Old Friends

by some_fantastic

Summary

The good doctor runs into an old acquaintance. Nothing has changed.

Notes

I was insanely happy to see Warren Kole and Shawn Ashmore reunited in The Following. Also I need more Mother's Day fic.

He can’t be killed.

When he was seven, he nearly drowned at his cousin’s cottage. He spent five whole minutes underwater, the next five coughing up lake water. Everyone called him a miracle. He didn't go near a body of water for two weeks afterwards.

When he was sixteen, he got into a car with his drunken best friend behind the wheel. They spun out, hit a tree, and the rest was history. He broke three ribs and both legs and lost his best friend. But he didn't die, against all odds. In fact, he made a full recovery.

When he was twenty four, a doctor, and at a birthday party for a guy he didn’t really know, he nearly died again. The previous homeowners paid a visit to their old house. He spent three hours soaked with blood up to his elbows, listening to the family of psychopaths torture his friends. The kid whose life he saved shot him in the back.

Asshole.
The oldest brother dragged him out of the Winnebago by the foot, not caring if he hit his head on the steps down. He left him behind a tree, moving on. It hurt like hell, felt like his whole body was on fire despite the pouring rain. But he didn’t die. He couldn’t be killed, not like this. He passed out for a while instead, woke up in ambulance surrounded by strangers. He didn’t remember much at first. The doctors said that was normal, said it was a miracle he was even still alive.

He spent a long time in rehab, a long time studying, and it took a lot of work for him to even get into the FBI. People would question his decisions the whole way. But he had a new name, a new identity and a new drive. He wasn’t going to heal people anymore. He’d hunt the ones who hurt instead. Fast forward a few years and...

And now he's here. He's looking that psychopath in the eyes, and there's blood in his mouth (his head is pounding in time with his heartbeat), but he's laughing. He laughs because it's the only thing he knows how to do anymore. He laughs because he would have eaten a bullet years ago if he couldn't do anything else. He laughs because he knows that the guy in front of him has to be as lonely as he is. He tried to replace that crazy family, but it's not the same. Mike can see it in his eyes. He's miserable.

**Joe's got nothing on Mama, has he? But you were so lonely.** So dead, too, from what he had heard. He had just been the doctor, had managed to stay free from most of the carnage. But he remembered the crying, remembered how that family had started to come apart. It was rather an interesting case of psychology. His survival had depended on keeping his mouth shut, though, so he didn't ask the questions he wanted to.

If he was going to die, he might as well start asking, right? They want to ask all the questions, the followers do. Mike certainly has a few questions of his own that he wants answered. They won't break him, he knows that much. He's stronger than they think. He took a bullet in the back and he survived. He came back fighting. Nobody knows that, of course. Why would they? Mike Weston has never been to Wichita. Mike Weston never got shot (the fading bruise on his shoulder says otherwise, but that one doesn't count). Mike Weston is from San Diego, not Lawrence. Mike Weston majored in political science, not medicine.

“You seem to know a lot about me, but I don't know anything about you.” Lie. He knows a lot about this guy. He did his research. Most of it was hearsay, of course, suspicions, no solid convictions. Information was hard to come by. But really, he doesn't need that shit. He lived it. "...Roderick. Isn't that what they call you?" They both smile at each other. He laughs. He laughs because he knows this asshole's name isn’t Roderick, any more than his own name is Michael (he doesn't call himself the other name though, not since the night of the hurricane). He laughs because it’s his last act of defiance and he's going to die with blood in his mouth and a smile on his face. He laughs because he listened to all his friends die and there wasn’t a goddamned thing he could do about it and now this fucker is standing right in front of him.

There's still not a fucking thing he can do about it.

He knows that Roderick knows. They got familiar pretty fast. Smacked each other around. Who wouldn't recognize somebody after what they'd been through? *I saved your brother, you asshole,* he thinks. But Roderick - not Roderick, Addley - won't say anything. He's got to impress his new friends, after all. What would they say if they knew? No, they’d probably love it. Just another war story.

Mike - that's his name now, Mike - resigns himself to his fate. He knows the most likely option ends with him dying on the freezing cold pavement, beaten to death by that monkey-looking guy. He's cheated death many times before. Maybe his number is up now. But there's one thing for sure. He won't give them anything. If they want information, they'll have to look for someone else.
to torture.

He’s going to get hurt. Maybe this will be what finally kills him. But he won’t give in. No matter what these sick fucks throw at him, he won’t tell them anything. *Blame your friend* Roderick, he’ll say. *Ask him what he did to my friends, and tell him it’s his fault that you’re not getting any information.*

After all, one last act of revenge is better than nothing at all.

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