Clefdraki

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by orphan_account

Benjamin Kondraki just wanted a coffee. But noooo, as soon as he picked up his coffee, another, shorter man ran up to him being chased by a few furious policemen. The man screeched to a stop at the sight of Kondraki. “Hey,” he said, trying to look calm and collected while glancing back at the policemen that were just a few metres away. Kondraki sighed. He had already had a run in with the police once this week for theft, and turning this guy's obvious plea for a getaway would make the policemen even more suspicious. He sighed. “Hop on.” Kondraki mumbled, avoiding eye contact with the man. He grinned wildly, then jumped aboard Kondraki’s motorbike after moving his gun, which Kondraki did not realise he had.Then they quickly sped off, overjoyed to be away from the police officers.

Thanks,” said the man, “I’m Clef, by the way.”
“I know.” Kondraki mumbled back. “We work at the same store, the chaotic mess that is Scp pet store. If you were too distracted to remember from your orientation, my name is Kondraki, Benjamin Kondraki”
“Ooh, is that a James Bond reference?”
Kondraki smirked. “Maybe” He sped up a bit more, hoping to beat the red light so he could get this idiot home. Clef screamed, which was hilarious, but probably terrifying for Clef.
“Hey, hold on!” Kondraki barked, and Clef put his hand on Kondraki’s shoulder. Kondraki sighed. “No, idiot, hand around my waist.” Clef wrapped his arms around him, gripping on for dear life. Kondraki couldn’t breathe, but he didn’t mention it to Clef. It was kind of nice, having these arms wrapped around him, even if it was just so he didn’t fall off Kondraki’s green, butterfly decorated motorbike.

They rode on in silence for a little while, Kondraki finding himself taking the long way home, until Clef finally broke the silence. “Why did you help me? You could have just ridden off.”
Kondraki winced, having never enjoyed retailing the stories of all the laws he's broken
“I’ve had run-ins with the police before. I would have preferred to leave you alone, believe me, but I didn't want to talk to the police again, what with my… record. Besides, you didn’t seem monstrous, and I love annoying the police.”
“Record?” Clef shifted around on the motorbike, probably uncomfortable
“Vandalism, theft, really minor stuff. I also might have freaked out a few kids collecting and experimenting on a few butterflies, but I don’t care in the slightest about whether or not I traumatise a few eight-year-olds.” Kondraki could practically feel Clef smile at that. “What about you?”
“I may have been mucking around with my gun. Maybe.”
“So you’re a trigger-happy pigeon.”
Clef raised his arms up in a ‘I surrender’ pose, then quickly wrapped them back around Kondraki’s waist. “Guilty as charged, Draky.”
Kondraki, grimaced at the use of that ridiculous nickname, but decided not to argue against it, when he was working at the store he had heard Clef use it for others as well, and figured that Clef would use it anyways.

By the time they made it to Kondraki’s house, Clef had regaled Kondraki with all of his brutal escapades, and his murder list. They parked, and Kondraki quickly jumped off. Clef reluctantly clambered off. As they stood awkwardly, neither wanting to say goodbye, a small

girl ran up and took Kondraki's arm. The eight year old squinted at Clef for a moment, then turned to Kondraki. "Kondraki, is this your boyfriend?" Kondraki was probably blushing like mad, but managed to stutter out a 'no'. The girl looked at the two of them, sceptical, but then looked away with a smile. "Anyway," She laughed, "Kondraki needs to go now, he promised to help me with something" Kondrakki sighed, shoved her away while saying, "In a minute", and she ran back up to the house, laughing all the way. Kondraki really wished that girl would stop poking in his private life, but ever since he had saved her from his workplace (long story), she had grown on him, and now he would rather die than leave this innocent kid on her own.

Kondraki turned to Clef. "Sorry about that. Sigurrós really likes me, although I can't fathom why." Clef smiled.
"Probably because she finds you amusing. I can't be the only one." They both blushed at that, then Kondraki started coughing and Clef turned away. "
Well," he said, "I guess this is goodbye. But before you go," He took out a sharpie, and grabbed Clef's arm, scrawling a series of numbers on it. Clef protested for a few seconds, but when he realised it was probably Kondraki's number, he stopped "Whenever you need a getaway driver, call." Joked Kondraki "Or, even better, meet me outside the Scp pet store at 3pm tomorrow."

Kondraki walked inside, leaving Clef standing outside with a number on his arm and butterflies in his stomach. Although the butterflies may have been because he swallowed some of Kondraki's butterflies on the drive.

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