

**Angel in a
Demon's Cloak**

The Birth of Draper

Marty Hammond

Cover art illustrated by Navid Bulbulja

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DEDICATION

I dedicate this book this book to my three beautiful children whose love inspires me to be creative and drives my passion to succeed in all my goals and pursuits. To Taygan, Nathanael and Matisse, you are never far from my thoughts.

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Chapter One

Being Released

The gates of the prison open, as a fit looking man in his mid forties, with salt and pepper hair stands and stares into the distance. The end has come of a seven year stretch. After being convicted for armed robbery, this middle aged man has spent nearly sixteen years of his adult life incarcerated. Though in the past he has gone back to his life of crime after being released, this time he is taking a more positive outlook on his future life. As he stands in front of the gates, a chastising comment comes from one of the guards;

“So we will be seeing you back here soon Dennis?”

Dennis Draper, or Double Dee, as he is known by his friends then returns a comment;

“Only in the newspapers my friend, only in the newspapers”

The two prison guards laugh and jibe to one another, at how it would only be in the obituaries. A car then pulls up to the front of the prison, and the electric window on the passenger

side lowers. A dark skinned, heavily tattooed man calls out to Dennis.

“I heard you were getting out today Double Dee. Would you like a ride?”

It is his old cell mate from when he first started his seven year stint, Sammy Bolton. Sammy was well aware that the money was never recovered from Dennis’ last job; even though he always stated that it was the police that took the money. But not one to miss out on an opportunity of possibly getting in on some of the action, Sammy was willing to take Dennis anywhere he wanted to go. Dennis accepted the offer and slid into the passenger seat.

“So you’re a free man now, where do you want to go first?” asks Sammy.

“You have got to take me to a decent coffee shop. Somewhere quiet, but who serves a good fresh cup of coffee. Then I will decide on what to do after that.”

Sammy tried making small talk on the drive in the car till Dennis snapped at him.

“Can I just enjoy the silence of freedom for the moment?”

Sammy knew that tone in his voice, as this man was not someone who you messed with. He still remembers the day when Dennis had first arrived in prison. When one of the gang bangers had whistled at him and told him he was going to make him his bitch. Dennis walked directly over to him and smashed his face so badly, he knocked out half his teeth. Then he knelt down over him and whispered in his ear.

“Let’s see you whistle now, Bitch”

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From that day forward, Sammy stuck to him like glue as no-one ever harassed him again.

As they approach the city limits, Sammy asks Dennis if he has any preference in the brand of coffee. He tells him that Starbucks is his favorite and how he likes going there because it's on a busy street corner and lots of pretty girls walk by.

"Do you know of any small hidden away place that we can go to? I'm not quite ready to be mixing in with a large crowd just yet," asks Dennis.

"Yeah sure, there's a nice little place in Little Italy that I like to go to," replies Sammy.

"Then let's go there Sammy."

As the two men sat waiting, Sammy was intrigued by Dennis' demeanor. As hard as it was for him to try to keep his mouth shut, he just couldn't keep it inside any longer and had to ask.

"Okay Double Dee, we shared a cell for nearly two years, and in that time, if there is one thing I know about you, that is when something is bothering you. So what's up, you should be happy that you are a free man."

"Sammy," he replies with a very subdued look in his eyes, which gives Sammy chills up and down his spine. "Do you believe in God and Angels?"

"For fuck's sake Dee, what sort of question is that? What happened to you after I left, did the pastor get a hold of you or something? Have you gone and got all holy on me now?"

"It is a simple question Sammy, do you?"

Sammy pulls a crucifix from beneath his shirt and says;

“Of course I do man, my mother is a devout catholic, so I have had that shit drummed into me from day one. So what’s going on with you? You have never spoken to me about God, ever.”

“Sorry Sammy, I didn’t mean to freak you out, it’s just that after you left something happened, something a little bit strange you could say.”

As Dennis was about to explain to Sammy the details of his experience, out of the corner of his eye he recognises a familiar face. It was the detective that put him in jail.

“Fuck no Sammy!” he exclaimed. “It’s Detective Kowparwitz.”

Sammy sits up quickly in his chair and says “Didn’t you say that the next time you saw that guy you were going to kill him?”

“That was a long time ago Sammy, I can’t do that sort of thing now.”

Sammy again looked very confused as the last time he saw Dennis, he was a man filled with anger and hatred.

Kowparwitz walks over to the table and arrogantly stares at Dennis then says;

“Dennis Draper, I heard you were getting out, and here you are. We never did recover that money that you stole.”

“Funny that Detective, I thought it went into your pocket, or was it the bank committing insurance fraud. Maybe that is who you should be investigating.” replies Dennis.

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"You tried that line in court Draper, and it didn't wash back then, and it certainly isn't going to wash now. I'm going to be watching you Draper, you'll be going to retrieve it one day, and I'll be right on your tail. I could do with a lazy five million dollars."

"Still as crooked as ever I see Detective, but you will be totally wasting your time. It's a clean sheet for me from this time forward."

"A leopard never changes its spots Draper, you won't be able to help yourself, and when you do, I'll be the one who is right there to put you back inside."

Detective Kowparwitz points his finger at Dennis in a gun motion and pretends to shoot as he walks away.

"So what are you going to do about him?" asks Sammy.

"Nothing," says Dennis.

"What do mean nothing? Didn't you say he set you up? Didn't you say you were going to seek revenge for what he did to you? What about the money? What about the 5 million dollars?" asks Sammy.

"For starters Sammy, there is no money. Is that why you came to pick me up from prison? Because you think I have millions of dollars stashed away somewhere? Is that the only reason you are here today? And how did Kowparwitz know I was here? Did you tip him off Sammy? Because it didn't seem like it was just a coincidence."

"Yeah I did," Sammy replies as he bows his head.

"What are you saying? Am I right?" replies Dennis.

“He came to see me yesterday, and told me that you were getting out today, and asked me to text him when we got here, so he could come and try to intimidate you, as he did.”

“Are you wearing a wire Sammy?”

“No Double Dee, he just gave me his card and said that if I found out where the money is stashed, then he would make it worth my while.”

“So you were going to shaft me Sammy?”

“I was tempted man. But after seeing you today, it brought back all those memories of how you looked after me and the way that asshole just spoke to you. I couldn’t do that to you Dee.”

“I’m glad to hear that Sammy, I would have been totally disappointed otherwise.”

“How about we go back to my place, I have a fridge full of beer and food, and I have a balcony where we can sit and relax and celebrate your release.”

“But didn’t you say that Kowparwitz knows where you live?” asks Dennis.

“I don’t think so; he actually came and harassed me at work.”

“You have a job Sammy?”

“Oh yes I do my friend. It’s a good job too. I sell vacuum cleaners, and I make a pretty good living from it as well. I have a terrace house in a gated estate, and I actually own my car.”

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"I am very impressed Sammy, so how much did Kowparwitz offer you to stitch me up?"

"\$500,000" says Sammy.

"Wow man, I would have stitched me up for that amount of money as well."

"Come on Dennis, let's go and enjoy ourselves."

As they enter the house, Sammy gives him the customary tour, showing him where the bathroom, kitchen and the spare room are.

"You are more than welcome to crash here till you get settled Dee. It will be a lot more comfortable than the mattress you have been sleeping on for the past seven years, that's for sure."

"Thanks Sammy, I might just take you up on that offer, for tonight at least anyway. But tomorrow I have to go and try and sort some things out."

Sammy grabs a couple of cold beers and snacks out of the fridge and heads out onto the balcony, with Dennis following. There is a small barbecue hot plate, a table, and chairs. Dennis looks quite impressed as he turns to Sammy and says;

"So you have all of this from selling vacuum cleaners?"

"Absolutely my friend, it's not only vacuum cleaners that make you rich, it's the after sales. The bags, the carpet deodorants, the mops, the brooms, and for some strange reason Double Dee, I'm really good at it."

“Good for you Sammy, I am really proud of you. You always did have the gift of the gab, and it’s good to see you have put it to good use.”

As they sit at the table and clink their beer bottles together, Sammy can’t help but wonder about the conversation that they started at the coffee shop when Dennis was getting all holy on him.

“So Dennis, you’ve gone all religious on me, have you?”

“I wouldn’t say religious, I just had a moment in my cell one day that made me re-evaluate my life a little bit, just take stock you might say.” replies Dennis.

“When you say a moment, what do you mean by that?”

“Do you believe in angels Sammy?”

“Do you mean the Arch Angels like Michael and Gabriel and stuff?”

“No, I’m talking about regular angels.” replies Dennis.

“Regular angels?” says Sammy looking quite confused at this point. “Look, I haven’t been to church since I was a very young child, but I don’t remember them ever teaching us about regular angels in Sunday school. Why do you ask Dennis? It seems like this is an issue you are really serious about?”

“Well on my 40th Birthday I was sitting in my cell and it wasn’t too long after you got out actually.”

“Sorry I couldn’t come to your party man,” interjects Sammy while laughing.

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"That's alright mate, I fully understand," laughs Dennis.

"So what happened then Dee, you have got me totally intrigued now."

"Yeah, sorry man, I wasn't sure whether I should tell you because you might think I'm going completely nuts." says Dennis.

"I spent nearly two years in a in a three by four metre cell with you brother, I know you're nuts. I know what your farts smell like, I know the size of your dick, which is quite impressive I might add."

"Well compared to yours Sammy, I didn't have much to beat." laughs Dennis.

"Come on man," says Sammy frustratingly "So what happened?"

"Well it was my 40th Birthday and I had the cell to myself, as the meat head I was sharing with was in solitary. And I was sitting on the edge of my bed thinking about my past about what my kids might be up to, and how it would have been nice to have shared my birthday with them."

"Kids? You never told me that you have kids," squeals Sammy.

"Yeah, I was only young at the time, their mother was a drug addict and they got taken off her by child services. I think she actually overdosed not long after that. I was doing a 7 month stretch at the time. When I got out I tried to get custody of them but child services wouldn't even let me see them. So I decided to just let them go as I believed that they would get a better life that way."

“So how many kids do you have?” asks Sammy.

“Just two, mate, they are twins, a boy and a girl. They will be 25 years old this year”

“Wow Dee, you never cease to surprise me, so then what happened?”

“So I am sitting in my cell, just contemplating on how I was going to make amends for all the wrongs I have committed in my life. And at this point in time I still had five years to serve. Then I hear this voice say to me...”

“Do you believe in God? Do you believe in Angels?”

“That’s what you asked me,” says Sammy.

“That’s right,” says Dennis “So I was a little shocked because the voice I heard seemed like it was in my head, but also seemed like it was out loud.”

“So what did you do? Did you answer it? Did it ask any more questions?” an excited Sammy asks.

“No, not at first, but I just sat there waiting, because I wasn’t sure if it was just my mind playing tricks on me or not. Then I walked up to the cell door to see if it was one of the other cell mates, but nothing. Then I heard it again, but this time it was a little bit more adamant.”

“So do you believe in God? Do you believe in Angels?”

“So this time I replied with a firm, ‘No!’ And then I hear.”

“Why the Hell not?”

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"Now this is when I started to worry a little bit. Do you remember when we saw the ghost of that guard that had been killed in the hall that day?" asks Dennis.

"Yes Dee I do, and I also remember we swore we wouldn't ever speak of that again," says Sammy in a reprimanding tone.

"Yes that's right, but I thought it may have been that ghost again, maybe just trying to freak me out or something. So I sat silent for a while, looking around to see if it was that ghost, when I hear..."

"So why not?"

"Now this time it did sound like it was being spoken to me by someone in the room. So I decided to play along, as my thoughts were am I going crazy or is this real? So I decided to just go with it," says Dennis.

"And was it real?" asks Sammy.

"Well I treated it as if it was and responded with; I don't believe that God is just one being. I think that the energies of the universe connect all as one, and to me that could be defined to some people as God, but it is purely up to their own perception."

"That's pretty deep Dee."

"Then I hear; 'Do you believe in angels?' So I had to stay as profound as before and replied to the voice 'Well my version of angels would be just normal people, who do extraordinary things to help people who can't help themselves' and then I hear,"

“Good answer.”

“So then what happened?” asks Sammy.

“I’m not freaking you out with all of this am I? Because it gets a little weird from this point.” asks Dennis.

“Not at all my friend, I love this shit,” he replies.

“So I look up and sitting in your old bed was this guy who was wearing a kind of leather armour, with dirty clothes and tattered wings coming out of his back.”

“So now do you believe in angels he asks me,” Says Dennis.

“I’m not really sure was my reply to him. He didn’t look like what I had always imagined an angel to look like.”

“He looked at me a little bemused and said ‘I thought your perception of angels was just normal people who helped other people out’, says Dennis.

“So I told him he was right, but then said that I thought an angel that actually had wings would be all white and pristine,” Dennis continues

“Then he said to me ‘Well that might be how management gets to parade around in their pretty white robes with golden frills, but some of us actually have to do some work, and most of the time it’s dirty work’ and he sounded a bit pissed off about it too.”

“So then I asked him what he meant by dirty work, and he replied, ‘Well things like fighting dark energies, demons, alien souls, reptilians, and generally just humans who need to be put in jail for committing atrocities and behaving like

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puppets for the dark and devilish side' he replied as he stared me right in the eye."

"I tried to tell him I was framed Sammy, but he wouldn't have a bar of it. He just gave me a stern look and said 'You may have been set up to get caught, but you still committed the crime, you still shot that guy in the leg who tried to run. Now he has a lifelong injury and the trauma to go with it. The people who set you up didn't pull the trigger'. I mean, what could I say to that Sammy?"

"Wow man! How did that make you feel?" asks Sammy

"Pretty bad actually" replies Dennis "It hit home that maybe I was actually in denial, and just trying to blame everything on Kowparwitz, and not take responsibility for my own actions."

"And then what did he say?" asks Sammy excitedly.

"Well at this stage I was starting to wonder if it was real or was it just my conscience creating a hallucination. So I decided to fire a heap of questions toward him, just to see if I could trip up my own brain if it was. It was a bit like a speed round on a game show. So this is how it went Sammy."

"So why are you dressed that way?"

"I'm a warrior angel."

"Why do we need warrior angels?"

"To fight the really, really, bad guys."

"Why are you here?"

"Because I need your help, and you need mine."

“How can I help you?”

“You can do things on the physical realm that I am unable to do.”

“Why aren’t you able to?”

“Because it would freak too many people out.”

“Why do I need your help?”

“To find your kids.”

“How do you know I want to find my kids?”

“You were asking about them earlier.”

“So who sent you?”

“My superior, whose name is Gabriel.”

“So who are you?”

“Dave.”

“Dave! Who the fuck is Dave?”

“I’m Dave. So who the fuck is Dennis Draper?”

“I’m Dennis Draper.”

“Well that’s good; now that we have the introductions out of the way, let’s get down to business.”

“That was fricken awesome Dee, so then what happened?” asks Sammy.

“Well, obviously I realised it wasn’t a hallucination, and started to accept that what I was seeing and hearing was real.

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So my next question was 'What do you mean by business' to which he replied 'Well you won't get to see your kids for nothing, you are going to have to earn the right. So that means you have to do some things for me first'. There's always a catch, hey Sammy."

"So Double Dee, what sort of things did he ask you to do?"

"He just said he would let me know when the time comes, and he would contact me through my dreams," replies Dennis "So I asked him if he would be visiting me again, but he said it wouldn't be a good idea, as it might make me look a bit crazy to others if I was talking to thin air, but he would after I got released. Then he just faded away into thin air."

Sammy was left totally agog by everything he had just heard, he was speechless, not knowing how to respond at all.

"So do you think I'm nuts Sammy?" asks Dennis.

He pauses for a moment before he comes up with a truly unexpected question "Dave, so his name is Dave."

"Forget about his name Sammy, do you think it was real or not?" asks Dennis.

"Absolutely man, but what about the dreams though? How did you know which dreams were being sent to you by him?" asks Sammy.

"Well that was the fun part trying to work it out. At first it wasn't till after the event had happened, that I realised that it was in a dream I had the night before."

"So did you get to prevent anything or save anyone?" asks Sammy.

"I did Sammy; I saw old Macca getting stabbed by a shiv in the yard. So at breakfast I spoke to him, and said that I had heard whispers, and it was probably best that he stay in his cell for the day."

"So what happened?" inquires Sammy.

"Well nothing, so I suppose I saved his life, I'm not sure. But another time I had a dream about the oven in the kitchen exploding, and I distinctly remember seeing the clock on the wall saying 11:38am. So at 11:37 I pulled the fire alarm."

"And did the oven explode?" Sammy asks quite excitedly.

"Oh Hell yeah Sammy! And in a big way too," replies Dennis.

Sammy shuffles to the edge of his seat, as his excitement grows from what Dennis is telling him about. "So what other things happened then?"

"Well they were probably the two major dreams, I had a lot of other ones where I saw things like the screws giving contraband to gang bangers, and some other dodgy stuff, but nothing that I really wanted to get involved in if you know what I mean."

"I definitely know what you mean Dee. I wouldn't want to be crossing either of those two. So how often did you have these dreams?" asks Sammy.

"There was no real continuity to it, they were totally random really. At first they were a couple of weeks to a month apart, and this would just be having dreams of a couple of guys fighting in the yard, or the screws giving someone a beat down. So at first; like I said before, I wouldn't realise that it was a premonitory dream till after the event. It probably

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took about half a dozen to ten dreams before I started to work out the difference, then it became a lot easier to define”

“So have you still been getting them lately?” asks Sammy.

“Oh shit yeah, and now I can tell the difference real easy. I saw you coming to pick me up in a dream just last night. I also saw Kowparwitz in a dream that didn’t seem to end too well for him. But that one was a bit cloudy, so we will have to wait and see the outcome of that. Also they are a lot stronger at a the moment, as the memories of them seem a lot more real, so that makes me think that Dave might be close by.”

Sammy shuffles back into his seat, and has a nervous look on his face as he asks;

“Do you think he might be here right now?”

“I don’t know mate, maybe. But he did say he was a warrior angel, so he could be off fighting demons in an interdimensional battle somewhere,” chuckles Dennis as he gives Sammy a wink and a smile.

“That has got to be the freakiest thing I have ever heard Dee. I shared a cell with you for nearly two years, and you are one of the hardest men I have ever known. But to hear you talking about having kids and meeting an angel is way too fucking weird,” exclaims Sammy.

“Yeah sorry about that Sammy, but you are the only person I ever trusted inside, and if I am freaking you out too much I’ll just leave,” replies Dennis.

“You ain’t going anywhere mother fucker, besides my girlfriend is coming over and she is cooking us dinner, then we are going to watch the game on TV tonight. When was the

last time you had the chance to watch a game with a beer in your hand brother?"

"Way too long my friend," as they chink their beer bottles together and say cheers.

"So what are you going to do about this Detective Kowparwitz? He seems pretty determined to chase you down to try and get a hold of the missing money," says Sammy in a more serious tone.

"That's the weird thing Sammy, there is no money, and I'm sure there wasn't five million there. Three and half max, maybe," replies Dennis.

"When we were inside together, you only ever said to me that the cops took the money and kept it for themselves. So why is this copper coming into my work place offering me five hundred grand and chasing you up for the cash? Has this come up in any of your dreams?" laughs Sammy.

"No unfortunately it didn't come up in any of my dreams, you cheeky fucker. But I do hear what you are saying Sammy. After the heist we were in the motel room and we had just emptied the money into two black suitcases from the kit bags we had taken from the bank. I watched Steve put the bags into the wardrobe as I poured a couple of Scotches from the mini bar for us to sit and celebrate. Within minutes the cops were bursting through the door and had me laid belly down with a gun to my head."

"Then what happened?" asks Sammy.

"Well, Kowparwitz came strutting in and he found the guns and threw them on the bed, then he got the kit bags and put them on the bed. Then he started demanding to know where

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the money was. He just kept saying 'Where's the money? Where's the money?' But I had no idea what he was talking about as I was face down on the floor."

"So could one of the other guys have put it somewhere or taken it?" Sammy asks with a quizzical look on his face.

"Well there was only Steve Ryder with me in the room, and he was face down and hog tied just like me. I just gathered that Kowparwitz was just putting on a show for the cops who weren't in on the sting, so he could palm more money for himself."

"So have you spoken to Steve Ryder since then?" asks Sammy.

"No, only at the trial, but he was of the same mind as me thinking it was Kowparwitz. Unfortunately, because he was such a mad fucker, they sent him to a high security prison, and he got fixed up in there apparently; Why all the questions Sammy?"

"When Kowparwitz came to me yesterday to tell me that you were getting out, he was really agitated and didn't seem like someone who had been living it up on millions of dollars. That's why I am wondering if maybe someone else may have had something to do with palming the cash. How well did you know Steve Ryder, could he be trusted?"

"Steve Ryder, mate, I wouldn't trust him with a gold fish. But he was loyal and we had done a lot of other jobs together. There was never an issue. Maybe it was one of the other cops?"

"I've got no idea Dee, but Kowparwitz is going to be at my work tomorrow wanting to know where the money is," frets Sammy.

"So Sammy, would you have put me in for half a million, if I had have known where the money was?"

"No way Double Dee, I would have hit you up for a million to keep my mouth shut," laughs Sammy.

"So what are you going to tell Kowparwitz?" asks Dennis.

"Everything that I know man, and that's what you have just told me. Then hopefully he will leave me alone after that," he replies.

"Cheers to our future, brother," As they chink their bottles again, and Dennis looks to Sammy and says "I think it's time for a fresh one."

"My pleasure, friend," Sammy replies, as he gets up and walks into the kitchen.