brian," he said. "I'm loving the black hair."

It seemed to me that I could never disappoint uncle George. He always seemed to want to know how I was doing. When I was younger he always made me my birthday cake. When he was in culinary school he always used me as his food tester and I loved it.

"You and I were going to talk mister," he said as he sat next to me. I watched as he introduced himself to Steve, Jeannie and Brady. I wondered how much I had missed when I saw a very pretty Pregnant woman come in to the room and sit next to uncle George.

"Brian, this is my wife Christine," uncle George said.

"Your wife?" I asked.

"Hi," She said extending a hand at me. "I've heard so much about you."

I took her hand. "I just heard you existed," I said.

"Well I hope to get to know you better and so does he," She said, rubbing her belly.

My uncle Steve was having a baby. Part of me was angry for staying away from my family when I could have easily returned to them. I knew I had missed a lot but I never dreamed it would be this much.

"How long have you been married," I asked. "You said I could be your best man."

"Well technically we just say that we were married for your Nana's sake," uncle George said. "I did make a promise to you." My uncle George said a long time ago that I would be his best man if he ever get married. I smiled maybe I didn't miss as much as I thought.

## H&T

Detective Grant lit a cigarette as he walked into the alley. He looked at the painted sign the street boys stood at. Years ago that sign belonged to a boys club. The same boys club he attended. Detective Grant came from these streets. On good days he could tell himself that he knew the people out there. That he was one of them. On this day maybe not. Someone was out there killing the streetboys and he felt helpless to stop it.

“Hey Grant did you find Brady,” Jack one of the street boys asked.

“Brady is safe,” Grant told the boy. “I was hoping that I could get some of you guys off the street tonight.”

Jack looked away from the man. “Look man, no matter how hard you try you can't help us all. I try to look out for a lot of them and even I can't keep all of them safe.”

“So why don't I start with you,” Grant said. “I can get you off the street. I can get you back into a school.”

Jack considered the Detective's offer. He knew that it meant he had to go to a foster home. He had been there before and that was never a good thing. Those places lacked the one thing that kids like him needed a real sense of family.

“I'm better off here,” Jack said. Grant expected as much.

“Look Jack I can't say that the state has given you the proper care,” Grant said. “I just found a place that could help people like you. I want to help you Jack. You can't lose anything by trying. I can also help you find your parents.”

“My parents want nothing to do with me,” Jack said, walking away. “Why do you think I'm on the street?”

“You're on the street because you want to be,” Grant added. He knew he could force the boy into protective services but it wasn't the right thing for him to do. If he made it their choice he had better luck keeping the boys in. “You have other family out there, you have an uncle that has been looking for you Jack.”

Jack stopped and turned around. “How do you know that?”

“It's my job to know,” Grant said. “Now what do you say?”

“I say you're full of shit. Why would you want to help me?” Jack said. “And what happened to Ricky?”

The detective was taken aback. It was true he wanted to get those kids off the street. He wanted to prove to himself that he could help these kids. Ricky was murdered and the responsibility he felt fell on him. “Jack Ricky was murdered,” Grant said to the boy. “They found his body in the river.”

Jack froze for a moment. He blinked wondering if he heard the detective right. “What? How?”

“I want you off the streets Jack,” Grant said. “Come with me I can help you.”

“Alright Grant I'll go with you,” Jack said.

## H&T

“Hey Brian why don't we take a drive.,” Brady asks as we reach the studio. “We can finish this tomorrow.”

“Sure,” I say and Brady nods. He walks away to give instructions to his Crew. “I'll go tell Arthur.”

“Hey Arthur I'm going to go with Brady,” I tell him as he puts his cell phone down. “he want s to go for a drive.”

“Will you need security?” he asks me. Arthur always handles me with baby gloves. Its smothering sometimes but I know he cares for me and he wants me to be safe. “I can call Jim to come down.”

“No I think we'll be alright,” I decline his offer.

“He'll be fine Artie,”Brady adds, smiling. Arthur hates when Brady calls him Artie but he lets it slide.

“Alright boys I'll see you tomorrow night,” Arthur says. “I have that movie proposal for you Brian. I'm going to meet the director now. They want an original song.”

We practically skip out of the room like giddy school boys. Brady leads me to his car which is filled with tapes and film equiptmen,. “I need to do some guerilla film making. you down?” Brady asks.

“By guerilla you mean?” I ask him apprehensively.

“Well I want to go back to the alley. Maybe I can film you as we walk there,” He tells me. “what do you think?”

“I think that you need to clean your car,” I tell him as I get in. Brady looks back into the back seat.

“Hey I have something for you,” he says and hands me a copy of a book. “First edition. I even signed it for ya.”

The books cover has an image that I had not seen in six years. The wall we used to stand at. The image was one our friend Jack took of us when we were younger. The title of the book is called:

### **Sometimes Life Throws You a Curve ball by Brady Cole**

“I wanted you to have the first one,” Brady says as he leans in closer to me. “I wrote it last year and Arthur helped me get it published.”

It always amazes me how dedicated Brady is. He works hard to accomplish everything he sets his mind to. It seems to me that he wants to do more and more every year. He has two documentaries under his belt and is a featured news anchor for the local news network. He's deeply involved at Steve's school. I wondered if one day he would have time for himself or others that cared so much about him.

“Thank you Brady,” I tell him. “Though I don't understand when you have the time to do so much.”

“I don't sleep,” he says with a smile and we pull away from the studio. “Who needs to sleep?”

## H&T

Jacob put away the papers he was grading. He looked at his watch. It was still early. He waved goodbye as the last students walked out of the school. His Boss Steve had asked him to take over the school for the day.

On any other day Jacob would be taking out his white Buick from the Garage he kept it. Things were getting hot out there so he ditched the car, driving it into the river the night before. He hated losing the car but he had no choice now. Cops were looking for him and he couldn't let them catch him.

Jacob wondered how long he would be able to stay off the street. He had a hunger inside that never seemed to satisfy itself. Lately that hunger was beginning to scare even him. Could he keep his hands off the kids at the school? Jacob cared about the kids he taught. They were his own personal accomplishment.

Steve had offered him the job years earlier when he opened the school. They had met when Steve walked into his previous job teaching adult school. At first Jacob resisted. He had a sickness and that had to be kept away from people that would notice. After a couple years Steve asked again and Jacob took the job. For years Jacob found that he could control his disease.

Jacob closed his briefcase and stood from his desk. He shut the light as he walked out of his classroom. Jacob thought english to all of the students that attended the school. He was also the gym teacher. He found that his job was really rewarding. Yet he always felt guilty. Some of those kids that attended the school came from the streets. He had used those boys when his sickness demanded. He even went as far as kidnapping one of them and on one occasion he killed one.

Jacob knew he was a dangerous person. He knew that when the heat blew over he would be out there again. He knew the next time he went out there it could be worst.

Jacob shut the schools lights off as the last student walked out the school. “See ya tomorrow mister Daniels,” the boy said as he ran to the bus stop. Jacob fought the urge to offer the boy a ride home. Jacob finished and walked to his car still keeping the boy in his eyes. With all the strength he could muster Jacob waved bye at the boy as he drove by past.

Two years before Jacob would never have dreamed that he wouldn't be able to control it. Sometimes he wondered if it would be best to let the police catch him. Soon he wouldn't be able to control himself.

## H&T

After dinner as everyone said their goodbyes Steve pulled me aside. “I'll be by your house tomorrow to take you to the school. Brady is going to be attending with you as well,” he said. “This is going to be good for you. By the way I gave your mother our numbers so you can call Brady. I bought Brady a cell phone so you'll be able to contact him.”

“Okay Steve,” I said as Brady approached me.



“Your mom said I could call you whenever I want,” Brady said, holding out his cellphone. I gave him a huge hug and I kissed him. Brady was safe and I couldn't be happier. Yet there was something nagging at me. What happened to Ricky? I put the thought at the back of my mind. It was something I hoped to talk to Detective Grant about later.

I too said my goodbyes to everyone especially uncle George. He told me to come bye whenever I'd like. He also said he'd might have a job for me. Tim and Lisa wanted to go back to Johnnies and they begged me to come along. I agreed but I was a little worried about going back there. Part of me had this nagging feeling that I was being set up.

Johnnies was packed. Lisa told me that it was uncommon to see the place empty. We took a booth somewhere near the back. The waitress took our orders as Connor Joined us. I could tell that Tim was still nervous about us seeing them together. Lisa squeezed my hand underneath the table and smiled when I looked at her.

There was someone on the stage butchering a song. I guess it was kareoke night and suddenly I knew how I was going to be set up. Tommy Stevenson walked into the restaurant with what I assumed were his band mates. He instantly noticed me and motioned me over. I excused myself and walked over.

“Hey guys this is the guy I told you about,” Tommy said to his band mates. “Brian this is Jason and Mike.” I shook all of their hands. “Look so here's the story. Our Band just lost our lead singer to another band. I told these guys about you Brian and we want you to be our lead.”

“Whoah wait,” Mike said. “We want to hear you sing first.”

“Yeah we believe Tommy and all but we want to hear for ourselves,” Jason added.

“Dudes trust me Brian can sing,” Tommy told them. “Right Brian?”

“Look dude tonight's Kareoke night why don't you go up there and sing a song.” Jason said.

I looked to the stage. I didn't know what to say. All of a sudden I'm auditioning for a band. Did I really want to do this? “Dude no one here can even get close to how well you sing.”

“I'll do it,” I said and walked over to the stage. Once I thought about it I had nothing to lose. I'd do what I always did when I sung. I shut out the crowd and It was all about me. I was the one out there and no one could touch me.

That day was no different. I had a song to sing and I was suddenly determined to do it. I didn't care who was listening. I didn't care what they thought it was about me. So I took the microphone closed my eyes and I sung my heart out.

When I was done everyone in the room was looking at me a second later everyone was clapping. Tim, Lisa and Connor started cheering as Tommy came on stage and gave me a huge hug. “That was amazing dude,” he said as Jason and Mike Joined us.

“Dude!” Jason said. “I am so sorry I doubted you.”

“Yeah man you're a superstar,” Mike added. “So what do you say do you want to join our band?”

“I don't know guys,” I said.

“He’ll join you,” Lisa said, joining the celebration on stage. “He better.”