

Safety On:  
A [REDACTED] Report  
Case File 2 of 9

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This file requires DELTA GREEN Security Clearance

- Language
- Sexual content

ABSTRACT: [REDACTED] 10:12 [REDACTED]

07/20/2021 [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Charlie

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Breckenridge Headquarters [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Davis, California [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Jeremy White, alias "Rooster" [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Charlie's form is terrible. Don't get me wrong. Her body is fucking fantastic. Perfect heart-shaped ass in those skin-tight khakis and small perky tits? Yes please. But she has zero clue how to handle a sidearm.

She fires off her last round and follows the range's safety rules perfectly. The pistol always points downrange while she's shooting and when she sets it down, and only then does she gently push the button that pulls the alien target back to us.

A Glock 17 magazine holds fifteen rounds. Of those, twelve hit the paper. Nine hit the alien outline. And even though she lucked into a single perfect headshot, her grouping is about three feet wide.

I look at the alien, then look at her. She looks at the alien, looks at me, and then quickly darts back to the alien. Her gaze flicks back and forth a few times as if she isn't comfortable looking either of us until she asks, "That's not very good, is it?"

The answer is obvious. But I wait until Charlie makes eye contact before I inquire, "What do you think?"

She screws up her face in concentration. Damn, it's a cute expression. Finally, she points to the kill shot and exclaims, "That one looks good!"

"Even a blind squirrel can find a nut once in a while," I reply flatly.

Charlie's eyes widen in surprise at my barb, but then I let my expression change into the cocky grin that I use to get college chicks to go home with me. Her expression softens too, and she lets out a giggle.

"So, this is your first time using a gun, am I right?"

"Is it that obvious?" She looks at the alien and giggles again. "Yeah I guess it is, isn't it?"

"More or less," I agree. "So, if you're not a shooter, you're obviously not going to be doing field assignments. Is that why they have you helping me with paperwork?"

"Something like that. I just graduated from Sac State with my business degree. My cousin works here, and he was able to get me an interview."

"Ah, the good old nepotism route," I tease.

"Oh no!" Charlie argues, her voice pitched high. Then she sees my expression and giggles again. "I mean, maybe? Josh isn't that high up. He was able to get me an interview, that's all. But I guess I impressed them because here I am."

Wonderful. Josh is her cousin. I'm not sure what that means for me, but it could definitely make things more complicated. And what's a business degree? All I can guess is that it's something that the high-muckity-mucks have that gets them the high-muckity-muck paychecks without mucking around with us low-muckity-mucks. But I'm not going to let her know that. "Why'd they assign you to me then? Am I supposed to teach you something about business?"

She shrugs a little sheepishly. "I'm not sure exactly. But this is my first job outside of college. Besides doing check-out and waiting tables, I mean, so I'm eager to learn. Besides, it means I get to do things like this!" Charlie gestures toward the target, then cringes. "Yeah, I definitely need more practice."

I laugh at that. "Practice makes perfect, but only if you know what you're doing in the first place." I put a new target up and push the button to send it flying back. I would normally use a few magazines per target to save paper, but why should I care? Breckenridge is footing the bill, not me. "Before we go again, let's talk stance. Then we'll see how you do."

I give her the standard lesson on how to stand with her feet apart, body parallel to the target, arms extended, and elbows comfortably locked. I show her how to grip the pistol by using her left hand to gently pull it into her right. The whole process is a hell of a lot more interesting than it was when I taught Doc (I know River isn't a doctor, but it's funny to keep calling him one) out in the hills after Big Sky. He was a willing student, but he's nowhere near as attractive and definitely not my type. Putting my hands on Charlie's shoulders to help line up her body is far more enjoyable than it was with him.

"Now, slowly squeeze the trigger, don't pull," I say, "and keep squeezing until it fires."

Charlie's eyes widen in surprise when the gun clicks. "Like that?"

"Exactly like that. Feel any different than before?"

"I don't know. I mean, it didn't jump this time."

I chuckle. "That's because there were no bullets. But you also didn't jerk the gun like you did before."

"Okay, I think I see."

"Let's try it again." I hand her the eye and ear protection, then give her another magazine. She expertly loads it and chambers a round. And by expertly, I mean, it's smoother than the first time she did it. Then I stand back and watch her ass. I mean her form. Yeah, her form. Let's go with that.

Charlie lines up and takes aim. I can see her arms are too tense and she's got a death grip on the gun. But we can fix that. The important part is that she listened so she can learn. It takes an eternity as she squeezes the trigger, and when the Glock fires, it scares the hell out of her. She yelps and almost drops it as she turns to look at me.

"Good!" I yell so she can hear me through the earmuffs. I give her a thumbs up. "Now do it again!"

She nods and takes a breath, then turns and aims. This time her reaction is much smaller. Her whole body still tightens each time a shot goes off, which in turn gives me a lovely view of her ass bouncing. She's not counting her rounds, because she's surprised when she squeezes the trigger and it only clicks. She looks at the gun in confusion, then figures it out, puts it down and takes off her ear protection. "So?"

"I don't know, let's see" I say, and gesture toward the button. She presses it and the paper comes flying forward.

Charlie nearly jumps in delight. "That's so much better! Wait, that's better, right?"

It's definitely better. It's not good, but it's better than before. The paper has fifteen holes, and all but one round hit alien. "No grouping pattern yet, but we'll get there." She tries not to show her confusion and chews on her lip. I come to the rescue. "Grouping is how close together the hits are. If all the shots are next to each other, then you know you're being consistent."

"Oh, I see," Charlie says. "So if your grouping is good, you're doing a good job?"

I shake my head. "Not if you aren't hitting what you're aiming at. You still need to work on your aim because you're doing the same thing the whole time."

"But I don't have that."

She knows the answer, so I just look at the alien and back to her. "Now police your brass." She bites her lip again, which makes me smile. I don't know if she realizes how sexy it is when she does that. "Pick up your shell casings. Don't leave them lying around."

"Oh, okay." She squats down and starts picking up the shells, giving me a beautiful line of sight down the front of her shirt. She's wearing a lacy pink bra with a little bow in the center. That's cute. It probably looks better without the polo in the way. It'll look great on my floor.

Goddamn it. I have to get control of myself. I have to be smart. I know that's not my strong suit, but sometimes it's important. Charlie is damn cute. You can't argue about that. She's young, impressionable, she's got a perfect body, and seems to like me well enough. I haven't even used the dangerous-older-man-wounded-animal-who-needs-saving routine. All it would take is a few words and a minor shift in how I talk, and I could shift this teaching routine into a real "educational experience." But if I do, then things are going to get real complicated real fast. I'm going to have to work with this chick, and her cousin is my boss.

Don't fuck where you caffeinate.

She extends to reach a shell that rolled under the table. On all fours, that perfect ass stares up at me, and her khakis pull down just enough to show that her panties match the bra. I sigh. Goddamn shame.

"Are you okay?" Charlie asks, looking up at me.

"Yeah, I'm good," I reply without missing a beat. "Just thinking how I wish the fresh grunts I taught in the Corps learned as fast as you do."

She beams. "Really?"

I shoot a smile right back at her. Yes, it's the cocky one, but I haven't made my voice gravelly yet! I'm still acting professionally. Okay fine, semi-professionally. "I'm not going to say you're perfect yet. You got a long way. But you take

instruction well, you try, and you got better. Now it takes practice."

"Really? So you're saying practice makes perfect?" Her voice is still excited, but there's sarcasm in there, too.

"I mean, it's a cliché for a reason, right?"

Charlie's smile widens and she puts her hands on her hips like Superman as she looks at the target, obviously proud of herself. She turns back. "So you've taught a lot of people then?"

"Some. I did more actual shooting than I did teaching."

"Josh called you Gunny. That's the Marines, right?"

I chuckle. "Yeah. Gunnery sergeant. It was my rank."

"Oh, is that high?"

"Lieutenants fresh out of school don't think so, but that's why NCOs like me just make sure they know better."

Charlie laughs, then looks away abruptly. "Did you have to shoot anyone?"

The shift in tone gives me whiplash. There's some sort of backstory there, but I'm not going to pry. "I was a sniper," I say softly. "It's kind of what we do."

"Oh." There's a pregnant pause as I wait for her to say whatever it is she's thinking. But she decides to shift the conversation instead. "Then can you show me how you shoot?"

That's interesting. Charlie was the one who brought up the Corps. She asked about my rank and if I had to shoot people (I was a Marine, what do you think?). Why the sudden shift? I check my watch. 10:35. "The sniper range is outside, but we can head over. We have time if you want."

"Oh no! I meant what you just showed me! So I can see how an expert does it."

"Flattery will get you everywhere. Just stand back." I put a new target in and send it flying. Ear and eye protection on, then I draw the Beretta from my holster. I know a lot of people like the Glock better, mainly because it's smaller and lighter. Cops use them, and so do a lot of militaries around the world. Back in Team Hammerlock, we had a lot of "discussions" over preferred weaponry that, while they never devolved into fights, definitely led to some competitions. The Glock's a great weapon, but ultimately it just feels puny to me. I have big hands with wide palms and long fingers. The Beretta just fits my grip better, and since it's got more heft, it means I have a better feel for it. It means it's a lot easier for me to aim without thinking, so that's exactly what I do.

The muscle memory kicks in, and I don't even think as I empty the magazine into the stupid alien. I hit the release, let the mag drop, and slap in another one. This time one-handed, I empty it again, one shot after another.

I love this feeling. I love the power in my hands and the kickback as my weapon does exactly what I tell it to do. I love the rhythm as I time the shots between each heartbeat, my breathing moving in time. It's almost sexual as my finger squeezes repeatedly, making the thing in my hand move the way I want it to, pumping again and again until it's empty. Okay, I admit I lost control of that analogy a bit. I don't know if I meant to say the gun was me, the girl, or my dick. Maybe I'm just confused because I haven't gotten laid since before Yuma (kidney injuries and pissing blood make that more difficult), or maybe because I'm distracted by Charlie.

When I finish the third magazine (left-handed this time), I exhale slowly and pound the button with a fist. The target flies back, showing a perfect hole in the center of the stupid alien's



stupid head. About an inch or two around, every shot in the same place. I haven't lost my touch. I put the Beretta down and turn to start picking up shells to feed the Brass Trash when I see Charlie's reaction.

Her eyes are wide, and her cheeks are flushed. She's breathing quickly as she looks at the target, and then at me. Our eyes lock for a second that takes forever. And I realize that she's as turned on as I am.

Well shit. I've got a bad feeling about this.

