

Summary: As the theme says " Into each generation is born a creature of light and a creature of darkness." So which kind of a child are Ben and Tommy carrying?

Categories: [Carnivale](#) Characters: Ben Hawkins, Brother Justin Crowe, Clayton "Jonesy" Jones, Clayton "Jonesy" Jones/Ben Hawkins, Ensemble, Iris Crowe, Jonesy, Justin Crowe, Justin Crowe/Tommy Dolan, Lodz, Ruthie

Genres: Gen, Het

Warnings: Aggression, Anal Sex, Attempted Murder, Brain-Insane, Brutality, Dark Themes

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

Okay, this show is dark and weird...but oh, so great (IMO). It has twists and turns and you don't know where loyalties or characters lie in the realm of good and evil. As for my story, I only hope I do the show justice. Now, in the story there are issues of consent (Justin has that whole mind-control thing going for him), but it's not rape. There will also be mention of murders, incest, life & death, and conversations concerning justice. There is a graphic description of m/m sex in this part. If you're overly sensitive, you might want to pass this one by. I just don't want you to read something that will squick you, and have you hate me.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by Crystal

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Chapter 1 by Crystal

Tommy Dolan sat in his car, silent in the dark. He couldn't leave. He had the intention of leaving the Crowes to let them get used to the idea of his proposal, but now he just couldn't make himself actually leave. Justin has asked if he'd wanted his sister, Iris. He had initially...wanted her. She was such a strong woman, and it was obvious that she was obsessed with her brother Justin. Tommy snorted; that was something they had in common. When he had met Justin, he'd thought he was another homeless body. Someone being affected by the Depression. After all, the other man had been drinking from a bottle in a brown paper bag, and he was dirty. But that all changed the minute Justin had begun to speak about how he'd lost his God. Tommy had become captivated; so much so, that he'd tracked down Justin's sister Iris.

He'd met Iris, and been equally captivated by her. But he could see right away that there was as darkness to her. He could feel it with its electric little tendrils that swept along his skin; he could almost taste it. It was there, but he'd convinced himself that he'd imagined it. Justin had been so heartbroken, wondering what he'd done that would bring God's wrath down on the innocent children. If Justin was such a good, God-fearing soul, he couldn't possibly be full of darkness; therefore, neither could Iris. He'd thought that until he'd met Justin again, here in Minvern. That darkness that was part of Iris was now apparent tenfold in her brother. The thing that scared him most, though, was how much he felt bound to it...to them. That's why, instead of leaving as he should, he sat in his car in front of their house.

He turned his head toward the house, and saw the silhouette of Justin standing outside of the front door, staring at his car. Tommy was overcome with the desire to get out of his car, but he wouldn't let himself be pulled along. He could feel Justin's will, and he trembled at the power of it. But he was frozen, his breathing became labored as he watched Justin cross the street to where he was parked. Justin peered at him through the window before he reached down and opened it. Tommy stared at the outreached hand that was going to help him out of the car, but he still couldn't move.

"Come on, Thomas." Justin's voice washed over him in its even somber tone...so different than the hellfire and brimstone they could preach out on Sundays. Justin's hands reached in and pried his own off the steering wheel, and led him out of the car. As soon as he was out of the car, he felt

Justin's arm creep around his back, guiding him back to the house.

He finally found his voice. "I should be leaving. I need to prepare for tomorrow's show."

"Shh. It's all right. Everything is going to be all right."

Iris opened the door for them, and stood back to let them walk through. Once inside, Justin took his jacket from him, and handed it to his sister for her to hang in the closet. Tommy was standing in the warm glow of their house, and found himself turned around to face Justin. The man seemed so big. He was well over six foot tall, and broad-shouldered, and had eyes that looked straight through you. 'Must be from being preacher,' mused Tommy.

The two men were staring each other in the eyes, searching for something. Justin must have found what he was because he pulled the other man to him and kissed him passionately. Tommy emitted a startled gasp, his hands automatically coming up to push Justin away, but the other man had one arm grasping his waist firmly toward him and the other behind his head, holding him in place. All Tommy wound up doing was effectively trapping his arms between their bodies. A fact which Justin took full advantage of. Pressing his advantage, Justin coaxed the other man to open his mouth to respond to the kiss thoroughly. He broke off with both of them panting heavily, and rested his cheek against Tommy's forehead.

"Why did you do that?" Tommy murmured the question as Justin's arms comforted him.

"Because deep down you wanted me to. And I wanted to give you what you wanted in this case." Justin smiled at him, and Tommy knew that he should push him away and walk out the door, but he couldn't make himself move. So he stood there with Justin's arms around him, gaping at the other man until Justin sighed, took his hand and led him down the hall to his bedroom.

The room was small, and sparsely furnished. The bed was hardly large enough for Justin, and Tommy thought for a moment at the ridiculousness of it all. Then, there was the presence he could feel again, urging him forward, and he complied. He could feel Justin near him, solid and warm. He shivered as he was turned around again, away from the bed toward Justin again.

"I figured it out now." Justin ran a finger down Tommy's cheek, and watched joyfully as the other man's eyes fluttered closed at the gentle contact. He'd have to remember to be gentle. He had no doubts that Tommy wasn't exactly innocent, but the man wasn't a whore either.

"Hmm? Figured out what?" Tommy sighed.

Justin bent his head to lick the shell of an ear before whispering, "That it's not my sister you want."

"No, no, it's not, but," Tommy's eyes opened, and they were glittering with tears, "I don't think we should do this. It's wrong."

"Do you feel this?" Justin asked as he pulled them completely flush. Tommy groaned at the heat and passion he could feel emanating off of Justin, and he buried his face in the other man's chest and inhaled deeply.

"Yes, I feel. I feel." He was desperate to feel more, and there was no doubt in his mind that this is what he truly wanted, and not just something that he was being made to feel.

Tommy pulled Justin to him, and initiated the next kiss. He could feel Justin's breath on his face, could feel the hands that came up to cradle his head gently as the kiss deepened. He could hear the sound of his own clothing being removed as the hands became restless with staying on his face as their lips and tongues moved wetly against one another. He could smell the cologne that

Justin was wearing, and the other man was the last thing he saw as he closed his eyes at the feel of the hands that moved over him. Justin walked him backward toward the bed, turned down the covers, and laid Tommy down with a kiss that was almost chaste in nature.

It was then that he realized that Justin was still completely dressed, and he flushed with embarrassment that he'd forgotten to reciprocate his clothes being removed. Justin just smiled at him, though, and began to strip. The man was broad, pale, and smooth, and Tommy's breath came quicker as he watched Justin remove his trousers. He was suddenly overcome with the desire to touch and taste the flesh he saw before him. He moved over as Justin climbed into bed with him. He was pressed down into the mattress as the warm weight settled mostly on top of him.

They kissed again, and Tommy wrapped his arms around Justin, pulling him as close as possible. Justin's fingers drew random patterns on Tommy's chest, and when they reached the abdomen, Tommy's breathing hitched, and Justin petted the smooth skin before dipping lower to wrap around his cock. Justin stroked over the heated flesh, welcoming the tiny moans that Tommy was making.

Tommy writhed under Justin. He wanted to touch the other man, too, but his brain was fried to the point that he couldn't think past, 'Oh, God, don't stop. Please don't stop.' Justin smiled down at him and Tommy wasn't sure if he'd said that aloud or not. He could feel Justin's hand move over him in quicker strokes and he planted his heels in the bed as he thrust up into that hand. He could feel a warmth pool in his stomach and spread out and downward until he came with a kiss-muffled cry.

As he came back to himself, Justin was looking at him fondly. He kissed him on the cheek and whispered in his ear, "Turn on your stomach."

Tommy's heart lurched, and he went to say no, but that presence was there again, and he was consumed with Justin. He had to do as he was asked, so he rolled onto his stomach, folding his arms under his head and turning his face to the wall. Justin kissed the back of his neck and shoulders. "You have to relax, Thomas. I won't hurt you, but you have to relax," and it was as if just because Justin said it, it happened. Tommy felt himself relax all over, the tenseness just fleeing from him as if it were pulled out by an unseen force.

Justin's hands moved down his back toward his buttocks, caressing Tommy the entire way, making him feel safe and protected, even if he wasn't sure what was going to happen to him. Justin reached back up to the bedside table, pulling out a small tin jar. He lifted the top, and Tommy could smell that it was the hair pomade that Justin used. "Now, stay relaxed." Justin murmured as a slick finger moved around his opening, making his nerve endings zing with the feel of it, before pushing in. Tommy gasped but he didn't tense. It felt weird, foreign, but it didn't hurt him, so he just breathed through the strangeness. The finger began to move within him, pushing in deeper, but just when it was starting to feel really good, the finger was removed. Tommy mewled and Justin chuckled at the sound. Then there were two slicked fingers pushing in, and it burned some, but Tommy still stayed as relaxed as before. The burning subsided as the fingers began to stretch him, making him open himself more to their exploratory movements. They brushed a spot and stars exploded behind his eyes. He immediately pushed back, seeking more of that sensation, but again the fingers were removed. "One more, Thomas. I won't hurt you," and Tommy braced himself for three fingers. He was still coming down from the star explosion so he barely noticed when he was breached again, and spread even further apart. But Justin hit that spot again, and Tommy moaned and pushed back. Yet again, the fingers were removed.

"Move up onto your knees," Justin said as he kissed the back of his neck again. Tommy complied by pushing his knees beneath him, but he kept his head down on his folded arms, not trusting his weight to be supported by both because of the trembling that went through him. He

could feel Justin move behind him, and there was something other than fingers moving into him, splitting him open.

Justin stopped as soon as he'd popped through the muscle ring, and allowed both of them to get used to the sensation. The tight heat was incredible. He'd never let himself experience anything like this kind of pleasure. It was as if his body knew instinctively what to do even when his mind didn't. He grasped Tommy's hips and began to thrust forward and back, pushing a bit deeper with each thrust.

Tommy was panting heavily. The feel of Justin moving within him was incredible, but then he hit that spot again, and it was so much better than just the fingers. The fullness he felt made him wonder how he could ever say that this was wrong, that he shouldn't be doing this. He wasn't hard again, but the sensation from within him was enough to make his skin tingle with pleasure.

Justin began to move faster, and he heard Tommy's muffled 'yes' and felt him push back to meet the thrust. His rhythm broke as he felt the muscles begin to clutch around him. He thrust three more times before he came. Tommy tried to slump completely down to the bed, but Justin had wrapped an arm around his waist to lay a hand on his abdomen, so he couldn't fall all the way. He felt warmth spreading throughout him, and Tommy knew that something was happening, but he was afraid to ask what Justin was doing. Just then, pain hit him, and he cried out.

"Shh. It's okay. Shh, Tommy." He quieted at Justin calling him Tommy instead of Thomas, but the pain didn't subside. In fact, it became worse.

His mouth opened and let out a pained groan. "It feels like my insides are being twisted up."

"I know. I know. Just ride out the pain, my darling. It'll be worth it in the end. I promise." Justin tried to soothe the pain by planting gentle kisses on the back of Tommy's neck.

"What are you doing to me?" Tommy asked plaintively.

"Something that needs to be done if this is going to be a true union in the eyes of God."

That confused him because he knew that the church would condemn them both for what they'd just done.

Justin wasn't finished speaking. "Iris and I will protect you, but you'll have to trust us. I need you to trust me to know what's best for you, Tommy."

"Yes," Tommy gasped, and just like that the pain began to subside into a dull ache. He sighed, relieved, and was finally allowed to collapse fully onto the bed. Justin maneuvered him onto his side, and laid down on his back, pulling Tommy into his side with his head draped on his shoulder.

Tommy had already drifted off into sleep, snuffling just a bit, as he became comfortable next to Justin. Justin studied him; the sweet looking face with the long lashes pillowed against his cheek. He kissed the top of the dark head.

As he looked toward the door, he noticed his sister's gaze on them. He nodded toward her, and she closed the door all the way before he drifted off to sleep.

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Chapter 2 by Crystal

Ben staggered back from the lifeless body of Lodz. He heard the rustle of management moving behind the curtain, and knew in his heart that all of the things his mama had called him had been true. He was evil. He was of the Devil. He'd just choked the life out of someone. That was a sin, even if the person he'd killed was responsible for the death of his friend.

"Listen to me, Ben Hawkins," the disembodied voice behind the curtain said. "I can help you."

Ben shook himself, "No! I don't want your help, you son of a bitch." Management was laughing at him as he stumbled out of the trailer.

He didn't hear management saying to the deceased body on the floor, "I'm afraid I'm not quite done with you yet," and Lodz gasped in air, his sightless eyes moving rapidly in their sockets.

Lodz choked in a few breaths, massaging his bruised neck. As soon as he figured out what was going on, he chuckled to himself. "I should have seen that coming."

"Perhaps, but you've let your skills grow rusty, and you've hidden too long in a bottle of absinthe." Lodz turned toward the voice. "Leave me now."

"Of course." Lodz located his cane and made his way to the door.

Ben turned back to management's trailer as he heard the door open behind him. He stared in shock as Lodz made his way down the stairs. The old man was still chuckling softly to himself, but he paused in his descent, "Nice try, Ben Hawkins. You should really learn who you're dealing with, boy." With that parting comment, Lodz walked away from him.

Ben turned toward Ruthie's trailer, and saw her emerge. He was overcome with such relief that at first he didn't notice the fire raging. As his attention was pulled to the crowd of people standing around the flame-engulfed trailer, he noticed that Ruthie was making her way toward the fire. To keep her safe, he walked over to the crowd himself.

"Why isn't anybody pouring water on this thing?" He noticed that it was Sofie and her ma's trailer. It was there absence from the safety of outside that made him shudder.

"It's an oil fire. Water ain't touched it. Jonesy, the fool that he is, ran in there to drag out Sofie and Apollonia. Poor bastard, none of 'em stand a chance." Stumpy spoke in a shocked voice, wishing his last conversation with Jonesy hadn't been so petty.

"Ben," Ruthie grabbed his arm. "You can stop it." She looked at him with glittering eyes, and he knew that she knew what he'd done.

"No, I can't." He tried to pull out of her grasp, but she held firm. "Let go of me, Ruthie."

"No, I know what you did...for Gabriel...for me."

"No," he was starting to panic. "It's a sin. Man can't take back what's God's."

"But you can. You can." She touched the side of his face, and he stopped struggling in her hold. "I can see you now, Ben Hawkins. You're just a sad little boy who's been denied love all his life because of this gift you have..."

"It's a curse," he whispered, and the tears began to fall.

"No, that's just something you've been told by someone who hated you in her heart..."

"But it was my ma...why would she hate me?"

Ruthie shook her head. "I can't answer that for you, but know that there is a reason, and it will be made clear to you. Now, listen to me, Ben Hawkins, while I was...for lack of a better term in limbo, I saw something, similar to a vision. You have to stop that fire for your own sake, so that

the sides remain even."

"What are you talking about? You're not makin' any sense."

"Just do as I tell you." She shook him hard. "Now." She turned to the crowd. "Everybody listen to me. There's gonna be a dust up. We gotta get out of here."

The carnies gaped at her like she'd lost a couple of screws, but they followed her into the few trailers to seek shelter, leaving Ben standing by himself next to the still burning trailer. He turned his eyes to the brightly burning fire, and he could see in his peripheral vision Hack Scudder, mouthing that it was okay. He blinked, and the vision disappeared. He focused on the fire first. He could feel time slow to a crawl, and then dust began to swirl around him. He guided it to attack the flames, and he watched as the fire was smothered out. He then reached out and felt the people, and they were just barely hanging on, so he reached out again, praying harder than he'd ever prayed that he not hurt someone else by saving them.

He could sense the burned flesh healing, the broken spirits safely returning to their bodies, and he pulled back as he heard Sofie's door open. He saw Clayton Jones emerging from the trailer, carrying Apollonia, and Sofie following meekly behind him. Clayton and his eyes met, and Ben knew that Jonesy knew what he'd done. He could see the shock on the other man's face. He began to panic. He couldn't face this, being some sort of a freak, so he turned and he ran.

"Ben! Wait!" Both Jonesy and Ruthie, who had emerged from where she'd taken shelter, tried to plead with him to stop, but he didn't listen. He just kept running.

Ruthie turned to Jonesy. "Put Apollonia inside with me. You go after him."

Clayton was staring after Ben's retreating form. He handed Apollonia over to Gabriel, vaguely noticing that Ruthie's son no longer had a broken arm. He turned to Ruthie. "I don't understand." He was sure that he'd been dead, but then he could feel this healing take place. He didn't know how it had happened, but somehow Ben Hawkins had saved their lives.

"I know, Clayton, but trust me you will. He needs you. He needs you, Clayton. Just go to him."

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Ben made his way back to the cemetery that he'd been at earlier. There were still donations of food, pictures, and flowers laid out for the dead. He was so confused. He knew that he'd killed Lodz. He'd felt the life drain out of the other man under his own hands. Somehow, though, he was alive again, and so was Ruthie, and then there was the fire. Oh, God, what damage had he done with saving those three.

He sat down at the very same headstone where he'd tried to give his own life just a bit earlier, and wept. He felt a hand on his hair, and he fully expected it to be another hallucination of Scudder, but when he looked up, it was Jonesy's face he saw.

"Hey, kid, you okay?"

Ben shook his head, and a strangled sob tore out of his throat, and he put his head back down on his folded arms to cry, wanting the other man to leave him in peace.

"Hey, now," Jonesy kept his voice gentle. "Come on. That's enough of that."

Ben subsided into hiccupping snuffles, and Jonesy rubbed his back until he looked back at him again. "I wanted to talk to you about what you did tonight." He saw the panicked look, and quickly said, "Whoa, kid, I ain't gonna hurt you or nothin'. In fact, I owe you my life. I don't know how you

did it, but I could feel you, healing my burned skin, stopping the fire." He paused and looked at Ben. "You really did restore that little girl's legs back in Tipton, didn't you."

Ben looked so sad, but he nodded. "Well, hell, son, how were we supposed to know you were the real deal."

"It's a curse." Ben muttered.

"What d'ya mean a curse? You saved our lives, didn't you?"

"Yeah," Ben's voice dropped to a whisper. "But you don't understand. It's a sin."

"Sin?" Jonesy eased himself down to the ground, noticing that his leg hadn't been healed along with the rest of him.

"For me to do these things...to heal people, there has to be a balance. For me to give something to someone, I have to take something from someone or something else. You noticed that those Tipton crops had rotted in the ground, right?" He didn't look at Jonesy, just feeling the other man sitting beside him with his hand on his back seemed to help the words flow...things he'd never been allowed to talk about.

"Yeah, yeah, I did, but I don't get it..."

"That was the price, Jonesy," Ben turned to face him, and his eyes were filled with tears again. "To heal that little girl, that town has to suffer through a bum crop when no one can really afford it." One tear spilled, but Ben scrubbed at his face and eyes until Jonesy pulled his hands away to keep him from hurting himself.

"Hey, now none of that." Jonesy looked at the young man before him. There was so much he didn't know about Ben Hawkins. The boy was a mystery...and a miracle worker. He'd rabbitted off a chain gang as was apparent by the ankle iron he'd been sporting when they found him in Milfay. He was afraid to sleep, and hadn't been if the circles under his eyes were anything to go on. And if the rumors going around the camp were true, he'd had something going on with Ruthie. He frowned; he didn't understand why Ruthie would send him after Ben instead of coming herself.

"What?" Ben's voice startled him.

"Hmm, oh nothing. Just thinking about some things." He looked at Ben, and the wide blue eyes were staring at him, and he just looked so pitiful that Jonesy did something he hadn't done in years; he hugged him. He pulled Ben close, easily tucking the head onto one shoulder, and began a slight rocking motion that seemed to soothe the young man. He still didn't understand why Ruthie sent him instead of coming herself, but he owed Ben at least this much. "C'mon now. What do you say we get back before they take on off without us?" Ben pulled away, and at first Jonesy thought he was going to say no, but Ben just stood and held out a hand to help him up. One of the last thought Jonesy had before starting back for the camp was that he'd never seen eyes so blue.

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