

Who needs angels?

Wes:

I am not proud of the things I have done. Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. I sin more than I live. After a while, it is hard to know another way. When you've gone too far, sometimes there is no way back. Sometimes no matter what you want now, your past drives you in a different direction.

The things I have done. The things I have lost. They got me here.

I do not deserve to have my prayer heard, but I am not praying for me. Still, I don't expect an answer. I have taken many lives. Yet, I ask you to save one for me. One life is all I ask for. I can't live on without my brother.

I walk into the train station and purchase a ticket, with cash of course. The man sees nothing strange about my sunglasses and ball cap. I am not the first person to get on a train and run.

I sit on the train platform, reliving my mistakes. My brother never thinks the way I do. He knows how to do what it takes. When I barely hold on, he carries on with strength, well at least he did.

I look down at my watch. 10:35. One hour. The train will arrive in one hour. I can't deny the truth. There is no point in prayer.

Kol:

“Hey!” I shout at the obvious two-way mirror in front of me. These people act like I’ve never been arrested before. “What’s everyone freaking out about?”

Fifteen minutes ago this place went straight to hell. Everyone started running around and barking orders. They never told me what was wrong. I hope Wes made it out. One of us deserves to.

“Did you have anything to do with it?” An officer busted into the room. My lips curl up into a smile. My brother escaped. “Did you?”

“Anything I say or do can be held against me in the court of law, remember?” I say, raising an eyebrow. Detective Hailee slams his hands down on the table. He is not my biggest fan.

“He’s not going to get away with this,” he hisses.

“I think he already has,” I smirk.

“You are going to tell me everything, Kol Carlyle.”

“Why would I do that? No matter what I say to you, I’m going to spend the rest of my life in prison.”

“I can get you a lighter sentence, but you have to tell everything that happened,” the detective offers me. I don’t want to spend the rest of my life in handcuffs, but this information could lead them to Wes.

“Let’s start with this morning, shall we?”

“Fine.”

Wes:

Sitting on the bench at the train platform alone, all that I can think about is how I got here. The day started out normal. Well, normal for us. We had been hired to kill a man named Zachary Briggs.

There was no honor in being a mercenary, but it was all we had to survive and Kol and I were good at it. We weren't the only mercenaries. There were others out there, but we never saw them. Our only communication was with the boss himself. To this day I still don't know his real name. He used the codename Charlie like Charlie's Angels. Charlie didn't have any angels he only had killers.

Kol took pictures of the body before I wrapped it up in a blanket to dispose of it. Then, we sent our pictures to Charlie, who then sent us a payment. The payments always came in different ways, delivered by another one of us, sent electronically, or sometimes strange things like being taped to the top of our pizza box. The names of who to kill came the same way.

We got our payment along without burgers from a fast food restaurant that time.

"This never gets old," Kol said, tracing his thumb around the wad of cash.

"Will you put that away?" I swatted the cash out of his hand.

"You're no fun," he said, picking the money up off the floor of the car.

"Flaunting around cash when you have a body in your trunk isn't fun." I scoffed. "It's stupid."

My brother's attitude used to bother me. He treated killing like a sport. It was never a game to me. That was probably because I have never been the type to play games. Kol lived for

the game, the challenge, to stare death right in the eye and laugh. I've never needed that attitude more than I do now.

Kol:

It's the same every time. Get a name. Track them down. Kill them. Dispose of the body. Get paid. Get a new name. Once we were done with Mr. Briggs, we decided to lay low and wait for our new name. If you think that this story is going to give you any clarity, you're wrong. If you want the answer to why it has taken you so long to catch us, it's a fairly simple answer. We're smarter than you.

We settled down in a Holiday Inn because we were feeling rich. Even though we had just eaten, I ordered room service just because I could afford it. When the boy came with his fancy cart and my food, I let him in. Wes always hated it when I let people see us, but it's not like the guy who delivers food to people at the Holiday Inn knows about the "serial killers" Kol and Wes Carlyle.

Apparently, I was wrong. The man attacked me. He punched me hard and I fell straight to the ground. Since Wes is my big brother, that sent him over the edge. My vision was pretty blurry at the time, but this guy was fighting my brother like an expert. He started winning the fight with Wes. I had no choice but to stop him.

I managed to get back on my feet. There was a knife on the room service tray and I grabbed it and stabbed him in the back. Wes and I stared each other in the eye for what felt like centuries because we both knew the truth. We were in serious trouble.

Wes:

Things fell apart after the room service guy died. That man. I thought he was a cop or an agent he fought so well. When I checked his body for any identification, I found none. What I did find made no sense, a folded up piece of paper with my brother's name on it. It looked like the notes we get that assign us our next target.

I sent Kol to get more towels, focusing on the problem at hand. While he was gone, I heard a knock on the door. Just in case my brother had locked himself out of the room, I checked to see who was outside through the peephole. There was a group of cops outside our door. Unluckily for me, I was in there alone with a dead man.

How did they know someone had died?

What mistake did my brother and I make to finally get caught?

Why was that man assigned to kill my brother?

There was no way to open the window and that was my only way out. That was when I knew all the bad things we had done were catching up to us. I thought that was the end for me, but I still had a chance to save my brother. I grabbed my gun and fired four shots.

Kol:

When I heard Wes fire his gun, I knew what it meant. I grabbed my towels and headed down the hall and went out the side exit. There were police cars all around the hotel. We were always careful. It made no sense. Someone called you guys. Someone who knew that we would be caught with the body.

I got in the car and tossed the towels into the seat where my brother once sat. In my rearview mirror, I watched them drag him out of the hotel and shove him in the police car. I knew it wasn't over especially since I knew I would never stop fighting for Wes.

In the pile of folded towels, I saw a piece of paper sticking out. It was our next name.

Wes:

I shouldn't be out here in the open, allowed to board this train and run, while Kol is condemned to a life in prison. I was the one who got caught, not him. 10:55 only forty more minutes until my ride arrives.

A man walks up and sits on the bench beside me. My face is all over the news. I turn my head away from him.

"It's a shame," the man beside me says. I stay quiet, hoping he's just a crazy man talking to himself. He looks a little hungover because he has sunglasses on at almost 11 o'clock at night. So do I. But I'm wanted for murder.

"Sorry about your brother."

"What?" I turn to the man. His lip curls up into a half smile.

"I assume since he's not here that he's still in police custody," he says, staring straight ahead instead of looking at me.

"Who are you?"

"I'm the reason you're here," he tells me and stands up. I consider attacking him, but I know I can't draw any attention to myself.

"You called the cops, didn't you?"

“Of course I did Mr. Carlyle.”

Kol:

“So you admit to the murder?” Detective Hailee asks me.

“You heard the story. It was self-defense.”

“If you want that shortened sentence, you need to tell me one thing.” He gets in my face.

“Who do you and your brother work for?”

I shrug and laugh at him because it’s an impossible question. “I don’t know.”

“As a contender for the death penalty, I advise you to change your answer,” the detective threatens me. I have been dealing with this man all day and he is starting to drive me crazy. Wes has always been the patient one. I am no good and putting up with people.

“He uses a codename,” I confess. “He goes by the name Charlie. I don’t know who he is, what he looks like, or why he wants these people dead. I just follow orders.”

Wes:

They drove me to the police station and tossed me into an interrogation room. That is when I had the pleasure of meeting Detective Ryan Hailee. He carried with him one of the largest files I had ever seen. I instantly knew what was in there. It was information on me and Kol.

“Do you have any idea how long I have been tracking you?” he said with a sinister smile.

“No.” I swallowed the lump in my throat.

“Two years,” Detective Hailee told me, holding his fingers up like I can’t count. “I have been tracking you, your brother, and your employers for two years.”

“You should pick up a more healthy hobby,” I teased him. I needed him to think I wasn’t scared. That I had something up my sleeve when at the time I really didn’t.

“This is my job!” He hit the desk. “And I will have caught all of you filthy mercenaries soon.”

Then, I did what any smart man in my position would have done. I refused to talk to them until they could find me a lawyer. It bought me some time. They clearly weren’t in a hurry because I sat in there looking at the obvious two-way mirror for hours.

I knew things had really gotten bad when I heard the news. Kol was arrested and they had him in a cell downstairs.

Kol:

Of course, I came back for my brother. That also meant that I got arrested. That’s how I got here. As I sat in the cell downstairs, I couldn’t help but think about the same thing you are probably thinking Mr. Hailee. How did we end up like this? You said that you’ve been after us for two years. After two years, how did you arrest both of us in one day?

I asked the man who guards the cells to take me to the restroom because there wasn’t even a bucket in my cell. He escorted me to the restroom and once I was done with my business. I took out the slip of paper Charlie left in the towels and set it on the urinal.

Don’t blame the guard. It wasn’t his fault. He had no clue who he was up against.

Wes:

“Why would you call the cops?” I ask the unfamiliar man.

“Why wouldn’t I?” He shrugs.

“How did you know where we were? Who we were?” I say, refraining myself from yelling.

“Did you read the note from your brother?”

Kol set a note on the urinal. We made an agreement years ago that if we ever got arrested, we would pass messages through the bathroom. I never got the chance to look at it. I was too busy trying to get away.

Staring at the strange man before me, I reach into the pocket of my jacket. He watches me as I unfold the note. The man turns and walks away from me. My eyes scan the note in disbelief.

Ryan Hailee

The detective is the next target. That means Kol and I needed to get arrested to get close to him. It would have been the perfect plan if he didn’t leave his brother behind. But why did the man call the cops? How did he know anything?

Unless, this man is behind everything, the police call, the body at the Holiday Inn, the note that sent that man after Kol. A train pulls up to the station.

“Is it you?” I call after him, as he gets on the train. He looks over his shoulder at me, with a smirk spread across his lips. “Are you Charlie?”

“I thought you boys might need help with this one.” The train doors close behind him. I put my hands on the door and bang for him to let me in. I have so many questions about him and

why he wanted these specific people dead. Kol never cared about things like this, as long as he got the money. I wondered about Charlie all of the time, and, now, he was riding off in a train.

“We still need your help!” I shout as the train leaves the station.

Kol:

“When your brother left that restroom, he knocked out four guards and killed one,” Detective Hailee says. “Did you tell him to do that?”

“No,” I told him the truth.

“What did the note say?” he asks me.

“See, Wes and I we have a special place to meet if we are ever in danger like this. I just sent him a note telling him where to meet me.”

“Do you really think you are going to get out of this mess?” He laughs at me as he circles the table. “Your brother will come after you and then we’ll be able to catch him again. This time he won’t get out.”

“Yes, at the time I thought I could break out,” I tell him. “Obviously that has changed. Now, I’m willing to do whatever it takes to ensure I don’t die in prison. I’m a pretty boy Detective. Things won’t go well for me in there.”

“I should have known you wouldn’t have stayed loyal to them,” he scoffs. After walking around the room for a while, he makes his offer. “I will shorten your sentence, if you give me all the information you have on Charlie and the other mercenaries.”

I tap my foot on the ground, taking a moment to consider what I am about to do.

“I can tell you where Charlie lives.” His face lit up like a Christmas tree, just like I was hoping. I signal for him to come closer to me. He comes to my side of the table and stands about a foot away from me. “Sharing this information could get me killed.”

“It will also get you a lighter sentence than anyone else you work with,” he reminds me, stepping closer to him.

I stomp on his foot. He begins stammering curse words. Lifting my hands to the best of my ability, I get ahold of his hair and slam his head into the table. He reaches for his gun. I try to take it from him. We tug it back and forth between us.

Eventually, one of us will get our finger on the trigger. One of us will fire. The other will drop dead. At least if I die, I die loyal and fighting and I will know Wes is getting away.

Wes:

11:35. The train pulls up at the station. There was a childish part of me that believed he would have made it out. I knew Kol wanted me to get out. If I were in his position, I would want him to run as far as he could and leave me. Yet, the guilt is eating at me. Yes, mercenaries can feel guilty just like police officers, lawyers, and waiters. We are all just people.

Detective Hailee doesn't think so. When he cuffed me in the hotel, he grabbed me roughly and pinned me down, even though I wasn't putting up a fight. He and all of his cop friends celebrated as they dragged me out of the hotel.

I knew I had done bad things. I did everything for the same reason everyone makes hard choices. My brother and I, we survive on anything we can get or anything we can do. Some people grew up with great role models and money. They grow up to be police officers and

teachers. Other people grew up screaming for their father to stop beating their mother. When the father takes it to far, when his wife falls to the ground dead, he takes the gun and ends his life too. What about his kids?

They survive.

Kol:

When my father killed my mother, I was twelve and Wes was only fifteen. He didn't even know how to drive. I could only stare at the bloody mess in the kitchen. My brother was always practical. He went and called the police and told them about what happened. I tried to wipe up the blood before they got there. My mom always cared about having a clean house. She cleaned all day. She was dead and someone needed to clean the mess up.

"What's going to happen to us?" I asked my brother. He told me all about foster care. I like the idea of having new parents. Maybe my second family would be as messed up as my first. Then, he told me that we might not be together.

"We have to go before they get here." I grabbed my brother's hand and dragged him towards the back door.

"Kol, we can't."

"Yes, we can. No one is stopping us. We have to go."

"But--"

"You're all I've got and I'm all you've got," I cried by the back door. "I'm not ready to lose that. Are you?"

Wes:

I take a deep breath, as the doors close behind me. I can't help, but watch the town as the train pulls away. All I've ever had is my brother. I don't even have that now.

"Put your hands in the air," a deep voice speaks in a threatening tone. I can feel the gun pointed at the back of my head. I raise my hands in the air, tears filling my eyes, embracing myself for the end. "And wave them like you just don't care."

"What?" I almost scream, turning back. "Kol!" That was not funny!"

My brother stands there, perfectly safe, wearing a police uniform. His usual cocky smile on his face like nothing ever happened to them. I wrap my arms around him. I've never been so relieved to see my baby brother. He must have knocked out a cop and taken his uniform. Or killed one.

"How did you get on here before me?"

"I've always been faster than you," he says.

"Did you actually do it?" I say, still overwhelmed with shock.

"Detective Hailee is gone." He takes a bow. "You missed out on a great showdown, brother."

"Well, you missed out on Charlie," I tease him.

"I did not!" His jaw comes unhinged.

"I think I met him," I say, keeping my voice quiet as we walk down the aisle on the train.

"Tell me everything." Kol jumps into one of the train seats and I sit beside him.

"He didn't say much. He didn't do much. But he called the cops so we could get close to Hailee," I explain to him. Kol crosses his arms over his chest.

“I can’t believe I missed that just to strangle a stupid detective.”

A woman walks past to punch out tickets. She takes mine and then Kol’s. Along with my ticket, she hands me a small folded up piece of paper. A smile creeps up on me. Not because I’m proud because we’re still going.

“Let’s see who’s next,” Kol smirks, rubbing his hands together.