

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

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This file requires DELTA GREEN Security Clearance

- Language
- Violence
- Tobacco
- Sexual content

ABSTRACT: [REDACTED] 04:15 [REDACTED] 07/21/2021 [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]  
Charlie [REDACTED]

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

[REDACTED]  
Breckenridge [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Sacramento, California [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Brazil

"I don't want to talk, though," Charlie murmurs through sleepiness. She reaches out for me and pulls herself over so she's cuddling me as I sit. Her skin is hot, and it turns me on so bad. All I want to do is lay her back down and hold her hands above her head while I trace her curves with my tongue. I can play with those little barbells more. I didn't give them enough...No. Not yet.

"Talking is fun, though," I say softly. "I liked talking with you at the bar."

She smiles and her eyes flutter open just enough to look at me through her eyelashes. "That was to get you here for the real fun part."

"Then let's talk more so I can get you where I want you."

"Hmmm," Charlie coos and stretches out on the bed. She pulls me down next to her. "Let's not. I may be a morning person, but this is too early for a run."

"Don't you mean a swim?" I ask as I let my fingers brush her side.

She takes a moment to roll onto her back and stretch out straight before answering, then puts my hand on her tit. "Not a good pool close enough."

"Oh, that's too bad," I say, feeling her own hand start to trace down my chest toward my legs. Well, probably not my legs in reality. But she misses and lands on my left hip.

"What's this?"

"The IED scar," I say.

She pulls the blanket away and sits up. Her naked body is silhouetted against the window. Fucking sexy. She brushes her fingers along where the missing flesh above my pelvis should be. "Whoa."

"Ugly, ain't it?"

"Actually, it's kind of sexy," Charlie says. She plants a light kiss on my hip, which I unfortunately can't feel through the scar tissue. "Anything else interesting you want to show me?" Her hands start wandering again as I list off the good ones. She kisses the bullet wound in my shoulder from Kurdistan, the knife cut in my side from Syria, and the line up my shin from where I split it open as a kid when I tried to jump our homemade ramp. "Any more of them?"

"Nothing major," I answer. "I try not to get hurt, believe it or not."

"But I thought you got hurt in Brazil. Isn't that why you aren't in the field anymore?"

I shrug. "Everything leaves a scar of some sort. But when you do it enough, it builds up and you don't notice anymore. I bet you have that from swimming. What's your stroke anyway?"

"Butterfly," she replies between kisses as she works her way up from my shin.

"Butterfly," I repeat. "That's a lot of upper body work. Abs, shoulders, back, really develops the lats."

Charlie doesn't say anything as she keeps kissing, her hands reaching around to grab my ass.

"I knew with a guy who swam butterfly. He was going to go to the Olympics, but his reserve unit got called up. He was so top heavy, his upper body was like a triangle. Even the chicks you see who swim competitively look like that. Funny though, you don't. Your shoulders are small, dainty, and sexy as hell."

Charlie just caresses the inside of my thigh with her tongue and doesn't reply.

"You know what I could see you doing? Something more active. Quick movements, not powerful ones."

"I'll show you some quick, powerful movements," she murmurs into my thigh and moves her tongue further up.

I try my hardest (no pun intended this time) to ignore the magic of her tongue as she starts to blow me.

"When was the last time you played tennis? Who was your teacher? Some relative that likes a cowboy hat?"

Her mouth stops moving and she pulls away from me. Goddamn, all I want to do right now is grab the back of her head, tangle my fingers in her hair, and push her back down. But she thankfully doesn't give me the chance. "Hold on a second. Let me get something fun."

She swings her legs off the bed and takes two steps to the nightstand. I hear her rummage between the handcuffs and the bowl of condoms, and then she freezes in place as the safety clicking off gets her attention. When she looks back at me, I'm pointing her own pistol at her.

"Sig Sauer P365. It's a good little subcompact pistol. My hands are too big, but I bet it fits yours perfectly." My voice is even. I'm making sure I'm not showing any emotion as I look into her eyes. "9 mm with a 10 round magazine. You even have one chambered already to give you that extra round before reloading. Not something a self-defense owner usually knows. How often do you go shooting in between tennis games?"

Charlie doesn't say anything. She just stares at me. She's standing naked in her bedroom, still covered in sex stank, and the guy who gave it to her is pointing her own gun at her. And I've called her out on her lies.

"See that was one of the things that made me wonder. But you don't know how to shoot. But you do get a perfect headshot, and don't think I didn't notice how your stance shifted for that one. I bet you just couldn't let yourself be that bad at

something you're good at. You don't know what "Gunny" means, but you know about the GPA requirements for enlistment. Oh, and you forgot that Josh is supposed to be your cousin. So how are you related to the cowboy?"

"My uncle," Charlie says barely audibly. She drops her eyes to the floor and crosses her arms over her tits as though she can offer herself some sort of protection.

"So, what's the plan? They have you sex me up and pump me for intel?"

"Something like that. I was supposed to figure out what happened to my uncle." Her eyes glisten, and I see her start to cry. Well fuck. I didn't expect that. Though it also isn't the first time I've made a chick cry.

"And what do you know already? What did they tell you?"

"I don't know anything."

I let my voice drop into the gravelly register that I reserve for intimidation. "What do you know?"

"I know my uncle is dead!" she exclaims. "I know that someone shot him in Brazil, and that it was probably you!"

"And why would I have done something like that?"

She stares bullets at me as the tears start flowing. "Because he wouldn't give in to your blackmail."

I'm not sure why that surprises me. When Breckenridge tabled me, I was pretty sure they knew, or at least suspected, that I'd shot Trent. It's plausible that Charlie doesn't know about whatever Unnatural bullshit he was doing in the Amazon, but I didn't expect them to spin some lame-ass story about money. But it also means I've got a choice. Charlie isn't in on it. Which means I can't just blow her away and feel okay the way I did about the hat douche.

"And then what? After I admit all my dirty little secrets, you kill me and claim self-defense?"

"I wasn't going to shoot you," Charlie says softly. "They put me in the gun range to work with you and find out. I wasn't going to shoot you."

"Bullshit."

She takes a long time before she says anything. She just stands there, shuddering as she tries not to cry. "I didn't mean for it to be like this. I didn't expect to actually like you."

"And why should I believe that?"

The tears come harder, but I can't tell if they're real or if she's just a good actor. When she finally manages to speak, it's barely a whisper, her words quivering with emotion and fear. "Are you going to kill me?"

I let the words hang in the air as I keep the gun trained on her. "Well, that depends, doesn't it?" I'm buying time right now while I try to think, but I'm not telling her that.

"That's not what you said earlier today," Charlie shudders. "You said never to point a gun at someone you don't want to kill."

"I said not to point your gun at something you're not ready to kill. There's a difference."

And then she breaks. I failed drama, and I don't know shit about girls, but this is ugly crying. She straight up sobs. She cries to the point that snot starts dripping from her nose, but she's too scared of the gun to even move her hands to wipe it away. It must all just be too much for her. Charlie's not a secret agent. She's not a soldier. She duped me, sure, but she's a chick just out of college who got used for someone else's agenda. Fuck me. If my life wasn't on the line, I'd feel bad for her.

"For fuck's sake. Use a tissue." I hand her a box from the nightstand without letting her get in reach of the gun. "I don't want to kill you. But you have left me in a difficult situation."

"You have the gun," she whimpers.

"You're right. I do have the gun, and that's the only thing that's going to let me have a good outcome in all this. So here's our options. Option one: I can shoot you." She whimpers but I ignore it. "I have to try to get away with the murder, and there's lots of evidence to point at me. I'll probably get caught, and you'll end up dead. Not a good ending for either of us."

Charlie wipes her eyes, then huddles into herself again, trying to shrink into the carpet.

"Option two: we pretend none of this happened. We go back to work. Maybe even have fun again. Hell, we can make the storeroom into a fun little fuckhouse. But something tells me there's always going to be a tiny issue holding up our budding romance. What do you think?"

She gives a tiny nod. "Probably."

"Yeah," I agree. "So that leaves option three: I walk out of here. And then I never see you again. Not here and not at Breckenridge."

"What do I do?"

"You're smart. You got a business degree, remember? Unless that was another lie." She shakes her head. "And you're young and sexy. I'm sure you can find something. Or at least someone else to fuck your way into a good position."

"And what do I tell Them?" I can hear the capital T on the last word.

"Fuck if I care. Tell them you seduced me. Or tell them I forced myself on you and make me the bad guy. Or tell them the truth and that I figured out what you were doing. Doesn't matter to me."

"Do I matter to you?" Charlie looks up at me through the tears. She's visibly shuddering. Naked. Terrified. And that gets to me. I want to comfort her. I want to wrap her up in my arms, take her back to bed, and go back to where we were a few hours ago. I want to go back to sleep the way I just did. The restful dreamless sleep that's been more and more elusive since Afghanistan. But I can't, and I know it. So I lie.

"No."

Charlie breaks down and collapses into a heap on the floor. I use the excuse to find my clothes and tuck the Sig into the back of my jeans. I leave without saying goodbye.

My phone says my car's a couple miles away. I walk. The night air feels good. It's too cold for what I'm wearing but that's a good thing. I should be uncomfortable. I don't deserve any better. I didn't want to hurt Charlie. I knew it would end badly, and I tried my best not to let it get to here. See, this is why I don't fuck where I caffeinate. It's why I disappear after hookups. It's why I don't have friends, and I don't talk to my family.

I tear the filter off a cigarette and light it. Look at my fucking life. I'm broken. Worthless. Only good at hurting things. And because of that, I'm about to lose the only decent civilian job I've ever had. And the kicker is that the important things I broke weren't even my fault. The Corps kicked me out because they couldn't explain Operation Spellbind. My family can't understand what I've gone through. Breckenridge is going to get rid of me because I took out an evil motherfucker dealing



with Unnatural shit that should burn in hell. Everything I touch turns to shit.

No wonder Doc hates me so much. Cappy will too once he gets to know me better, and someday Glasses will come around and agree with Medicine Woman that the best place for me is face down in a ditch. But for right now, they're the only reason I haven't eaten my own gun yet. Because at some point R Cell is going to need me to keep them alive while we take out the motherfucking Unnatural. The world would probably be better off without me in it, but right now Delta Green gives me a reason to keep hurting everyone around me.

Apparently, today is street sweeping day because my Tacoma has a parking ticket. Figures. I get in and text Josh some lie about puking my guts out to say I'm sick. He won't ask. He'll know exactly why I'm not coming in, but he won't say anything. I pull a Rockstar out of my glove box to make room, then double-check the Sig's safety is on and stash it. I head toward the freeway and drain the can by the time I'm merging onto 80 Eastbound at 05:29. My place in Vallejo is west. I don't care. I'm out sick today. I can use the drive.

I roll down the windows and hit shuffle for my driving playlist. Green Day starts playing "Boulevard of Broken Dreams." Fucking perfect. I leave it on.