

*Congrats! You found a hidden link.*

*Enjoy this flash fiction piece, then see if you can find another.*

*-Al*

At 1735 Mount Leon Road, there were dozens of people to hear you scream if you really needed to. The lavish house—although the word ‘house’ was a significant understatement here—was only a few years old, built right after the election by an eccentric recluse. Mr. Robert Wallin was convinced of nuclear fallout and obsessed with the idea of an underground commune dedicated to free-living, pooled funds, strategically distributed weapons, and, most importantly, freedom from the constraints of society. He firmly believed in people’s ability to connect on a new plane of existence, a metaphysical way of life that let his group speak freely of their visions for the future. Wallin had a reputation for keeping large company and was famously avoidant of everyone else.

When no one else did, Wallin was the one to fund charities, buy Girl Scout Cookies, and foster unwanted puppies. He was the kind of man to offer his umbrella to you when it rained or to bake cookies for strangers he thought needed them. Robert Wallin spent his free time assisting shelters and supporting local businesses. He let his company live lavishly, while he himself preferred simplicity.

He was also a cult leader.

The Divine Bringers of Peace and Devotion was a relatively large but unknown cult organized by Wallin, found beheaded and splattered across 4,000 square feet of property, each having their eyes removed and shoved inside their open mouths. Strange symbols were carved out on decaying flesh, and the bodies were still being dug up when Sara left Dade City for good.

She knew they'd never find Robert. Sara made sure of it.