

# WALLFLOWER

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**John Boston**

The great tragedy of Barrett Brown's life was that he was misunderstood. He just wanted to find love like anyone else. Life was about the journey, not the destination. At least, that's what he told the parole officer and psychiatrist when they asked. Barrett was a registered sex offender. Registered as in *stay the hell away from this one ladies. There ain't no pot of gold at the end of his rainbow.*

He had a very hard time controlling himself around the opposite sex and controlling himself in general. He had done three years in state prison for statutory rape. He had a very generous offer from the DA. He could have done twice that amount if he had taken it to trial. There were others, many others. This was just the first time he had ever been caught and would most certainly be the last time as well. He was reckless. It wasn't even the girl who pressed charges, but her mother. Too bad, they could have been happy together. He was diagnosed as having a *sexual impulse disorder*. That is to say, Barrett's reproductive organs did all the thinking for him and they were not very good at it.

He liked to sit in the park and just take it all in. He had a newspaper with him and would periodically make fake phone calls to people if anyone got suspicious. He had an expensive coffee with him. He looked just like any other dad, waiting for their children. He wasn't some sicko that preyed on children. Barrett liked to look at the mommies. Some were young, some seemed far too old to be having children. Nothing excited him more than seeing a mother with her newborn. He liked to think that woman could be carrying his child. He would periodically have to go and relieve himself if he got too excited. It was that bad.

He noticed her sitting with a stroller as they walked by. She was young, about twenty-five or so. Most certainly shy of thirty. She was athletic and very toned. She obviously took good care of herself. She smiled at him as they walked by. Barrett was hooked. The monster inside of him needed to be fed. This lass had just appeared out of nowhere and now he couldn't take his eyes off her. He knew he couldn't get too close. He would just walk behind her and keep his cell phone up to his ear to make it look like he was talking to someone. He was close, but not too close. He didn't want to scare her away. He figured she would be a fighter. *The good ones always were.*

He followed them out to the parking lot and got in his car. He still had his phone up to his ear as they drove by. He waited a moment and then followed them. The hunt was on.

They stopped at a market and parked. The woman carried her baby in a chest satchel. Close to the heart as his momma used to say. The girl got a shopping cart and started walking into the market. He knew better than to follow her inside. She might make him. He had to wait for her outside. As much as he just wanted to pull her right into the bathroom and have his way with her,

he knew he had to be patient. He didn't want to get thrown back in prison. Not until the deed had been done. He also didn't want to hurt the baby. That's the last thing in the world he wanted. He wasn't some kind of monster. He had met some very bad monsters in prison. Some had used him for their own needs. He even had to throw one of them off the tier to stop him. The others quickly got the picture and left him alone. The only thing people respect in this world is power and force. Prisoners aren't any different.

He waited patiently for her to come out. When she finally did, he was back safely in his car. She loaded her groceries and drove right past him, never even noticing him, oblivious to the horror that awaited her.

They drove around the city for another half hour, sometimes creeping in traffic. He was a few cars behind her and didn't want to get too close. He was fully erect and thought about relieving himself right there in the car. This woman was going to have a night to remember. He didn't care if she was married or not. When it came to satisfying the monster inside of him.....*all bets were off.*

They stopped at what looked like a bookstore. He waited for an hour for her to come out. A very long hour. He was getting very uncomfortable now. The monster inside of him was begging to be released. It took everything he had not to just pounce on her right then and there when she came out. The baby was still attached to her chest. He loved her athletic wear. Athletic, fit girls made excellent mothers. Excellent mothers raised excellent children. Nature was so simple. All you have to do is follow her rules and life was golden.

She drove for another fifteen minutes until she got to a small shop that did alterations. He parked across the street and watched her carry something inside. She came back out a few minutes later empty-handed. He was getting angry now. If the beast wasn't fed, it could get very nasty, like a hungry animal in search of its next meal. He liked to picture himself as a lion, wandering the endless savanna, in search of his mate. He had found one. He just needed to get her alone, just for a few minutes. A few minutes, less than five hundred seconds, and their lives would be changed forever. He was using his hand grip now to control himself. He had used it so much, his forearms were now almost the size of biceps and triceps. He squeezed it and squeezed it and imagined what he was going to do to her and how much she would enjoy it.

*Hell Barrett, she might even give you her number afterward.* Those clothes of hers would be gone within seconds. She didn't even look like she was wearing a bra, just one of those athletic bras he would see in the gym.

He followed her for the next ten minutes as she drove to a residential neighborhood. He had to stop a short distance away, not wanting to be seen by her. She took the baby in her arms and went up to the house. She rang the doorbell, but no one answered. He thought about just taking her right there, but it was too risky. Too many houses and too many snooping eyes. All she had to do was scream and it would be over. He was almost drooling now. He was going to unload all of his manhood into her. Maybe get her pregnant again. Maybe she would let him see the baby? Maybe they could move in together? Who knows, women these days don't make any sense.

She went back to her car and drove away. She got on the freeway and he followed behind. He almost lost her at one point. She made an abrupt turn onto an exit. He let her go and went to the next one. He knew where it went since he had worked in a nearby warehouse several years ago. He knew both roads would eventually meet up. He got off the freeway and took the off-ramp for RT.4. It took a few minutes, but he found her again. He didn't know if she was onto him or not. He would have to be very careful from this point forward. The last thing he needed was the cops showing up as he was about to rip her clothes off.

She drove for a few more minutes until they got to a semi-rural area. He couldn't believe his luck. She was about a mile up ahead when he saw her pull off the road and head into a small factory type of building up ahead. It was a small cluster of offices on the edge of town. He knew it was now or never. He just had to get her into the woods. Just get her into the woods and the rest will take care of itself. Get her alone and let the monster feed. Just make sure she doesn't get your license plate and you're home free. So much could go wrong.....*but so much could go right as well.*

He frantically tried to play out a scenario where he could just get her alone for a few minutes. Much to his delight, he watched her disappear behind the offices. What the hell was she doing? Why did she have the baby with her? This was just too good to be true. He took his gun with him, just in case things went south, he wouldn't be left completely helpless. He looked around and made certain no one was watching. He followed the footpath that went behind the building. He poked his head around the corner and saw the girl breastfeeding her baby. He would be gentle with the baby. He would make sure the kid was okay before he did anything.

*Jackpot! Thank you, Jesus!*

He walked up behind her. She was just humming and singing. The poor girl was about to get the fuck of her life. Hopefully, things wouldn't be too unpleasant. He wanted her to enjoy herself. It was more fun that way. He was grinning from ear to ear. He put his hand on her shoulder and slowly spun her around.

The girl looked up at him. She had the deepest blue eyes he had ever seen. They were almost hypnotic. She was stunning. The face of an angel and the body of a porn star.

*What more could a man ask for?*

"Hi. I think you're amazing. Would you like another baby?" he asked

The girl smiled. She didn't scream or yell, or even push him away. Barrett was in heaven right now.

He undid the straps holding the baby to her chest and when he grabbed it, he could feel something was slightly off. The baby didn't weigh anything. He looked down at it and his smile evaporated.

*His dream girl was breastfeeding a dead baby. Its skeleton was almost completely decomposed.*

"What is this?" he asked, dropping the dead baby on the bushes.

"It's my son. He died five years ago. I decided to dig him up and take him with me. So, are we going to do this or not?" she asked.

"Ummm. You know what, it's probably not a good idea. I've got herpes and stuff and you don't want any of that." he said and backed away from her.

"I think you'll do just fine. I need another one to round out my collection," she said, pulling out a small pistol with a silencer on it. She shot Barrett several times before he could even fire back. He tried to aim his gun, but he was far too weak. She grabbed it out of his hands as he struggled for air while crawling on the grass.

*"Help Me! Jesus, somebody help me!" he said quietly.*

The building was deserted. The girl stuck something into his arm. She had a syringe with her. Barrett tried to fight her off, but he was too weak. He felt something warm and wonderful in his veins. He recalls the feeling quite fondly. He was younger then and far more reckless. He knew exactly what she had shot into him.

*It was heroin. He would be flying with the angels very shortly.*

"Barrett.....honey? Do you have money for the toll?" she asked the lifeless corpse in the passenger seat. Barrett had been dead for several weeks and was now decomposed to the point where he no longer smelled. He was officially a corpse.

"Nevermind. I've got it," she said as she reached into her purse. She was in the HOV lane. It required two people. She looked back over at her baby in the baby seat. She had another lifeless corpse stuck in a child seat. She almost felt like a family.

"I think all we need now is a brother.....maybe a sister. Then our family will be complete. What do you think, Barrett?" she asked getting the change for the toll booth. She made sure his face was covered as they drove into the toll booth. The girl working the booth never even looked twice.

"I think we're going to be happy together. Just like a real family," she said.

*Yup Barret, you sure can pick em bud.....you sure can pick them.*