

Between 2 Macros and a Hard Place

Part 2: The Welcoming

Story By SmokeydaBolfionSergenko

Sirius© Siriusdog

Arc © white_wolfster

Things after that night were going extremely well for me. I was doing well and working hard in the mountains, getting into wonderful shape and I had 2 very hunky canines living next to me that were willing to play around 2-4 times a week. Sirius and Arc were my best friends after that night, seeing as how I made them welcome in the mountains when they first moved into mountain house next to mine. Things were going perfect for me until I got that call that day.

Now everyone that knows me will tell you I try to live in the present and look towards the future. Anything done in the past I leave in the past and try not to let it bother me. But... there is one thing in my past I could not let go. I grew up from a broken family. My father raised me on his own. My mother left him when I was 4 according to my father. And she was always harassing him for whatever reason afterwards. I tried not to let it bother me but it always hurt me to see my father stressed out because of her. He tries his hardest to look after me and himself at the same time. Only problem was I didn't see much of him til after I left home. He worked so much that I barely saw him unless it was a holiday or something. And when I heard the news that night after a hard day of working it hit me hard. I got a call from my uncle telling me that my father had been in a fatal car crash along with my deadbeat mother. My mother apparently was driving him somewhere (it wasn't specified where), she wasn't paying attention and was also speeding and she T-boned her van into an 18-wheeler. She's in the ICU but my father didn't make it to the hospital. All I remember was crying all night.

A week had passed after I got the news and I attended my father's service. I couldn't contain my sadness and sorrow as the cremated his body and put his ashes into an urn. My aunt and uncle held me close as this happened.

After I got home from the funeral, things started to go downhill for me. I stopped going to the logging site, hell I didn't even leave the house unless it was absolutely necessary. I started to lose my muscle mass and put on more weight than I needed. I was even avoiding Sirius and Arc for the most part. If I saw them I'd wave and that's all. I didn't want to be around anyone. I regretted too much and I didn't want to put that pressure on them. Although something in my gut told me they knew. One day I was out in the forest getting some fire wood. I didn't even have the strength to grow to a bigger size to make the gathering easier. I was that depressed. When I returned I found Sirius and Arc sitting on my porch. I just stop in front of them.

"Hey guys." I say simply. "What's going on?" They look at each other, then look at me. "We're worried about you bud." Sirius says. "We haven't seen you at the lake or in the forest in a few weeks." "Plus you've gained a lot of weight." Arc says with a worried face. "You're losing muscle mass fast."

Arc walked up to me and hugged me tightly and I must honestly say it felt good to be held for the first time in forever. "Is something wrong, Smokey? It's just not like you to just avoid the people who care

about you.” Sirius asked me. I just broke into tears in front of them and through sobs explained to them the events that took place.

“Damn. I’m sorry bud.” Sirius said. “But for as long as I’ve known you, you always seem to be immune to stuff like this. When Markie passed away 2 months ago, you did your best to make sure everyone was able to move on.” Markie was a friend of mine that worked at the logging site with me. I introduced Sirius and Arc to him and the other loggers a while ago and they all hit it off great. Even Markie, who always seemed to be a bit timid around new people, warmed up to them quickly. He died in an accident 2 months ago. But what Sirius said was the truth. I normally strive to make others feel better when stuff like this happens. “I don’t know.” I say with a sniffle. “I guess it’s easier when it happens to someone else.”

“Smokey may I ask something?” Arc suddenly piped up. I looked at him with tears running down my cheek. “Was there something you didn’t tell your father before he passed?”

My heart skipped a few beats and nearly sank like a rock because Arc hit the nail right on the head. The one thing I never got to tell anyone in my family, especially my father, was that I was gay. And now that he’s gone, I’m the only one with his blood line left. I explained this to Arc and Sirius and Arc hugged me again. “I know the feeling bud.” Arc said “Before we moved out here I had a hard time explaining to my mother that I was getting married to Sirius.” Sirius smiled. “But with a little encouragement from me and my family, we finally sat down with Arc’s mother and his grandfather and explained what was going on.” He said. “I understand that your only regret was not telling your father this before he died. But believe me, when I say he probably already knew. And just know he’s in a better place now and he’ll be happy for you no matter what.”

I just sniffle, my eyes red as ever and I give Arc a tight hug. Sirius then walked over and gave us both a huge hug. “You need anything bud, just let us know.” Sirius said warmly. “Ever since that one night, you’ve been like family to us. I’d hate for anything to happen to you. Understand?” He and Arc suddenly plant a soft kiss on my cheeks and I just blush deeply.

“C-can you guys please just stay with me for a few days?” I asked timidly “At least til I get back on my feet” They both nod sweetly. Arc went back to their cabin and packed some things while Sirius and I just sat on the porch looking at the stars. That night we just sat in my bedroom and cuddled. A few days after that I was back to my usual self with the help and support of my wonderful friends. Needless to say, I’m grateful to have them in my life.