Innocence and Insanity

by Caspers_Pyre

Summary

Draëken is violent and at times mentally unstable. Although they are most certainly related, his younger brother, Fallon couldn't be more different. The six-year old has been sheltered and protected his whole life. Draëken sees him as the only pure innocence in the world and has an unhealthy obsession with keeping him that way. But that proves to be difficult when Draëken finds himself enlisted by the Veselovsky, a Russian crime family.Secretes will be revealed, lives will be lost, but nothing will stand between them.

or

A young man commits murder in a small southern town. As the police are closing in, he escapes with his baby brother and travels up the coast. They end up hiding in a mostly abandoned village which appears to be rich in its own secretes. Although they might not realize it, they are all connected by something bigger than themselves.

Notes

This story is only going to get darker so if it's not your cup of tea...
Chapter 1

The sharp spicy smell of tobacco filled the air as a young man flicked a black can between his thumb and middle finger. Copenhagen Long Cut, $4.59 a can. He packed the tobacco neatly against his lower lip and leaned back against the house as nicotine flooded his senses. It was a nasty habit but we all have our vices.

The night was warm and humid but a gentle breeze cooled the areas where his clothes stuck to skin. The boy hummed quietly, eyes fluttering shut. He allowed his other senses to sharpen and the raucous crickets became even louder.

The house sat on the edge of a small decaying town surrounded by overgrown forests and the beginnings of uninhabitable swamp land. An elderly man who lived a mile up the road was their closest neighbor.

Draëken pulled a shiny pocket knife out of his jeans. He slid the blade out and snapped it back in repeatedly. It was one of his restless ticks. Occasionally he’d turn his head to spit on the sun-bleached porch as he waited in anticipation.

Just after one a.m., he heard the familiar rumble of an old truck barreling down the gravel road. It was a piece of shit, side banged up, paint faded and peeling. One headlight was flickering as it pulled up the long drive. The truck died before the key even left the ignition.

A rough looking man stepped out, stumbling unsteadily. His skin was old and weathered, clothes completely disheveled.

The man pulled himself up to the porch using the wobbly wooden hand rails. As he got closer Draëken could smell the alcohol clinging to him like a bad cologne.

“Welcome home father.” Draëken greeted

The man flinched, startled. “Jesus kid! What you doin’ out here? Shouldn’t you be out…out…dammit.” He shook and rattled the door unable to get it open.

“No dad, I wanted to talk to you about something.” Draëken said rising from his spot against the house. He Pushed the old man out of the way and pulled the door open easily. The man grunted in irritation.

“You can talk later, boy I ain’t got time for your bullshit.” The old man slurred.

Draëken just smiled.

“You see dad I’ve been thinking lately. And I just don't know if it's worth having you around anymore.” Draëken continued.

“What?” The man asked confused as he tried to pass Draëken on his way to the couch. Draëken reached out a hand to stop him.

“I don't think this is working out, you’re really more of a liability than an asset. You haven’t had a steady job in three years. All you’ll ever be is a burden, spending all the fuckin' money on booze. Useless.” He emphasized. The man glared furiously at his son with beady eyes. This was his house! How dare this little cunt speak to him like this, the man thought.
“Let me put it this way you’re kind of like a cow that’s too old to produce milk and I think it’s time to send you to the slaughter.” Draëken finished.

The old man stared in horror and surprise as his son jabbed a sharp, serrated knife into his chest. Draëken made sure to twist the knife brutally before yanking it back out, causing the weapon made to make a wet squelching sound.

His father began to struggle as he started to understand what was happening.

The older man's fists swung wildly at him but Draëken ducked away, easily avoiding the blows. Draëken knew he had the upper hand, he was quicker and more agile. His father's movements were sluggish and uncoordinated in comparison.

The man made a desperate grab for the weapon when he saw an opening. Draëken easily shoved him away causing him to lose his balance and stumbled back a couple of steps.

Draëken took advantage of the misstep and quickly gained control of the situation. He dug the formally shiny knife into the older man’s shoulder rendering it useless. The man roared angrily and fell to his knees with knife was still jutting out between his shoulder joint and neck. Blood was flowing out of his wounds in sticky rivers of red.

Draëken held him there for a moment before pulling the knife out and raising it again. He jabbed the sharp metal into his father throat to silence his screams, purposely missing the jugular so he wouldn’t bleed out too quickly.

The man fell to the ground gurgling helplessly as blood filled his throat, dripping into his lungs. He knew then that it was over, he couldn’t get up, couldn’t even speak, but he made sure the boy could damn well feel the anger in his glare.

Draëken looked down at his father and laughed in delight.

The body was still twitching but he would surely die soon. For a moment he allowed himself to admire his work. The old fool should have seen it coming; murder was a family tradition after all.

Draëken heard a small whimpering sound as he wiped the knife against his pants to remove the sticky blood that was congealing there.

Glancing up he saw his 6-year old brother, Fallon, sitting on one of the top steps, pale and shaking. His small hands clung to the rails and the boy’s pretty green eyes were wide with terror as he stared down at his older brother.

Draëken didn’t know how long his brother had been there but it was probably long enough to see some of what hapened. The boy seemed paralyzed with fear.

“Go to bed” Draëken rasped as the fog slowly lifted from his brain and clarity took over again. The boy whined and darted back upstairs.

Satisfied Draëken began to deal with the body. He could handle the boy later, right now he was on too much of a high and he needed to dispose of the remains.

He decided on burying the body in the backyard behind the wood shed. It felt appropriate to bury his father next to the two girls. Now they would have to spend eternity together Draëken thought, amused.

The first rays of morning were appearing by the time he finished covering the shallow grave. He had
already cleaned the huge mess in the living room so not a drop of evidence remained. It was like his father had never existed.

Draëken's mind felt cleansed now so he went to find his baby brother.

The boy had fallen asleep in the closet. Draëken often told Fallon hide there when father was in a drunken rage. There was a little nook in the back corner of the closet that could make someone more inconspicuous. It was necessary because he couldn't always be there to stop his father from doing something stupid.

Draëken pushed back the hangers and looked down at the innocent face partially covered by a pile of clothes. The boy was shivering a little bit because he was only wearing one of Draëken's thin t-shirts.

Gently, Draëken lifted Fallon up and transferred him to the bed. The boy stirred and opened his eyes.

“Dray?” he mumbled

“It’s okay, go back to sleep.” Draëken whispered.

Fallon closed his eyes again and nuzzled his head into Draëken's chest.

The boy was perfect. The only flickering light in a sea of darkness. Without him there would be nothing, Draëken thought.

Draëken climbed in behind him pulling the tiny boy to his chest, he stroked the soft brunette hair until the boy relaxed again. The brothers fell asleep tangled up with each other.
Fallon stared dully at the screen. The little mermaid was playing; Draëken had put it on because it was Fallon’s favorite film. The boy couldn’t really concentrate though. He was absent mindedly rubbing a velveteen bunny that sat on his lap.

The bunny’s name was Mr. Floppsy. It was a purple rabbit that he’d had since forever. One of his droopy ears was missing and his head had been crudely stitched back on after Father had ripped it up.

Fallon gripped the rabbit tighter as he remembered how the man yelled at him because he was too old to be carrying around stuffed animals. When Fallon cried over the mangled remains of his toy, father smacked him into a dresser and told him to stop being such a sissy, no son of his was a sissy. After that Dray told him he couldn’t play with Mr. Floppsy when dad was around. But now that father was gone, Mr. Floppsy didn’t have to hide.

Fallon was still lost in his thoughts when his brother spoke “Fallon I’m leaving, I’ll be back soon.” it took him a moment to process what his brother said. With Draëken ‘soon’ could be anywhere from three hours to three days.

Fallon launched himself across the room and wrapped himself around his brother’s legs.

“Please don’t leave me brother. I’ll be good.” The boy begged.

Draëken patted his brother on the head. Fallon always got anxious when he left, so much so that the boy often would make himself sick. It annoyed Draëken a little bit but in a twisted way he liked that his brother was so dependent upon him.

“Fallon let go of me. I’m just going to town I’ll be back in a few hours.” Draëken said sternly.

The boy reluctantly loosened his grip and watched as his brother leave. He didn’t turn away from his spot by the window until the car was long out of sight. Part of him wanted to run after Draëken but the other part was afraid of what lay beyond the walls of this house. He was rarely allowed outside because Draëken said there were monsters out there.

Fallon was left feeling angry and confused. He'd been feeling that a lot lately. In frustration he threw Mr. Floppsy on the ground.

He regretted it immediately. The bunny lay at his feet, limp. Its big eyes stared up at him sadly.

Fallon quickly scooped the creature up and hugged it to his chest.

“I’m so sorry Mr. Floppsy, I didn’t mean it.” The boy whispered. “You didn’t do anything wrong
you’re a good bunny.”

The stuffed animal’s head flopped unnaturally against his arm. Half its stitches had come out and its head was hanging on by a few threads. Fallon started sobbing.

Draëken casually strolled into the building that contained their town’s ragtag police force. His father’s corpse was well on its way to becoming maggot food but he still wanted to alleviate any future suspicion. When covering up a murder it was always best to be overly cautious. His father taught him that.

Draëken was pleased when he saw there was a woman behind the front desk. Women were easily charmed and overly emotional. They would often bend over backwards to please him simply because they found him attractive. And judging by the way the woman perked up when she saw him this one was no different.

“Hello, I’d like to report a missing person.” Draëken stated his face showing the perfect balance of concern and innocence.

The lady behind the counter pulled out a tan clip board and smiled encouragingly.

“How long has the person been missing and what’s your relation?”

“Since last Friday, it’s my father.” He responded smoothly.

“Is there another guardian taking care of you? Do you have any siblings?” She asked.

“No ma’am, I’m 19 and an only child.” The woman nodded.

Would it be inappropriate to ask him out? She wondered.

“Since the individual is an adult there’s not much we can do unless the disappearance is under suspicious circumstances. It’s possible that he’ll just turn up on his own. But I can take down his name and inform the department to be on the lookout.” Draëken tried to hide his amusement at the way the woman was wistfully staring at him.

“His name is Gordon Kilmore.” Her pen abruptly paused over the paper.

“I see” she said giving him an understanding look. She knew exactly who the man was because he’d been brought in several times. Drunk and disorderly.

“Well I’ll be sure to inform the officers.” They’d probably have a party to celebrate she thought. No way would they send out the search parties for this one.

“Thank you ma’am” Draëken said sounding appropriately relieved.

“No problem.” She blushed.

As Draëken turned to leave she called after him. “You know sometimes it’s best just to let certain people go. You’ll be fine.”

He paused to smile arrogantly over his shoulder. “Yes I think you’re right.”

Draëken was very pleased, that had gone perfectly. He deserved a goddamn Oscar.

Glancing at his watch he decided he still had time to swing by the tobacco and liquor store before going home. It wasn’t often he made trips into town and if he didn’t have his nicotine he got
irritable.

The store was just around the corner. It was small and trashy exactly like one would expect in a town like this.

The guy behind the counter was a weasely looking pot head. Draëken had done business with him before; it was always hit or miss. Occasionally he had the good stuff.

Draëken grabbed a bottle of bourbon whiskey off the shelf and a can of tobacco. He made sure the store was empty before setting the items on the counter, pulling out his wallet.

The guy took a half assed glance at his fake ID and rang it up.

“That’ll be 32.84” He sniffed.

“You got any stuff behind the counter?” Draëken questioned.

“Maybe, whatcha lookin’ for?” The stupid weasel asked. Draëken wasn’t in the mood to play games.

“Cannabis, speed, coke, or any other fun stuff”

“Yeah, yeah I have all that. But if you’re looking for something real fun…” He trailed off. Draëken’s interest was definitely piqued, not that the clerk could tell because his expression was as icy as ever.

“Do tell” Draëken encouraged.

The clerk leaned in closer across the counter as if he were sharing a grand secret.

“There’s this new drug that’s been circulating around the city. It’s totally different than anything else out there. It’s an upper and a downer all in one. First you go through this amazing psychedelic high and then it gets really mellow and dreamy. I just tried it the other day.” He explained.

“What’s the name of it?” Draëken asked curiously.

“Pasithee after the goddess of hallucination or just Thee for short” The clerk smiled with yellow crooked teeth. “I have a couple pills if you’re interested, $50 dollars a pop.” Draëken was curious but no way would he try something without knowing the side-effects.

“I’ll just take the weed and coke for now.” He said

The weasel looked disappointed as he slipped the extra baggies in the bag. They quickly exchanged cash and Draëken was on his way.

Fallon was still trying to patch up Mr. Floppsy with his superhero band-aids when he heard the sound of a vehicle coming up the drive. He got excited at first thinking it was his brother but as it got closer he realized it was too quiet to be his brother’s car. He knew the sound by heart.

Whoever it was they weren’t supposed to be there. No one ever came over to the house, father forbade it. Maybe they would realize their mistake and leave.

The car didn’t turn around though. It pulled up right in front of the house and stopped.

Fallon’s heart started hammering when he heard footsteps on the porch, each thunk progressively getting closer. He should hide. Could he fit under the couch? No too small!

He quickly darted behind the sofa because it was better than nothing. Fallon was panicking when the
intruder knocked on the door loudly. He closed his eyes and tried to be very quiet.

“Come on you fucker! I know you’re there. Let me in!” An angry voice shouted.

“G-go away” He shouted just loud enough to be heard. The knocking immediately ceased.

“We’re friends of Draëken’s, please open the door.” The voice was feminine and softer this time.

Now Fallon was confused, if these really were Draëken’s friends he might get in trouble for not letting them in but if he let them in he would get in trouble for opening the door. And what if they were just lying?

“I-I’m not a-allowed to” He stuttered, hoping they would give up and go away.

There was some muttering outside and then the door started rattling. Fallon took off running when he heard the lock click. He wasn’t fast enough though.

The boy screamed as thick muscled arms closed around him.
Chapter 3

Draëken was just pulling up to the house when he heard Fallon’s scream. Barely taking time to put the car in park, he jumped out and started running. The ground was still slippery and wet from a rainstorm that morning. Mud sloshed against his shoes and legs as he sprinted across the yard but he hardly noticed.

Draëken was completely focused, he didn’t know what he was about to face but he was prepared for anything. Whoever had broken into the house would soon regret it.

The front door was slightly ajar. He gave the wood a brutal shove causing it to slam open.

Three people stood in the entrance way, a young couple and an older man. He groaned internally when he recognized the younger two. They weren’t the type of people to just pop in for a hello. It seemed his past had come back to haunt him.

The blonde girl was struggling in vain to calm Fallon down as the younger male watched impassively. Everyone froze and turned to look at him with when the door cracked against the wall.

Draëken turned his focus on the older man who was holding his screaming brother. The man had a hand a meaty hand clinched around the boy’s slender throat. Fallon was crying and thrashing about trying to free himself. Draëken growled.

Draëken was a formidable sight to behold when he was angry. The young man looked like a feral god ready to bring the fires of hell down upon them. For a moment they regarded him with a certain amount of fearful admiration.

Draëken locked eyes with the well muscled man “Let go of him before I cut your grimy fingers off and shove them down your filthy fuckin’ throat.” Draëken threatened softly.

The burly man sneered at him but looked to the girl for affirmation. She gave him a small nod and he grudgingly released the boy.

Fallon ran sobbing to his brother, clearly frightened. His small chest was heaving and it seemed like he was beginning to hyperventilate. Draëken was already plotting the man’s death as he lifted the trembling boy up onto his hip.

Then the girl had the gall to smile at him. Like everything was fucking sunshine and rainbows.

“What are you doing here Emily?” He snapped. The last time they had said good-bye he had hoped to never see her again. And of course she brought her boy toy, Garret.

“We came to see you, love. I didn’t know your brother was here...I’m afraid we frightened him.” She soothed, her voice was as sweet as honeyed milk. No doubt it had led many a man to his demise.

Garret smiled apologetically at him. He knew how difficult his girlfriend could be.

“You should have called.” Draëken said glaring.
“You would have avoided us. And I guess now we know why.” The brunette boy explained. “Why didn’t you tell us you had a little brother?”

“We can discuss this later.” Draëken snapped

“Yes we have many things to discuss but it can wait until after dinner, when the kiddies have gone to sleep.” Emily added smiling sweetly at the boy in Draëken’s arms. Fallon quickly ducked his head when he saw the girl had caught him staring.

“Dinner” Draëken repeated dully.

“It was a long trip and I’m hungry.” Emily replied “What places around here deliver?”

Obviously they didn’t have many options so they ended up ordering crappy Chinese food.

Dinner was an awkward affair. Emily was the only one trying to have a conversation. When she asked them questions the boys would answer in one to two word responses. Morris, the bodyguard, didn’t talk at all.

And every time Draëken tried to put his brother in his own chair the boy would climb back onto his lap. Finally Draëken just gritted his teeth and conceded to letting him stay, much to Emily’s amusement.

“You brother must love you very much. I’ve never known him to be patient or gentle.” Emily said addressing Fallon.

Fallon blushed, uncomfortable with having the attention on himself. He didn’t know what to say so finally he just shrugged because the girl wouldn’t stop looking at him.

“He’s so cute.” Emily smiled looking at the tiny brunette. His eyes were bloodshot from crying so much but he was still absolutely adorable. And the way Draëken treated him like a little doll was beyond precious.

“Stay away from him, he’s mine.” Draëken growled stabbing a piece of chicken with his fork.

Possessive too Emily thought amused.

“Don’t worry I have my own.” She smirked, grabbing Garret’s shirt and yanking him into a kiss. “I prefer my boys a little older.” Draëken sputtering ungracefully at her implications. Only Emily could catch him off guard like that.

“He’s my brother.” Draëken defended.

“I’m not judgmental.” She laughed, flipping her blonde hair over her shoulder.

It was still early when they finished eating but after a few drinks Draëken decided to take his brother to bed so they could be free to do whatever.

After Draëken tucked his brother in, he went outside to join his three unwelcome guests.

They were already passing around a tequila bottle when he got there. He grabbed it, taking a large gulp straight from the bottle.

“Whoa hold up sparky save something for us!” Emily laughed.

“I’m gonna need a lot more before the nights over.” He complained.
“Yeah, I know there’s a lot of bad feelings here but hopefully we can move past that.” Emily sighed leaning back in her chair and taking a puff from the fat joint against her lips. Her long blonde hair was slightly mussed by the wind. He couldn’t help but think she was as gorgeous as he remembered.

Emily and Draëken had first met at the Green Meadows youth asylum for the mentally insane. Draëken was sent there for 6 months after he beat a high-school senior nearly to death. The boy didn’t die but he was left with severe brain injuries and seizures. Because Draëken was only 15 at the time he wasn’t tried as an adult. A psychiatrist evaluated him and found he was “extremely mentally unstable with a history of violent outbursts and irrational behavior.” The doctor recommended he be treated in a psychiatric hospital and be given proper medication instead of being sent to juvenile detention. The judge agreed so he was sent to Green Meadows.

Green Meadows was hell on earth. Like most psychiatric hospitals most of the patients were medicated out of their minds because it made them docile and easy to handle. Draëken was always finding creative ways to avoid being medicated. Meanwhile, Emily was doing the same. She insisted on sitting with him despite the fact that he wasn't the most welcoming company and bit by bit they got to know each other. Draëken learned that she was from a very wealthy family who were involved in all sorts of illegal activity. Her mother had sent her to Green Meadows as punishment for endangering the family. Emily wouldn't really go into details. It seemed kind of fucked up. But who was he to judge? His family was probably even more fucked up than hers. Draëken finally admitted to himself that Emily was fun to be around and they had a fling for a few weeks until Garret showed up.

In Draëken’s mind Garret was what caused their falling out. When Garret started hanging out with them it was clear Emily had feelings for him. Draëken didn't love Emily nor did she love him but it pissed him off that another guy was getting all her attention. Draëken didn't believe in sharing.

It made him angry so to get even, he roughed Garret up a bit. Draëken cornered him when they were coming in from the yard. A couple of punches were thrown, Draëken ended up with a bloody lip and Garret had a back eye and broken nose. It wasn't that bad but the hospital took fighting very seriously. They wanted to put Draëken in a more high risk unit and extend his stay because he was a danger to other patients. Draëken could have been there for another 6 months but Garret lied and told the warden he was the one who started it. So instead the warden sent them both to solitary for a few days.

Draëken decided that Garret was a pretty decent guy after that and they actually became friends.

However Emily hadn’t been completely forgiving.

“What reason do you have for coming here?” He asked solemnly.

“Always straight to the point” Emily smiled. “I have a sort of proposition for you.”

“And what would that be?” Draëken took another swing of tequila.

“Remember what I told you about my family?” She asked.

“Yeah I remember.” The Veselovsky’s were an organized crime family. They weren’t the biggest crime family in the country but they were probably the most ostentatious.

Emily took another drag, staring of into the darkness.

“We used to be pretty close, huh.” She said slowly “I’ve seen the darkest parts of you. I know about the things you’ve done. Horrible things. Stuff that normal people can’t understand. People like us are
different. We’re willing to do anything to get what we want and we’re not restricted by conscious. There’s no limit to how far we’ll go or who we’ll hurt. I know how violent and sadistic you are. You belong with us, Draëken. My family has plenty of use for someone with your particular talents and you can work your way up. I know you’ll do well. So what do you say, will you join us?”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will have a lot more Fallon!
“Dray can I have some more juice?” Fallon asked sweetly brushing the dark hair from his eyes. They had just finished breakfast and Draëken was cleaning up.

“Sure, baby” Draëken poured more apple juice into the boy’s cup. The boy smiled and ran into the living room, probably to watch cartoons.

“Good god! Do you even hear yourself? That boy has your balls in a vice.” Emily complained. She was grouchy because she was still hung over and even the black coffee she was nursing wasn’t really helping.

“Jealous?” Draëken smirked as he wiped the counters. Emily chose to ignore that bit.

“How do you not have a hangover? It must be some sort of black magic.”

“Genes I guess. One of the benefits of coming from a long line of alcoholics.” He explained shrugging.

Emily seemed to turn that over in her head for a minute.

“Does Fallon have those same genes?” she questioned.

Draëken paused and then turned to give her his full attention.

“Very good, what gave it away?” The boy had already left so Draëken had no reason to hide the truth.

“You once told me that your mother abandoned you and your father when you were just five. If that’s true how can you have a brother?” The girl looked quite pleased with herself.

“Yes, my mother got pregnant senior year of high school. It was a bit of a scandal in such a small town. She and my dad were forced to get married by their parents. My father was a lot better back then but he was still an alcoholic and verbally abusive. My mother stayed until I was five. I guess one day she just decided she couldn’t take it anymore and she left.” Draëken wasn’t overly emotional about it. He accepted the fact that his mom was a weak cunt. It wasn't really her fault, most women were weak and useless.

“So Fallon…” Emily prompted.

“Fallon is my half-brother.” Draëken finished.

“His beginning was a lot darker than mine.”

“How so?” She asked softly.

“My father was crazy as fuck back then. The man was drinking an entire bottle of whiskey everyday and on top of that smoking two packs of cigarettes. He met this woman, Jade was her name, not sure if it was real or fake. She was a hard-core drug addict, meth and coke; everyone around town knew she’d sell her body for drugs. Anyway one night dad brought this girl home. I guess she needed some money, I could hear them fucking from my room. After the old man was done getting his rocks
off, he dragged her kicking and screaming to the basement and chained her up down there like a dog. I guess he wanted a little pet. Most nights I could hear her screaming as he beat and raped her. But I didn’t even care because as long as he was beating her he left me alone. This went on for years.” Draëken felt a sick sense of satisfaction at the look of disgust on Emily’s face.

“The girl kept getting pregnant because no birth control, but only two went full term, both were girls. Father just left em’ down there. I guess she tried to take care of them but they were wild. They could hardly speak and they couldn’t walk at all. The girls acted more like animals than children. Father eventually decided to get rid of them. So he filled the bathtub with bleach and asked me to help ‘clean’ them. We held their heads under the water as the burning liquid filled their lungs and eyes. It was awful the way they died; I’ve never heard anything scream like that. But I found it oddly satisfying. That was the first time I had ever killed someone.”

“A year later the woman had another child. This time it was a baby boy.” Draëken’s eyes became softer. “I heard her screaming, I guess it was a rough birth. Father wasn’t here so I went down there. There was a tiny, pink baby lying on the floor. He was crying a little but it was so weak it sounded more like a kitten mewling. I picked him up, cleaned him off, and cut the umbilical cord. He was so little, I was afraid he wouldn’t make it. I think he was born premature but the boy was a fighter. I knew from the first moment I looked into those beautiful green eyes that he was mine and no one else could have him. I’ve protected Fallon since the day he was born. He’s lived his entire life inside this house. To the outside world he doesn’t exist.”

“Wow” Emily said awestruck. “What happened to…?” She asked looking at the basement door.

“She died. I don’t think the woman ever recovered from Fallon’s birth because she was really weak after that. She got sick that winter and died.”

“That’s crazy” Emily said shaking her head.

“Fallon doesn’t know and I’d like to keep it that way.”

“Yes, of course.” She replied. Fallon was just a child he didn’t need to know the circumstances of his birth.

“Let’s not talk about this. You’re boyfriend should be back soon.” Draëken suggested.

“I send him out for one thing and it takes him two hours.” Emily griped but there was a smile on her lips.

“What did you need?” He asked

“Nothing I just wanted the chance to talk to you alone.” Draëken gave her a look akin to something a brother would give his annoying little sister.

“So are you going to accept my offer?” Emily asked.

“You know I can’t. I have a home here now that my father’s out of the way. And I need to take care of Fallon.” He dodged. Emily was his friend but turning down a place in the Vanderwood family could have potential repercussions.

“You’ll have your own apartment and you can bring Fallon with you!” She pleaded.

“Emily…”

“I won’t take no for an answer, you must know that, so just stop fighting me.” The blonde growled.
“Dammit!” Draëken shouted in frustration. She was never going to stop unless he agreed. The girl would hound him to the ends of the earth. “Just give me a few months to think about it.” He was already regretting this.

“Yes! You’re not going to regret this.”

Draëken was about to reply when Fallon came running into the room and interrupted.

“Dray there’s a puppy outside can I go play with it?” The boy asked flushed with excitement.

“No, stay inside.” He ordered distractedly. Fallon slinked away disappointed.

“This isn’t a yes. I said I’d think about it!” He heard Draëken emphasize.

Fallon really wanted to play with the puppy. He stared longingly out the window. It wasn’t fair everyone else was allowed to go outside whenever they wanted.

The fluffy white dog was only a little ways from the porch. He could probably go pet it and be back before Dray even noticed. His brother was still in the kitchen talking to the nice blonde girl.

Fallon slowly pulled the door open, glancing behind him. The old wood creaked in protest and Fallon took an uneasy breath. If Draëken caught him he’d get a spanking.

No, he could do this, he was almost seven. Draëken was just being overprotective; he overheard Emily telling one of the boys that.

The little dog stared at him curiously as he approached. She barked and wagged her tail happily.

“Come here puppy.” He called. When he got within reach the dog spun around and started running toward the road.

“No come back.” He shouted running after it.

Chapter End Notes

Fallon is just a magnet for trouble, poor kid.
“I couldn’t find your stupid head cream.” Garret complained when he entered the house, Morris trailing behind. “How is a cream supposed to heal headaches anyway?”

“That’s okay I’m all better.” Emily smiled and kissed his cheek.

“I’m glad you are back because we need to get going. Morris, will you bring the car around?” She asked. The body guard nodded.

“Oh, I left our bags in the living room.” Emily remembered.

“I’ll get them.” Garret mumbled.

Draëken stood in the doorway awkwardly watching them. Emily knew it was going to be hard to leave him behind, he was a good friend despite his indifferent demeanor. He was one of the few people she could be herself around.

The blonde turned and gave him a tight hug before he could protest.

“It’s been fun.” She said pressing her large breasts against his solid chest.

“For you maybe” Draëken said neutrally.

“I’m sorry we didn’t have time for anything x-rated.” Emily whispered huskily in his ear. “Next time.” Draëken shivered as she pulled away.

Still a tease he thought, trying to control his hardening dick. It didn’t surprise him though. Emily wasn’t really shy about the fact she and Garret shared an open relationship.

Draëken tried to shrug off the encounter when Garret returned. He didn’t want it to be awkward between them.

“Let me help you” Draëken said taking one of the bags.

Once the things had been loaded Draëken gave Garret a pat on the shoulder. “Well I’ll see you man.” He said.

“Yeah see you.” Garret replied.

“Wait, where’s my little nephew? I haven’t got the chance to say goodbye.” Emily pouted. Apparently she’d decided to ‘adopt’ Fallon as honorary family.

“I don’t know where he is but he’s probably hiding from dick head.” Draëken said glaring at the body guard.
She looked disappointed “Well, tell him I said bye and give him lots of kisses for me!”

Draëken watched as the trio got into the sleek black Mercedes and sped off. When the last cloud of dust settled he cursed and kicked the ground. At least he’d bought some time.

He wanted to help Emily, he really did. He just had to think about Fallon, the boy was safer here. And if Draëken was killed, Fallon would have no one.

3 Hours Later

Fallon was happily sitting in the center of a little kitchen. The little white pup was resting on his lap, occasionally nudging his hand for pets.

Mrs. Lovett had found them both on the side of the road. It turned out the little dog belonged to her. She’d brought Fallon back to her house to give him a reward for finding Darla.

Fallon wasn’t too sure about her at first, the lady was super old and smelled like overly flowered perfume. She also kept asking him questions. But she’d bribed him with the promise of sweets.

“Here are some more cookies dear.” She said handing him another plate. Fallon had already had so many but they were really good so he grabbed another.

“I’m glad you like them.” She said smiling. “I always have some pre-prepared in case my grandkids come over.”

“Now where do you live again?” She asked kindly. The boy seemed a bit timid.

“Down da road” he mumbled through a mouthful of cookie.

It was odd, she’d lived here for many years and she didn’t know of any children who lived on this street. People mostly kept to themselves out in the country but it was still a small town.

“Do you know your phone number? Your mom and dad must be worried.” She prompted.

“No. I don’t have a mom or a dad anymore, I jus’ have my brother.” Fallon answered wiping his mouth to get the cookie crumbs off.

“You don’t have a mom or a dad!? How long have you lived with your brother then?” Ms. Lovett asked confused.

“I dunno, Dray is the one who’s always taken care of me.” Fallon shrugged. He didn’t understand what the big deal was.

“Oh my! That must be a lot to handle. Is your brother nice to you?”

Fallon nodded but she still looked concerned.

“Did he give you that bruise?” Ms. Lovett asked pointing to the blue-green discoloration around his neck.

“No Dray didn’t give me this; it was the scary man with the gun.” Fallon explained.

“I see. Does the scary man come over often?” She asked.

“No just that one time. Draëken was angry at him, I thought he was gonna kill him...but he didn’t.” Fallon yawned, he was tired of answering questions he just wanted to go home.
At that moment they were interrupted by loud knocking like someone was trying to break down the door. They all jolted.

Darla started barking as Ms. Lovett went to answer the door. Fallon got up nervously. He was pretty sure he knew who it was.

“Just what do you think you’re doing barging in my home like this!” The old lady yelled as the dark-haired boy pushed his way in. The teenager looked intimidating with dark tattoos covering his right arm and a silver piercing through his lip.

Draëken had realized his brother was missing soon after Emily and the others had left. It took him awhile to follow the Fallon's trail but he eventually found shoe prints and tire tracks next to the road. The trail had ended up leading him here to the old woman's house.

“Fallon get over here… now.” Draëken growled. The boy shrank in on himself.

The grey-haired woman jumped between the two brothers. “Now you listen here! You’ll not be taking this boy anywhere or I’ll call CPS.”

“That won’t be necessary. I think this is all just a misunderstanding.” Draëken said calmly. But Fallon caught the icy edge in his voice and saw the rage in his eyes. It made him want to hide.

“Do you usually let your brother wander unsupervised?” The woman asked snippily.

“Do you normally snatch children off the street?” Draëken countered.

“Now it wasn't like that! He helped me find my dog. I would’ve taken him home but I didn’t know where he lived. I’ve never seen your brother around before, I thought it was just you and your dad.” She explained trying to be calm. This young punk wasn’t going to intimidate her.

“He’s only here for a visit. Fallon normally lives with his mom, she sent him down for a couple of weeks.” Draëken lied. This was bad.

“The boy said he didn’t have a mom or a dad and that you were his main caretaker.”

“Well, he’s a kid everyone lies about not having parents when they’re that age.” Draëken snorted.

“I’m not letting him leave until I know what’s going on” she reiterated. “Call your Dad to come pick ya’ll up. I’d like to speak with him.”

“My father is at work.”

“Call him anyway.”

“I can’t!” Draëken shouted.

Things just weren’t adding up and Ms. Lovett was staring at him suspiciously. This kid was too young to be taking care of a child and he clearly had a mean temper. Something was wrong with this situation. She didn't feel safe letting the boy leave, it would be awful if something happened to him. She should call child protective services to sort this out, the woman decided.

Draëken saw the woman’s hand moving toward the phone on the counter.

He acted on instinct, grabbing her curly gray hair in a fist. She gasped as Draëken brought his arm down hard smashing her skull against the edge of the counter.

There was a loud thud that sounded like a watermelon bursting. Blood and fragments of brain
splattered all around. Draëken smashed her head against the counter again for good measure before releasing the body. Her body slumped lifeless on the floor.

Fallon was staring at him in shock.

Draëken grabbed Fallon’s face between his bloody hands. “This is all your fault. What did you tell her?” He yelled shaking the boy harshly.

Fallon began crying loudly, he’d been bad and now he was in trouble. He didn't mean for this to happen.

“You’re disgusting, go sit in the corner.” Draëken ordered harshly. Fallon did as he said and curled into a ball in the corner.

Draëken ignored him, he needed to deal with this mess but it didn’t matter how he tried to cover it up. The trail would eventually lead back to him. His DNA and fingerprints were everywhere. So were Fallon’s for that matter.

Draëken decided to make it look like an accident. The old woman tripped and hit her head on the counter. It happened all the time.

He started to clean up the house so it didn’t look like she had any guests that evening. Time was of the essence so he worked quickly.

Fallon watched his brother from the corner. His legs were cold and every movement caused the rough denim to scratch uncomfortably against his skin. His brother wasn’t paying attention to him at all.

Draëken arranged the body in a way that looked natural to him but he was no expert. The white dog followed him as he worked. It wouldn’t stop whining. Finally he kicked the stupid thing and it ran off, yelping.

When he was finished with the scene he called Fallon over so they could leave. The boy was still sobbing dramatically but his tears had dried up long ago. The boy just wanted Draëken's attention because he wasn't used to being rebuked by him.

“Hush! That's enough.” Draëken ordered.

Fallon looked up at him sadly but ceased his dramatics. Draëken sighed and picked the boy up.

Fallon would always be his baby no matter how troublesome he is. Fallon wrapped his arms around his brother and nuzzled his head into the crook of Draëken’s neck. His brother’s familiar scent was soothing. It lulled the boy into a false sense of security.
Chapter Notes

What's this? Another Chapter! Don't get used to it lol. Thanks for all the lovely reviews ya'll are awesome.

**WARNING** In case you somehow missed the tags on this work there is Infantilism in this chapter and throughout this story!!! If you are not into that then STOP reading this, I will not put anymore warnings up.

“You blatantly disobeyed me.” Draëken lectured. “Not only that but you gave personal information to a stranger. Don’t you understand?! Now they’re going to come after us. They’re going to take you away from me and give you to someone else.”

“I’m sorry Dray!” Fallon apologized desperately. He didn’t want to be taken away!

"What made you think it was okay to leave the house after I told you not to?" Draëken demanded.

Fallon squirmed uncomfortably on the couch. "Emily said you are too protective and I shouldn't be afraid of the outside" He confessed finally.

Draëken's eyes darkened until they were pitch black. "You do not listen to Emily or anyone. You only listen to me, do you hear me?"

Fallon nodded fearfully.

“You will never do something like this again do you understand?”

“Yes Dray I’ll be good I promise.”

"You better be. Now come here." Draëken ordered.

Fallon whimpered as his brother pulled him over his lap. His face flushed with shame when Draëken yanked his pants down.

“I’m sorry I was bad! Please don’t spank me.” Fallon cried and tried to wriggle away. Draëken wrapped a strong arm around his torso to keep him still.

“I decide your punishment not you!” Draëken replied. “You did something very, very bad Fallon.”

Draëken didn’t like spanking his brother. It wasn’t often that Fallon got in trouble but he really fucked things up this time.

Giving no warning Draëken brought his hand down harshly. The sound of the smack reverberated across the room. Fallon wailed but Draëken didn’t hold back. Each spank stung like fire and sent a jolt through his whole body. Draëken didn't keep a count in his head. Fallon's butt went from pale white to a nice shade of reddish-purple and he was a sobbing mess. Draëken was satisfied but he liked to finish strong. He didn't hold anything back for the last hit.
It hurt so bad Fallon couldn’t breath for a second.

Draëken waited for Fallon to catch his breath before he pulled Fallon’s pants back up and used his own shirt to wipe the snot and tears away.

“I’m sorry daddy!” Fallon sobbed.

“I know you are baby.” Draëken hugged the little brunette and rubbed his back as he hiccuped. It took a few minutes for him to calm down but when it was all over the boy was utterly drained.

“Come on let’s get you changed.” Draëken announced as he picked the boy up. Honestly, Fallon probably needed a bath but Draëken didn’t feel like it right now.

Draëken laid the boy down on the carpet while he went to grab diapers and baby powder.

Fallon was confused until his brother came back and started unbuttoning his pants.

“Dray! I don’t need them I promise!” Fallon said when he saw a package of diapers lying next to him. He had worn diapers until he was four and then pull-ups for a year after that. Far longer than most children, not that Fallon knew that. But he was old enough to know he shouldn’t need diapers. None of the kids on TV wore them.

“Hush! This is part of your ‘punishment’. This isn’t really punishment though, it’s just going to help you be a good boy.” Draëken explained, though he doubted Fallon understood. He needed to regain control over his little brother. Draëken had let him get away with too much.

Draëken slid his brother’s jeans off and threw them to the side followed by the batman underwear.

Fallon’s face turned red in embarrassment. He attempted to cover his small penis with his hands but Draëken just knocked them away.

Draëken pushed his brother’s legs back and slipped one of the fluffy diapers under him. He then grabbed the bottle of baby powder and sprinkled it liberally. Once he was satisfied, Draëken secured the tabs.

“All done. That wasn’t so bad was it?” Draëken announced. The diaper was a little snug because they weren’t the correct size anymore but it wasn’t too bad. He could order some more later.

Fallon stared up at him moodily, not responding.

“All right time for bed” Draëken said scooping the boy up.

Fallon tried to fight it but his eyelids were already drooping. He’d had a pretty traumatic day and he was tired.

The next morning Draëken sat on the faded porch and watched the police cars coming down the street. An ambulance also went by with its lights flashing.

Someone must have discovered the old woman’s body. Perhaps the old widow did have friends after all Draëken mused as he sipped his coffee.

He’d decided last night that they needed to get out of town. Draëken wanted to wait a bit so as not to raise suspicion though.

When the time felt right they’d just get in the car and go. He wasn’t happy about it but it seemed necessary at this point. He didn’t want to push his luck in this town. And maybe it would be good to
have a fresh start.

Where they would go he didn’t know.

Fallon woke up much later. He groaned when his eyes met the blinding sunshine.

His diaper crinkled as he got out of bed. It was still dry but there was a small pain in his bladder. Nothing he couldn’t ignore. He tried to pull his shirt down to cover the diaper but it didn’t completely work.

Fallon was awkwardly making his way to the bathroom when Draëken found him. “Good morning, baby” Draëken greeted as he lifted the boy up and carried him downstairs.

Fallon watched mournfully as the bathroom door drifted away. At least Draëken didn’t seem angry anymore. He didn’t like it when Draëken was angry at him.

“Eat your oatmeal.” Draëken ordered as he handed Fallon a bowl and sat him down at the table. “I need to make a phone call I’ll be back in a minute.”

Fallon squirmed in his chair trying to get comfortable. Even with the diaper’s extra padding his butt was still sore.

Fallon wasn’t really hungry but he picked up his spoon and tried to eat the sweet mush anyway. It wasn’t that bad.

When he was finished, he carefully put the bowl in the sink.

Draëken returned soon after, “I have some things to work on so you’re going to have to be good for me okay?” he asked.

Fallon nodded, determined to be as good as possible.

He sat quietly under Draëken’s desk while he worked. Fallon didn’t really know what his brother was doing but it seemed important.

For a while he played with Mr. Floppsy but that got boring so Draëken gave him a sheet of paper to color on. He drew a really pretty field with a purple sky. Mrs. Lovett and Darla the dog were playing in the grass.

Draëken looked at him funny when he saw how he drew Mrs. Lovett. Her face was scribbled over with red. It was just how he thought she’d look now.

Fallon was scared that Draëken was going to yell at him for it but his brother didn’t say anything.

Fallon then decided to draw a picture of him and his brother on the other side to make Draëken happy. He showed his brother the picture when he was done. Dray smiled and kissed him on the cheek so Fallon decided it was good.

As the hours ticked by Fallon became more and more uncomfortable. His bladder really hurt and he needed to relieve himself.

Draëken noticed the boy squirming. “Do you need to go potty?” He asked.

Fallon shook his head and squeezed his legs together.

“Okay, just let me know when you need to be changed.” Draëken said knowingly.
Fallon went back to coloring and tried to ignore the pressure in his bladder.

“All done” Draëken announced a little while later. He got up and stretched his back out.

“I’m going to take a nap. Would you like to join me?” Draëken asked.

Yes! Fallon loved taking naps with his brother. Draëken would cuddle him so he was warm and comfortable.

But if he did take a nap he’d probably have an accident. His bladder was really full.

“No, i’m not sweepy” He said biting his lip.

“Alright” Draëken replied yanking his t-shirt off and revealing his sculpted torso and tattooed chest. The teen then threw himself onto the bed carelessly. The frame groaned underneath his sudden weight.

Fallon wasn’t sure if he was allowed to leave the room so he stayed where he was.

Maybe he could slip out while his brother was sleeping? No Draëken was a super light sleeper he’d definitely notice.

Fallon sighed and resigned himself to wait.
Several more minutes passed with his brother still asleep and his resolve was slipping. His bladder was so full. Maybe he could just pee a little?

Fallon crawled all the way under Draëken’s desk so he would be better hidden.

He tried to relax but he couldn’t at first because he was nervous. But finally he relaxed enough to pee a little. It felt so good that Fallon relaxed some more. That was a bad idea.

It was like he had opened the flood gates. There was no stopping it now.

He let out a sob as he soaked the diaper. He had tried so hard.

Fallon was too distracted to notice the soft footsteps approaching from across the room. A pair of hands reached under the desk and pulled him out.

He couldn’t look Draëken in the eye because he was so embarrassed. The diaper was wet and sagging.

Draëken must have noticed how gross he was but he held him close anyway.

“It’s okay baby, you did good.” His brother comforted.

Draëken could see that Fallon was visibly distressed over the situation. He didn’t understand why though, it was just a wet diaper. Worse things had happened.

Draëken rubbed the boys back in soothing circles until he was somewhat calm.

“How bout I give you a bath?” Draëken asked as he headed toward the bathroom. Fallon wanted to protest but he did feel pretty icky.

After the bath had been drawn, Draëken ordered him to stand up so he could help Fallon out of his t-shirt and pull the dirty diaper off.

He left the shirt on the ground and threw the diaper in the bin.

Fallon stood where he was looking at the floor shyly until Draëken picked him up and plopped him into the warm water.

Normally Draëken just washed his hair and left him alone but this time he stayed and helped Fallon wash.
“I’m not a baby!” Fallon protested as Draëken ran the soapy sponge across his belly.

Draëken stopped moving the sponge laughed “Oh but you are! Big boy’s aren’t supposed to cry and pee their pants. They don’t like to be held and don’t drink out of sippy cups.” Maybe it was a little cruel but nobody ever said Draëken was nice.

Fallon looked up at him with watery green eyes.

“It’s okay baby. Being little is a good thing. Grown-ups are horrible, evil bastards. And one day they’re all going to rot and burn in hell for their sins. You don’t want to go to hell do you?” He asked.

Fallon stared at him wide-eyed in fear and shook his head.

“Then you have to be good and obey me. I know you’ve been really bad lately Fallon. That’s why I’m trying to help you… so you don’t go to hell”

Fallon nodded. Draëken was just trying to help him not be bad anymore. The more he thought about it the more he realized how bad he had been bad. He didn’t listening to his brother and had even disobeyed him.

“I’m sorry Daddy. I’ll be more good I promise. Please don’t let them take me to hell.” He begged.

“Of course not baby. Everything will be okay.”

The bath water was beginning to get cold so Draëken lifted him out and wrapped a towel around his thin body.

Fallon didn’t complain once while Draëken dried him off and put him in a fresh diaper. After he was dressed Draëken combed his hair and helped him brush his teeth.

“Do you want to watch a movie before bed?” Draëken asked breaking the silence.

“Yeah” Fallon answered simply.

“Yes please” Draëken corrected. Fallon looked up at him guiltily.

“Yes please”

“Which movie would you like to watch?”

“Goofy” Fallon replied softly.

Draëken put the movie in when they finally made it down stairs. And while the beginning credits were rolling he popped popcorn and made Fallon a bottle of hot-chocolate.

When the movie started Draëken stretched out on the couch with Fallon in front of him. Fallon had to shift around until he found a comfortable spot against his brother’s chest so he could sip his hot chocolate. The baby bottle was good because it didn’t spill, Fallon decided.

Draëken didn’t watch the movie much, he was definitely not into kids movies. Instead he distracted himself by stroking the boy’s soft hair. It kept Fallon from fidgeting so much.

Draëken had secondary motives in spending time with his brother. Fallon helped keep him grounded and he needed that. Lately, he’d been having crazy thoughts. Most of it wasn't rational and he had trouble making sense of anything because it was all scattered and confused. The more jumbled his
head became the harder it was to differentiate between reality and delusion. It made him doubt everything. At times he just wanted to bang his head against the wall until everything stopped.

"Fallon?" He asked in a strangled voice.

Fallon had been engrossed in the movie but he turned so he could look at his brother better. The light from the TV illuminated his face eerily.

"It's fine Dray. We'll be okay." Fallon whispered comfortingly. He hugged the older boy tightly, like he was trying to physically keep him together.

Normally Draēken was the strong one...the fearless one, but sometimes he got stuck in his head and started to self destruct. It scared Fallon because if Draēken ever lost his thin grip on sanity, there's no telling what he might do. The last time Draēken lost it, he started screaming and ripping chunks of his hair out. Fallon got upset when his brother had break downs like that.

Draēken took care of him so much, the least he could do was help Draēken before he got out of control. That's what brothers were for.

Draēken felt more himself the next morning. He had renewed energy so he began planning their ‘trip’. Draēken still wasn't sure if the police had any evidence so he wanted to get out of town. He’d decided that they should leave on the 23rd, which was now only a day away.

“But I don’t wanna leave.” Fallon had replied when Draēken told him they needed to start packing.

“I know, but we have to. I need you to help me pack.” Draēken explained.

“Okay” He replied sullenly.

Because they were driving they could only take whatever fit in the car. For Draēken that wasn’t a problem he didn’t feel compelled to bring much. He just grabbed the basics and shoved them into his duffle bag. Draēken was never really attached to “stuff”. Fallon on the other hand was attached to everything so Draēken had to help him decided what was really important and what they needed to leave behind.

Once their bags were packed, Draēken went through the house looking for valuables they could pawn. Most of them had already been pawned or sold but he found some nice silverware in the attic as well as an old brooch that looked like it might be worth something.

While they worked Draēken told Fallon stories about all the wonderful places they would visit. He may have been a little imaginative in his story telling but it kept his brother entertained.

It took quite awhile to pack and look through everything. Fallon was dragging his feet before they even finished so Draēken sent him to bed. It was easier for him to finish up alone anyway.

When Draēken couldn’t think of anything else he needed to do he went out on the porch to get his nicotine fix. It had been a couple hours sense he last took a tobacco break. Sometimes nicotine was the only thing that could get him through the day.

Draēken sat down and eagerly pulled out his can of snuff. The scent of the tobacco had him relaxed before the stuff was even against his lip.

He leaned back against the house and closed his eyes for a few moments. Once again the night was quiet except for the sound of the cicadas and swamp frogs.
Draëken was so relaxed he almost missed it.

The sound of a car coming up the street…no not just one car…multiple cars. Nobody came down here at night, at least not unless they lived here.

Draëken’s head snapped up and his eyes flew open. He could just make out the front of a blue and white police car coming down the drive straight toward him.

Well shit…

Chapter End Notes

In case you missed it here is a link to what Draëken looks like
http://victimofalovecrime.tumblr.com/post/24738963448/wade-poezyn
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Thanks for the reviews! I appreciate them all :)

Draëken shot up from his spot on the porch and sprinted into the house. They were coming for him. He had to get Fallon and get out of there.

The old wooden stairs wobbled unsteadily as Draëken leapt up the steps two at a time.

Fallon had been sleeping but he jumped up in shock when Draëken wrenched open the bedroom door.

Draëken didn’t have time to explain so he grabbed the confused boy and half dragged, half carried him back down stairs.

“What’s going on?” Fallon asked scared. He could hear someone banging loudly on the front door. The person was shouting for them to open up.

“We have to go, the police are here!” Draëken answered quickly. Police were bad, Fallon thought. Draëken had drilled that into his head at an early age.

The two of them ran through the kitchen toward the back door. Just as Draëken’s hand touched the knob they heard the front door bust open.

Draëken hurriedly ushered Fallon out the door. His car was on the side of the house they just had to get to it before the cops surrounded them.

The boys could hear a man speaking over a crackling megaphone. In an intimidating tone he ordered Draëken to come out and surrender.

Like hell he would Draëken thought.

Fallon’s feet were slipping on the dew covered grass as they ran. He tried desperately to keep up with his brother’s long strides. Draëken had an iron grip on his hand and was trying to help him keep up.

Fortunately, the two boys made it to the car without encountering any cops. Draëken shoved Fallon through the driver’s side while he fumbled with his keys. Fallon quickly scrambled over the console and buckled himself in.

Draëken got the car in gear just as a fat-bellied cop was running around the corner. He punched the gas causing the car to roar forward straight toward the cop. The nose of the car narrowly missed the man but the back end crashed into him. The cop screamed as he fell and the tire rolled over him. He was still alive but half of his body was mutilated.

Adrenaline was rushing through Draëken's veins and the teen could barely contain his excitement as they swerved around cop cars and flew down the street at 90mph (145kph).
The cops must not have been expecting him to run because they didn’t pursue them immediately. But they wouldn’t be far behind. Draëken took back roads in the hopes of throwing them off his trail.

He kept anxiously glancing in the rear-view to see if they were behind him. They were going down a long straight away when he finally saw the blue and red lights reflecting off of the trees behind him.

“Fuck!” Draëken cursed as the lights began to get closer. The first cruiser spotted him because it began speeding up and the siren started blaring.

For the first time Draëken was worried. It looked like the cops were going to catch up to them. And now they had a plethora of stuff they could charge him with.

Draëken was approaching a blind curve with the cops in close pursuit when he had an idea. Thinking quickly he turned off the lights and swerved off the road into a dark corn field. The car bobbed along the rough terrain before coming to a stop.

The cops didn’t see them turn off and drove right passed them just like he had hoped. Draëken counted three cars. There were probably more elsewhere.

It wouldn’t take them long to realize they had been duped.

Draëken peeled out of the corn field and took a detour in another direction. He had to get to the highway; it would be harder for them to catch him once he left the county limits.

He pushed the car even faster than before going a 100 then 110 mph (177kph).

The highway was quickly within view. He blew through the red light causing another car to screech to a halt.

Draëken didn’t slow down until he saw the county limit sign. Once they crossed that point he knew they’d made it.

Draëken tilted his head back and laughed like a fucking maniac.

Fallon was hyperventilating in the seat next to him. His eyes were practically glued shut and his thin fingers were white from gripping the edge of the seat.

“Here drink this” Draëken said once he’d calmed down. He tossed a half empty water bottle at his brother.

Fallon took a sip of the water and tried to breathe. Draëken attempted to help by patting him on the back.

“We’ll drive all night and find someplace to rest in the morning. Hopefully the cops will be off our tail by then.” Draëken explained, trying to distract him. “You can sleep now if you want of course.”

Fallon shook his head. He didn’t want to sleep, he was far too awake.

Draëken turned on the radio and flipped through the stations finally settling on hard-rock. The night radio hosts annoyed him.

Fallon stayed awake for a while but fell asleep sometime early in the morning.

Just before dawn Draëken decided to stop so they could get gas and he could rest for a few minutes. He had been driving for so long that his hands were cramping.
Fallon woke up when the engine cut off. He looked adorable curled up in the front seat.

“Dray?” he asked looking around bleary eyed.

“I’m right here.” Draëken said leaning over to fix his mussed hair.

Fallon mumbled something almost incoherent and closed his eyes again.

“Do you need to be changed?” Draëken guessed.

Fallon hesitated before nodding. He was too tired to care.

Draëken picked up the limp boy and layed him down in the back seat. He quickly undid the tabs and let the diaper fall open. A box of baby wipes was sitting on the floorboard in the backseat. He picked the box up and pulled out a couple of the wet towelettes.

Fallon squirmed a little when the cold wipes brushed across his skin. Once Fallon was clean Draëken slipped a fresh diaper underneath him and sprinkled baby powder on him before closing it snuggly.

“I’m going in the store for a minute. Do you want anything to eat?” Draëken asked.

Fallon looked up at him sleepily and shook his head.

“Stay here then” Draëken ordered closing the door.

The gas station was pretty empty besides a couple people who looked like they were on their way to work. They all looked like they were in a morning stupor.

Draëken grabbed a couple breakfast tacos, an orange juice, and a coffee. A small TV was playing the early morning news show. It didn’t catch his attention until he saw a familiar picture flash across the screen. He quickly did a double take.

It was a picture of him taken when he was admitted to the psychiatric hospital several years ago. The picture was old but you could still tell it was him.

Draëken pretended to be stirring his coffee so he could listen to the news story. No one else appeared to be listening.

“Police in Burleson County are searching for a suspect in the murder case of Irene Lovett. Mrs. Lovett was murdered in her own home a week ago. The suspect who is named, Draëken Kilmore is also wanted for the aggravated assault and murder of Officer Johnson. Officer Johnson was hit by the suspects car while attempting to make an arrest and later died at an area hospital from his injuries. Fingerprints found at the murder scene were linked to Mr. Kilmore. This young man has a criminal record. He is now on the run and considered extremely dangerous. If you have any information on his whereabouts please call the police, immediately.” The newswoman finished.

“Wow thanks Kelly! We’ll be sure to keep a look out for that.” Said the male newscaster.

“On to another news story. A local man is turning a hundred and three today!”

Draëken picked up his items and headed toward the cash register trying to act inconspicuous. Wanted for killing a cop...This new development was not good, he thought.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the delay :( I'm writing as much as I can for this story before I have to go back to school.
Note: I've been working on edits for this story, mostly minor but I also made a couple major edits. If you already read the 1st eight chapters you don't have to re-read. But if you want to, I indicated which chapters I made major edits to in the notes. Again, if you don't go back and read the chapters nothing will be confusing.

Note2: I edited and bulked up this chapter because I kind of rushed through it when I originally wrote it. Update (4/30)

It was becoming harder and harder to sleep in a car, especially a rental that smelled like bad air freshener. The two brothers had been confined in the uncomfortable metal box for 6 days now. Draëken was suffering from a bad crick in his neck and was generally pissed off at the world.

They’d have to ditch this car soon anyway. It was rented with forged papers from a shady dealership somewhere down south and Draëken didn’t plan on returning it.

For the past several months the duo had been traveling back and forth up the coast. They didn’t have a specific destination in mind. Draëken was just hoping he could get a decent job somewhere and find a place to live. But right now he’d settle for a crappy motel room with a warm shower.

The problem was they were living on the cash that Draëken had withdrawn from his father’s bank accounts and the money he had scraped together working odd jobs. He had even had to rob a couple of gas stations to get by. The money they had wasn't much so they had to be conservative.

Draëken knew he needed to start looking for real work sooner rather than later. But It wasn't easy to find employment when all you have are forged papers. That's why Draëken had the Sunday newspaper spread out in front of him, opened to the help wanted section. There were a few postings he had underlined but there wasn’t much to choose from in this small town. Certainly nothing long-term.

It would be much easier to find a job in a big city, that’s where most of the jobs were anyway. Out here it was all industrial. It made sense for them to move to a large metropolis. But Draëken had lived in a small town all is life and as much as he hated to admit it, he didn’t like the idea of moving to a big city. He didn’t think Fallon would enjoy it much either.

His little brother was currently sitting across from him with his head down against the table, brunette hair partially covering his face. Draëken couldn’t bring himself to change Fallon’s hair so he’d decided to let it grow out naturally. Hopefully that would be enough. Draëken kept his normally black hair dyed dark blonde. It was a bitch to keep up with but it had to be done so they wouldn't be recognized.

Fallon tilted his head up to watch his brother look through the paper. He felt miserable here, nothing was the same. There was too much going on and too many people. Sometimes it feels like his head might explode with all the newness. For months he asked if they could go home but Draëken had
repeatedly explained that they could not.

“Come on, most of these places are open by now. I need to look for a job.” Draëken said rising from the park bench. They had been sitting in the park all morning because neither one of them wanted to be in that car for one second longer.

Fallon quickly followed after picking up his backpack.

“The first few places are within walking distance” Draëken explained.

Fallon nodded and slipped his hand inside of his brother’s much larger one. Draëken knew that the boy was really nervous about being in public. If there were too many people around him, he would start trembling uncontrollably. Draëken was constantly worried he’d have a melt down and draw attention to them. So far they’d been able to avoid large groups of people but it wasn’t easy.

The first place they went too was a local restaurant; greasy, disgusting, minimum wage. Draëken wasn’t impressed but he filled out a job application anyway.

The manager of the restaurant was an overweight woman with bad breath. Fallon was immediately scared of her because she looked so mean. She even scowled at him when she thought Draëken's back was turned.

Draëken who had been watching the exchange out of the corner of his eye, had to take deep breaths in order to calm himself. When Draëken was finished filing out the forms, he shoved them into the manager’s hands a little harder than was strictly necessary.

"She wasn’t very nice.” Fallon mumbled as they walked out.

"She was very rude" Draëken agreed through a clenched jaw.

The next couple of places were similarly unwelcoming. No one seemed interested in hiring a new person. Or at least everyone denied it when he asked. They all looked at him suspiciously. Even people on the street would stop their conversations to stare at them. Draëken got the impression this town didn’t like outsiders.

Fallon was getting tired so he decided they would try one more place before lunch. He chose a nearby hardware store at random. It looked pleasant enough from the outside, with its red roof and old fashion charm. There was even a little bell over the door rang to announce their entrance.

“I’ll be there to help you in a moment!” A man shouted from somewhere inside the store. Draëken couldn’t see him because there was so much stuff everywhere. Cans of paint and primer were stacked to the ceiling followed by aisles of power tools and hand tools. Beyond that there were boxes filled with brackets, screws, nails and anything else you could imagine.

At least it seemed well organized, Draëken thought.

From behind a row of paint an elderly man appeared. His hair was white and thinned but he had a friendly round face that matched his rotund body. When he saw the brothers a wide smile stretched across his face.

“Hello there! How can I help you?” He asked.

“I’m looking for work and I was wondering if you had anything.” Draëken explained, forcing a smile onto his cold lips.
“Ahh…well I may have something. Why are you looking?” The man responded hesitantly.

“Our parents died so now I have custody of my brother. I’m just trying to take care of him.” Draëken said placing his hand on Fallon’s head. It was an age old story which they practiced often.

“That’s admirable sonny, but I can’t really pay you much and it’d only be temporary.” The shop owner said, looking genuinely regretful.

“That’s fine, I’m willing to work. What do you need me to do?” Draëken asked

“I need someone to help me move the heavy boxes and stack inventory. It’s a lot of heavy lifting so I can’t do it myself. Usually I pay the high school boys to do it but they’re not always reliable.”

“Yeah I can do that. When do you want me to start?” Draëken responded.

“Tomorrow. I’m expecting a shipment at 5:00 a.m. Show up and you have the job.”

“Thanks, I’ll be there.” Draëken said confidently.

Draëken was just about to excuse himself when the old man called him back.

"Wait sonny! I didn't catch your name."

Draëken hesitated for a moment. He had gone by several aliases over the past year.

"Gabe, it's Gabe." He said quickly to cover his error.

Draëken could have kicked himself for being so caught of guard by a simple question. The shopkeeper didn't appear to notice or care though.

"Nice tah meet ya Gabe. My name is Mr. Finnegan." He said shaking Draëken's hand.

As they were walking back to the park Draëken turned to Fallon and said, “It might be a bit premature but let’s celebrate by renting a hotel room for the night.”

“What’s a hotel?” Fallon asked confused.

"Okay" He said happily, swinging their arms together.

It turned out that Fallon did like the hotel. It was strange…like a house with many rooms. But he was happy because there wasn’t too many people walking around and after Draëken signed in they got a room for just the two of them. Fallon walked around their room slowly, looking at all the things. There was a bed and a bathroom and a closet and a dresser and a window...

*   *   *

“Detective Vasquez, do you have any leads on the Lovett case?” The detective inspector questioned as he hovered over his subordinate. Mrs. Lovett was an elderly woman who had been brutally slain by her then 19 year-old neighbor. The boy that murdered her, Draëken Kilmore, was also responsible for the death of a police officer and probably a couple of robberies. It was a case they had been assigned to a few months ago after it was clear that this was too much for the police.
Vasquez, nearly jumped out of his chair in surprise, not having heard the man walk up behind him. He quickly shuffled the mess of papers on his desk together. However, the old cup off coffee and half eaten do-nut haphazardly lying on his desk did little to aid his illusion of neatness. The whole time, he was overly conscious of his boss' standing just behind his shoulder. The inspector was a tall man with a commanding presence. He'd earned the nickname, “bulldog” in their department because of his tenacity. Once he got a piece of someone he didn’t let go.

“Yes sir, someone called and reported a sighting at a diner on HW 109 near Gainsville. We confirmed with surveillance video.” The detective explained as he flipped through his note pad. He was pretty sure, he'd written it down somewhere...

“Show me the video.” The inspector demanded.

Reaching over, Detective Vasquez grabbed a black VHS tape which had been lying on his desk and stuck it into the small antenna T.V. The screen blinked to life, revealing a black and white image of an empty parking lot. Both men examined the image, waiting for something to happen but nothing did.

"Vasquez, what is this?"

"Oh... um I think I forgot to rewind the tape..." The detective blushed as he hurried to rewind the tape.

The video flashed backward for a few minutes before it got to the part with the suspects, Vasquez quickly stopped it and pressed play again. A black car pulled off the highway into the gas station/diner parking lot. Both men leaned in closer to get a better look.

The car came to a stop and a young man wearing a maroon colored t-shirt and dark-washed blue jeans stepped out. He proceeded to walk around the front of the vehicle to the passenger side and opened the door. But, whoever got out of the car couldn't be seen from that angle. The suspect paused for a second and appeared to be talking to the passenger. The inspector stared intently in anticipation.

Another moment passed and then the suspect and passenger continued into the diner. The inspector paused the tape when the duo came into view. He couldn't see a clear image of the passenger's face but from the tape it was clearly a child.

“So there is a child” mumbled the inspector. It was just as he suspected.

“Yeah that kind of complicates things, but it will also make them more visible. We’re working with CPS to identify the kid.” Vasquez explained “The diner only had one camera inside by the register, but we were able to get a pretty good picture of the older boy’s face.” He continued as the image shifted.

They were now looking at the inside of the building. The dark-haired boy stood in front of the counter talking to the hostess. With a clearer picture of his face it was obvious that this was Draëken Kilmore. Glancing down at the picture attached to the file the inspector compared the two. Draëken was obviously a little older but more importantly he now had a full tattoo sleeve. That was awesome for them. Tattoos were an easy way to identify suspects. If they could get that information out to the public, they would have no problem with finding Draëken. Unfortunately, the younger boy was pressing his face into the older ones leg so they still didn’t have a clear picture of his face. Without a way to identify him, they would have to wait for someone to come forward with any information regarding the child.
The image shifted again and now they were back in the parking lot. It was darker now, as there appeared to be only one lamp working. The investigators watched as Draëken got into the car with the younger boy and drove away. As the car reversed, light illuminated the front license plate. Another lucky break the inspector thought, grinning.

“We already have someone tracing the license plate.” The detective commented.

“Good. Update the description of Draëken and release the surveillance video to the media. Also try to talk to the waitress and officers again, see if you can get a better description of the boy.” The inspector said before stalking away.
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

I made some edits to chapter nine. Draëken was introduced as Gabe, so that's his new identity for now. Sorry for the lack of updates, I've been very busy but I will keep writing this story for however long it takes, until it's finished :)

The next day Draëken left Fallon alone in the hotel room while he went down to the hardware store.

Mr. Finnegan greeted him pleasantly when he arrived and even offered Draëken a cup of coffee as they waited for the delivery truck. Draëken sipped the black liquid slowly while Mr. Finnegan chattered on. For some reason Draëken wasn’t bothered by the man’s social demeanor. Finnegan was just beginning to tell him about Rose, his granddaughter, when they heard the delivery truck pull up.

“Oh, let me go show them where to unload.” Finnegan said hurrying out the door to talk to the delivery guys.

Once everything was set up and Mr. Finnegan had told them where everything needed to go, Draëken began to help the delivery guys unload. They took the crates and stacked them in the back of the store. Draëken would move the products to their appropriate places later. It was mindless labor but Draëken wasn’t too bothered by it. Money was money.

Around noon Mr. Finnegan came out and told him to take a lunch break, so Draëken hopped across the street to the sandwich shop and ordered a bacon avocado sandwich to go.

He was heading back to the hardware store with his food when a man stepped out in front of him, purposely blocking his path. Draëken looked up at the sneering, man slowly.

“Can I help you?” He asked matching the man’s glare.

“I just wanted to let you know that outsiders ain’t welcome here. ‘specially your kind.” He said looking Draëken up and down. “It’d be best if you just move along, boy.” The man warned.

“I’ll stay in this town for as long as I want.” Draëken sneered.

They continued to glare at each other for a moment. “I think you gonna regret that” The man said before walking away in a huff.

Draëken was pissed to say the least; he grabbed his sandwich and left angrily.

He tried to shake off the encounter so he could get back to work. There weren’t that many crates left to unload, if he hurried he could have it done in an hour.

Not that much later, Mr. Fisher came to check on him.

“How’s it going there, sonny?” He asked, waddling over.

“Almost done sir, just have to stack the hardwood.” Draëken replied, wiping the sweat from his
brow. He’d already unloaded the boxes of supplies along with a hundred paint cans.

“You’re making good time! Let me know when you’re done.” The man said before going back to manage the store front.

Draëken worked to stack the wood in organized piles. Sometimes he put the boards down harder than necessary, but it was a good stress reliever. By the time he was done unloading the shipment his arms and back ached.

He went inside to let his boss know but the Mr. Finnegan wasn’t behind the counter, instead there was a girl there. She only looked to be a few years younger than him.

“Oh, are you done?” The girl asked. “Let me get my grandpa.”

Draëken nodded. He was ready to get out of there.

When Mr. Finnegan came back he looked over Draëken’s work. Like if it wasn’t good enough he wouldn’t pay him? Draëken thought sarcastically.

“Fantastic, everything looks great!” The man said grinning.

“Here’s your money for today, Gabe. I won’t need any more help until the weekend. Are you interested in working here again?” Mr. Finnegan asked, handing him a wad of cash.

“Yes, sir.”

“Excellent, I’ll give you a call when I have something else.” He said, grinning.

The shop keeper started to walk away but Draëken called after him.

“Mr. Finnegan, can I ask you a question?” He asked.

“Sure” The man said uncertainly.

“People in this town seem to be a little hostile toward outsiders and I was just wondering why that is.” He prompted.

“Has something happened?” Finnegan asked

“Well no one has been particularly welcoming,” Draëken sneered “but there was one man who was more vocal about it. He was a burly guy, kind of looked like a mechanic.”

Mr. Fisher looked uncomfortable. “Oh, yeah that was probably Jonah… he’s a good guy most of the time but he can get a little thick headed.” He laughed.

“Hmm, it seemed like a little more than that… Why is everyone so hostile” Draëken pressed.

Mr. Finnegan hesitated for a moment.

“There is a drug trade runs through these parts.” He finally answered, “It’s gotten a lot worse this past year. Some new synthetic drug is stirring up the market. There have been a lot of gang fights. Things have gotten pretty ugly and innocent people are getting stuck in the cross fire. So I guess the town is just a little more protective of its own now.” Mr. Finnegan explained with a look of honest concern on his face.

“I’m not involved in any of that. I’m just trying to make a living for my brother and I.” Draëken said
trying to infuse as much innocence in his voice as possible.

“Yes I understand. That’s why I gave you a chance, but people around here aren’t as trusting. My advice is to only stay as long as you need to.” The old man said.

Draëken nodded slowly. He was beginning to understand why things were the way they were in this town but he wasn’t sure what to do with this new information yet.

Fallon had been waiting for his brother to get home all day. He was starting to wonder if Draëken was ever coming back for him. Maybe he had decided it would be easier to just leave him?

Fallon was just moping in bed when he finally heard the door click open. Like lightning, he flew across the room and wrapped his arms around Draëken as soon as he walked through the door. Of course his brother was sweaty and gross but Fallon barely noticed in his excitement.

“Hi, baby.” Draëken greeted, somewhat less enthusiastic. He was tired and his body ached. All he wanted right now was a hot shower.

“I miss you” Fallon mumbled

“I missed you too, baby” Draëken said as he sat down and stroked Fallon’s hair, comfortably. Draëken allowed the boy to cuddle against his chest for a little while.

Fallon looked up when he heard his brother sigh. “Let’s take a shower before we have to check out, ok.” Draëken said withdrawing from Fallon’s grasp.

“Okay!” The boy smiled as he followed his brother to the bathroom. Draëken turned the shower water on so it could heat up. Then he carefully pulled off Fallon’s clothes and threw the diaper in the bin before stripping out of his own clothing.

The hot spray of water soothed Draëken’s aching back but Fallon immediately cringed at the warm temperature. It didn’t feel good on the red inflamed flesh on his thighs and crotch.

His skin was irritated because he had once again sat in a dirty diaper for most of the day. It happened every now and then when there was nobody there to change him.

Draëken didn’t seem to notice his brother’s problem and scolded him for squirming too much when he tried to wash the boy’s hair. Fallon was relieved when his brother finally turned the water off.

Draëken pulled a towel around his hips and wrapped a second towel around Fallon. Fallon trailed after his brother out of the steamy room, shivering at the sudden temperature change.

Draëken quickly changed into a pair of jeans and black t-shirt.

“Lay on the bed” He told Fallon when he was finished.

Fallon crawled onto the bed and layed down on his back carefully. Draëken handed him Mr. Floppsy, who had recently been stitched up.

Fallon found it comforting to press his face into the soft plushie. But when Draëken lifted his legs, Fallon felt his skin burning anew. The boy whined pathetically and moved away.

“It hurts” He protested, closing his legs together.

“Let me see.” Draëken ordered sternly, pushing the boy’s legs to the side. There was a slight pinkish red rash on his inner thigh and between his legs.
“You’re fine, it’s just a little bit of diaper rash.” Draëken dismissed trying to pull the diaper on anyway.

“No, it hurts!” Fallon squealed, probably more dramatically than was necessary. He knew that dry cotton against his skin would feel unpleasant that’s why he didn’t want it, but his brother was being mean. Frustrated, Fallon started kicking and trying to get away.

Draëken grabbed one of his legs after it ricocheted off his jaw. That didn’t stop him in the least. Fallon got a few more good hits in before Draëken reached down and backhanded him across the face.

Fallon’s head to snap to the side and he looked up at Draëken in shock as he felt his stinging cheek.

“You do not kick me, do you understand?” Draëken seethed, Fallon was frightened when he heard how dark and threatening Draëken’s voice was. He hadn’t meant to make him that angry. Fallon knew very well that he should stop and apologize but he was still upset.

“YOU HIT ME!” Fallon wailed partially in pain but also vindictively.

His face hurt a whole lot and he wanted Draëken to feel bad about it. It didn’t have the intended effect though.

Draëken’s eyes got really dark and it was like a flip had switched in his brain. It didn’t take much to break his fragile grasp on sanity. All of his frustration suddenly began to spill over.

“Shut up, this is your fault. You are bad, very bad.” Draëken ranted, eyes glazed. “You did this on purpose. You want them to take you away.” He pressed his arm against Fallon’s neck.

“No, please” The boy whispered as his windpipe was constricted.

Draëken let go a few seconds later.

Fallon started begging for forgiveness but the boy in front of him didn’t appear to be fazed. Draëken’s whole face had changed and Fallon realized this was no longer his brother.

“Dray, please come back, I’m sorry. I’ll be good.” Fallon pleaded shakily as he sobbed.

“You don’t get to talk.” Draëken said as he rummaged through one of the bags. He grabbed his pistol and some clothes which he threw at the boy.

“We have to leave before they get here.” Draëken mumbled. Fallon was shaking in fright.

The boy was completely compliant as Draëken helped him into jeans and a t-shirt. The shirt was okay but the jeans were baggy and the denim rubbed against his thighs uncomfortably.

Fallon wasn’t sure if that was done on purpose or not.

“Dray I wanna go home” the little boy whimpered as he was pushed out of the door.
Oops forgot to mention another name change, Vanderwoods are now Veselovskys because I made them Russian but forgot...

Draëken stared at the swirling amber whiskey in his glass as he twisted it between his fingers. The liquid burned his throat pleasantly after each sip and the numbness that followed was more than welcome.

“Can I get you another?” The bartender asked, stepping closer. Draëken was one of his only patrons at the moment. It was a pretty calm night since it was a weekday and all of the after workers had already left.

“Yeah, the same” Draëken mumbled.

He was nursing his third glass when a pair of cowboy boots walked up behind him. When Draëken didn’t immediately turn around, the owner of the boots slapped him on the back hard enough to make him cough and sputter.

The owner of the boots got what he wanted because Draëken quickly spun around in his chair to face him.

“Yes?” He asked, confused and mildly annoyed as he coughed.

The sheriff smiled at him and tipped his hat back.

“Are you old enough to be drinking that son?” He asked with a smile.

“I’m 19. And should you really be going to bars while still in uniform?” Draëken fired back spitefully.

The sheriff laughed. “Maybe not, but I’m off duty.”

“Can I get you anything, sheriff?” The barkeeper asked, seemingly overhearing their conversation but choosing not to comment.

“I’ll have a shot of Jäger, if you don’t mind.” The sheriff ordered.

The barkeeper nodded and went back to mixing drinks, leaving them alone to their conversation.

“Believe it or not, I didn’t come over here to bust your balls; I just want to talk to you.” The man said as he turned back to Draëken.

“’bout what” Draëken asked, humoring him.

“Same thing you’ve probably already heard.” He admitted before launching into it.

“We’re a really tight knit community here in Rustlegrove and drifters aren’t welcome here. That’s nothing against you, but it’s just the way it is.” The sheriff paused as if to consider something.”Now,
I told the guys to hold off on you but I don’t know how much longer that will last. I really think the best thing for you would be to move on to another town. I understand you are just trying to save up money for you and your brother but Rustlegrove isn’t the right place for that. Have you noticed how there aren’t very many families here?” Yes, Draëken had noticed. Some parts of the town actually seemed half-abandoned.

“It’s all because of the gang violence.” The man continued. “We have one of the highest murder rates in the country. This isn’t a safe place for kids. If you need any help getting yourself and your brother out of town, let me know and I’ll see what I can do to help.”

“Thanks sheriff.” Draëken replied, trying to hold back his sarcasm. All this talk of gangs and he had yet to see anyone who remotely looked like they were part of a gang. Of course it was possible they just drove through town and didn’t stay long.

“Here’s your Jäger, Jack.” The bartender interrupted.

“Thanks, Paulie” The sheriff answered before tipping the shot back and unknowingly showing off his chiseled jaw line.

Draëken had to admire that for a second. It wasn’t very often one came across an attractive man in uniform.

“I hope you’ll consider what I said.” The sheriff said when he was finished.

“I might” Draëken replied honestly as he turned back to his own drink.

Jack tipped his hat briefly in acknowledgement. He hoped the snarky kid would come to his senses but there were no guarantees so he was prepared for anything.

Draëken watched as the sheriff walked away, boots clicking against the wood once more. And if the bartender noticed the way his eyes lingered a moment too long on the sheriff’s ass, well he didn’t say anything.

Around midnight closing time was called so Draëken gulped down the rest of his drink and started to leave. It took him a minute to find his balance, apparently he was a little more drunk than he’d thought he was. The bartender must have noticed because he offered to call him a cab but Draëken just shook his head stubbornly and stumbled out on his own.

As he staggered down the street he had to admit that he was completely wasted and although he was pretty sure he was going in the right direction he wasn’t entirely sure.

Unsurprisingly, a very drunk Draëken ended up walking down the wrong street. He was thoroughly confused but he thought he recognized the area as the edge of the industrial district. Two large warehouses loomed on either side of him. He wasn’t sure which way to go so he decided to go north, down a side alley.

The alley was partially lit by a yellow lamp at the end which threw eerie green shadows across the grimy pathway. As he got closer to the light source, Draëken could hear voices and the shuffling of boxes.

It sounded like two of the voices were getting closer so Draëken stumbled behind a dumpster, leaning heavily against the wall.

“This is the last shipment right?” One of them asked as he lit up a cigarette.
“Yeah, this one’s going east. Boss is worried the Fed’s are watching too close. A car was waiting just outside of town a few days ago; it followed one of our trucks across three counties. Luckily, the truck was just on pick-up so it wasn’t carrying anything.” The second man replied.

“Damn. You think they got any real info?”

“Naw, they’d be all over here. We just have to lay low for awhile until they forget about us.” He explained.

“Hey, you two pin-heads these boxes ain’t gonna load themselves!” A voice shouted down the alley.

Draëken recognized the authoritative voice immediately. It was Jonah, the mechanic he had a run in with earlier.

“Shit” One of the men said as they stomped out their cigarettes.

So Jonah was the one of the people trafficking drugs through this town. Draëken hadn’t seen that one coming. He wondered if the sheriff knew about what was going on in his own back yard. It was the perfect cover... Jonah hadn’t seemed capable of tying his own shoes let alone running part of an illegal drug trade.

Draëken moved forward to see if he could get a better look. Unfortunately, he didn’t notice the crumpled coke can lying in front of him. He accidently kicked the aluminum with his shoe and it rolled to the side, clattering against the stone.

Both of the men froze when they heard the noise.

“What was that!?”,

Draëken held really still as a list of curse words flew through his head.

“Probably just a cat” one of them replied after listening for a moment. “C’mon, let’s get back before Jonah gets his panties in a twist.”

Draëken waited a few minutes before backing out of the alley carefully. He let the dark shadows hide his body and tried to walk as steadily as possible.

How he found his way back to the car, he didn’t really know.

Fallon didn’t wake up immediately when Draëken opened the car door. He did however wake up when his brother’s 185 lb (13 st) frame fell on top of him.

Fallon squeaked and wiggled out from under him as he was nearly crushed. The boy became scared when he realized how still his brother’s body was. Was he dead? Fallon tried to wake him up by sticking his fingers in Draëken’s mouth and trying to lift his eye lids.

Draëken woke up a little bit and tried to focus when he saw Fallon. The bruise covering Fallon’s delicate cheek reminded him of why he had started drinking in the first place.

“Baby, baby I’m sorry” Draëken mumbled “I’m nothing like our father. I’ll make everything better, you’ll see.” He said fighting to keep his eyes open. Draëken had to let Fallon know… he needed him to know so many things.

“I love you,” He rambled drunkenly. “You will always, always be my baby.” Fallon would never truly understand how much his brother needed him.
Draëken passed out again soon after that.

* * *

The Veselovsky family was sitting down for dinner in their formal dining area when the patriarch began speaking to his sons.

“Ian, Jesse, I talked to Rastov and he says you two are coming along nicely. It is very important to be able to defend yourself and pull off your own hits. You never know when you will need those skills. We have decided to set up a test, so Rastov and I can see how much you have really learned.” Andrei informed the twins.

The twins nodded in unison. They were always ready for the opportunity to show off their skills. It was what they had trained their whole lives for.

Andrei was very proud of how mature his heirs were. They would be great leaders when their time came.

“Michael I need you to rub elbows with the mayor’s son at the party tomorrow. If he shows up that is… Do you think you can do that?” Andrei said addressing his middle son.

“Why aren’t you asking Ian or Jesse?” Michael asked. The twins looked up curiously from their seats across the table. As the heirs of the family empire, building business relationships should be their responsibility.

“The mayor’s son has more in common with you.” Andrei replied carefully as he put his steak knife down.

Michael felt like an idiot when he finally understood what Andrei meant. He didn’t know if he was more insulted or embarrassed by the insinuation.

“Oh I see, he’s a fag so you want your flaming gay son to show him a good time.” Michael clarified, trying to ignore the way his voice got caught in his throat. He didn’t want to let his father get to him in front of the whole family. That would only be seen as weakness.

The twins simultaneously winced and looked away.

“Michael Anton! Do not use that language. I thought I raised you better than that.” His mother scolded.

“You know that’s not what I meant.” Andrei defended. “It doesn’t matter to me that you’re gay but I need you to do this for me, okay? All you have to do is talk to him.”

“Whatever” Michael said, storming off. He knew he was being childish but it seemed like his parents didn’t even try to understand how he might feel. It wasn’t easy being the only gay son in a family full of strong “alpha” males.

“We will talk about this later, Michael.” Andrei announced before he got to the door.

An awkward silence fell across the table.

“How have your lessons been going Gavyn?” Andrei asked his youngest son to try and break the tension.

“Good father! I’m almost finished with my French class.” Gavyn replied, fidgeting in his seat more
than was proper. Gavyn was barely fifteen and still acted like a child.

“Excellent,” His mother replied. “I’m so proud of you.”

Gavyn glowed at the praise and Ian couldn’t help thinking his parents were being much more lax with the youngest.

His parents had been so hard on him and Jesse when they were growing up because they were the ones who would continue on the family name. Then they also had to be hard on Michael so he wouldn’t be seen as “weak” because of his preferences and soft personality. Gavyn was the lucky one, he would never feel the same kind of pressure that they felt.

Ian loved his family but they weren’t always fair.
Draëken looked over the shelves for lotion or diaper cream because he hadn’t packed any apparently. He also wanted to prove to Fallon that he was sorry. After yesterday… and last night he definitely had his tail between his legs.

“But which one to pick?” The teenager stared numbly at all of the bottles sitting on the shelf. There were way to many options and his throbbing head wasn’t up for that challenge so he just grabbed one of the jars at random and went up to the cashier.

Having made his choice he placed a bottle of Gatorade, ibuprofen, an energy drink, a chocolate ice cream bar and the diaper cream on the counter. For a moment he also considered getting a pack of gum but decided against it because he hated that overly sweet, dry feeling gum left in his mouth. Besides he could just brush his teeth again to get rid of the vomit alcohol flavor that was currently gracing his taste buds.

The drugstore clerk rang up the items and threw them all into a plastic bag before handing it to him.

Draëken thanked him and quickly guzzled down the Gatorade as he left the store. He threw back four of the ibuprofen on his way to the car.

Hopefully the combination would settle his raging headache. Hangovers were the worst. He was never drinking that much again.

“Daddy!” Fallon greeted cheerfully when he returned.

Draëken cringed a little bit inside at his warm greeting. All morning the boy had acted like nothing had happened. Maybe in his mind it had already been forgotten but Draëken remembered every time he looked at his bruised face.

“Hi baby, I got you some stuff.” Draëken said putting the bag down.

“What stuffs?” He asked

“Stuff for your rash”

“Oh… ok” Fallon answered, mildly disappointed.

“and ice cream” Draëken added nonchalantly.

“Yay!” The boy exclaimed.

He started looking through the bag for his treat. Draëken stopped him just as his hand closed around
the prize.

“Not yet I gotta change you first” He told him.

“I do both” Fallon told him. “Please” he added, trying to persuade his brother.

“I don’t think you can, but ok.” Draëken laughed as he unwrapped the ice cream and handed it back to him.

Fallon licked the chocolaty treat while Dray pulled his pants down and untapped the diaper. Draëken opened the jar of diaper lotion and rubbed the white cream onto Fallon’s butt and all between his legs so the redness would go away.

Fallon shivered at the intimate touch. The cold cream felt weird around his little cock. Weird but good. His brother was very careful to go slow and rub it in well so as not miss anything. Fallon’s tummy was starting to feel kind of tingly and he wanted his brother to rub him some more but he didn’t know how to ask.

Maybe he could do it himself by grinding his hips into the seat? But he was laying on his back not his front so that wouldn’t relieve the tingles.

At some point he had stopped licking the ice cream and now the chocolate was dripping down onto his face. Fallon didn’t notice. He was hardly even conscious of his own heavy breathing.

“All done” Draëken said, fixing the boys diaper. He was careful to arrange him so his prick would be comfortable.

Draëken then took the sticky ice cream from Fallon’s hands and licked the drippy part, giving his brother a wink like it was a joke just between the two of them.

Fallon smiled back at him dreamily until his brother went after his face next, licking the chocolate off. The little boy shrieked with laughter and tried to fight him off.

“STOP it daddy” He laughed.

“But you taste so good!” Draëken protested.

“You can’t eat me.” Fallon told him, trying not to giggle.

“Oh ok” He said as he dragged his nose across the boy’s cheek, smelling the mixture of chocolate and his baby’s scent. The boy was so fun to tease.

“Would you like to go to the park?” Draëken asked, once the boy had calmed down. Today was all about Fallon.

“Yes, pls!” Fallon responded.

"Ok let’s go.” Draëken said.

His plan was to let Fallon do whatever he wanted while he sat on the bench and did nothing. He was starting to feel nauseous again but he also wanted a smoke.

Fallon was really happy about getting to go to the park. He tried to stop himself from babbling the entire way there but it wasn’t easy. Draëken had only taken him to the park a few times in his whole life but it always looked fun and he couldn’t wait to play on the swings and the jungle gym and that climby thing.
Maybe his brother would take him there more now.

“Alright, you can go play but stay away from people and if anyone asks about your bruise, you fell ok.” Draëken told him when they got there.

“Yes Dray, I be good.” Fallon assured.

“I’ll be sitting on this bench if you need me.” Draëken said walking away. Even though he already had dark shades on, he chose a spot under an oak tree and pulled out a cigarette.

Fallon ran off to the jungle gym while his brother took a break. The first thing he did was climb through the tunnel to where the slides were.

He found that the spirally yellow slide was his favorite because it was longer and he could stretch out his arms. Then when he got the end he would just fall on his diapered bottom and it didn’t hurt so bad.

Sometimes he would send Mr. Floppsy down first and race him. He was having a lot of fun by himself until another little boy showed up on the jungle gym with his mom. Fallon and Mr. Floppsy had just landed when the boy walked up to him.

The boy looked like he was about 7 or 8 and he was a lot bigger than Fallon.

“What are you doing?” He asked scornfully

“Slidin’ down the slide.” Fallon responded self consciously.

“You don’t do it right. You’re supposed to land on your feet.” The boy sneered “Didn’t anyone ever teach you how to slide?"

“No…” Fallon responded uncertainly.

Neither one of the boy’s noticed the mom walking over to check on them.

“What are you doing, Darren?” She asked in a nasally voice.

“I’m telling him how to slide because he doesn’t know.” Her son explained.

“Who is this?” She asked, confused. There normally weren’t other kids at the park during this time. But when she got a good look at the boy she figured it out on her own.

“Oh… you shouldn’t be here.” The woman said.

“Why not?” Fallon asked.

“Your brother hasn’t told you? It’s dangerous; there are evil things that want to hurt you. If you aren’t careful they will steal you away and you’ll never see your family again. You should tell your brother so ya’ll can leave before they find you.” She warned.

Fallon looked up at them fearfully. He was hoping the woman would tell him it was just a joke and she didn’t mean to scare him but he didn’t see any kindness or compassion in her eyes.

“Yeah, you better run before they get you!” The boy said.

Fallon stood up with tears in his eyes and ran across the playground. He couldn’t really see where he was going so he tripped on the wooden edge of the playground and skinned his knee on the little
gravel rocks.

The little boy started crying more but he managed to get back on his feet and kept running.

Draëken grunted in surprise when the blubbering boy slammed into him.

“What happened?” He asked, very confused.

“De was a b- oy n he no m-om say” Fallon said brokenly as he tried to explain.

“Ok, calm down so I can understand you.” Draëken said grabbing him by the shoulders.

He waited while Fallon tried to breathe steadily.

“There w-as a boy and he was mean and his mom was mean and the-y told me that I’ll get stoled and hurt. And- and I tried to run here but I fell and got hurt.” Fallon finally managed to get out.

“Where are they?” Draëken said dangerously. The blood had completely left his face and he was beyond pissed.

“Over there” Fallon said, pointing back in the direction he had come.

Draëken looked but he couldn’t see anything. They had probably already left, which was a good thing because he wasn’t sure he could be held responsible for his actions.

“That was very bad of them,” Draëken explained trying to keep his anger in check.”If they were still here I would make them sorry but I can’t do that now.”

Fallon nodded his head against Draëken’s neck.

“You don’t need to worry about anything baby. I’ll take care of you. Just calm down and I’ll get your leg fixed up.” He comforted.

True to his word Draëken cleaned up his knee and found him a band-aid to make it all better.

Unfortunately, Fallon was still pouting and looking miserable.

“I know, how bout we get lunch? That will make you feel better.” Draëken offered, not knowing what else to do.

Fallon wasn’t really hungry but he didn’t say anything because his brother was just trying to help. Plus he was happy when Draëken carried him to the car and buckled him in the seat.

Fallon looked out the window longingly at all the grass and trees as they left. He was very sorry their park trip ended so soon, because he was really having fun until that mean boy and his even meaner mom showed up. He would like to come back soon. Maybe he could bring that up to his brother later.

Draëken was watching Fallon entertain himself in the rear view mirror when familiar blue and red lights lit up behind him.

Shit

* * *

“A report came in from across the river. Ian intercepted it before it got to his desk but I’m not sure
how long you have until he starts getting suspicious.” Michael explained. This whole thing made him nervous. I mean sure he was excited about it at first... they were going to pull one over on his father. But now it just seemed stupid and dangerous.

“We need to keep Andrei out of it. Right now he’s distracted by the Chuntaros so we’ll just keep encouraging them. In the meantime we can hire more fall guys so that its harder to pinpoint.” Emily told him.

“Yeah that could work but for how long?” He asked “Maybe, I should just go away for a while until things settle down. You know I’m not good with these things.” The blonde explained apprehensively.

“No! You are an important part of this, we need you. Everything is going to work out, don’t worry. You just need to get your shit together.” She said threateningly.

The young man nodded stiffly. He was a little cowed by the girl’s tough demeanor, even though he would never admit it. Emily, could be very dangerous and he didn’t want to be on her bad side.

Suddenly, he wasn’t so sure he could get out of this even if he wanted.

Fuck
Chapter Notes

This chapter was a b****! It took me forever and I can't even tell you how many times a reworked it. At least it's a long one ':(

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Draëken’s hands tightened on the wheel and for a moment he considered trying to outrun the cop. It had worked once, and the idea was tempting. But ultimately he decided it would be better to let this play out and see what happened. He wasn’t sure what the officer wanted yet.

Draëken smoothly pulled the car over to the shoulder and came to a stop. The police cruiser stopped a few hundred feet behind him.

Fallon whimpered from the back seat unconsciously. He was scared of police and their flashing lights; it reminded him of when they stormed their home.

“It’s going to be okay Fal, don’t worry about anything,” Draëken said calmly as he lit a new cigarette. He was too good to be caught, Draëken thought arrogantly.

“Step out of the vehicle please. And put that god damn cig out.” The heavy-set officer ordered.

Draëken took a long drag from the cigarette before flicking it out of the window. He then glared at the cop as he got out of the car very slowly.

“Turn around and place your hands on the car” The man ordered.

“I believe you need probable cause before you can search my person or my vehicle.” Draëken commented.

“I have all the probable cause I need,” The officer replied, obviously annoyed.

He forcefully pushed Draëken up against the car and made him spread his legs. Draëken grunted when his chest hit the metal body of the car.

The officer didn’t seem to care that they were making a scene in a public area as he patted the young man down roughly.

And the cop felt justified in his decision when he found the small pocket knife that was hidden in the boy’s jean pocket. He put the item in a plastic evidence baggy for later. Being a police officer was a dangerous job and if you wanted to live it was always better to exercise caution.

“I’m taking you in for questioning son. Your plates and ID came back as possibly fake.” The officer explained as he clicked the metal cuffs around the boy’s wrists.

“I don’t know anything about that sir. My uncle loaned me this car.” Draëken replied, feigning sincerity. He thought he might be able to smooth things over, but the cop didn’t seem to have the same sentiments.
“Having fake plates is never a good sign in my experience and overall you are very suspicious. The officer told him. “But if everything checks out, you will be free to go.” He added.

“Alright” Draëken replied as he was walked back to the police car.

“What about my brother?” He asked as Officer Richardson pushed him into the back seat.

“Don’t think I didn’t see the bruises. He’ll go down to the station with us and CPS will take care of him from there.”

The officer closed the door before he could here Draëken’s growl in response. If they found out who Draëken was and what he had done they would separate Fallon from him forever.

Somehow Draëken would have to slip away with Fallon before anyone found out the truth. He had an idea of how but it would only work if the cop remained pre-occupied. While the officer went to retrieve his brother, Draëken set the plan in motion.

A short time later the officer came back with his brother in tow. Draëken sat up straighter to watch what was happening. The man was nice enough to help the boy into the front seat. Draëken didn’t like the way Fallon looked though. There wasn’t any color in the boy’s cheeks and he looked shaky. Draëken couldn’t do anything about that now, he had to focus.

They were already on their way to the station when the officer made a call over the radio. Draëken was pretty sure he understood the gist of the conversation.

“10-26 suspicious subject in custody. 362 In route now.” Officer Richardson announced.

Another voice crackled over the radio in response, “119 responding. I’m just ahead of you; I’m finishing up my patrol so I can take the suspect in.”

It was unusual for a sheriff to offer to take someone else’s suspect. The officer assumed the man was trying to take credit for the catch.

“10-10 that’s not necessary” The officer grunted.

“362, it’ll be better if I book him in county.” The voice responded firmly.

“10-4” Officer Richardson wasn’t happy but he knew when to stand down.

“These damn sheriffs, just think they can do as they please.” The officer complained after hanging up the radio.

“What’s happening now? What did he mean by ‘book him in county’?” Draëken asked. This wasn’t happening as he thought it would but it might actually work to his advantage.

“The sheriff’s gonna take you to county. I don’t know what if or what he plans on charging you with, that’s up to him.” The officer answered.

Draëken didn’t have time to respond as the cruiser stopped next to the sheriff’s blue and white truck.

“Stay here” The man ordered unnecessarily. Where was Draëken going to go when he was locked in the back of a police car?

While the officer and sheriff spoke to each other outside, Draëken took the opportunity to put his plan in motion.
“Fallon, listen to me.”

The boy turned around in his seat to see Draëken better.

“When I say run, I need you to run as fast as you can and hide. Don’t try to follow me. I’ll come back and find you, ok?” He said quietly.

“Are you gonna leave me?” The boy asked nervously. The thought of Draëken leaving made his chest feel too small, like someone was squeezing him.

“I’ll come back. Just do as I say.” Draëken said quickly and quietly.

He was very aware of the murmur of voices outside of the car. They were getting closer.

Officer Richardson pulled the door open and guided him out. Draëken stepped away from the car compliantly. The sheriff caught his eye immediately. The tall blonde man was staring at him regretfully.

“Is there anything else you need help with, Jack?” The officer asked unpleasantly. He still wasn’t happy having his suspect taken.

“Yes, please bring the evidence into my office when you are done with patrol.” The sheriff responded, ignoring the man’s attitude.

Draëken watched the two men bicker over him. Neither one of them was actually paying attention to the young man between them.

He waited until the officer let go of his arm to hand him to the sheriff. In the split second between the transfer, Draëken simultaneously head butted the officer and twisted his wrists, releasing the handcuffs. The element of surprise worked in his favor as he took off running toward the small office buildings in front of him.

“STOP” He heard the sheriff yell. Draëken didn’t stop.

“Jesus Christ.” The sheriff said, taking off after his suspect. The officer remained standing there in a daze until he saw a head of brown hair try to flash by him. The little brother.

“Hey!” He said grabbing the small boy by the shirt. Richardson’s head was pounding as he wrestled the kid into his grasp.

“Gotcha” He panted, triumphantly when the boy went limp.

The sheriff was running after the older boy, trying not to lose him. He followed him around an abandoned office building and down the back streets where there were several houses. The kid cut across a few yards and jumped fences in an attempt to shake the sheriff. Unfortunately for him, Jack had done track and football in high school.

Just when the sheriff thought he was about to catch the boy, he lost him somewhere in an apartment complex. The sheriff walked around the units trying to pick up the trail but the kid was long gone.

“Dammit” He cursed and kicked the side of a dumpster. It would be useless to keep searching without help, so he decided to head back.

“Where have you been? This boy is freaking out!” The officer shouted at him when Jack returned to
his truck.

The sheriff stared at the scene, bemused.

The little boy was screaming and thrashing in the officer’s arms as the man struggled to hold on. It was like David fighting goliath, their size difference was comical.

“What do you mean where have I been? I was chasing the suspect.” He said, raising his eyebrow. He couldn’t believe the man was criticizing him. Especially when the man seemed to desperately need his help in handling… a child.

He was half tempted to just let Richardson handle the boy alone.

But instead Jack sucked it up and said, “I’ll take care of the kid; just get back to the department.”

The officer was more than happy to hand over the tiny brunette haired demon child. He was also secretly glad that he wasn’t the one who had to handle the repercussions of letting a suspect escape. That was on Jack’s head.

Jack watched the officer drive away as he tried to calm the wild little boy down. He was probably upset that his brother was gone and he was left with strangers. That would be upsetting for any child. The sheriff had three kids of his own so he knew how they worked.

“Hey it’s all right; no one is going to hurt you.” He spoke comfortingly. “I’m sure your brother will be back soon.”

Fallon just looked up at him with sad eyes and didn’t say anything.

“For now I’m going to take you somewhere safe, ok?” Sheriff Jack asked as he lifted the little boy up into his truck. He would bring the kid home to his wife, so she could keep an eye on him while he went to go look for the brother.

“We’re going to my house.” Jack told him.

Fallon nodded at the blonde sheriff dejectedly.

“My wife and I live out in the country, down a dirt road. Have you ever been out in the country?” He continued.

“Yes.” The boy said so quietly that Jack almost missed it.

“Are you from the south then?” He suspected he already knew the answer but he wanted to see what the boy would say.

“Yeah”

“That’s nice” The sheriff said. “I think you are going to like my wife. She is very nice and she loves to cook.” He continued fondly. “And you can meet my girls. I have three daughters; they’re 9, 7, and 3. They can be a handful but I love them.”

Fallon watched the man nervously out of the corner of his eye. The sheriff was all right, Fallon decided. He sure seemed to care about his family.

* * *

“This is such a shitty town. I can’t believe the inspector sent us down here.” The man complained.
“There have been a few possible sightings in the towns near here dating back a few months. You never know we could be the ones to catch him” His female partner replied optimistically. She was young and full of excitement and energy. The years of difficult, frustrating cases hadn’t beaten her down yet.

“If you say so…” He stomached “Now let’s see if we can drive around and speak to people. It doesn’t seem like many of these people have phones or T.V so maybe there is new information we haven’t discovered yet.”

“Paul, these are blue-collar working folk… not cavemen. I’m sure they have phones and televisions.” She defended.

“If you say so…”

Chapter End Notes

I will explain how Draëken got away in the next chapter... it wasn't magic and he's not Houdini.
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

The next chapter is the end of part one! I should have it up by next week :)

“Of course I don’t mind taking care of him!” Laura assured her husband. She had been a little surprised when Jack showed up on their doorstep with the tiny brunette in tow but Laura didn’t mind taking care of one more child.

Fallon had been hoping she would allow him to stay, he already felt safe with the pretty blonde. The woman gave off a warm, kind energy and Fallon was drawn to it from the moment the sheriff introduced her as his wife.

“Are you sure? I can call CPS to take him but it may be awhile.” The sheriff asked her.

“Don’t even think of taking him to CPS, all they will do is traumatize the poor thing!” She scolded him.

“Of course… I’m sure you will take better care of him anyway. I’ll be back as soon as I find the other one.” He said. Once Laura made up her mind about something, she wouldn’t change it.

“Be safe” She ordered.

“Always” Jack he said giving her a kiss. Laura was his high school crush, although they didn’t start dating until the summer after graduation when he finally had the nerve to ask her out. It began as just a summer dalliance because she made it clear that her plans were to go off to college in the fall, but Jack quickly fell in love. She was the kindest, most beautiful woman he ever met! He was heartbroken when she left for college but he didn’t want to tell her because he knew she didn’t feel the same way.

For three months they didn’t talk and he assumed she was having the time of her life being a college girl. Then one day she showed up on his doorstep and told him that she loved him and that she was leaving college after the end of the semester. To say he was surprised was an understatement. He knew she could have had any guy that she wanted. To this day he didn’t know why she chose him but once she did he decided to never let go.

Now they had a picture perfect life and three beautiful daughters together.

“eww” Maddie and Emma complained upon seeing the display of affection, much to their parents amusement.

“You girls be good.” He said kissing each of his daughters on the forehead. His three little golden-haired girls were precious to him and they knew it.

“Bye daddy.” They chimed, watching him get into his big white truck and drive off.

“Girls, why don’t you introduce yourselves to Fallon?” Their mom prompted.

“I’m Maddie” said the older girl said pointing to herself.” and this is Emma” she said pointing to a
younger look-alike, “and the baby is Lily” Lily wasn’t really a baby anymore but they still called her the baby because she was the youngest.

Laura watched the exchange with much amusement. Maddie had always been very outgoing, while Emma was more reserved, and Lily was just happy to follow her older sisters.

“I need to wash the floors before I start dinner, so why don’t ya’ll go play in your room?” She encouraged them.

“Okay mommy! I will show Fallon my barbies.” The older girl, Maddie, said assertively. Fallon looked a little scared when she grabbed his wrist and pulled him away.

“Come on Fallon, it’ll be fun.” Emma encouraged.

Maddie led them to the pink and lime green room that she and Emily shared. A little barbie play house was set up in the corner. She pushed Fallon down next to.

One by one she pulled out the dolls and showed them to him.

“This is Princess Aurora, she’s mine and this one is Belle she is Emma’s. Lily doesn’t have dolls yet because she tries to eat them. And this is…”

Fallon looked over at the baby. Sure enough had one of the dolls in her mouth and was chewing on its hair.

“You can play with one of my dolls, Fallon.” Emma offered sweetly. Fallon smiled back at her tentatively. He had never played with other children, it was kind of nice. Sometimes he could get Draèken to play with him but it wasn’t the same.

They played with the dolls for a little bit until Emma suddenly announced “I wanna play pretend!” It was one of her favorite games because she had a good imagination.

“Ok” Maddie agreed. “I wanna be the mommy though.”

“You can be the mommy and I’ll be the big sister and Lily will be the baby.”

“What about Fallon?” Maddie asked.

Emma scrunched up her face thoughtfully.

“He can be the little brother.” She said.

“Shouldn’t he be the daddy?” Maddie asked confused. Boys were usually daddies.

“No, cuz then you will have to kiss him and that’s gross.” Emma explained. They all nodded in agreement because that made sense.

The girls then began playing pretend but Fallon wasn’t sure what he was supposed to do, so he decided to go play with the legos. They looked interesting and he would rather build things than play house. Fallon was focused on building the castle when Maddie came up to him in a huff.

“Little brother, I called you for dinner! We are supposed to eat together as a family.” She scolded him.

Fallon stared up at her dumbly.
“Come on” she said, trying to pick him up. It was difficult because he was more than half her size but she was somehow able to lift him onto her hip.

The little girl then carried him across the room to the little plastic table where Emma and Lily were already sitting with fake food piled in front of them.

“You feel wet” she announced after she plopped him down “Do you have a diapee on?” Maddie asked in confusion.

Fallon blushed under her scrutiny. He had peed in his diaper a few minutes ago because he didn’t know if he was allowed to use the potty and it was what he was accustomed to.

“I can check. Mommy asked me to help change Lily’s diapers sometimes so I know how.” The curly-haired girl told him as she unbuttoned his jeans and pulled them down a little.

Maddie stuck her hand into his jeans and between his legs to feel the diaper.

The cotton felt wet and saggy against her small palm. “Yep, you’re wet.” She confirmed.

“I wanna see!” Emma said. She always wanted to do everything her big sister did.

Fallon whined uncomfortably when she too stuck her hand through his pants and squeezed his diaper.

“Gross! It’s all squishy.” Emma cringed.

“We need to go tell mom, so she can change his diaper.” Maddie informed her.

“Isn’t he too old to need diapees? Lily’s the baby and all she needs are pull-ups.” Emma pointed out.

Fallon felt himself tear up in embarrassment. He knew he shouldn’t be so dramatic about it, but it was hard to do what everyone wanted when they all wanted different things.

“I don’t know but mom will know what to do. You stay here and I’ll go get her.”

“Oh no, he’s crying! What do I do?” Emma asked but Maddie was already gone.

“It’s okay baby. Mommy will be here soon.” She comforted, giving the boy a hug.

Maddie quickly located her mom. She was in the kitchen and it looked like she was just about to make dinner.

“Mommy, Fallon needs a diaper change.” Maddie told her. It was Maddie’s job as the big sister to let mom know when something happened and she took her job very seriously.

“A diaper change?” Laura asked in surprise. Jack never told her the boy wore diapers, though he did often forget to add helpful details like that…

“Yeah, he’s wet.” Maddie confirmed.

“Ok, let me see what I have left in the closet.” She hadn’t had thrown away all of Lily’s baby stuff yet so there were likely some diapers in there.

“Ah ha!” She said unearthing a package of diapers and a changing mat.

She laid the mat down in the baby room (Lily’s room) before going to retrieve Fallon.
The little boy looked up at her pathetically when she came in. He was either upset or embarrassed or possible both.

“It’s alright sweetie. Everyone has accidents.” Laura comforted the tearful boy as she scooped him up with practiced ease.

Fallon was grateful when he realized that she was carrying him away from the nosy audience. He didn’t think he could handle the humiliation if she changed him in front of the curious girls.

“It’s you all cleaned up, so you’ll be ready for dinner. I’m sure you’re hungry. I’m going to make grilled chicken with garlic pasta and mixed veggies. Doesn’t that sound nice?” The woman babbled as laid him down on the mat to change his diaper.

It was uncomfortable and Fallon wished Draëken was here instead of this woman, but the woman clearly knew what she was doing so that was good. Fallon tried to stay still while she cleaned him and changed his diaper.

“All done. Now if you want to use the potty next time, there is one right through there.” She pointed “or if you need a change, just let me know and I will help you.”

It didn’t sound as if she was patronizing him, she was just being helpful. Fallon nodded carefully to show he understood.

The sheriffs wife then released him to go play while she went back to the kitchen.

“Are you mad at me for telling mommy?” Maddie questioned concernedly as soon as he got back.

Fallon blushed and shook his head. He wasn’t mad; there was nothing to be mad about.

* * *

Draëken thought for sure the officer or sheriff would have noticed when he dropped the knife under the car. The metal had even clinked against the gravel when it struck the ground.

His plan had been relatively simple. Once he realized the officer hadn’t searched his boots and therefore missed the knife he kept there, Draëken knew he could slip away. All he had to do was ease the knife out while Officer Richardson went to get his brother. It wasn’t easy to get the knife in position because the handcuffs reduced his dexterity. But eventually he got it in place and when the officer left the car for the second time he clicked the lock open.

Draëken then waited for the perfect moment when the two men were distracted to escape. The sheriff did almost catch up to him but Draëken managed to shake him by running through the apartment complex.

A nearby house had a tool shed out back so Draëken hid under the rickety wooden shack for a good 20 minutes before doubling back to look for Fallon.

Draëken had a bad feeling as soon as he got to the parking lot where they had escaped from. His fears were confirmed when he made circle around the area but couldn’t find Fallon. There was nothing out there except for a few empty boxes and a pile of trashcans. He tried calling Fallon’s name but no one answered except for the birds.

With nowhere else to look Draëken went back to the parking lot to see if he could retrace what happened. It wasn’t difficult, because the soft gravel retained tire tracks and foot prints fairly well. Draëken saw his own leading away from the scene and another pair following but nothing else. It
was clear that Fallon hadn’t made it far and Draëken chastised himself for thinking the boy could get away on his own.

“Now what?” He asked himself, angrily. Draëken took a few deep breaths to keep his temper under control so he could think clearly.

Obviously his main priority had to be to find Fallon. Draëken couldn’t leave without him.

The problem was where to find him… The cops had obviously taken him with them. So if he found the cops he could find Fallon. But it wasn’t like he could walk right up to the police station and demand to see his brother.

Maybe he could get more helpful information if he went down to the industrial district? That’s where a lot of the less scrupulous people seemed to hang out. If anyone would know it would be them. The homeless in particular were always willing to talk for a few shillings and were less likely to rat him out. However, losing Fallon was not an option so if Draëken had to break a few necks to get what he wanted that was what was going to happen.
In the time it had taken Jack to drop off Fallon, the police chief left several urgent messages on his phone. The action was unusual and foreboding.

The Sheriff called him back immediately.

“Are the detectives on their way here?” Jack asked, forgoing any greeting.

“No they ARE here! They’ve already come down to the station to ask some questions. I gave them the run around for awhile and then they left. But they are going to be snooping around town looking for that kid, I know it!” The man growled.

“Shit”

“We need to handle this situation quickly. Have you found him yet?” asked the Chief.

“Kind of… I was out looking for the kid but one of your’s found him first. So I intercepted him on the way to the station, we were going to make the transfer but the kid got away. We caught his brother though.” The Sheriff replied anxiously.

“This is not good Jack.” The man warned. “The feds will use any excuse they can to investigate us. If they find this kid here, they can twist it into us harboring a dangerous criminal and that’s reason enough to start an investigation into this town.”

“Let’s just hope I can find him before they do.” Jack replied gravely.

* * *

Draëken knew he was at risk of being discovered by walking around town but he needed to find his brother. He took the long way to the industrial district to avoid being seen.

Just off of east Main Street, he stumbled upon a group of ragged homeless who were making camp outside a plastic recycling center. They all started to run when they saw him coming. Well, except for one who was already passed out with a bottle of vodka in his hand. He was dead to the world.

Draëken turned and lunged for the nearest beggar as they tried to run past him. The woman tried to shrug off the large jacket she was wearing to get away but Draëken yanked her back.

“Calm down. I just need to ask you a couple of questions.” He demanded. Instead of doing as he said, the homeless woman turned around and spit at him.

The ball of saliva hit his shirt and rolled down until the cotton fibers managed to absorb the glob.
Draèken clinched his jaw in anger, spitting on someone was incredibly disrespectful and Draèken did not like to be disrespected. His hand squeezed into a fist around her collar as he tried to control his anger. He couldn’t hurt her, he told himself. He still needs answers.

“I will give you a dollar for every question you answer correctly.” He told her. Surely money would calm her down and he could ask his questions.

She still looked pissed but at least she stopped fighting him.

“Do you know where a child might be taken after they are removed?” Draèken asked.

The woman smiled at him with yellowed teeth. “Oh is that what you wanna know?” She laughed.

“Yes” He answered sternly.

“I tell you… for twenty bucks.” She offered, still smiling.

“Ten and you answer all my questions. If I feel generous afterward I’ll give you twenty.” He countered.

“Fine. Ten dollars” She said holding her hand out. That would buy her a couple of good meals at least.

He gave her the bill and she shoved it into her pocket quickly.

“There’s no group home in Rustle, they take all the chitlens to Milberry. Or sometimes they put em in foster houses. Could be anywhere in the county.” She told him.

That was less than helpful, he thought. Fallon could be anywhere Draèken realized angrily.

“Do you know where I might find the sheriff?” Draèken began to ask.

He trailed off when out of the corner of his eye he saw a black unmarked car stop abruptly across the street. Draèken’s initial thought was that it was a drug dealer or a gangbanger but something was off about the situation. Draèken watched the car carefully to see what they were doing.

The woman turned to look at the suspicious car also. They must have come to the same conclusion because in the next instant they both took off running in different directions. Despite her heavy clothes the homeless woman was swift as she disappeared into the obscurity of the factory district.

Draèken could hear the sound of tires squealing behind him as he ducked into one of the alleyways that formed a labyrinth between the factories and warehouses. It was immediately apparent that the people weren’t after the homeless, they were specifically targeting him.

The black Volvo crashed recklessly into trashcans and wooden pallets as it barreled after him. Draèken hoped they put in the extra money for insurance because they were certainly going to need it.

The vehicle was so close to him that debris was hitting him in the back as he ran. Draèken was just narrowly avoiding being hit by the actual car. He was forced to take several cross ways to slow them down. The car’s tires lost traction around the tight turns and it screeched dangerously but it never lost it’s target.

The further south Draèken ran, the narrower the alleys became. At some point he could no longer hear the car behind him. The people pursuing him must have had to abandon the vehicle, he realized.
Draëken didn’t know how far they were behind him but at least there was a little more distance between them now. And he wasn’t in danger of becoming road kill.

He was also pretty sure that he was close to the destination he had in mind. Unfortunately Draëken had made a mistake by turning down an alley with no exit.

Turning back would cost him precious time so he looked for another way. Attached to one of the buildings in front of him was an old fire escape ladder. It probably hadn’t been used in years and there was no telling how structurally sound it was.

Draëken jumped up to grab onto one of the rusted rungs and used his momentum to begin scaling the ladder.

About halfway up he felt the ladder sway below him. One of the metal joints next to him creaked hazardously. Draëken looked down to find the source of the disturbance. A well-dressed man with a badge was following him up the building.

Still on the ground was a dowdy-looking woman. Probably his partner Draëken guessed.

“I’ll try to block of the other side!” She shouted.

Draëken started climbing again as the ladder steadied, despite the added weight.

“Stop! I’m detective Mowry!” The man below him shouted, as if that was enough to make him submit.

Draëken chuckled briefly and started moving even faster. As soon as he made it to the roof, he pulled himself up and started scanning for the building he was after. It had to be one of the ones on the left he decided. The closest structure was seemingly out of reach. However, it did have a metal staircase attached to the nearest side. He might be able to make it if he jumped far enough.

With no time for hesitation, Draëken said a Hail Mary and took a running start and launched himself off the roof.

The platform he was aiming for was too far away, he realized. And six floors was a long drop he thought to himself regretfully.

Almost as if in slow motion, he reached out to catch the railing. His arm was stretched as far as it would go.

Somehow Draëken caught the bar. He dangled there for a second before swinging himself to the stairs below. It was a good six or seven foot drop and his knees crumpled below him upon impact. His hands were also torn and bloody from grabbing the metal bars.

Draëken rose quickly, he didn’t have time to assess his injuries. It didn’t matter anyway because the Adrenaline in his blood blocked the pain.

“Draëken stop, we are here to take you in.” The female detective yelled as she rounded the corner with her weapon drawn and pointing at him. “Don’t make this more difficult than it has to be.” She warned.

He analyzed her for a brief second, noticing her trembling legs and the shaky grip she had on the gun. This was exactly why women shouldn’t be allowed in law enforcement he thought, scornfully.

Draëken didn’t plan on surrendering, especially to a woman. There was an empty window on the
building in front of him so he quickly dove through it. Even if she didn’t have the gall to shoot him, he didn’t want to give her the opportunity.

Draëken slid across the wooden floor before coming to a stop in front of a broken door.

This was a strange place Draëken mused.

The air inside the warehouse wasn’t as warm and stagnant as one would expect and there was a spicy smell to it that was unusual. It was especially odd because this building appeared to be abandoned from the outside.

Draëken tried not to make too much noise as he cautiously walked around the plastic manikins. He was searching for the stairs but he found a sliding pole first.

That would be quicker anyway he thought. Draëken promptly used the pole to slide down to the first floor. He landed gracefully, with only a small thud coming from his boots.

Everything was eerily quiet. Draëken warily scanned the main part of the warehouse.

The loading dock was wide open and a truck that was stationed there was half-filled with crates. Draëken looked around but he didn’t see signs of any workers. It was almost as if production was frozen and everything had been abandoned. Draëken frowned to himself.

“STOP right there!” Draëken heard from both sides, along with the click from several pistols. Draëken froze mid step and lifted his hands in the air.

On his left were the two detectives, the man and the woman both with their guns trained on his chest. On his right was the sheriff who at first glance seemed to be pointing his weapon at Draëken’s back but Draëken realized the man was actually looking past him.

Draëken barely had time to process all this before shots rang out. He couldn’t tell who was firing at whom because the sounds seemed to be coming from all directions.

Draëken didn’t have a weapon of his own, so he ducked down to avoid the fire. But before he could get down all the way, he felt a burning in his leg followed by pain searing his spine. Draëken grunted as his legs folded underneath him.

Follow this link for Innocence and Insanity Art :

Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Suggestions for new art pieces are welcome! Just tell me which character(s) you want to see and describe a scene. It doesn't have to be a scene from the story.

Draeken looked on broodingly while the children circled around the farm house. Fallon's head bobbed up every now and then as they chased each other all about, occasionally the group would stop and peruse the chickens who got caught in the mix. The sheriff casually leaned against the porch alongside him, also watching the scene. It all appeared so domestic that Draeken wasn't quite sure what to think.

None of the young ones were aware of the boiling tension forming around them. But the gaping hole in Draeken's thigh was a constant reminder. A mere 24 hours had passed since the warehouse incident.

The sheriff wasn't exactly thrilled about having a criminal stay in his house. Especially with his wife and kids there, but the arrangement did allow him to keep a close eye on the young man.

"Have you been able to contact the supplier?" He questioned.

"Yeah but the idiot wasn't very helpful. I had to coerce him into giving me the number of his higher up," Draeken said bitterly, turning his head to spit. Graciously, he aimed for the grass below not the porch.

The sheriff knew Draeken was in a bad mood. His leg probably hurt like hell and he was angry about being forced to help the town. The only one who could brighten his mood was Fallon. The brothers had a strange relationship, that Jack couldn't quite explain...

"Well you better figure it out soon. The council is not happy and they want action." Jack warned.

"I know" Draeken grumbled, thinking back to when he made that ungodly deal with the town council.

Draeken had long suspected that most of the town was involved or knew something about the drug trafficking. But it wasn’t until yesterday Draeken found out that the town council actually organized the drug trade. He was unpleasantly surprised when he heard this.

Apparently the mayor and council were the ones who set up the drug trade through Rustle. It was a major, well-planned operation from the start. In only a few short years, drug trafficking had become the life-blood of this failing town.

He'd had to prod and pry the story out of them because everyone was tight-lipped. According to the sheriff, he along with the police chief were compensated rather well to protect the illegal operation. Jonah managed the warehouse and the actual trafficking of the product. All the townspeople had to do was keep quiet in order to reap the benefits.

If Draeken had realized how well-organized this group was, he wouldn't have messed shit up like he had. The council was not too happy when they heard about the mess with the feds.
Draeken was forced to make a deal with them against his better sense.

FLASHBACK

After the shooting, Draeken wasn’t able to slip away like he’d hoped. Instead, he lay on the concrete helpless and frustrated because he couldn’t walk and his leg was a bloody mess.

He was surprised when the sheriff and Jonah came up to him with a t-shirt to wrap the wound. The sheriff wrapped his leg in the clean cloth while Jonah stared on unusually quiet and stern looking.

Jonah was still holding a gun in his hand; the metal was darkened with gun smoke. Draeken later found out that Jonah had a heads up on what was going on and he’d been ready and waiting in the office with a few men.

After Draeken’s leg was wrapped, the two men spoke quietly for a few minutes, trying to figure out what to do next. They agreed that Jack should take Draeken back to his house to have the bullet removed while Jonah dealt with the mess in the warehouse. Both of the detectives had been killed in the shootout and there was blood everywhere.

Once everything was figured out, the sheriff helped Draeken into the back of his squad car before calling a doctor to meet them at the house.

Draeken was mildly confused when he walked into the sheriff’s humble abode and saw his little brother playing next to a blonde-haired girl. The sheriff must have thought it would be easier to hide Fallon in his own home.

Draeken was very relieved to see his brother wasn’t with random strangers. The sheriff’s house was far better than a group home.

At first Fallon was really excited when he saw Draeken but he stopped short he realized that his brother was injured and there was blood all over his clothes.

Draeken wasn’t able to walk very well so the sheriff had an arm around him and was helping him into the house. That seemed to really freak the boy out and he became inconsolably upset. Draeken spoke to him quietly for a little bit to try and calm him down but Fallon was still uneasy.

Thankfully, Mrs. Sheriff ushered the kids outside when the doctor arrive to remove the metal from his leg. Draeken definitely didn’t want his brother watching that part.

The doctor was a cruel bastard and didn’t use any anesthesia or pain medicine when he dug the bullet out. It was a good thing the sheriff’s wife had the forethought to lay a tarp down because there was blood everywhere. It was all very barbaric. At least the sheriff was sympathetic enough to hand Draeken a double shot of whiskey.

The doctor was still searching for metal shards when the council graced him with their presence, much to Draeken’s displeasure.

Jonah had told them about the warehouse shooting immediately after it happened and they came to clean up the loose ends.

Five men all crowded around the cramped farmhouse while Draeken screamed and cursed at the doctor.

The council watched this all happen, impassively.
At least they had the decency to wait until the doctor finished before descending on him.

The councilmen each introduced themselves to the pissed young man. The mayor was a tall skinny fellow named Bartholomew, then there was Mr. Pinnacle, Mr. Walters, Mr. Turner, and Mr. Finnegan… Yep the old man who hired Draeken to work in the hardware store.

Draeken had to do a double take when he saw the man’s familiar smiling face.

“What do you want?” He sneered at them.

“You have created quite a bit of trouble for us. Both the Sheriff and Jonah Clark have suggested that you may have done so knowingly.” Mr. Bartholomew growled. “We came here to give you an ultimatum. Either you take the fall for the death of those detectives and we kill you … Or you take the fall for murdering the detectives and we let you go free but we keep your brother as leverage. The fact that we are offering this deal is more than generous on our part.”

“Sounds like a fantastic deal.” Draeken replied sarcastically.

“So which will it be?” Turner asked.

“I would prefer if neither happened” Draeken replied tensely. Both scenarios were unacceptable and he refused to consider either one.

“And there may be a more favorable solution for both of us.” He continued “I’ve heard that the DEA is already suspicious of you, so your problems go beyond two dead detectives and a wanted criminal.”

“What of it?” Mr. Bartholomew replied in annoyance,

“I might be able to help you with that if you are willing.” Draeken suggested.

“What is your idea?” Mr. Finnegan asked curiously. Draeken didn’t miss the way Bartholomew glared at the man.

“It’s simple, I convince the DEA that you are innocent and that someone else is trafficking the drugs. In return you help me fake my death. Perhaps I can die in a tragic shootout with the detectives.” Draeken suggested.

“How?” Bartholomew asked uncertainly.

“The how is something I would need to speak with your supplier about first. But if all goes well, it'll be a win win for both of us.” Draeken said, the idea was barely formed in his head yet so he wasn't able to provide many details.

“That sounds pretty vague…But maybe it can work.” Bartholomew conceded. Draeken was pleased that he seemed to be thinking it over.

“The police chief can get a couple of the officers to set up a fake crime scene while the kid figures the rest out. And the sheriff can keep an eye on him to make sure he keeps up his end of the deal.” Walters suggested. That actually made a lot of sense; Draeken was pleased to see someone on the council knew what they were doing.

“Alright, who agrees on this?” Bartholomew asked for an informal vote.

All of the council men nodded except for Turner. He thought the endeavor was too risky but in the
end he was over ruled by the majority.

So that’s how Draeken ended up taking on the biggest cover up he’d ever attempted. He had no idea how this was going to go.

FLASHBACK ENDS

“My leg is killing me, I think I’m gonna go inside for a bit.” Draeken mumbled, limping back to the door.

“Alright” The sheriff said, his eyes following Draeken all the way inside.

*   *   *

“Has anyone heard from Detectives Mowry and Brook? They were supposed to report yesterday evening?” The inspector asked loudly across the bureau office.

Immediately the chatter and paper shuffling stopped.

“No sir, they haven’t called in.” A man replied after a brief mutual silence.

“Where was their assignment?” He asked.

“It was in... Rustle Grove. The Lovett case I believe.” One of the detectives replied after flipping through the appropriate file.

“Vasquez, see if you can get a hold of them. If not we may need to send someone to look for them.” He ordered.

“Yes sir.” Vasquez’s response was slightly gurgled due to the lollipop hanging out of his mouth. He quickly removed the sugary treat when the inspector glared at him pointedly.

“Sir, there is another team in that area. If Mowry and Brook can’t be reached, the other team could go search for them. Our guys couldn’t get there that fast.”

“Thank you, Weller. That would be helpful.” The inspector praised, giving Vasquez another stern look before returning to his office.
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Entirely innocent... well mostly innocent. Kids will be kids after all ;)

Draëken was drinking coffee and reading the newspaper when Fallon wandered into the kitchen.

"Daddy is it okay if I play with Maddie and Emma in their room?" Fallon asked him with big
pleading eyes.

"Yeah that's fine" Draëken replied indifferently as he flicked through the thin pages.

This would be a good opportunity for him to make a few more calls. There was no one at the house
besides him and the kids. Sheriff Jack was in town because he had a meeting with the police chief.
Laura was visiting the next door neighbor, she took Lily with her but left the other ones.

Draëken sighed and picked up the phone to call the new number he had received. It had taken him
awhile to get to where he was. No one wanted to give him the number to the creator/manufacturer of
the drugs.

The phone rang a few times before someone picked up.

“Hello” A male voice answered.

“Garret…?” Draëken asked in surprise. Surely it wasn’t him.

“Oh, hey man. What’s up?” It was him! Draëken couldn’t believe it.

“I’m looking for the person who makes the Pasithea drug. I didn’t expect it to be you.” Draëken said
point-blank. He hadn’t been in contact with Garret or Emily since they came to his house several
months ago.

“She’s I don’t make it. I’m just a messenger.” Garret replied quietly, as if he didn’t want anyone to
hear.

“Well listen, I need a special order. I’m looking for a shit ton of really weak P. The stuff can be half
filled with saw dust for all I care. And I need it pretty soon.” Draëken told him.

“Alright, I’ll talk to some people and see what I can do. But you have to tell me what it’s for or they
won’t do it.” Garret explained. No one wanted be known for putting shitty drugs on the market.

“I’ve gotten into some trouble, man. But there are some people willing to help me out if I can get the
feds of their back. They are part of the underground drug trade. I’m going to set someone else up to
take the fall for them.”

“Yeah we’ve had a lot of problems with that. The feds are going after a lot of traffickers. I’ll have to
check with a few people but I think we’ll be able get you that stuff. But it’s gonna cost you ya
know?” Garret told him.
“Yeah, I know” Draëken sighed.

“I’ll call you back later with more info.” Garret promised.

“Sounds good” Draëken agreed and hung up the phone.

With nothing else to do while he waited for the follow up, Draëken decided to go stretch his leg and check on the Fallon and the kids.

* * *

“What do you guys want to play?” Maddie asked as they rummaged through the toy box. It seemed like everything had already been played with or was just too boring to consider.

Emma and Fallon both shrugged at her question.

“We can play horses.” She suggested.

“Neh” Emma replied “We need Lily to play that.”

Emma and Maddie looked at each other thoughtfully and suddenly Maddie got an idea.

“I know let’s play doctor!” Maddie exclaimed running to get her medical kit.

“Oh yeah! I forgot you had that.” Emma said excitedly. Fallon just watched on in confusion.

“My daddy bought me a medical kit because I want to be a doctor when I grow up.” Maddie explained as she pulled the white box out from under the bed.

“Can I be your nurse?” Emma asked.

“Yes! But we don’t have a nurse’s outfit.” Maddie replied.

“That’s ok, I can wear my fireman helmet.” Emma said. “Fallon, do you want to be our first patient?”

“Sure” He smiled, watching the girls gather their toys. Fallon was just excited that they wanted to play with them. The sheriff’s daughters had been very nice to him since he’d come here.

“I need to listen to your heart first.” Maddie informed him, holding up a long plastic tube with ear pieces. “Nurse, Can you help him take his shirt off?”

Emma quickly helped Fallon lift his shirt off while Maddie got the stethoscope ready.

“Should we take his pants off too?” Emma asked.

Maddie cocked her head to the side thoughtfully, “Yeah sure.”

Emma helped him take his pants off and Fallon was left sitting there in a diaper while Maddie listened to his heart with the plastic stethoscope.

“Hmm, your heart sounds good.” Maddie determined. “Open your mouth and say ahh so I can see if you’re sick.”

Fallon followed her instructions and Maddie looked at his throat through the blurry scope.

“Yep, just as I suspected, you have the chickenpox.” She nodded.
“…Does that mean I’m gunna turn into a chicken?” Fallon asked, terrified.

“No, you’re just going to get spots all over your body.” She explained while Emma went to get a marker.

Emma unsnapped the marker and colored a few red polka dots on him to make it realistic.

“I need to check your temperature so we can see how bad it is.” Maddie decided next.

The little girl removed the thermometer from her kit but before she could pop it into his mouth Emma interrupted. “I thought if they are a baby you are supposed to put it in their hiney.”

“Oh that’s right.” Maddie said. Instead of placing it under his tongue she began pulling the tabs off his diaper.

Fallon blushed and put his hands in front of his privates when she pulled the front down.

“Lay down so I can take your temperature.” Doctor Maddie ordered.

Fallon bit his lip and refused to budge.

“Nurse, can you get the patient a teddy bear?” Maddie asked.

Emma quickly shoved a stuffed toy into his arms. Fallon clutched it tightly as he lay down reluctantly. He was nervous but he also wanted to play along so they would like him.

“Why does he have an outie?” Emma asked curiously as she stared at his exposed penis.

“It’s not an outie, it’s his peepee. All boys have them.” Maddie explained.

“It looks so weird.” Emma said squeezing the soft flesh between her fingers. She stopped playing with it when Fallon made a disgruntled sound.

"Are boys supposed to have these too?" She asked poking his tiny balls.

Fallon pushed her away and hid himself with his hands again. He didn't like them staring.

"Umm, I don't know." Maddie said moving his hands so she could study his genitalia. She hasn't seen too many boy parts.

"Maybe it's a birth effect, should we cut them off so he looks more normal?" Emma suggested. Fallon shook his head fearfully but they didn't seem to be paying attention to him.

“I don’t think you can.” Maddie replied uncertainly.

"Spread your legs so I can get your temperature." She said to Fallon. The little boy whined something that sounded like a no, as he looked at the thermometer in her hand.

“Will you hold him down so I can put the thermometer in?” She asked Emma in exasperation.

Both girls pried his legs apart as far as they could. Then Emma laid her arm across him so Maddie could push the thermometer into his hole.

Fallon started to struggle when he felt the tip of the thermometer but he stopped when Maddie and Emma both gave him stern looks.
The doctor had difficulty getting the thermometer in because she hadn’t aligned it correctly and the muscles were tight. The stick refused to go in at first but she gave it a shove and it pushed past the muscles with a pop. Fallon flinched and Emma had to lay down over his torso to keep him still.

After that it was easy for Maddie to slide the thermometer all the way into him.

Fallon whined unhappily when he felt the plastic slide into his bum. The object was dry and it burned where it rubbed against him.

Emma quickly let go of him and both girls observed their handy work. The toy thermometer was wider than real ones because it was plastic but it was also shorter so the end was barely visible.

Thankfully, the thermometer didn’t hurt now that it was settled inside of him. Fallon took a heavy shuddering breath and let his head flop to the side.

From this angle he could see past the girls and into the doorway. Fallon’s eyes widened in surprise when he saw his brother casually leaning against the doorway.

He wasn’t sure how long the dark-haired boy had been there watching them and his face was expressionlessly. Fallon was suddenly very uncertain and he wondered if he should tell the girls that Draëken was there. But he quickly forgot when Maddie and Emma drew his attention.

“We have to wait one minute before reading the temperature.” Maddie explained to her patient. Emma set her hello kitty watch so they would know when the time was up.

The clock ticked slowly and dinged when a minute had passed.

“Let’s see how high your temperature is.” Maddie announced. She tried to pull the plastic thermometer out but her fingers were too big and she clumsily pushed the tip in further.

“Uh oh. Nurse, do you think you can get the thermometer out?” She asked worriedly. The end was no longer visible.

“Of course! I’m a nurse firefighter after all.” Emma announced. Her fingers were a little smaller so she was able to get her fingers in but she couldn't get a good grip. The stick would go in a little further when she tried to pinch her fingers around it and then slide down when she lost the grip.

Fallon gasped when the thermometer moved around inside of him. He wasn’t sure how he felt about it. The friction kind of tingled but the pressure in his belly was uncomfortably tight.

“It’s not coming out.” Emma said in frustration as she scraped her nails against his anus while trying to get a grip on the object. Fallon whined pathetically and twisted away from her.

“Let me try, again.” Maddie said as she gave it another shot. She was again unsuccessful.

The girls were frustrated after trying to get the object out for a few minutes and Fallon was scared and upset.

“Daddddy help.” He asked desperately looking at Draëken.

“What’s wrong, butterfly.” Draëken asked, even though he obviously knew because he had been observing them for a while now.

Maddie and Emma whipped around and looked at him in alarm. They had no idea he was there and they were afraid to get in trouble for hurting Fallon.
“I-It’s s-stuck.” Fallon explained with watery eyes as Draëken picked him up and settled the naked boy on his good hip.

“Oh yeah? That sounds like a problem… but what do you want me to do about it?” Draëken asked feigning ignorance. It was kind of mean of him because Fallon was clearly panicking.

"Get it o-out." Fallon begged. The boy seemed like he was bordering on hyperventilating so Draëken took mercy on him.

“Maddie, will you hand me the tweezers’.” Draëken asked as he layed the little boy down on the bed.

Maddie stared up at him wide eyed and handed him the plastic tweezers’. It was the first time he had ever referred to her by name.

Draëken looked at Fallon thoughtfully before he popped his index finger and thumb in his own mouth. When he felt like the digits were appropriately wet he used them to pry Fallon’s hole open. Draëken ignored Fallon’s whimpering as he grabbed the tweezers’ and tried to get a grip on the object.

One side of the thermometer was wider than the other so he used the tweezers to grab that side and carefully pull the plastic out.

When the thermometer had been completely removed he held it up to the girls “make sure you clean it off” was all he said. The girls ran off to do as he said, they were surprised they didn’t receive a scolding. Draëken kind of scared them because he never looked happy and he had lots of scary tattoos and piercings.

“I think you’ve had enough fun for one day. Let’s get you dressed.” Draëken said turning back to his brother.
The house Ian and Jesse had bought in Montevella was large, though not as large as their father’s house. A young decorator helped finish the place and now it was fantastically decorated with modern furniture and various homages to their favorite bands. It was a really cool place to hangout or chill and it was also where the brothers and their cousin did business. Their father, Andrei had no idea the house even existed.

Michael knew the twins liked to stay over there during the day so he decided to go hangout with his brothers. It turned out that Ian wasn’t there but Jesse and Emily were. They were more than happy to hangout with Michael and he got to talk to them about how annoyed he was with his father.

Earlier that day he had had a conversation with his father, Andrei told him that he had to keep being nice to Brady, the mayor’s son even though he kept making inappropriate passes at him.

Ever since they met at his father’s party, the guy had been pestering him and Michael was just not interested. To put it nicely…Brady was an overweight slob.

Emily and Jesse were kind enough to let him voice his frustrations to them even though they had already heard it a million times and there was really nothing they could do.

“Maybe you can slip a little poison in his drink, next time you see him.” Jesse suggested, completely stone-faced.

“Don’t give me any ideas.” Michael replied, rolling his eyes.

Emily was still laughing at his comment when Garret walked in.

Garret didn’t want to interrupt their conversation so he quietly sat down next to Emily and put his arm around her. She immediately smiled and leaned against his side, his girlfriend was perfect he thought to himself.

“What’s up babe?” She asked still smiling. He wasn’t sure if he should bring it up but now was as good a time as any he decided.

“Well I got a call a few minutes ago… from Dray.” He told her and she gave him a concerned look.

“Who’s Dray?” Michael asked in confusion. He didn’t know many details about their time at Green Meadows so he didn’t know about Draëken.

“He’s a friend, I haven’t been able to get in contact with him since we last saw him. Probably because he’s on the run, the police are after him for murder.” Emily explained. “I’ve been trying to convince him that he should come work with us.”

“He called because he’s in some sort of trouble and he needs our help.” Garret continued.

“What sort of trouble? With the police?” Emily asked.

“No not the police, surprisingly… I don’t know the specifics but he made a group of drug traffickers angry and now he has to do something for them. He wants a batch of weak Pasithea.”

Michael looked at Garret uncertainly. “I don’t know if we can do that.” He said.

“Look, Draëken is a friend. We’ve been through some shit together so if he needs help we should...
“Help him.” Garret explained.

Emily nodded her head in agreement. “We will help him if we can. Why don’t you and Ian or Jesse go down there? See what’s going on.”

“Not you?” Garret asked her in surprise.

“I can’t.” She said regretfully. “I have to keep an eye on things around here. But promise you will be careful and bring him back here when everything is taken care of.”

“I will try but you know how stubborn he is…” Garret replied.

“Jesse, will you go with me?” He asked.

“If I must” Jesse replied reluctantly. Jesse wasn’t as outgoing or friendly as his brother but someone got to know him they quickly realized that he was scary smart. No one ever made the mistake of underestimating him more than once.

“Oh, and make sure you bring Fallon here along with his brother. I do miss my little nephew, he’s beyond adorable.” Emily smiled and her blue eyes twinkled pleasantly.

* * *

The Sheriff returned from his meeting with the police chief a few hours later. Apparently they had had a lot to discuss. He wanted to talk to Draëken about it so he asked him to step out on the porch.

“No Daddy, don’t go!” Fallon protested when his brother set him down.

“I’m just going outside for a minute. I’ll be right back. Take a nap while I’m gone.” Draëken ordered tossing the boy a blanket.

Fallon pouted for a minute when his brother left but he was feeling really tired… and his bum still hurt. He decided to lie down and wait for Draëken to return but his eyelids felt so heavy. Fallon soon drifted off to sleep.

“Everything is set.” The sheriff said as they sat down on the porch. He looked over at Draëken disapprovingly when the kid pulled out a black can of tobacco. It drove the sheriff crazy with how much he used tobacco.

“So what’s the plan?” Draëken asked as he packed the dip against his lip.

“We have the detective’s bodies on ice and the coroner has a male john doe about your age. The police chief wants to set up the crime scene outside of town.” The sheriff explained. “Basically you were camping and hiding out in that area when the detectives found you. There was a shootout, both detectives died you were injured and stole their car to get away but lost control and crashed, the car catches fire, you die and all evidence is destroyed. Does that work for you?” He questioned.

“Yep” Draëken replied simply.

“Now how are you going to hold up your end of the deal?” The sheriff pressed.

Draëken looked at him thoughtfully. His ideas were coming together but he didn’t know how the sheriff would approve of the plan.

“Your main export is Pasithea so I’m trying to get my hands on some fake stuff. It has to be strong enough that it registers as the drug but not so strong that it will not cost you much money for losing
All of it. That will be for the decoy but the other problem is clearing the real stuff out. It may take a week to set this all up and slowly get the drugs out.” Draëken explained.

They would need to move the product in a way that wasn’t suspicious but to do so they would have the help of the whole town. Each time a “shipment” came into town it would leave with drugs. The drugs would be sent on to their next destination on the underground or to a safe house. Once the town was squeaky clean they would call in an anonymous tip to the DEA. They would call and give them a list several places supposedly holding drugs.

The places in Rustle would be clean but they would find drugs all over Springfield, West Brook, and Chester. The fake drugs would be planted there by them obviously and they would only lead to dead ends. It was the perfect smoke and mirrors type plan, one that Draëken had always wanted to try.

“That sounds good.” The sheriff agreed after he finished explaining it. He was pretty sure if they all worked together they could get it done and it would be such a relief to have the feds off their backs. The town was certainly not proud of what they were doing but it was there only source of income after the factories started getting shut down.

The sheriff looked over and studied the young man's face. Draëken didn't seem bothered by this at all... not that he had any moral pedestal to stand on. The kid was border line sociopathic, the only reason Jack didn't entirely agree with that diagnosis was because the boy obviously cared about his brother and sociopaths don't care about anyone.

Laura had already expressed concerns to him about Fallon staying with his brother and some of it was stuff Jack had already been worried about. Both of them cared about Fallon, the little boy was so sweet and shy, so the sheriff wanted to make sure he was going to be okay.

“So, what will you and your brother do when you get out of town?” He asked curiously.

“I don’t know. Find somewhere else, I still have a few fake identities I haven’t tried yet.” Draëken shrugged. He actually had acquired a whole folder of them. Some were of better quality than others.

“Fallon is very attached to you.” The sheriff mentioned cautiously.

It was true the little boy clung to his brother like a lost koala.

“Yeah” Draëken agreed although his expression became a little darker. He already knew where this was about to go.

“I can see that you care about him, but sometimes children can be annoying or frustrating. It’s important that no matter how angry you get you never hit them or abuse them… Do you understand?”

“Yes.” Draëken’s jaw was as hard as stone but he managed to get the word out.

“Good, I don’t want to see bruises on his face ever again.” The sheriff said very seriously. He didn't want to separate them but he would for Fallon's safety.

Draëken nodded silently, rubbing his hands on his jeans nervously. Internally he felt a sharp pain in his chest because he wasn’t sure he could guarantee that. In the end he always hurts the things he loves.
Chapter 19

It was pretty early in the morning when Garret and Jesse finally arrived in town. The only place open was a little country style diner, so they stopped there to have breakfast and get more information.

Their waitress was a pretty young girl who looked like she was exceptionally bored with her life. But between the two of them they were able to charm her into pointing them in the direction of where they might find Draëken at. After finishing their meals and leaving a generous tip they headed that way.

The girl told them to take the highway out of the main part of town and turn east down an old farm-to-market road which would then led them to a smaller road where supposedly they could find the place Draëken was staying.

There were only a few houses doting the street but the stretches of land between them were long. At last Garret spotted the correct house number painted on the side of a rusty mailbox and he turned down the long gravel drive way.

“This is the place?” Jesse asked, completely unimpressed. The farm house was cute but he didn’t understand why people would want to live so far away from town, surrounded by nothing but dirt.

“Looks like it.” Garret confirmed. His family was only from upper-middle class so he had a more realistic view on how most people lived.

It was a shame the Veselovsky’s had so much money and yet no appreciation for it, he thought.

As soon as the two guys stepped out of the car, a pair of barking dogs came running toward them. It was somewhat frightening, how loudly and ferociously they were barking. The dogs stopped a few yards away and stood firmly with their legs spread out and hair-raised, as if to say not another step. Both of them were pretty big. One of the animals looked like a Catahoula and the other was some type of mixed breed mutt. Garret and Jesse, both hesitated and looked at each other as if to say, what now?

It wasn’t like they could just turn back. They would just have to suck it up and hope the dogs had more bark than bite.

Garret slowly started walking toward the front door keeping an eye on the dogs the whole time. Jesse followed suite when it was clear the dogs were not going to attack them. Although the dogs still didn’t look happy, they merely held their ground and growled when the humans past within a few feet of them.

Hopefully they could get the home-owner to call them off.

Garret used his fist to bang on the door loudly. He only got two knocks in before the door swung open revealing a disgruntled man with a shotgun.

Garret quickly took a step back. Was this guy for real?

“Good morning, sir. I hope we didn’t wake you. We are looking for someone who we believe may be staying at your residence.” Jesse greeted formally.

Jack looked at the two young men standing on his porch in annoyance. Didn’t they know how early it was? The sun was only just beginning to touch the horizon.
“Hush, Flint.” The sheriff ordered when one of his dogs began growling louder.

“Couldn’t you have chosen a better time?” The sheriff grumbled as Jesse smiled at him patiently. “Who are you lookin’ for?” He asked.

“Draëken, he’s a friend. My apologies if we have the wrong address but we were told we could find him here.” Garret said speaking up.

The sheriff hesitated for a moment. He had no idea what these guys knew or didn’t know.

“Yeah, he’s here let me go get him.” He said finally, shutting the door so he could go retrieve the young man. He wasn’t sure what type of friends Draëken had but knowing him it was probably better to exercise caution.

Draëken was sitting up on the couch with Fallon on his lap when the sheriff came to get him. The little boy was pouting and rubbing sleep from his eyes while Draëken looked like he might want to smash a few skulls. Apparently, they had also been abruptly awakened by the dogs barking.

“There are two guys here to see you. One is tall and Russian looking; the other is a little shorter and has curly brown hair. Sound familiar?” The sheriff asked.

“Maybe” Draëken replied, his voice still raspy from sleep.

Draëken slid his brother off of his lap and stood up to go see what was going on. He had slept in his jeans because it was too much trouble to get them off and on, so all he had to do was pull his t-shirt on. The sheriff followed closely behind as Draëken limped to the front door.

Fallon whined in protest before giving up and laying back down with a heavy sigh. Without his brother there the leather couch was unpleasantly cold so he snuggled deeper under the pile of blankets.

“Garret” Draëken said unenthusiastically, after he swung the door open. He looked at the other guy closely but honestly he didn’t recognize him. Though he probably ought to with how entitled the guy looked.

“Hey man, sorry to disturb ya’ll… but do you mind if we come in?” Garret asked sheepishly.

“That’s not up to me.” Draëken replied, looking at the sheriff.

Jack sighed. “They’re not going to cause trouble are they?” He asked Draëken.

“Naw, Garret’s alright.” Draëken said, he couldn’t say anything about the other one though.

“Alright, come on in. I’ll put some coffee on.” The sheriff invited reluctantly.

Garret and Jesse shuffled into the small house, looking out of place in such a setting.

“Uh, let’s go sit down in the kitchen I guess. Don’t want to disturb anyone.” Draëken suggested leading the way slowly, he was getting better at walking but it still hurt. Draëken just brushed Garret off when he asked what happened to his leg.

Fallon got up from the couch and trailed after the group dragging his blanket behind him. He was grumpy because he had been woken up so early and he just wanted daddy to hold him. Fallon didn’t give a flying duck about the visitors being there.

Fortunately, Draëken didn’t seem to mind and he let him sit on his lap again. Fallon made himself
comfortable and dozed off, listening to the voices around him.

“So… why are you here?” Draëken asked sharply, “Not that I’m not grateful but this wasn’t what I was expecting.” He added.

“Well after you called we… meaning Em and I, I suppose… wanted to help you out. But we weren’t sure what was going on so we decided to come see you in person.” Garret explained, “Emily couldn’t come so I brought someone even better! Draëken looked over at the stoic Russian and nodded in greeting. Jesse silently nodded back in acknowledgement. He could sense that they were a lot alike, despite coming from different backgrounds.

“How exactly do you intend to help me? Draëken growled, turning back to Garret.

Garret gave him an omniscient grin. “To start with I will make sure you don’t get yourself into any more trouble. And secondly I will help get you out of whatever ridiculous mess you are stuck in. So start explainin’. ” He ordered.

Draëken was somewhat offended at the accusation that A. he needed help and B. that this was his fault. Really, this was just caused by unfortunate circumstances on both sides.

Still he began to explain what had happened giving the brief version whenever possible.

He had come to Rustle Grove because the feds were after him for murder and theft. Yes, he had killed that lady, assaulted a police officer, and robbed a couple gas stations. Draëken didn’t think it was a big deal and no he didn’t regret it. He had only done what was necessary for himself and Fallon.

When the feds finally caught up to him a few days ago, he led them to a warehouse that he knew was used by drug traffickers. Earlier, he had figured out that the town was running an illegal drug trafficking operation.

The stupid fucking town was now angry because he potentially exposed their illegal activity to the feds and in order to pay them back he had to help them hide their drug operation.

“So how are the altered drugs going to help you with all this?” Jesse asked.

“It’s simple, I’m going to set someone else up for the drug trafficking and clear the town’s name of suspicion.” Draëken repeated.

“I see” Jesse said, “Well, I believe we are uniquely equipped to help you with that.”

“And why is that?” Draëken asked.

“Because…we are the people who make and control the entire market of Pathisea.” He explained looking at Garret.

“The Veselovsky’s?” Draëken asked. There was definitely something he was missing here.

Jesse and Garret shared a cryptic look.

“Noo… My brothers and I.” Jesse told him.

“This is a private venture that Papa Veselovsky doesn’t know about. And we would like to keep it that way.” Garret explained in a low voice.

“Okayyy, so you are going to help me get out of here… in exchange for what.” Draëken could smell
the blackmail from miles away.

“Same thing we asked you for six months ago. We need people we can trust… we want you to help run the drug ring with us.” Garret said, happily.

“It’s not a bad deal. You will get a fresh start. We will even give you a new identity. That has to be a lot better than being on the run for the rest of your life, no?” Jesse added.

Of course it was. Draëken had long ago tired of running and not being able to stay in one place. That’s why he had wanted to fake his own death. But he wasn’t sure he could ever live a normal life. Maybe Emily was right and he was only meant to work with criminals like himself.

But the question was would Fallon be okay? As long as Draëken made sure to keep him away from the drugs and mafia it would probably be fine. Fallon was too young to understand any of that anyway.

“So what do you say?”

This time Draëken didn’t hesitate.

“Yes”

Garret and Jesse left a short time later to find a hotel room but they promised to come back later. They still had much to discuss but Draëken wasn’t ready to go into that now. He needed to get his thoughts in order.

The guys had to show themselves out because Draëken didn’t want to disturb Fallon who was still asleep. They understood of course.

Fallon was more important than anything.

“Daddy?” Fallon asked confused as he finally woke up from his nap. He had forgotten that he had fallen asleep in Draëken’s lap.

“Need to go to the bathroom.” He said suddenly as he bolted straight up but Draëken could already tell that it was too late. Even as he said it, Draëken could feel the spreading warmth across his thighs as Fallon pissed his diaper.

Fallon’s lower lip trembled and he looked up at his brother with wide, teary eyes.

Draëken kissed the boy’s temple gently. Pissing in his diaper hadn’t bothered Fallon in a long time… pooping was a different story but peeing didn’t bother him.

It was probably because Laura or maybe even the girls had said something to him, Draëken assumed. Perhaps they thought the boy was just developmentally delayed and just wanted to encourage him. But this was something Draëken had worked carefully to construct and he wouldn’t let it go.

Once innocence is lost it can never be returned.

“It’s okay baby, your bladder is just too little to hold pee. That’s why I let you wear the diapers. If your little bladder holds it for too long you will get infections.” Draëken told him gravely.

Fallon nodded taking what his brother said seriously. He would do as his brother said of course. Draëken was terrifyingly good at manipulating Fallon, unbeknownst to the little boy.
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

Updates will be slower for awhile, sorry.

The next day the feds discovered the murder/accident scene set up by none other than the esteemed police chief of Rustle Grove. Two bodies lay strewn across the sand with guns still clutched in their hands. It appeared that the male had died instantly and the woman had been fatally injured but managed to crawl a few feet away before dying of blood loss. The federal agents found what looked like a recently used campsite nearby with several personal items that seemed to have been left behind in haste.

The detective’s car was missing but tire tracks could still be seen in the sand leading away from the scene. The tracks led them to a burned out vehicle not too far down the road. It appeared that whoever had been driving the car lost control and swerved of the highway into a tree. Both the car and the body inside were badly burned.

Fingerprints and DNA recovered from the scene matched Draëken Kilmore. An autopsy also suggested that the body belonged to Draëken but they were still waiting for the final report. It was possible that the corpse was too badly burned for a definitive answer.

“I guess that’s the end of that. Case closed?” Vasquez asked looking at the inspector.

The tall grey-haired man walked around the empty crime scene slowly, looking at it from all angles.

“Something just doesn’t make sense to me. Why did Mowry and Brook come all the way out here to confront him without notifying anyone first?” The inspector pondered. Surely they would have reported any potential leads.

"Unless maybe they thought it would just be a dead end and when they arrived they were taken by surprise to actually find the young man there?” He considered.

“And where is that little boy that was always with Draëken?” He continued. As much as they had tried to find information on him, there was nothing in their data bases. No one seemed to have any idea who he was.

It was like the boy had never existed.

Vasquez shrugged as he chewed on his gum obnoxiously. “Maybe he is just a ghost… like Casper.”

The inspector smacked the detective on the back of the head, hard enough to rattle his brain.

“Don’t be an idiot.” He said, knowing his words were futile.

What nonsense was that?!

“Regardless, we will have to call this a closed case because the government won’t fund a witch-hunt.” The inspector said shaking his head. That was bureaucracy for you.
“You mean a ghost hunt.” Vasquez corrected as he narrowly dodged the inspectors fist.

Sheesh, the man had no sense of humor!

* * *

Fallon could tell that the Sheriff, Draëken, and the two new guys were in the midst of a serious conversation. But Fallon was so very bored as he sat under the table. He didn’t have to stay there but he wanted to be close to his brother. Draëken hadn’t been paying much attention to him lately and Fallon was afraid with all the stuff going on he would forget about him.

Fallon dejectedly pressed his face into his brother’s good leg, hoping Draëken would be done talking soon.

Right now Draëken was speaking to Jesse.

“All of the evidence will be cleared by tonight, so we need to start getting the new shipment in.” He said.

“My brother is working on the order as we speak. We should have it in a couple of days.” Jesse replied.

“That will give us more time to stake out the potential locations. We have a few places for sure in Springfield and Chester but there are a couple of places in West Brook that haven’t been looked into yet.” The sheriff mentioned.

Fallon wasn’t really sure what was going on but it seemed important. His brother was anxious for them to put the “feds to sleep,” whatever that meant. Fallon wasn’t going to share bedtime with any "fed" if he had his way.

“Will you two, be staying for lunch. I have plenty of food prepared.” Mrs. Laura interrupted. They were pretty much done anyway so the shift wasn’t obtrusive.

“Well I suppose so…” Garret replied as if he was being forced into it. But they all knew he enjoyed Mrs. Laura’s cooking a whole lot. Emily kept him on a strict health food only diet. Most of the time he didn’t mind but sometimes you just want something with a little more flavor.

The sheriff’s wife just smiled and started getting the dishes out. While she didn’t approve of having delinquents in her house at first, it was nice to have so many people around. She’d always wanted a large family and they probably would have had one but after Lily she couldn’t have any more children.

However, the sheriff and his wife were more than happy with their three little angels.

Fallon squeaked in surprise when he felt himself being lifted up. He relaxed when he realized it was just his brother pulling him onto his lap.

“Oh there he is!” Mrs. Laura said as she continued serving plates to the guests. She had been wondering where the little brunette boy had gotten off to! He was so quiet unlike her girls.

“Here’s your plate sweetie” She told Fallon as she handed his brother the paper plate to give to him.

Draëken set the plate down next to his and handed Fallon a fork. He only got to use plastic while everyone else at the table received metal. But the little boy didn’t notice as he dug into his food.
Draëken twitched internally when he saw how Fallon used his fork. Proper use of utensils had always been lost on the boy despite Draëken’s best efforts.

“Let me go call the girls. I think they are still outside.” Laura mumbled to herself as she went to find the kids.

“Draëken, do you want to go look at those places in West Brook after this? Make sure they are what we are lookin’ for.” The sheriff asked casually around a mouthful of casserole. He had remembered that he needed to go out to the courthouse tomorrow. Today would be best if they wanted to look into that.

Fallon tensed up, hoping his brother would say no.

“Yeah all right” Draëken agreed.

Fallon glared at the sheriff intensely as he shoved food in his mouth but the man didn’t seem to notice.

Draëken was likewise oblivious to his discontent as the two of them quickly packed up and left. West Brook was about 30 miles from Rustle so it wasn’t too far. Still they probably wouldn’t be back until late evening at earliest.

The sheriff dressed in civilian clothes, complete with an old ball cap which he pulled down over his eyes to hide most of his face.

Under Fallon’s watch Draëken packed a small bag with a few essential items and a camera. The little boy didn’t attempt to interfere but he sat next to the bag sullenly.

Draëken chuckled darkly when he noticed the boy’s expression. “Cheer up, buttercup. I’ll be back soon.” He said with a derisive look.

Without further acknowledgement he grabbed the bag away from Fallon and swept out the door followed by the incognito sheriff.

Fallon huffed and crossed his arms. He was mad that Draëken was leaving him again! And he definitely wasn’t sad at all.

The little boy sat there pouting and squeezing Mr. Floppsy to his chest until Emma appeared in front of him. He was brought out of his stupor when the blondie bounced into his view with a big grin on her face.

“Wanna go play outside with us?” She asked with a mischievous look that immediately made Fallon wary.

“Whyyy?” He asked suspiciously.

“Because its fun and you haven’t played with us all day!” She said excitedly, grabbing his wrist.

Fallon reluctantly followed the girl out and away from the house. It seemed like they were walking forever.

“What are we going?” He demanded.

“You’ll see soon.” Emma laughed.

Sure enough he realized where they were going when a small patch of trees came into view. The
trees were really fat and they had several low hanging branches; perfect for climbing.

Maddie was already there, laughing and hanging upside down on one of the branches. Her thick hair fell like a curtain toward the ground as she smiled at him. Fallon was pretty sure he could have seen up her nose of he got any closer.

“These trees are really easy and fun to climb, so sometimes we just hang out here. We pretend to be spies or monkeys or whatever. It’s pretty fun.” Emma explained.

Without any hesitation she scurried up one of the tree trunks, like a squirrel and disappeared into the foliage. Fallon couldn’t see her but he saw were see went because the branches and leaves shook.

“Come on!” She shouted down at him. Fallon took a step back and looked at the tree nervously.

“I don’t know if that’s a good idea…” Maddie replied doubtfully as she swung herself up to straddle the thick branch that she had been leaning over.

Fallon huffed to himself internally. If they could do it, he could do it!

“If you are going to try, that ones the easiest” Maddie said helpfully, pointing toward the tree a few feet away from him.

Fallon agreed that the tree was a good choice because it had three very low hanging branches to choose from. He walked over to the base, carefully stepping over the roots.

The trunk kind of bent to one side, making it easier to get up on that side so he gripped the sides with his hands splayed in a Y and then used his legs to push him up to the first branch. The next branch was almost in his face it was so close, so he didn’t have a problem climbing up to that one either.

Maddie watched him carefully from her perch but he seemed to be doing well.

The ground was probably like five feet below him and Fallon thought that he should probably be satisfied with just that. He didn’t want to go too high, after all.

So he sat down on the second branch and let his feet dangle down as he looked around. The view was much different up here.

He could see the farm house and the barn… they weren’t actually as far away as it had seemed at first.

“Do you like it?” Emma called down to him.

Fallon looked up and saw her in the next tree over. The tree bent and swayed under her weight, slightly. She was almost to the top!

“Yeah” Fallon replied shyly. He hoped she didn’t get hurt.

But Emma had been climbing for a long time. The little girl was only seven and she was already extremely good at it. It helped that she was so agile and dexterous. Her daddy promised he would take her rock climbing when she got older. Apparently that was something he had liked to do when he was younger. Emma was really looking forward to it.

“We should probably be going in soon. Momma will get worried.” Maddie mentioned casually, although she looked to be in no hurry.

Emma and Fallon both agreed but Fallon decided he wanted to try to go up one more branch before
they went back.

He had never been brave enough to be adventurous before, Draëken would never even let him near a tree before. His brother was always telling him things like this were dangerous and he should stay away. But Maddie and Emma didn’t seem to have a problem with it and it was kind of fun.

Fallon stood up on the branch and tried to reach the one above him. Really he just wanted to see if he could do it. He didn’t have to go all the way up to the next branch.

But the branch was a little higher up than he anticipated. The boy stretched out as far as he could and stood on just the tip of his toes in order to reach it.

His fingers barely brushed the bark when he felt his shoe start to slide off the curve of the branch.

Fallon gasped fearfully and tried to grab the upper branch but it was too late as he fell backwards toward the ground.

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