

Troubles in translation

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Troubles in translation

by [CaptainGremlin](#)

Summary

You really should have checked what team you will be assigned to as a military translator.
You really should have.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

But at the rate she was going, she wasn't going far

Soap knew English, a bit of Spanish, maybe some curse words in Russian that he picked up throughout the service of killing those bastards left and right – and it was enough to be the baddest motherfucker in the world. Sometimes it also crossed the lines in simply being the worst, but he has his lieutenant to tell him when he fucks up – and a way to translate from obnoxious British to something comprehensible. So, he knows what he needs, has a wide variety of skills and teammates that are more skilled in the way of communication than he is.

Maybe except for Ghost and his Manchester accent that made listening to him almost impossible due to both arousal and the desire to kill himself.

Maybe except for Price and the way his old man mannerism is literally deadly to anyone around even though Soap knows that guy isn't even in his forties, but already acts like a grandpa.

Maybe except for Gaz and his ability to turn every conversation into a parade of jokes, taking the piss competitions and snarky comments that rivals even his sharp remarks.

Maybe except for...fucking hell, now he is out of teammates who can actually communicate. He knows for sure, though, that Ghost is fluent in Russian and Spanish, Price has more knows more languages in his pocket than Soap – burned fingers (bomb safety was created by fools, pussies and Brits, as his old mentor used to say right before he almost blew up Glasgow). Gaz is in the same boat as he is, maybe getting up with some Russian as they pick up more and more Soviet dropout terrorists with new missions but essentially, he is the sanest guy around.

So, the question arises.

Who the hell are you?

— Hello, sir! It's such a big pleasure meeting you! As you may know already, or maybe you aren't, since there is a bit of a communication issue within the unit which I am ought to solve, and I really hope I would, so...

Girl. He understands it very fast because you are literally look like an adorable little hamster and he wants to squeeze your face in his hands and then slowly place you on a piece of paper, then put a glass on top of you, and get your ass out of the building until someone from secretary department starts screaming about rodent infestation again.

You speak fast, way faster than his hazy brain that is working on a mix of really shitty coffee and sleep deprivation after writing his last report about losing two mags of ammo while a literal building was falling on him and Gaz, can comprehend. You are also weirdly cute for the military – not in the way that immediately makes him go into flirting mode and ask for your number, but more like when you see a small animal on the side of the road and wonder how the fuck someone so tiny and fluffy can even survive without getting crashed under moving cars.

You look like someone who doesn't belong here and, quite frankly, he isn't a rude guy, so he can't really tell you this. Being cold is mostly reserved to Ghost and his grumpiness, and the long traditions of hospitality in Scotland are making Soap crack a smile and look you up and down one more time, maybe searching for some hidden strength, cool concealed weapons or something like this. He finds your hips and, damn, he really should get some sleep and maybe find a company of nice girls in the nearest pub because he looks at your legs for a bit too long.

— Aye, heard about 'at. Translator for the team, eh?

He, in fact, didn't hear about them needing a translator, but if this little ray of sunshine is going to be present here, he should at least try to make you comfy. You and your winning smile, looks really nice, he almost forgot that people can actually experience positive emotions around here and not just be very, very fucking tired with everything that is going on.

He, in fact, doesn't know shit about you or who the fuck are you, but he would be damned if he'd make a cute girls not feel welcome here. You still have to introduce yourself to Ghost a bit later, if you really know who you say you are, so he can spare you the fall at least for now.

— Yes, sir! Lady Lasswell requested my assistance to help with communications for I have the skills with working in military interpretation and a bit of diplomacy, so it wouldn't be hard for me to help you in any way that I can!

— Slow down, lassie, not goin' to bite ye. Yet.

Aye, you can help him with a lot of things. Interpret who was in charge of getting the food supplies, for example, because this asshole decided that supplying the creme of the army with the shittiest coffee imaginable is a very good idea and they won't, in fact, find him and put his stupid head on a stake that Ghost will help burning. Even though the fuckin' Brit isn't drinking a lot of coffee with him and really enjoys drinking tea that is just as awful as everything else in here.

— Sorry. I was just really expecting your Captain to help me with what I need to do around here, since the mission info is classified and we don't want to have another case of telephone game of

miscommunication, right?

Your voice is fast, but he slowly starts to pick up on your fast-paced phrases and a bit exaggerated emotions. Johnny dares to say that it's a little bit cute and fun in a way – and that he will absolutely die to see Price communicate with you. Brave and stern Captain with a hyperactive piece of sunshine like you would be a really interesting dynamic – and he really needs to get off the base to buy himself some popcorn so he can enjoy the comedic premiere in its full glory as fast as possible.

You are weird.

You are adorable.

Hell, why do they need a translator again? Not like they have a variety of nations here, and he is almost sure that a cute piece of arse like you don't have qualification in translating from Ghost bullshit to English. Or general muttering of Shepard to normal, human English for that matter. They don't need a translator as far as he knows, unless of course they are not getting sent to another shithole of a country in the middle of nowhere, somewhere around Fuckingaroundville and Findingout-de-fort, where the only person who speaks language that they can understand are weird scorpio people that they start to see from dehydration.

Maybe the higher-ups decided that they need a mascot? Maybe they really just wanted to give them a bit of a prize after everything that happen on the last mission(two words – Gaz, helicopter, ten stitches on his arse) so they send some freshly baked assistant from intelligence department so Kate can report about having equal opportunities in the workplace while also placing her favorite interns as a means of letting them have at least some future in the field. Maybe you are a spy from Shepard – he became a bit jumpy lately, sending them all over the world in search for something that they have zero idea about, something about a yellow brick road and four dumb bastards running on it. Five, with the addition of you.

— Why 'r ye here, lassie? No one expected a new face.

Especially not some green, clearly inexperienced girl that looks like she ran away from her prissy, silver-spoon high-end school that could lend her a nice, rich Tori husband who works at the council and who you swore to never kiss in your life but, hells bells, you enjoy money and attention that he can get for his little miss wasted potential. Especially with...

Soap's eyes are wandering on your legs because he is too damn tired, decaffeinated and exhausted to even bother about being a decent human being and not make you feel like a piece of hot meat at

your work – and besides, he just admired the beauty, nothing wrong with that, right? – and then he stops. On something. He looks a bit closely, as you still smile and give you his hand for a handshake and your hand is delicate, gentle, soft – he shakes it almost automatically, not even looking in your eyes because...

You talk like a prissy college student.

You dressed up like a prissy college student.

You look like a prissy college student on crack and energy drinks.

Then why the hell do you have an ankle monitor?!

— Ah! Sorry, I forgot about this.

— What the...what is this?

— Ankle monitor to see my movements on the determined distance of the base, sir. I legally cannot restrain myself from this place or your captain until my sentence is cleared.

— Did ye kill some poor bastard?

— I doubt this is important right now, sir. Although I can really understand your concerns.

You have an angelic smile and he is almost defeated by just looking in your eyes. A person who is holding a fucking dictionary never going to be able to commit some atrocious crimes, correct? And of course, no one is actually going to be dumb enough to say yes to military service in exchange for forgiveness of some hot girl crimes like, maybe, shoplifting or accidental manslaughter and destruction of government property, right?

The main problem with you, however, is that you are just the right amount of dumb to do all of this. And also to smile like a happy seal on the iceberg, not really understanding the implications behind being friendly to some kinda hot army dude you just met in your first five minutes at the base. You aren't exactly sure who he is, but he has the badge with his name – Scottish, so you feel

really stupid for not taking Gaelic as an extra calcium in your college.

Guy – John MacTavish and you immediately think about men in really cool skirts, mountains and never having enough money to travel in a place where you can, according to the internet, but yourself a really nice lady or lord title – looks harmless. Broad shouldered, big, but not gigantic, really nice arms that would probably look even nicer around your neck – oh no, bad thoughts, your prison therapist and your lawyer would immediately slap you and tell you to stop thinking it, this is a base of workplace related crime, and you don't want to meet whoever these guys have for an HR. He has a really dumb haircut though, and a smile comes to your face every time you look at him.

Fashion disaster, you think.

Who was the stylist of this guy, I want to slap him, you think.

— Shite, pardon my manners, lassie. I'm Sergeant John MacTavish, but you can call me Soap.

Oh, you would rather not call him anything besides yours. Bad thinking again, no-no-no, you can't keep adding years to your sentence! Immediately, look at his haircut again and feel all the moisture sucking up inside of your internal organs again. Dry as a dessert, as a bone, as anything that is dry and definitely not telling how attractive this guy is. He has a growl in his voice that almost sounds too angry, and puppy eyes. You can't be attracted to puppies, this is both wrong, depraved and fucking disgusting.

— Soap?

— Want to know how I got it?

Soap looks at you – some weird new recruit, his first chance at meeting someone cute around here, and he doesn't want to blow it away. Life on the base is mostly boring, even though he dreamed all of his childhood to be part of the special forces – so why shouldn't he feel entitled to something sweet, adorable and helpful? His mum raised a nice Scottish boy who would never hurt a lady or so much as to make a cruel comment about them, but it doesn't mean that he can't at least look at you.

He is naturally curious about every new face he sees here, and technically, it's his job as a sergeant – to know people. And he really, really wants to know you, especially if this pretty face is going to stick around. Especially if he would have heads ups before everyone else in the unit and actually

have a chance with someone nice.

— No! But thank you for letting me know you, sir. It would be a pleasure to work with you.

Oh.

Mum raised a nice boy who loved her, his sisters and bloody hated living in the house with 3 siblings, so he decided to run away as early as it was legally – or illegally possible. Mum raised a fine gentleman who adored his team, didn't stare at the arse of his lieutenant too much and almost never stole his captain's cigars as a way to take the piss with him and his fellow sergeant. She raised a really nice boy who was never malicious intentionally and, of course, would never even think about hurting a lady.

However, he is looking at your face and the thoughts of squeezing a hamster with his hands aren't as atrocious as they were before.

— Quite a mouth on ye, rookie.

— A lot of mouths, actually! German, russian, Ukranian or some Belorussian if you would ever need it, English of course, and I am so, so sorry for not picking up with Scottish Gaelic lately but if you ever need me, I can...

Oh, so they really sended a prissy college girl from some fancy school that spent all of her time dying from boredom in a library and then decided that military service is the best place for someone with a very punchable spine. You are eager, and he likes that about you – reminds him of his first days in service, which was...a couple of years ago, which he is already ashamed of, kinda. Not even a decade in the SAS, he shouldn't behave like Ghost whose only hobby is to haunt new recruits in the hallways and digging graves for the smart ones, but he is guilty of behaving a little bit like a bad person with you.

You are naive, eager and don't understand when you should shut up – he likes that about you. But oh god, you are not going to make it past a week. Either he is going to take it as his...secretary? Is he allowed to have a secretary due to his rank? Probably not, the best case scenario you are going to be Price's little assistant and run around in some tight cargo skirt so no one would ever accuse you of being unprofessionally dressed.

— Do ye know Spanish?

He vaguely remembers something about their next mission being in Mexico, and he wonders if this is why you are here. They don't need new soldiers, as far as he is aware, and they certainly don't need anyone who can't even hold a gun. He looks at your hands, and he is sure that you are capable enough not to kill yourself with a weapon accidentally – you wouldn't survive basic training while being a total moron, not in that sort of forces – but you don't have usual bumps on your hands that would indicate that you are using firearms often. Which indicates that you are probably suffering from fucking new girl syndrome and he wouldn't want to be around here for this.

— Do I know Spanish, sir? Please, do I look like I don't know Spanish?

You look like a hamster, he wants to say.

You look like you know your ways around using that skillful tongue of yours.

You look like someone who he can hook up with after a few drinks – mostly for him, to be blackout drunk and won't have to listen to your gibberish and some college stuff that he literally ran away from his home to never deal with.

You look like...

— Was my first language to learn in college, actually.

Yeah, you look exactly like he would imagine someone from the Intelligence department to look like. Hot in a way that makes him want to take that arse of yours and drop it out of the base. Or take you to his quarters and really explore how skillful in the way of tongue you are.

— Do ye know where yer quarters are?

— Honestly, I would be fine with sleeping on the couch, as long as it's not on the ground, sir.

Your smile twitches, as even you can't keep up with that upbeat personality for long. You want to survive here, of course, and preferably make your way out of here in one piece, and without getting killed – or killing someone. The rules of parole are pretty much clear – be useful, use your skills for good and do whatever your new commander wants you to do unless you don't want to return to

prison again. And you, of course, don't want this – not like you were inside for longer than one day before the floating angel figure of Kate Lasswell herself found out about you and made you part of the team – but the impressions were left anyway. Your ass is too damn precious to be left rotting in prison!

Ankle monitor isn't something you would like to wear, but at least it's not a leash – even though this sergeant is looking at you like a mix between a rabid dog and a booty call he met at the bar. You smile when it feels a bit painful to keep up using your face muscles like this, without ever having a chance to break, but...at least you're looking cute while doing it. Rocking those prison sentences with pride for sure.

— Let me show you the room then. Think I remember where the rookie barracks are.

— Ah, sir, I am not allowed to be out of sight of the team for more than 30 minutes. Rules of parole.

Well, now he is a fucking babesiter. Bloody brilliant.

He rubs the back of his head and sighs deeply, thinking about what he should do. Probably tell Price about this – that the new addition to the team finally arrived, and now they have to deal with having your arse with them constantly from now on. He wouldn't be truly against it, though. About time they have someone sweet – even if it means that higher ups are just giving them one good thing before forcing them into doing something shitty. Like crabs and expensive shellfish right at the end of navy deployment.

— Should we put ye on a leash then?

You are blushing. He doesn't want to feel weak around you, mum raised a better man – but something twitching in his heart when he sees you avoiding his eyes in shame, like some really good girl from a nice family and a rich college. He almost sees you in some really tight pencil skirt and transparent button up, but stops himself before he has bigger problems to worry about.

— If that is what you want, sir.

Your smile doesn't even change.

Aye, he really wants to see you interacting with the lieutenant.

Get on your hands and knees and pray for us

— Do you think he would go easier on me if I tell him how much I love being overpowered by buff men?

The guy you were talking to was very obviously terrified. Some rookie, with the same skills as you, puked at his first training so he ultimately got into the same team as your useless and buffless self. His eyes are darting from your face – wide grin, no thoughts behind those sparkly eyes of yours, full on “I graduated from college with a bachelor’s degree instead of a bachelor and my bimbo instincts told me to go to the nearest military base” – to the ankle monitor on your leg. The thing is beeping slightly and it makes your eyes twitch a little bit, but you can always say that you are just sensitive to light and need some fresh baby souls to satisfy your demonic hunger.

Then the guy, still shaking like a leaf on a windy day, slowly retracted from you – just as you heard the roaring, deep voice of your new lieutenant yelling to bring your sorry ass over here. Well, your ass is pretty much not sorry at all, and besides, you don’t even need combat practice, you barely got through the boot camp and it did some irreversible damage, you are a fucking translator, what if he punch you in the head with those meaty hands and you will forget how to speak German?

— Care to repeat that, rookie?

— No, sir. Was practicing my English.

— Captain said you pass through basic training. Show me.

Oh, you have all of your basic training alright – you, like a good girl, can roll from your back to your tummy, put your paws in the air and pretend to be dead. Good puppy – you like to think that prison wasn’t able to cut off your fangs and you are still as wild as before – but you don’t want to return. The only thing you truly want is to be left alone – and someone to help you run away to Georgia.

— Not sure if this is the field of my expertise, sir. I can translate something for you! Do you have some mission documents about biolabs in southern Siberia? Or, maybe, some overheard conversation from two mysteriously professional soldiers from Mexican Special Forces that I need to discreetly translate using my perfect knowledge of these languages?

— Get on the mat.

You are talking at the speed of 50 words per second, continuing to smile in the tiny pauses between sentences. Your hands are shaking visibly – you look at that pile of pure meat and muscles in front of you, and suddenly, breathing becomes really, really hard.

Guy doesn't even budge. And that dumb mask of his isn't showing any emotions – so that stupid, small, anxious side of your brain is scumbling to the corner like a kicked puppy. You do feel like a dog sometimes. Helpless and so fucking stupid.

God, he does have meaty hands. And legs. And his body is built like a fridge that is stuck on top of the other fridge and superglued to some mini ovens. His mask – god, you don't want to laugh, this will completely blow up your cover as a brain dead smiley giggly hamster, but it is hilarious! Skeleton face, judging by the seam lines and uneven painting, he did it himself – and the work is pretty neat too, with many tiny stitches and artwork that would require someone just sitting here notoriously long, painting all of this. Your lieutenant is a craftsman – it doesn't make you calmer, unfortunately, it only makes your curiosity grow more.

Who is he? You didn't have a proper formal introduction with anyone from the team, you only know Soap because how in the world would you ever forget someone like him – and the name of your Captain. John Price, nice and short – you can imagine yourself writing reports about why you should be given a proper parole and fool forgiveness for all crimes you have committed. You could say that this is a very moanable name – but you are literally standing in front of someone who can be the death incarnate for all you know, and you don't want to be his next victim.

Of course, that rookie already ran away – good for him, you think. Now you will be the only victim.

You are standing much shorter than him – no matter how big you may or may not be, he is still a wall of the muscles and you lack even the basic combat experience. Bootcamp broke your spine in three different places and molded you into something you're not, but they couldn't make you stronger, no matter the amount of yelling. You can't make a fighting dog from a hamster – no matter how hard you try.

— Sir, seriously, I doubt this is needed. I'm an Intelligence officer, not a fighter. Pardon my French. Oh, um, English.

— We're at war.

— What war?

— With terrorism. If you don't keep up with your training, enemies will get you.

— Not sure how they are going to get me on the base, since I am a non-combatant specialist.

— Is talking like a bloody parrot the only thing you can do?

— As a matter of fact, yes.

He throws you on the mat before you could ever think. You snooze you lose – and you literally just got to the training area. He puts his weight on top of you and, fuck, did his mum feed him whole deers all of his childhood? You can't move an inch and you feel like some of your bones just started to crack.

Do you really think this is better than prison?

Well, yes. It really is.

Ghost frowns under his mask – god, this new rookie is useless. A smart-ass, barely can hold her own weight, and talks too much. Johnny incarnate, he thinks, except even his sergeant knows when to shut the fuck up, unlike you. Simon prides himself in always being calm and never losing his cool, but he looks at your fragile limbs, that unnerving smile and trembling lips – and he wants to put you in your place. He doesn't want to think why he is even bothering with wasting time on you – perhaps, it's his pride. No one who is a part of SAS should be this helpless. No one who is a part of SAS should be this cute.

Oh, shite.

Not cute – useless, helpless, weak, pathetic, poor excuse of a soldier, really fine ass that he is pressing against as he pins you to the ground, moving you into a headlock, yelling something about how you should already overpower him – if you really passed your physical evaluation like a normal person.

He knows why they need a translator, unfortunately. Mission in Mexico, missions that work with russian intelligence, too many files and too few people who are actually able to speak all of these languages and translate for them independently. They need a little rat in a fancy coat, someone who can sneak into some important files and indicate the needed intel. Nasty rodent who would be useless on the battlefield and very easy to bend how they want them to be – just like he is bending you right now, testing how far you can stretch.

Ghost pins you down and you don't even try to wiggle your way out of his grasp. You lay here, like a corpse – and he, against better judgment, doesn't actually have a weird thing about dead people and their bodies. You are soft and warm under him, not even wearing a proper uniform – muttering something about how hard to get the ankles of your cargo pants to go under the monitor, you even unbuttoned your shirt for a button or two. He wants to scold you for not wearing your badges with pride – but a little intel rat like you don't deserve to wear badges.

You, however, fit perfectly under his body.

Ghost isn't a pervert per se, he has an amazing self control and very sustainable way of never acting on his feelings. If he sees a hot officer – male or female, the difference was lost a long time ago – he would look at them really hard, then challenge them for a sparring – and after this, he would express all of his pent up emotions via jerking off to porn models that look like these people. He would feel terrible about himself, then shake hands with Johnny just for the kick of it, and wash his hands right after. Very good way of not falling for someone who can die on the nearest mission – he really saves his therapist's daily work of moving him out of the mental grave he buried himself in. He can control himself, he was in the field for too fucking long – even if his dick would be suddenly bitten off by some oversized rodent, he would sigh with relief and go scare some rookies.

Ghost isn't a pervert, but you fit perfectly under his body, breathe so loudly under him and shift ever so slightly. He isn't a good guy, of course, no one in the army is a good guy – but he tries so bloody hard to not grab your arse through the thick fabric of your pants.

— Do you even try?

— Of course, sir. Trying my hardest, but to no avail. Tragic power imbalance, as someone can say.

You are smiling – it drives him mad. He releases you to the mat so he won't have to press his hardened bulge against the curve of your ass, so you won't accuse him of being too touchy with you – but now you are laying on the ground, only barely rolled to the side. Your face is red, the obvious lack of oxygen makes you pant and blush and look so adorably messy that he almost wants to slap you and then gently push your hair to the side of your face, gently playing with it.

Ghost enjoys the sight of a rookie breathing heavily under him a bit too much.

— Get up and try again.

— But...

— No “but’s”, private.

— I think I sprained my ankle, sir. I think you sprained my ankle, I mean.

— Get up on your arse and try again. We won’t stop until I say we will.

Oh, that sounds hot.

Oh, that sounds terrifying.

Human body can be folded in so many positions – you were laying on your back, on your knees, on your stomach with your ass high in the air as the lieutenant was trying to push you down so he wouldn't have to stare at your curves. You are surprisingly stubborn in being useless – and his pride is wounded with such blatant disrespect. Even the weakest soldier in the med bay would get tired already and either beg for him to stop or try to do something – but it feels like you are actively refusing to fight him.

He bends you over the training ring – and you just agree, like you don’t have your ass on display and don’t wiggle your legs up in the air.

He pushes you face down, your cheeks squished against the padded surface – and you just let him. He thought of you as a rat first, a possible asset who can work as a spy and get in the enemies side lines, stealing all the needed intel. He understands better now, looking in your eyes and at that lazy, but calculated expression.

Rats have community, they have strict roles and fairly large brains for someone so small – he knows, having to live with these pesky fuckers for half of his childhood. He looks into your eyes, at that small smile playing on your lips, as you shift slowly from his weight and use the moment of

opening – he got a bit too relaxed around you, loosened his grip, too concentrated on not staring at your breasts through the fabric of shirt you were wearing – you’re like a squirrel, jumping and shifting and almost wagging your tail in front of him. Adorable, of course, with instincts of self preservation that makes you three times more anxious than a normal human would.

He thinks if your tiny squirrel instincts brought you to the life of crime – or whatever you were doing for getting an ankle monitor and forced military service while still being too damn young and a bloody linguist.

He thinks if it’s connected to nuts – particularly, his.

He thinks...

— Sir, are you sure this is still a part of the training?

— You’re bloody useless. Do they allow everyone now?

— Well, they didn’t have much of a choice with criminally dangerous linguists out here. Your second best option was a google translator, sir.

— Fuckin’ hell. Ya are not even trying.

— I am deeply sorry and shameful for not fulfilling your expectations towards my combat exercise. And in the future, I promise to try my best in my job, that concludes in translating and...

— You know russian?

— Of course, sir. Пожалуйста, спасибо, я хочу умереть.

— What do you think this means?

“Please, thank you and I want to die”

— Oh, I'm not paid to think. I'm paid to translate, sir, and actually, I'm not paid at all – since I am a measly convict who should not get any human rights until my sentence is cleared via undying loyalty and labor.

— So, you can't even translate what you just said?

— Of course I can, sir! I wished you a very good day.

Your smile is innocent as you try to get up from the mats. You fall to your butt again and it almost looks like a baby deer making its first steps – the main problem is that Simon fucking hates deers and everything that is connected to wild nature and that dumb cartoons about cute animals. You are useless, you are weak, and you make a perfect eye candy with your angelic smile and sheer audacity of talking to your superior like this. Actually, you might be just stupid – or wishing for someone to end you already.

He steps closer, as you still sit on the mat, your joints killing you from being bent on so many uncomfortable positions. You look fragile like this – blushing, panting, even daring to try to go away from him. Ghost can't figure you out and it drives him crazy – he is a pretty observant person, knows what to do in any situation, knows what people are up to all of the time. You're, however, a fucking minx – an enigma if he may add, with illogical actions and dumb behavior that is not suitable for a soldier. Especially not for a criminal.

What is your deal?

He steps closer and grabs you by the collar – it's not bullying, as he desperately tries to convince himself of, you are practically begging for a punishment. And he is your superior, only the captain is higher than him, so he has to put you in your place. Your place, under him, begging for him to stop – and not in a sexual sense. Of course not, he is a machine, not a human being anymore – a weapon, perfect soldier, robot from those stupid sci-fi movies. Not a guy who enjoys seeing pretty girls in messy clothes and rub himself all over her curves.

— Sir, with all due respect, I...

Everyone has a pinch of pride – and annoyance that can be played on. He wants to get you to fight, to do something different from just laying on your back or sitting on your ass and taking his blows like you don't even care how bruising he can get. It's not bullying, he gets to repeat to himself – he is just getting you in shape.

— Get up and try again.

You are weak, but obedient – you step on your two feet and sigh, getting into a weak fighting stance. He can drop you on your back in one second – you're in a terrible position and he would facepalm himself, but doesn't want the mask to be on its way. Literally, what Price was thinking while agreeing on bringing you on – he couldn't just not know about your fighting skills.

Then Ghost takes one more look at your legs – you could use a bit of shaping into more muscles, and by “a bit” he means three months in a gym without a chance of parole. He looks at your body, your clothes that did very little to convey how un-military you look, like someone just dragged you out of the fancy college dorm and brought you here. He looks at you closely, as you take blow after blow – even with only half of his strengths and your fairly good skills of evading his punches, you are still weak. Damageable. You look like you belong in a meeting room, with office clothes and a nice pair of heels. You look like you belong in a university class, learning another dead language and being the best student on your campus.

His gaze drags your ankle monitor – and then you suddenly escape from another one of his punches, ducking under and jumping to the other side of the ring. Panting, blushing, he is tired of looking at your face and imagining you moaning under him – but you just demonstrated something that he can work with. He is contemplating giving you a chance of punching him – but you run to the opposite side even further like a fucking squirell you are.

— Oi, lassie, got into problems again?

Of course Soap is here. Of course, he is smiling like a sun and moon and all of the stars at the same time as he approaches the ring, going through the nosy recruits who also wanted to take a piece of the curiosity pie. They are staring at them, and you wiggle your way out of the ring almost immediately, feeling the attention shifted from you to the more prominent members of Task Force.

Except for Soap catching you by the collar of your shirt and keeping you in place like a feisty cat who just stole something from the fridge. He puts you next to him, still holding you by your neck firmly, and you contemplate just starting meowing so he would let you go.

— Is she your soldier?

— Our, Lt. Price said we need a translator for the upcoming op.

— What for?

— Can't trust our new friends too much, eh?

— I thought we're keeping it dark. Without new people.

— Well, she won't tell anyone, right, bonnie?

— No if I want to get away from my jail sentence, sir.

— That's the spirit.

Soap smiles when Ghost frowns under his mask. You look almost guilty being caught by the sergeant, standing here, sweaty and messy – Johnny would ask what the fuck two of you were doing in the empty gym, but he doesn't want to know the answer. Ghost can be an asshole while training new recruits, and Soap already called dibs on the new girl – even if he literally didn't and technically, they are not supposed to touch their adorable little translator and her smart mouth that is too cute for her own good.

They both don't really care about what languages you know, but one look at your open lips and some lip balm glossing on them almost made them run away to the nearest supply closet. Fucking pretty rookies, look adorable even in their worst state.

Simon wants to see blood on your face.

Soap wants to see something else splattering across your lips.

— Um...do I have to keep going with the combat training, sir?

Ghost looks at you – clothes are a complete mess, beads of sweat on your skin makes him go feral, this wide look in your eyes that reminds him of the squirrels that surround the forest outside of base. Fucking rodents, getting their little claws everywhere – and he stares at you, can't even master a word to fight off your smugness. You need to get into shape, just so he won't have to bury your sorry arse one day. Definitely for this reason, not because he wants to save you for something later. Pretty girls like you should not die in their first mission, he isn't heartless enough to let you just bleed out on the street.

— Three laps around the base, rookie.

— Breaking her already, Lt?

— We don't need a dead weight.

— I'm sure that our rookie here is going to be just fine.

Soap – he is nice, actually, way nicer than his lieutenant, warm and softer around the edges – puts a hand on your shoulder and smiles warmly. He holds you like this for a few seconds, making you go all smiley and blushy. It's really cool, having someone like him looking out for someone like you, without being flirtatious or treating you differently because you are here as a convicted criminal. You want to help as much as you can while preserving your peace and not having anything to worry about.

Johnny looks at the way your ass is curving under those pants and, aye, no flirting on his mind, only professional thoughts.

So professional that he might pay a visit to the communal showers right after you'll be done with running.

There is nothing great about Britain anymore

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

— I think she killed someone.

— Like who?

— Fuck I know? Maybe her ex.

— I like my ladies dangerous.

— Maybe killed her ex and his new girlfriend. Double homicide would earn her at least 20 years I think.

— Aye, but she doesn't have the eyes of a killer.

— Like you even looking in her eyes.

— I have my moments.

Gaz chuckles and readjusts his rifle. He saw you a couple times already – pretty pair of legs, nice curves in all the right places, a pretty little thing who, honestly, has no rights of being here. Fucking translator, like they had to hire someone from the side. He trusts Kate, of course, maybe hiring you was her one good deed of a day before stepping onto the war crimes ladder again, but he doesn't think that someone as innocent as you ever should step into the base.

On the other hand, having someone nice to talk to – and who is not Soap or the Captain – would be cool.

On the third hand, and he doesn't even want to know how dumb this analogy is, you are a criminal – who is also never talks about why she got in the prison in the first place, especially with your innocent smile and adorable movements of your hands every time he saw you – like a mice

fidgeting with her found snacks.

— I think she stole something.

— Like government documents? I read her files, no proximity to secret stuff.

— Or a fraud. Stole money from blokes who wanted to bang ‘er.

— Bloody hell. I’d pay her.

— Aye.

Soap smiles and nudges him with an elbow – it’s all fun and games, pretty new girl in the squad with zero fighting chance and really nice arse to distract everyone from her weaknesses. They are going to Mexico – him and Ghost only, as he initially thought, and a tag team of everyone else once they’d find out why the fuck Hassan has a bunch of American missiles as if they were spread around like shit burgers on Tori’s elections.

Now, however, you are also tagging along – Spanish translator, pretty useful. They don’t know anyone in Las Almas, Lasswell does, and while Lt has a pretty nice collection of languages up his sleeve, someone weak, adorable and trustworthy is a good addition to the team. If those people would decide to betray them – who knows if they were bought already, or would think that two SAS operatives and a bunch of American merks would be too dangerous for them to handle.

He might also think of other fun ways to use adorable fellow soldiers in a faraway country with constant threat of getting murdered by some terrorists.

— What crime can be committed by a bloody linguist?

— She French kissed someone to death?

— Awa' an' bile yer heid. Ye just jealous me and Lt goin’ to get to her first.

— Eh, just takin' the piss. She's all yours.

Soap grins, thinking about the mission ahead. You are a terrible fighter, he saw this already — Ghost tossed you around like a potato sack, bruises forming on your skin with each hard blow. You are pretty fast, he can give you that — your only saving grace in the boot camp. Not like you need to fight, since you are a mere translator, with her only job is to interpret files and conversations, but he would love having an excuse to train you a bit. Maybe get to know your body a bit more, see what this college girl outlook can do in a real fight.

Maybe, he just wants a chance to press his body against yours. Push you to the mats and smile as you would wriggle your way out like an adorable little hamster. He had one in childhood — his sis broke the poor thing's neck when she accidentally set his cage on fire and tried to get him out. Little guy burned alive. Soap wonders if you are going to end up the same.

Gaz takes a step back, allowing Soap to pick up his teddy bears and pair of thongs to get into his sack, or whatever. Scotsman always travels with too much explosives and never enough safety repercussions — and Kyle never understood that before he noticed the dangerous mean streak the guy has. He doesn't want to be near when one of his bombs or traps or literally anything else would explode in his backpack.

Then, he goes to the cafeteria — and sees adorable little ol' you, sitting by one of the tables, a stack of papers in your hands. Your ankle monitor is beeping the same as always, drawing attention and never letting anyone forget that you are not like other soldiers — and the number of rights you have is significantly lower than it is for any of them. Gaz never got a moment to greet you properly, even though you are technically his subordinate — finally, fighting tooth and nail to get the sergeant rank and get his own number of recruits below him, has paid off.

Finally, he can nod in acknowledgement and slide to your table as smoothly as possible, while your face is buried deep in the paper. He tried to look at what you were reading — a bunch of printed pages, probably some mission files since you are escorting the tag team of Soap, Ghost and a bunch of American pricks from Shadow Company to Mexico. He would feel jealous, but he has his own deals with covering Spain and helping Price in search for possible missiles elsewhere. Gaz thinks about laying in the dirt somewhere fuck knows where, while others are flirting with a pretty translator. Yeah, he definitely got the short end of a stick.

He looks at you — you return his gaze, smiling a little bit. Like a mouse, he thinks — quiet and soft, hands clutching onto the printed pieces of paper. You don't even ask anything, despite him sliding to your table like you were the best buds, and he likes how calm you are. Soap was talking about how fiery and sharp-tongued you are, but the girl in front of him seems...quiet. Nice. Goodie-two-shoes, biting your lips from time to time as you read through the pages, not ever letting go of the paper.

He wonders what the fuck omegaverse is – he caught the word a couple times when you were turning the pages. A code name for the mission? Some fancy Spanish term for infiltration operations that you need to learn before helping with translations?

— Hey.

Gaz finally can't stand the silence between you. For one, because you are too pretty to just sit here and look all mysterious and quiet, only reading your papers and for two – because he feels like a stalker while looking at your face so close, and if anything, you already started to get uncomfortable – with that adorable blush on your face as you were swiftly reading through the pages.

— Hello, sir.

Your voice is smooth, quiet – you are not drawing attention to yourself, as much as you can while being the only convicted criminal out there. You shift your legs a little bit, so the monitor won't be as noticeable, and smile, putting the stack of papers down. God forbid someone knows what you are reading right now, your little self-indulgent session can turn out to be a public humiliation case.

— Not eatin' anything?

— I'm full, but thank you.

— Bet it's no better than prison food, eh?

— Luckily, I got out before I got to know this. But I suggest you're right, yes.

— So, what did you get in jail for? Must be a bloody good reason.

— Stole a bunch of Serbian infants for a movie shooting. Never got to see the premier.

— For real?

— No.

You are not even blinking as you swiftly told him this, your hand moves to put the pages back in your bag – you're not supposed to have one, it would be very dangerous to everyone around you because, oh god, what if you can stole a gun and wear it in that non-transparent bag of yours and then try to shoot up an entire military base full of people who got a real army training and not just month of boot camp before they kicked you back in the field. You're not supposed to have a messenger bag because oh god, what if you could have a knife inside and then put everyone in danger as a very spiteful and angry criminal you are – but you met Price the other day, and he just glanced over it, saying something about needing to store all of your mission files and documents for translation in a safe place. Nothing else. then he smiled like a fucking teddy bear and it almost made you feel like a human being, not a product of criminal justice.

You look at his sergeant – Gaz, you remember, even if his codename doesn't have much sense(not like anyone in your time has a sensible name, especially Soap, but still) – and, fuck, why does everyone just have to look like a male underwear models while you are not permitted to even wear a freaking lip balm or put a bit of concealer on your eyebags because this is technically contraband and if you were a normal soldier, quartermaster would glance it over, but one look at your leg, and you are stripped of your rights like minority voters on election day.

Oh.

Yeah, there is definitely some pent-up stress here.

— Alright, what are you really in for?

— My ex cheated on me, so I killed him.

— Knew it.

— Then I devoured his body and it turns out that I can eat the bodies of very assholeish men and...

— Isn't it a plot for Jennifer's body?

— Thought a good soldier like you wouldn't watch this.

— Maybe I'm not as good, eh?

You glance over at him – calm smile, relaxed demeanor, prying eyes that are looking at your face and searching for any signs of emotion. You understand that questions like this are only normal, people are curious about you. You don't want to seem like a bitch, but your file is classified for a reason, and giving up on your secrets won't make your position here any better. Lasswell was nice – she gave you a way out in exchange for your labor, but she was also pretty clear about being professional and doing your work as fast as possible if you ever want to see freedom again. Not the best soil for making friends.

Still, you smile – innocent, just as you practiced. You never got a lawyer to protect yourself in court when shit went down, but you imagined they would tell you to keep up with the act. Bite your tongue, act nice, and hope that no one on this base full of rough men, would decide to flirt with you because, on god, you won't be able to keep yourself decent.

— Let me bring you somethin'. Do you like desserts?

— Do you have it here?

— If you fancy stones, then yes, we do have them.

You chuckle and he smiles. You look different than what Soap was talking about – vulnerable almost. Fragile in some way, made him want to pick you up and put you somewhere safe, with him. He doesn't have a problem with female soldiers – he got his life saved a bunch of times by Kate, and he really respects supporting personnel like doctors or intelligence workers, but something about you makes him want to drop all the ideas he has about treating his fellow soldiers equally, and look at you like you were a rare pet – or a treasure to keep safe.

God knows, he doesn't think you are weak.

He just knows it – and with that little twitching of your fingers and soft smile on your shaking lips, he almost wants to keep you here and not let you go to Mexico. Partially because it would mean leaving you with Ghost and Soap. Partially because he knows that he and the Captain could treat you way better.

— Thank you, I really appreciate the sentiment and while of course, I would love to, I don't think that it would really...

— Lovely. Get you a muffin then.

You sigh, looking at the way his hips are swaying when he gets up from the table and goes to the lunch distribution. You are usually not eating here at that hour – too many people staring at you, just like now. Everyone knows 141, unfortunately for you – Gaz might be not as noticeable as a literal refrigerator with a skull mask, but he still draws enough people to look at you. Gossips would be wild, you think – you want to sulk into the chair and die out of shame for having too many people looking at you.

Kyle looks really good from behind – and from the front also. Almost makes you choke on your own thoughts when he returns, bringing you a bunch of pastries from the lunch table – it's a nice sentiment and you really appreciate it. Unfortunately, it's really risky in the place where male per capita is a whopping 75 percent counting every sort of worker – because if we're getting a look at the soldiers, it would be an uncomfortable 91 and you really don't want to think about this.

Even more unfortunate, all the bad thoughts are getting washed away when Gaz sits by your side again, his eyes gleaming and you almost want to throw everything away and just pinch his cheeks.

— Here. Two muffins for a lovely lady, eh?

You blush – embarrassed dust on your cheeks, hands are clinging to the table as you slowly readjust yourself. He is nice, you feel it – too nice, maybe, you're not used to people who are not trying to either get you back in jail or put their hands in your pants. Feeling like a human being is bad for your self-esteem because then you start to understand that literally everyone else are simply too fucking rude with you, and that level of self-reflection is only makes you more depressed. If you are aware of options when people are treating you with respect, then you will only destroy your moud by aknowledging that most people are simply choose not to.

— Thank you. But you shouldn't have, really, I'm okay.

— Enjoy while you can, rookie. Don't think your field op would be generous enough for fresh food.

— Maybe we could get some Mexican MREs while we're at it?

— You never heard it from me, but I don't think lieutenant would handle the spice.

Ghost sounds like the most British person possible – so you are not very surprised at hearing the sentiment from his sergeant. You smile a bit more, getting one of the muffins in your hands – thing is still fresh, you can even smell the bits of vanilla powder on top of its chocolaty exterior, making you mouth water. You take a bite.

Oh.

It only looked fresh.

— Not five star, I know.

— It's...managable.

Chocolate chunks are pretty nice – they are also covered in suspicious white thing that almost makes you threw up, but if you really want to survive here and thrive – and not return to prison food which you never got to taste but still know it's horrible – you need to eat sugars, easy carbs and forget about any dietary restriction you might have in the past. So, you bite and munch and try your best not to think about the mission. Hunting terrorists, sound just fun and profitable and definitely not like a plot to get you killed so government won't have to think about where they can bury your sorry ass.

Gaz smiles, his head slightly tilted to the side so he can look at you with that lazy, unbothered expression – even though he cared. A lot, actually, and with a huge chunch of curiosity over this random girl who showed up as their little helper. He feels bad for not having her as a translator on his team – Price already knows Spanish and russian, so their tag team won't need any further support in that field.

He would love to get emotional support though. Why teir team don't have a psychologist, again?

— Ya don't like it.

— I'm deeply sorry, sir. Didn't want to make it that obvious but, oh well. Nothing new under the

sun, and this pastry definitely isn't either.

He chuckles, moving a bit closer to you – your knees are touching, what a terrifically obscene thing! Indesent even, you instinctively hiding your right leg, where the ankle monitor is positioned, and try your best to be non-chalant about it. Truth it – you crave affection and genuine human interaction, like a drug. You're a fucking addict for people casually touching you without the intent of stripping you out of your dignity or searxging your body for anything that is out of the rules. Sometimes you feel like you are out of the rules – with all of your non-existen criminal glory.

— knew our food wouldn't be much to your liking, princess.

The word rolls from his tongue so fucking easy – you don't even have enouh time to process it before understanding what he is talking about. You almost panic, blush on your face is even more evident now, the only thing keeping your dignity afloat is his calm demeanor and your desire to be as, per say, chill as possible. Like a stake in the fridge, with nothing that could ever bother you.

He calls you princess and maybe it's just his accent, but your little linguists mind wants to take his brain and see what else he can pronounce so seductively that you would lose your control – and your pants – immediately.

— Not a princess, sir. Although I might understand why a person from your upbringing would consider calling me that.

— If you just called me a bloody Liz' supporter, I'm out.

Gaz looks at you and notice the way your leg is jumping up and down under the table. Soap was talking about you like some snarky jerkass with little bits of a preppy college girl demeanor, Ghost was only commenting on how useless you were on the training mat and your weak ass could use some educational beating, and Price wasn't talking about you at all.

Gaz looks at you and sees someone who is utterly terrified of her situation, but still has the strength to joke around and seem confident. He can respect that – he can smile and put a soft hand on your twitching knee, trying to calm you down.

— Thought you weren't supposed to give dogs cholocate.

Graves smirks, leaning closer to the table of two lovebirds. Such excessive flirting right before deployment to a new mission isn't unheard of – fear of dying, hormones, two young people trying to get into each others pants because they are dumb and horny – but he doesn't want this little criminal to get too sidetracted from the job. It's bad for the work performance.

He looks at you – adorable, weak, no muscles at your body. Would make a perfect little secretary or dumb and clumsy nurse whos only job is to be eye-candy for wounded soldiers but, unfortunately, you have a bit more of an active role. Now, he doesn't trust anyone – not Mexicans, not some recently evicted girls from prison, and certainly not British. He does, however, trusts Lasswell's judgment about picking up off-field specialist, and if she decided that you would be easy to manipulate, who is he to say no?

A freaking CEO of Shadow Company, that's who.

— Not sure I follow, sir.

— Our little criminal here – Phillip puts a hand on your shoulder, lazy grin spread on his lips as he moves closer to you, only inches away from the side of your face – shouldn't be hangin' around the cafeteria at that hour.

— How so? She was here for 10 minutes tops.

— We're goin' to be late for scheduled exit. Don't want to waste time until she's done with the food.

— Bloody hell, sir. She's new, give 'er a break, eh?

Gaz has this little thing about him – complete disregard to any authority is said person isn't a blonde with nicotine addiction and adorable wife, or wears a bucket hat and rocks the best beard known to man. He looks at Graves and sees someone who has too much while paying for too little, and whose presence made you jump from your seat, looking at him with nervousness in your eyes.

Like a dog, Graves thinks.

Like a mouse in a trap, Gaz thinks.

“Fuck this shit, I want to go home” you think.

Phillip’s grasp on your shoulder isn’t letting you go, however. The only thing you are allowed to do is be a good girl and simply follow him. Shadows get fresh inmates out of prison sometimes – if the soldier is strong enough, no one would really care whether he killed his wife and children before getting in the army or not. But he never saw your case – and you don’t have either eyes of a killer, or physique of a soldier.

You do, however, has eyes of a good pup who is ready to get molded in the desired position.

And Graves fucking hates dogs.

— Sorry, but I’ll steal her from you. We need to get going if we want to reach Mexico in time.

— I apologize for the inconvenience, sir. Never knew the schedule changed.

— Oh, sugar, we didn’t change the schedule. Just thought you’d appreciate the heads-up about not wasting precious time on idle conversations.

— Aren’t we doing this already, sir?

Oh, dog has teeth. He likes it.

Graves looks at you one more time, his eyes wandering on your curves, shaking hands and that sweet smile you keep on your lips no matter what. You look interesting, you look delicate, you look like someone that he would spend million dollars worth of gifts if only you were a girl at some fancy club and not some stray with ankle monitor.

You look at him – tall, lean, muscular, but not on a bulky side. Southern accent, makes you think about cowboys and horses and men who would not take women in the military lightly. He is your commander for this mission, by the way. Your other superior is a weirdly friendly Soap and Ghost who literally almost destroyed your back and acted like he doesn’t like pushing you around in the field.

I want to kiss Gaz like my life depends on it

Don't you dare forget the sun

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The mortifying feeling of being subjected to sit in the barely hanging on – actually, no, this is top-notch equipment because you may know Phillip Graves for like 10 minutes total, but he won't put his precious American ass to the unsafe vehicle – plane while experiencing the most gruesome case of sea sickness known to man.

Is it even sea sickness if you're in the air?

Soap laughs and pats your back every time you have to kneel and puke in the kindly presented bag that they gave you. Each other Shadow on a plane with you looks at you with either disgust or a tame interest in why the hell a female so fragile sits with them on a mission. They are also looking at your legs, of course, it almost makes you comfortable because unless they are not looking at your tits or trying to grope your ass while you're not looking, since they are all too concentrated in guessing what you did to deserve ankle monitor that responds to proximity of their commander, of all people.

You almost wanted to scream when Phillip said that he was responsible for you on this mission. He is attractive, of course, burning heart American who, just like like fellow murricans, treats you like a dog on a leash. Bitch in heat would also describe his emotions towards you since you noticed that little evil smirk he has every time you had to bend over to do something – he is making you do it quite a lot, even if you only knew the man for a couple of hours tops.

Man treats you like a time bomb that is ticking and ticking and ticking, and you're almost sure that he will shoot you one day, just so he could have a chance of dealing with annoying civvie presence in his proximity. You can't even say anything back at this decision. Your only second option is Ghost and, well. It's Ghost. Better to die like a dog than to be smashed under his chest muscles, you think.

Soap looks at your body, hunched over the poor paper bag you were clenching in your hands like it's the last dictionary in the world. He looks at your devastated expression, the way your body is shaking and, hell, he thought he had standards over women. Tall, tan, action girl types or cold and cool femme fatales with red lips and curls to taste. He also thought he had a standard in men – particularly in his lieutenant sitting next to him with an unreadable expression on his mask.

Johny really, really thought he was higher than looking at the poor girl in poor condition and thinking of multiple things he could do to her. But you sit here, next to him, by all means undesirable – and he wants to do something more than just gently touch your back and promise you that everything is going to be fine. He wants to ruffle your hair and get a good grip on your head as he holds you close, making sure you won't get sick anymore. He wants to take you

somewhere more secluded – plain do have a few places where you and him could get a really good time together. Fuck, he'd gladly add Simon to this arrangement, if necessary.

— That's it, hen. Almost 'ere.

— Th...thank you. God, it's gross, I'm gross, so...so sorry, sir, I-

The plane starts to go down rapidly and your head is in the bag again, even when you have nothing left in your stomach. That damn muffin that Gaz made you eat really proven to be bad for dogs like you – and the other fun aspects of sonic-speed military aircraft such as wanting to die, the pressure in your ears made the whole journey a fucking disaster.

— Yer first flight?

Soap smiles, his hand a bit too close on your shoulder, fingers playing with the plain green shirt you threw on your body once Phillip dragged you to the starting point. You smile back – it's nice, he is nice, looking out for you, and making sure you are comfortable. Maybe it's your exhaustion, maybe you're just too naive – just out of college, after all, real life was left somewhere behind cell bars. You want to trust him – he is the only one on this mission who is not hostile towards you.

Soap wants to bury his dick as deep in your cunt as possible on this goddamn plane.

You smile a bit shy, a bit awkward, and think of how nice he actually is – and what a shame that Gaz is not with you in Mexico.

— No, sir. But I'd expect a welcoming drink and a nice flight attendant lady at this point.

— Are me and Lt not to yer liking, lassie?

— Not sure if you really enjoy my presence here or just wish to have someone more capable in the arts of war than me.

— Ye did pass the training. Don't be so hard on yerself, rookie.

Soap looks at you – fragile, trembling, not a soldier, even in the slightest. He wants to take you away from him, but the plane already ended and he can at least substitute it by holding your hips. He softly supports your body and helps you to get out, while Ghost hovers over you two, silently judging. Sergeant knows better than to allow himself to be distracted – but hells bells, was it hard not to fall into the temptation of playing with an adorable new girl on their team. Especially when said girl is sweet, funny and don't have the privilege to openly disobey them due to both military discipline and her status as a criminal.

His hands roam on your legs, holding you in place as you take steps outside of the aircraft. He has a smug smile on his lips with each little step you take, holding onto his hands like a tiny kitten who was just learning how to walk. It's a powertrip for him – and the way of how fucking small you are compared to his hands, even if he isn't the biggest one out here, and how slow you are.

God, he never felt such a thing for recruits – it's like fucking a bunch of baby deers, you shouldn't feel anything towards people who can barely hold their gun and can die easily in their first fight, Then again – you were not a soldier, and he already forgot the last time he had a chance with a civvie.

You jump from the vehicle as fast as you can – god, it feels good to finally stand on stable ground and not be suspected in the air for fucking hours, thinking of all the horrible ways you could die and nobody would ever be able to find your corpse. You look at the men approaching you – judging by the car plates and various Spanish you hear from soldiers helping with the landing, you are finally in Mexico.

One of many steps you have to take to get rid of your sentence. If you'd survive the first one, of course.

— — Coronel Vargas! Es un placer conocerle, señor, soy el traductor local del conjunto del Task Force y Shadow Company, porfavor no dude en usarme como sujeto de comunicación entre los grupos. Estaré encantada de ayudarle con cualquier problema para poder asegurarnos de que no haya problemas durante la misión.

“I will be glad to help you with anything communication-vise between two groups. Please, do not be afraid of using my services”

Colonel – you just started to learn what different badges mean – is one damn pretty bastard. It raises a question of why everyone here is so fucking attractive while your mood is at on all-time lowest and any means of romance would be considered as digging a grave for your useless ass. He glances over you and smiles – warm, sunshine almost, makes you feel protected. Colonels are not just soldiers, as you learned already – they do need to have some political power and ease the

tension for civilians around them, so it's only natural that his mere presence is making you calm.

Alejandro looks at you – terrible uniform, no weapon, no badge, barely can read the flag on whatever uniform you decided to wear. Shaky smile, big, naive eyes that are returning him back to his first days in the military – and a trembling hand that you stretch towards him. He wonders why the hell they would need a translator if all of them know English but, maybe, there is a reason that he is yet to discover.

He looks at your curves, barely contained under that uniform of yours – seriously, you need to learn how to put it on properly, he can already see a few harnesses tangling around your legs and it drives him crazy. Maybe, he could teach you how to do it properly – later, when he'd make sure that terrorists are taken care of and he can get a bit of pleasure on his own.

Alejandro looks at your ankle monitor.

Rudy looks at your ankle monitor.

Did Lasswell think they were a correctional facility?

— Nice to meet you, ma'am.

He shook your hand and waited as your expression changed from a tired modesty to surprise. Rudy nods, looking at you two – he also doesn't understand why their group would need a translator, but they need free hands out here – someone who can take the load from their shoulders and help. Even if he look at your delicate figure and don't think that you actually can be of any use.

Soap and Ghost exchange greetings with foreign soldiers – Phillip is here too, pushing you out of the picture as he nods to his men. You want to yelp in surprise as a firm hand is holding you in place and makes you just stand here, but attracting attention isn't something you want. You want to just go somewhere secure and gladly die in the waste, hoping that no one will be here to find your body.

— Gettin' a bit too comfortable with our amigos?

You literally just greeted them! God, you don't want to be here. Not with Graves who smiles at you warmly and almost crushes your shoulder at the same time, pushing you against the wall at more secure location. Shadows stand guard, watching, so no one would try to stop him from

abusing his power. Then again, is it really an abuse if you don't even have rights?

— I was doing what I had to, sir. And, quite frankly, pardon me for being too intrusive and maybe just a bit too nosy, but...why am I here?

— To be a good girl and translate what they are talking about, darlin'. Thought you had comprehension skills.

— I understood it, sir. But...they speak English. Good English! Why would you need a Spanish translator if there is no problems in communication?

His hands goes down, rests on your chest. He just has to put a bit of pressure to end up squeezing your boobs – you hope it won't come to that. There is already something sketchy about his behavior even sinse looking at you like you were a fucking dog, and you don't want to see what else he can do to degrade you further. You understand him, man in a hardened American with a hard-on for jail system, but...yeah, you don't want to see what else is hard about him.

— Because, doll, we need someone on the inside. See what they are talkin' about while we're not around. Talk to their men and check on them.

— But if they know that I'm speaking Spanish, they won't talk about their secrets while I'm around.

— Yeah, you blew up your cover already. Thought you'd be more useful.

— I am very sorry for this, sir, but I was not informed and had no idea that we were...

— Save your apologies for those who want to get in your pants.

— ...playing in some weird espionage movie about the Cold War or something like that. Those are our allies, why would we be spying on them?

— Doll, we won't be spying on them. You just need to work your charm a bit, see if your new amigos are working with the cartel secretly. I don't trust them.

He pushes you deeper into the wall and you whine from pain. You hate it, you hate it, you hate it – this is everything what you’ve been afraid of, men taking advantage of you because you’re a female and don’t have the right to tell them off. You’re afraid of pain too – one of the reasons you won’t survive in jail and the fact that he does this secretly, while no one is here but his Shadows to look at you like a bunch of animals looking at the piece of meat, makes you sick. You can hear friendly voices of Soap and someone else – sergeant, you think, he seems like a pretty tame guy – just a few meters away, exchanging easy banter between two special forces soldiers.

And you’re here, stuck in the corner, like a fucking animal.

Except, at least wild animals don’t have shackles around their ankles.

— They are your comrades, no?

— We can’t trust them. For all we know, they could be harboring Hassan with the cartel – and tricking us like a bunch of fools.

— Sir, this is not something I was training in, I’m not a spy, I’m a...

He squeezes your thigh and you catch your breath, feeling hot and cold at the same time. He is charming in a way that serial killer would be – and the helplessness of your situation only makes you feel...things. You don’t like feeling those things, but they are certainly there and only grow larger in size when you notice the little scar on his cheek, the way his facial features are changing when he gets more angry.

You want to run away, but you also don’t want to die. The only remaining thing is to stay – and watch him slowly making your life a living hell with his orders.

— You will get here, be a doll and make sure that we’re not operating with the traitors here. Report only to me.

— What about my teammates? Your teammates. Lieutenant, sergeant, what if they’ll notice?

— They’re on our side.

— But...

He pushes you to the wall, face just a few inches away from yours. You feel his breath on your neck – hot, terrifying, he is not even drunk and it scares you more, he is just like this – threatening, menacing. Angry glare every time your eyes darted to the side hoping that something, anything would save you from him – and at the same time that naive, small part of your mind wanted to back away. Let him do whatever he wants because, by god, he will look good doing it.

Graves looks at you – good girl, perfect girl, what a nice obedient little doggy you are for him. Despite all of your but's and no's you're still nodding to him, saying without any word that you will be a good spy and let daddy know if any of his new friends behaves suspiciously. He was against using a translator for their mission at first, especially if said person won't be part of the military – but he understands now, what a perfect fucking idea it was. You are not a soldier, meaning that you don't have the resources, either physical or mental, to fight him. You have no idea about the real military discipline so you can't say anything about how unprofessionally he behaves.

Fuck, he'd love to see that scared face change expression to something warm. A blush, maybe, a couple of moans escaping those perfect lips instead of good pronounced Spanish phrases that just blew your fucking cover immediately. He can't blame you, of course, because dumb little mascots can't be held accountable for their mistakes – he just hopes that your teammates won't spoil you too much. He needs a useful ally, after all.

You manage to get on your feet after Graves lets you go – and you are squashed between the bodies of your allies on the backseat of a car that moving towards Las Vaqueros base. Soap enjoys the feeling of your body pressed against his – he is by all means not a small man, and with Ghost just a seat away, there isn't much space for the three of you. And he wouldn't have it any other way – not when he can drape his hand on your leg again, adjusting your place gently, as if he is actually helping a hopeless rookie get into a more comfortable position.

You think – he is really nice and considerate. Especially after Graves' treatment, you actually feel at home every time Soap touches you. Even annoying huffs from Ghost aren't scaring you anymore – especially with banter between Alejandro and Rudy as they talk about Las Almas.

Ghost thinks – your body is pressed too close to his, no matter how much Johny tries to keep you under his hand, and it makes the cold, ruthless lieutenant feel...things. Not things he is supposed to feel, not when the safety of a whole country is at stake – but he still feels it, with every little bump on the road that pushes you closer to him.

Soap thinks – he needs to seize the moment and get to know you closer. His natural need to chat and talk and be generally social is screaming at him every time you avoid the conversation and don't answer his questions. His more primal side also wants to know what is hiding under that uniform of yours and why the hell you look so perfect, pressed between their bodies and looking at him with that special type of uncertainty, naivety, fear even – he is a good guy, as he likes to think, he shouldn't get off seeing you so helpless next to him. Maybe he isn't such a good boy after all.

— You're not a soldier, as I heard.

Alejandro calls you by your name and you blush at the obvious implication. They were bantering with Ghost and Soap just a few minutes ago as they belong here – but now they address you like you are. Not a soldier, of course, just a civilian little helper who can be dismissed as being a silly girly mascot in their mission to hunt terrorism. You lean closer to Soap, head almost lingering on his shoulder – he is warm and you want to succumb to relaxation, all fear and tensions of flying finally leaving your body.

— Y...yeah, sir. I'm a translator, just as I said, and I do not have special forces training. I did pass the boot camp though.

— Don't know why you would need a translator. We can speak just fine, no?

— Yes, of course, we can, sir. But what if we got separated and 141 would need communication between us and the locals?

— Don't get separated, hermanos. It's not a safe place right now, not for someone like you.

You almost want to ask what he meant by his last phrase. You almost want to say that whatever cartel is doing is fine to you because, by the word of the law, you're just as guilty and a criminal as thugs of local drug lords. You wanted to say this – but his sergeant, a man with kind eyes and somewhat cold expressions turns his head a bit, so you could hear him better. And you listen to him, hearing his words loud and clear, like a good girl you are. You hate to think that Graves left you with the emotions of a cornered animal, but you can't do anything against him right now. He is your commander, not someone else, and you really want to be free before you could die on a mission.

Ghost shifts in his seat, tries to get his knee away from touching yours – but he fails, the car isn't big enough for the three of you. You bask in how warm he is, under all this gear and black fabric that attracts shining autumn sun, and relax a bit. You listen.

— Didn't know we're working with criminals now.

Rudy is sharp, the edges are all to be seen – not like his colonel, not an inch of soft smiles and somewhat flirty expressions. He strikes you where it hurts, where your dignity is still bleeding and twitching in place and you can't even stay mad at him. He is right at questioning you, they are trying to find the cartels who are harboring a literal terrorist and yet they are working with a criminal – ankle monitor on your leg, probably something huge if you can't take it off even for a mission.

— I'll try my best not to kill anyone, sir. I promise.

Rudolpho chuckles and you feel heat rise in your cheeks. Soap nudges your side with his elbow, warm hand on your waist as your smile fades. You're tired, of course, it all feels like a horrible joke played out by some of your friends – you, in the army? It just feels plain wrong. Horrible, actually, whoever decided to use that idea is clearly out of their mind.

— You and Ghost will fit right in here.

— Not sure if my skills would be of any use, but...thank you. I'll try my best.

Alejandro smiles, turning to see you – warm eyes, gaze wandering over your figure. You don't have a fucking idea how to wear those uniforms, he can practically see your curves spilling out of multiple harnesses and belts you put wrong, your innocent self somehow manages to simultaneously put your uniform both too tight and too loose in all the wrong places.

And here he thought that Kate has a reliable and experienced agent.

— You know Arabic? We'll need someone who could understand what Hassan is talking about with his men.

— Do I know Arabic? Of course. Arabic and Spanish and German and Russian and...

— What did you do to get in jail? Killed previous translator?

— I fakes my qualifications as a military psychologish and was threatening South Korean army forces with my skills for three months straight.

— Mierda...you're serious?

— No.

You smile and his heart skips beat. There is something about you – maybe how innocent you look while laying so blatantly, maybe that pure, angelic smile of yours thaty you are giving him while your head is almost howering on sergeant's shoulder. Colonel laughs and turns to face Rudy – he is too concentrated on the road to pay attention to you. But he smiles also, probably wondering how you ended up with them – even though he does think that having someone almost as adorable as drunk Alejandro would be a nice change of pace.

You, on the other hand, is feeling threatened.

— A funny one. Humor won't help us ding Hassan.

— Sorry. But I will try my best to help you, sir.

He thinks about the plan he'd put if the cartel would manage to move Hassan from one building to another. He also thinks of your kind smile, soft hands – he squeezed them, he knows exactly how delicate you are, despite being a criminal – and how he knows exactly the way they all can use you to help their goal.

Maybe sendind you in the heart of cartel's territory won't be a noble way to handle the threat, but he'll make sure to watch your back.

And make sure to use your other skills properly – just like you told them.

Chapter End Notes

I want Alejandro, Rudy and Valeria to squish me between them. And Graves also.

Honestly, sir, all I want to do is get naked in front of you

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Alejandro knows everything that is happening in his little army – every man here might as well be his son or an extension of his hand. Nothing goes under his nose without him knowing, and if something does slip and gets lost in the way of knowing, Rudy is always by his side to tell him what is going on. There are also times when he has to physically restrain Rudy from dealing with problems that escaped his colonel's attention previously – but right now the only problem is evident enough.

Ghost knows everything that is happening in his team. Even when "his team" is a very broad term and consists of various changing people, even when he barely talks to anyone besides that annoying Scott, he knows everything each person is doing at any given moment. Every single time. Right now they are not actively doing anything besides waiting – a previous attempt at capturing Hassan just made the cartel move him to another place.

They both look at the way you are struggling to unwrap your MRE pack, cursing under your breath in something that sounds like a mix of French and Ukrainian and have no idea how the fuck someone like you became a part of the special forces.

It's not even a case of Fucking New Girl – you are not a soldier, even if you did pass the boot camp and training just like the rest of the rookies around here. Ghost eventually thought that it was a case of severe nepotism or a way of going to the military through the bed unit, but no one would fuck general Shepard to get into the army. Alejandro thought that, maybe, British forces has a really progressive equal opportunity program when even a frail and fragile woman can become a part of an elite unit, but he saw the way Soap looked at your ass – no one is thinking of you as an equal here.

They both look at your ankle monitor, multiple theories of what you do to get here, and think that Lasswell just decided to work via the method of shit sandwich and give them one good thing – an adorable new girl that can be used as a mascot or means of psychological support – and two shitty things as of hunting Hassan in Mexico and working with Graves and his bigotry.

— Here, let me help.

Alejandro steps closer, his body looming over your shoulder when you jump from surprise. Another piece of evidence of you not being a part of any special unit – you're not listening to your surroundings, even your mannerisms of an alley cat are turned off most of the time. You look naive, and innocent, all strength in his body is begging him to take care of you. He is used to help civilians, he joined the special forces to help people of his city – and when he sees helpless, useless

little you...

— Really? I don't know how to thank you, good sir, I'm just...those bags are terrible.

You look nervous, uncertain, bottom lip quivering in undisclosed emotion as he moves closer, getting the plastic bag out of your hands and opening it with ease. You smile and your eyes are shining even more – he doesn't know why and what you are doing with him but, fuck, he really needs someone to control him right now. People like you are forbidden from the military because god knows, you are a fucking temptation.

— It's military-grade plastic, cariño. You're supposed to just pull it apart.

— Oh. Well. I guess my fingers are not really great at pulling stuff apart. I mean, um, thank you, sir. I...appreciate it. Gracias, yes.

You lick your lips and he concentrates on the movement a bit too much. Your tongue goes from the left corner of your mouth, swiftly travels along the surface of your lower lip and to the right corner – just to repeat the process with the upper part of your lips, swiftly lick any access chapstick or gloss you were using. Alejandro is pretty sure that you are not supposed to use those in the military. He also is pretty sure that you would look gorgeous with some velvet red lipstick that would leave perfect stains on the collar of his shirt and among the skin of his neck.

Fuck. Where was the last time he had something like this? Probably before the cartel started to get active again – too long ago to even count. Probably before he got the new rank that just made any of his lovers a walking target – so he refrained from even thinking about a family.

Alejandro thinks – Rudy is out in the city, searching for a way to infiltrate the new hideout of the cartel without sending their man to die. And the colonel is here, doing essentially nothing but watching you carefully opening the container while trying not to frown at the sight of...not very pleasant looking food. He heard scary stories about British food, but seeing that poor soldiers had to eat literal break is something else.

Maybe, he can sweeten the pill a bit. Cut the time you spend here, doing nothing – you translated a couple documents for your team and Shadows, despite Alejandro already preparing the translation of all required intel – and he can help you too.

— What training did you received?

— Um...basic combat. Physical check, how to work under pressure...how to not be tortured and how to behave if you tortured. I think it was the only thing they got time for, before I got deployed.

— Very basic combat, I presume.

He smiles and you feel dumb. This is obviously some weird humiliation tactic, something right out of the high school – picking on the new kid, trying to test your limits before you break and all of this stuff. He has a right to have doubts about you – after all, you are nothing but a rookie, a criminal who is forced to work with them. For all he knows, you might be a terrorist in disguise, searching for the opportunity to strike them in the back.

For all you know, you are tired, hungry and still bruised after the last “physical evaluation” Ghost gave you. You are giving a man the benefit of the doubt, he is just looking out for you – and by looking out you actually mean throwing you around like a ragdoll on the train field because you are basically useless in close and ranged combat, and your only distinctive ability is to talk a person to death.

— Is that a problem, sir? I’m not meant to be deployed on the field as a soldier, just as a communicator and possible negotiator if there is trouble in understanding each other, but...

— You still need to learn how to protect yourself.

— I must assure you that I can, in fact, protect myself. Really.

— You can prove it right now, rookie.

Your eyes dart from the food – something barely digestable but calories are calories and you need to eat if you want to survive – and him. He smiles even more, showing his teeth and it’s adorable, your face dusts with a blush as you avoid looking at him. You don’t want to spend the rest of the evening on your back again, getting even more cuts and bruises even without being remotely useful.

You look at your ankle – a slight beeping is already so engraved in your mind that you have to concentrate to hear it without being filtered. You look at the monitor on your leg, indicating that you won’t be able to leave without everyone and their dog knowing your exact location – so the

choice on the matter is kinda of non-existent. You don't want trouble and be a little shit on purpose, flying under the radar is literally the only thing you want to do.

So, you nod, same innocent, small smile on your face. Best way of not getting harmed is to pose as someone helpless – and you are doing your job with grace.

— If we're sendin you to cartel's territory, we need to make sure you would survive.

Some of his soldiera are looking at your direction as he drags you to the gym. Big area, wide enough for you to almost not hear the sound of someone violently beating a training manequen. Not quite big enough for you to run away and hide from him.

— Wait, you're...you're sending me to cartel's territory?

— First step – you can't get distracted on field.

First time, Alejandro throws you on the ground with a humiliating ease. Ignoring your questions, concerns, but still being aware and gentle enough to just demonstrate how an enemy would behave with you. He scoops you in his arms, throws you to your back in no time – but he still holds you and helps to get on your feet once you hesitatingly whispered that you are yeilding.

Second time, you are trying to be more active – ducking under his arms, going to the opposite side of the training mat, even dared to jump from one place to another, just so you won't be caught so easily. He smiles, appreciating your efforts – and then covers the ground between you in two large steps, immediately throwing you to the railings on training arena.

— You're fast, but not enough. Cartel is going to have a field day with you, cariño.

— I'm...I'm sorry, colonel. I'll try better next time.

— Didn't want to stral you from your team, but it looks like we need special trainings to get you in shape.

— Are you really sending me to them?

— They won't suspect anything. And if you would learn how to fight properly, they won't know what hit them. A fine deal, no?

You whimper, pressed between his body and thick ropes of the area. Alejandro looks at you, licks his lips – damn it, should have drunk more water before going all in on your soft little body – and, for god's fucking sake, why are you so hard to deal with.

Not that you are unable to learn – you are trying desperately to be good, even for the sake of just stopping whatever he is doing.

Not that you are weak – there is some potential here, clearly, you are not lazy or maliciously complacent, you have a chance of being a good soldier if he would give you a few years of intense training.

Not even that you lack subordination – the way you call him sir, colonel, all the ways someone like you could address him, makes him go wild. He never thought that a person whispering his rank would be so freakingly attractive, but here he is, listening to your shaken breath and the way your cheeks are blushing, lips shaking and the softness of your body – chest, legs, tummy – pressed to his toned, muscular body.

He looks at you, obedient and adorable – and for the first time in 20 years, he thinks about fucking a recruit. Not a fellow soldier of a similar rank, not Rudy, not even some hot civilian that he met in a coffee shop or whatever – he thinks about throwing you on the ground and teaching you the other ways of getting attention from your superiors. He always frowned at even the slightest possibility of his colleagues fucking each other, especially if someone is of a lower rank – but he reconsiders it now.

Of fucking course he is thinking about burying his cock deep inside your pussy when he is wearing tight pants.

Thank god you are too concentrated on closing your eyes and panicking a bit to notice how hard he is. Thank fucking god that you are dumb enough not to notice.

“Please be a gun, please be a gun, please be a gun” – The only thing that is rummaging through your mind right now.

— What the hell you doin' here?

Alejandro almost welcomes Ghost's voice.

You almost faint when you hear Ghost's voice.

Colonel learned to appreciate the skills the lieutenant provided – and his sheer size and muscles were helping also. Having someone so strong on his side is nice, for a change, and he learned to rely on him after their run in the forest together. Anyone who could handle at least twenty corrupt soldiers on their tale deserves his respect.

Ghost never trusts anyone – not as long as he knows that people have a very annoying tendency to die in his arms and scar him forever. He does appreciate the help of a person with experience though, and Alejandro is one of those people. The question, however, still stands.

What the fuck did he miss while imagining his dad instead of a training dummy because he clearly doesn't need a therapist and working with his issues via intense training is both normal and very productive, so any therapy suggestions are meaningless and for pussies?

— I'm so...so sorry, sir, colonel asked to evaluate my combat skills and we were training.

By the look on Alejandro's face, he would suggest you two were fucking.

Why does the thought bother him so much?

— Trainin' then? Looks like you are doin' a shitty job here, love.

Oh, that totally slipped involuntarily.

Your eyes are wide open as you make your way out from under Alejandro's body. You are panting, shaking, bruises are already forming on your body because of course you have delicate skin, you are a special forces associate, you just have to have a fragile skin, soft lips and shaking body that would fit so well between them. Ghost covers the ground in few seconds, standing right next to the sparring section – he looks at you both with unreadable expression on his face.

You lick your lips. Ghost wants to do it for you.

Alejandro wants to suggest a special training session – but he is an adult man, a colonel for fucks sake, he is anything but sexually frustrated. He is calm, collected, might have a bit of a short fuse but ultimately is a...

— I'm really sorry, sir. Perhaps, letting me eat first would be a nice addition for the sake of my performance, but...

— You won't be better after our MRE's.

— You're right. Of...of course. Sorry for suggesting basic Geneva conventions of dealing with...

Ghost steps over the ropes that separate the mats from the gym floor, and you freeze in place. Alejandro keeps you in place, hands on your shoulders, a bit of comfort that doesn't help in reducing your shaking. You want to cry, almost, want to just run away and hide in the female barracks because you are not dealing with two of your superiors being mad at you for being shitty at the training again. You want to be better at fighting, but the mere thought of actually beating them up or being subjected to a real fight is...well, not pleasant.

If you were alright with pain and violence, you would just have stayed in jail. Not cling to the first opportunity to get out before going in.

— Glad to have you with us, lieutenant. You want to help with sparring?

— She's our responsibility.

— Just thought I could help you train her, no? I have my ways of helping rookies get in shape.

— She would need more ways to actually be useful in a fight.

— Then we can both help her. Cartel won't be courteous enough to split for an honorable one-to-

one fight.

— Oi, they won't.

— Dealt with them before, Ghost?

— I know how arseholes work.

They are talking like you are not even there. You really don't want to be a little whimp and chicken out, but even beans on toast at your food pack sounds better than a very excessive training session with both of your commanders. You almost want Graves to just show up, get your limp body in his hands and eagle his way out of here, screaming American anthem on top of his lungs.

You almost want to call your lawyer and cry about inhuman conditions of your parole – but you don't have a lawyer, you only have a vaguall mother-esque figure of Kate Lasswell that throw you into this pitch despite her kind eyes and a haircut of a person who would fucking bury you if you made her latter wrong. Oh, well, that kinda checked out.

You start to think that the only good guys in the military are the dead ones.

You start to think that you will join them soon.

Alejandro throws you on the ground again – much rougher this time. You think it might be because Ghost is around and being soft around you is no longer an option. You also think that it might be because you are exhausted his patience now, and he doesn't have a reason to be soft around anymore.

— You need to ground your posture. Two legs on the ground, try to balance, not just bounce in place.

— You are not even trying to dodge. That blow would have ya killed instant.

That was a very reassuring words and you made sure to ignore them properly when Ghost grabbed your waist and turned you to him. You are almost squished between their bodies, only a few inches

for a distance between two men and you. This is what butterflies are feeling under the glass, you think. This is what you are going to feel if you don't remember your training instantly and get a surprise punch at Alejandro's jaw.

But, he grabs your hand faster than you were able to hit him.

But, he is nice enough to twist it around in not very painful manner, but still press you closer to Ghost who was grabbing your waist.

But, you are blushing and panting and the adrenaline of a fight is already wearing off because you are simply not made to be a warrior, a soldier, you spent years in college just so you could bury yourself in foreign literature without the actual need to go outside.

— You're dead, love.

— It was a really nice attempt, rookie. But you are giving your intentions away too fast.

You try to move your legs to gain some distance between you and them, but you feel Ghost's... something pressing in your thighs and you pray to god that this is just a spare weapon and your situation isn't as shitty as you thought it would be.

Ghost knows that he shouldn't feel so fucking good when your eyes, big and watery, are looking at him like a baby deer stuck in the wolf's den. He can feel the softness of your legs through his pants, and he would do anything to just snatch it away from your body, enticing in endurance training that would be more of use for someone like you. You are just perfect like this – weak, fragile, he is supposed to be mad at you for being so easy to kill, but there is something predatory rises in him every time he takes a look at the way your boobs are moving under your shirt, or how hungry Alejandro seems when he looks at you.

— Not sure how I'm supposed to get a sparring practice with the two of you at the same time. It's...really not what I should do as a translator. Sorry.

Alejandro smirks, leaning in to gently push you away from Ghost's grasp, allowing you to take a few deep breaths and try to find your posture again. He stares at your legs longer than necessary – you have potential, at least in being quick and quiet, but he doesn't know if this is going to help you with infiltrating the cartel. You can be a good spy for them, but what's the use if you won't last in a fight?

Well, he can think of some uses for your precious body. Quite some.

— Try to hit me. Pretend that the lieutenant is not here, yes?

You scramble your thoughts and try your best of efforts to hit him.

He dodges, smile on his face that already makes you irritated. You want to be strong, really, at least to be able to protect yourself – but every time you are seriously given the opportunity to hurt some of them, even as training, you are...frozen. Graves' words are spinning in your mind on a loop – you are nothing but a good, obedient dog for them. Give them a paw, pretend to be dead, fetch them the intel they need, and never, for the love of god that is still left in you, try to bite back. Bag dogs get their teeth removed in an instant, and even if you don't have your fangs – never had them to begin with – they would find something else to destroy in your body.

You want to hit Alejandro, just for training, but you don't want to think what he might do to you in case you'd disobey him.

You want to defeat Ghost in a fight, but you know firsthand how men are often reacting to someone humiliating them – especially when you are nothing but a frail woman.

Being a failure is much, much safer.

— Nice try, cariño. A couple more years, and you would almost be able to defeat one of my boys.

He laughs when shame spreads on your cheeks, your lips pouting and eyes gleaming with humiliated tears. You are stronger than this, you want to tell everyone this – but you are still somewhere at the start of your twenties, still not a soldier and your hands are hurting from his grasp. You sniff and he lets go, only for Ghost to twist them again in a surprise attack, forcing you into more bent position again. Your legs are pressed against his crotch and you swear that he is doing this on purpose.

You almost like being a putty in their hands. Soft, helpless, weak...they can do a lot of things with you. And you would probably let them.

— You'll die the second we got you inside. Don't know what Captain was thinking.

— Maybe, in that case, I should just...do my job, sir? As a translator, not a spy or an infiltrator. Just...just a proposal.

— You don't have a fancy for getting out of jail early?

— Well, in that case...

Yeah, you don't really have a choice in what you want to do and what you hate doing. Would be really nice to actually have a choice on the matter but, unfortunately, the only thing you are able to do is just nod, smile as sweet as always, and try your best to fly under the radar. Don't draw attention and hope that you'd survive.

Ghost lets go of your body and allows you to try again.

And again.

And again.

— How many times you died already, love?

— I start to think that she just likes training with us too much.

— Weak thing. Why would they send us a civvie translator anyway?

— Thought you were doing charity work.

— Fucking hell, colonel. Not a chance.

Alejandro laughs at your feeble attempt to dodge – you are trying your best to be quicker, firmer, but it's only so much one training session can do to make you better. Right now, you are only able to see how much stronger your superiors are – and that you do not want to spend 10 years of

sparring to get on their level. You don't have time for that, you want to be free in a few years tops!

— Can I take a break? Please, I'm prettu sure it...should be enough for now. I'm not getting any better anyway.

Ghost looks at you – weak, feeble, he hates seing someone as fragile as you. He knows that you are most likely to die in your first mission, that an adorable little thing like you won't last a chance against cartel members or corrupted military. He also knows that no matter how many walls he is trying to build between him and a rookie, you are already clawed your way into not his heart, but at least his pants. Choking on his dick like a good little roddent you are, like a fucking squirell with nuts and other allegories that he doesn't want to think of right now.

He sighs, not wanting to let you rest. You are useless on the battlefield, yes, but he hopes that hours of training with them would at least build your muscles a little. Alejandro is a good teacher, as hard as it is admitting it. You whine in their hands, lips are shaking – beaten up, bruises are forming on your skin as he watches you getting pinned to the ground by Vargas again.

— One more round, love.

He is getting softer and he bloody hates it.

Simon goes into a stance, Alejandro helps you get on your feet again, adjusting your posture into something more manageable. Ghost wants you to be on your best, nothing less but a 100 percent engagement, not allowing your body to rest. He knows what made him into a soldier he is now – he remembers other soldiers laughing and pointing at his thin ribs, at his broken body that was barely muscular enough to just exist. He remembers what got him thorough training as a fucking grunt, standing out like a sore thumb across recruits who had the opporternity to eat at home properly.

He remembers how he hated everyone – his father, Tommy sometimes, every “friend of a family”, his army instructors. He looks into your eyes and he doesn't see hate. He sees exhaustion, fear, maybe. You have the eyes of a cornered animal – eyes of his mother.

Simon “Ghost” Ryley doesn't have mommy issues, but god, is being your superiour is bloody hard.

— Oi, rookie. Almost got me.

You weren't even close, but his joking tone is making your blood boil.

— I start to think that you would work better as my secretary, cariño. To help with... communication.

Alejandro isn't even fighting you right now, but the smile in his voice makes your ears blush not from fluttering, but sheer shame.

— Maybe I should let Johnny handle you. More of his speed.

— Not sure how you are going to help us right now. Even honeytrap would be too dangerous.

— Are you even bloodt trying?

Ghost appears behind your back, ready to lock you by your neck again – tension rises, your stomach is turning every time you hear his low grunt on your skin. You whine – pathetic, little sobs escaping your lips as you turn around just for a chance to get back at him. You are trying to escape, dodge under his hands and run to the other side of the mat again – your hands are protecting your face from sudden blows and...

Your soft, adorable hands that never hold anything besides books and stack of foreign papers, are in mere milimeters away from Ghost's mask. Trying to protect your face from being punched by your lieutenant, you accidentally punched him.

Ghost looks at you, eyes widen in...not a shock, he could barely feel your punch – he would say that you fight like a girl, but thst would get him in trouble with his diversity training resources.

He looks at you with amusement.

Looks like this little squirell has its claws.

Hey guys!

Hope you liked this chapter, unfortunately, I am moving between continents AGAIN so the next chapter is going to be a bit late. Sorry in advance, I'll try my best to make up for it!!

My teeth will only cut your lips, my dear

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

— Yer goin' to cartel territory, eh? I wanted to volunteer, lassie, actual.

— Can you please volunteer again?

— Nae. Lt goin' to fuckin' wreck me if I did.

How many years would be added to your sentence in case you would end up killing all of your teammates and Soap in particular? If you're lucky, they could re-invent the death sentence just for you, and get you a nice and comfy electric chair to sit on. If you're double lucky, they would even give you a nice last meal – so you could be forever plastered in those weird Instagram posts about “Top 10 last meals and the story of people who ate them”(They all serial animal molesters).

— I'm going to die. Actually.

— Nae ye don't.

— Please, with all dure respect to your rank, and I do have a lot of respect to you and your service to...a queen? You still have a queen, right?

— Kind, that nasty bastard. Go on.

— Okay, sorry. So, um...I really appreciate all the service to your King and...

— Aye, bloody hate him. Fuckin' leech.

— Please, sergeant, commander, sir MacTavish, you're not making the deal ant easier for me, and I really want to survive through this...how could I make it? I'm a translator, not a spy!

— Quit panicking, lassie. Yer gonna be just fine.

— No, I won't be, sir. I'm going to die and then I would be sold or raped or sold and raped and killed or...

Soap coops your face in his hands – big and rough, his warm skin is making you blush even more than before. This state of panic, borderline mental breakdown because you still haven't come in terms with the fact that they are really sending you right into the cartel's territory as a spy just because you look innocent and helpless enough to not make them suspicious. Genius move, really, you have to give Colonel Vergas and Sergeant Parra this one.

The only tiny-tiny-big-as-fuck problem is that you not just look sweet, weak and helpless. You are. Fragile, basically unable to live on your own, the humiliation of your life is only going to make you more ashamed of yourself as a worthless piece of...a person who could barely hold their gun and talk at the same time. You would blow some steam by reading an obscure novel written solely in old German, but your sergeant decided that helping a new recruit with her borderline panic attack would be a nice idea.

He is really sweet, you have to give him that. He is also not allowing you to calm down on your own terms, so he is squeezing your cheeks with his hands in motion that, as you think, is more to serve his amusement than your psychological stability.

Rudolpho – sergeant, you as you read his badge – has already pulled something out of a small box, positioning himself on your back. You feel nervous, the urge to turn around and kick however is trying to circle you – but you remember what happened to Ghost when your survival instinct took off and forced you to punch him. The sight of his eyes, gleaming with cheer and anger as he slowly touched his face and, as you can fucking tell even while he was still wearing that goofy mask – was grinning.

You don't ever want to make your lieutenant smile again.

— Rudy, tell our bonnie here that she is goin' to be just fine.

— There is a high chance of her getting killed, no?

Your smile twisted into something hysterical.

— You...have a way with words of reassurance, sir. May I also ask what you are doing with those

things behind me?

You really, really hope they are not going to hide that mic by pushing it in your more...naturally formed body pockets. There is something of a crude irony that you were mostly afraid of going to prison because of the notoriously infamous cases of sexual violence, especially against adorable, weak non-violent-victimless-crime girls like you, but not you are going to have a secret mic showed right in your ass because, apparently, serving your country is better than serving...well, whatever you were going to in jail.

You lick your lips.

Rudy touches your neck softly, and your hair is standing at the ends because you were not ready for someone like him to touch you so...gently. He has the arms of a person who can surely snap your neck like a dry twig, but he softly pushes your clothes down a bit so he can place something on your neck. It feels like...a collar.

Seems like whatever comparison Graves had about you and a stray dog, is truthful.

— We need a place to put the mic, so they won't find it.

Soap grins, his hand is on your hips again. He finds it a really nice placement – he is not touching your ass, so you can't really tell on him being inappropriate, he still can feel your soft flesh and warm skin under those cargos, and if you feel uncomfortable, you can just easily brush it off. Of course, you never did this, so he assumed you liked the attention – or reassurance that a hand of your sergeant on your hip is bringing you.

He leans closer, trapping you between him and Rudy. Licks his lips and smiles when your face scrunches in surprise as you are trying to get away from them. It's adorable, really. He almost feels bad for sending you to the cartel – he tried to vouch for you, take your place, he really did. The main problem was the fact that he doesn't really know Spanish, and also because he is built like a dump truck with muscles and scars that could only trace him to the military. Oh, and, they probably already saw his face – he should have pulled a mask trick like Ghost, maybe that would have worked.

At least he can send you best wishes and hope that at least something will remain of you to send home.

— We can find a few places, eh?

— Please, don't put anything in me. Or my rear, for that matter, I am...not comfortable with doing such deep spy work.

— We're not going to put anything *in* you. We can put a mic on your neck, it shouldn't be noticeable.

— But what if they see it? Maybe we should put that in her ars...

— Please, don't.

— Yer no fun, bonnie.

— They shouldn't see it unless she took off her shirt entirely. And she could say it's a fashion collar, girls wear those, no?

He puts the mic on your throat, firmly keeping it in place. He has rough but soft hands, and you almost want him to touch you for a bit longer, lingering in the feeling of one of your superiors softly squeezing your thighs while the other is borderline massaging your neck with his fingers. You thought that choking was something far too dangerous to perform and never thought that you'd like getting choked by someone during sex – but, fuck, you'd love to see him on top of you, managing your breathing while Soap slowly rails you from behind and...

Rudy is an honorable man who is clearly just trying to help you. Thinking of him in such terms is both immoral and uncalled for.

Soap proposed to put a mic in your ass. Surely, he was joking, but even if this wasn't his intention, you still don't want to think why would he joke about this.

— That's it. Soap, could you check the audio?

Soap already puts on the earphones and eagerly listens to whatever you are mumbling.

— Say somethin', bonnie.

— I don't want to die, please don't send me to a cartel territory, I am just a translator?

— Terrible connection. Try again.

— Please, I don't want to die just because I am an inmate and don't have human rights?

— Must be somethin' with the vires. Rudy, can you hear her?

Rudy frowns, clearly not understanding the thing Scott is trying to pull off here. He thought that they were doing a serious operation – even if he doesn't trust this nearly civilian who wiped on the floor of training area by Alejandro. You are clearly not into whatever they are trying to pull here – and if Soap was a bit smaller, and Ghost was a bit...well, Ghost, he would send them. At least he knows that they know how to hold a gun – with you, he isn't sure if trusting you with a plastic knife would be a good idea.

He checks the wires on Soap's headphones – they are fine, he is supposed to hear you loud and clear. If not, they will be sent in here completely blind and deaf – not a good mix for a cover operation under the name of “We are sending lambs to wild wolves and bet on the survival of lambs”

— Try tellin' me how you appreciate the work of your sergeant. Have a thought that would work.

— I, um...really appreciate the work of my dearest sergeant MacTavish and really hope that he won't send me to the cartel's hideout as a bait?

— Didnae hear the last part, but the first one was alright. We can work with that, aye?

You want to drop dead on the floor and dive deep into the pits of hell. You also want to drag Soap in here – it might sound but harsh, of course, but ultimately, that would be a nicer idea than actually trying to reason with the man. You really, really don't want to go in here – especially without any guns and the only connection to the outside world being the tiny mic on your chest. And if something would go wrong, this thing would bury her.

Is this still better than a jail?

Well, yes. At least no one is trying to hit on you, as far as you know.

Soap would gladly take that adorably scared face of yours and smooch it with kisses and promises to put that pouty lips to good use – but, unfortunately, there is a real possibility that your poor soul would simply die on that mission. And he tries to bring you some positive outlook on things, just so you won't be so moody about having to risk your life for their sake, but he knows how you must feel – scared, disoriented. As a sergeant, he has quite a few people under his command – he would do anything to ensure their safety. He wouldn't know how to handle himself if he'd known that he just sent new recruit to die.

So, he is patting your hips as a token of good luck and hopes that there will be something left of those meaty thighs of yours once you're done.

You didn't die in the first five minutes – already a win.

Ghost watches carefully through the scope as the guard roughly pats you down and makes you kneel in front of them. His clenching jaw at the way the guards are laughing and turning your face from side to side is only secured by the firm material of his mask. God help him, because he doesn't understand why he is so riled up – if anything, he should be apathetic. Should be calm, as always, not thinking about throwing the whole fucking mission off the window because a few of the guards are treating you too roughly and he doesn't want to see the bruises on your face.

They are making you stand on your knees and he wonders how painful it must be – you are wearing a dress, fucking easy access thing that is modest in terms of not jumping too high above your knees, but also conveying that innocent expression. Making you a lamb to the slaughter – and he feels like a butcher. Funny, since he does have the training for it.

Not really funny, because your head is wrapped in a sack and he almost shoots.

Fuck, he needs to jerk off and forget about that face of yours.

Fuck, this isn't really going to help him – and the worst thing is that he knows it.

You are put through not very comfortable conditions – barely holding on as you are dragged through the various hallways and cheering men, you almost fucking sure that they are going to kill you. They were creepy when touched you – various hands roaming over your body, under your dress to, quote, “thoroughly check, no one knows who might have sent you”. The Shadow Company insignia burns in your pocket as you are desperately trying to breathe and listen.

They don't know that you know Spanish – it's your advantage. If you are lucky, they would spill some important information while not knowing what really hit them. If you are unlucky...it was a pleasure serving to the queens-kings-whatever army.

They are pushing you to sit on the chair and you hear someone – a man, you hear, and a woman with a nice, but rather angry voice. They are fighting – you listen and try to understand, but the sack on your head isn't really the best hearing device – you can only hope that they would let you at least see them without a border. The fact that they brought you here, to a sicario no less – you are going up in command levels on the speed of panic.

Woman is screaming – something about gringos and useless fucking servants. They are throwing the sack off your face and she starts screaming about letting you see their faces while they barely know you, and...

If this is the typical example of a criminal woman, then you want to get on the evil side as fast as possible. If she is the one you could have been if only you didn't whimped out and searched for a lesser punishment, then you are smashing your ankle monitor with a rock and start clinging onto the dark side as fast as possible. If...

— It's really simple, gringo. You want to talk to El Sin Nombre?

I want to talk to you, you think.

I want you to told to me so fucking thoroughly and yell at me in Spanish and laugh at me for any traces of accent or rusted pronunciation. You want to bounce on her knee like a good little criminal and tell her all of the secrets Graves and others allowed you to spill – and a bit more for a good measure. You want her to squeeze your neck and find the mic – and then punish you for it by flipping you on your stomach over her knee and...

She smacks your cheek with open hand. It burns.

— Don't fucking ignore me. I ask questions – you answer.

You don't want to get smacked again. At least, you think you don't want to get smacked again. Even though the burning sensation in your tummy grows each time she is looking at you with disdain, really wants to tell otherwise.

— G...got it, ma'am.

Uh-oh.

It slipped – you just look at her and want to call her ma'am, miss or lady – you don't even know her name and even though, there is something deep within your body, telling you to call her mommy. You won't act on it, of course, you are better than this. You want to try and be better than this.

She smirks.

God, this is going to be difficult for so many wrong reasons.

— You wanted to speak with El Sin Nombre. Why?

— I have useful information for him. Please, I...I know it will help.

You are pleading, tears in your eyes – you aren't a really good actress, but every humanitarian student graduates with at least one thing memorized to the brim – the ability to appeal to emotions, cry on command and look like you are literally going to die from learning any more words of Latin, so your professor would take pity on you and round your average score by 0.25.

You are pleading, lips trembling and pouting and you feel like putting on too much of a show – but at least you can concentrate on how to make your emotions more believable and not on how perfect she looks, with a pistol in her hand and constantly threatening to end not just your life, but also one of her servants.

— Liorona knows more than the man I pay for knowing things? Hard to believe, no?

— I know who attacked you.

She called you a crybaby – for some reason, the nickname only makes you hotter. She quickly speaks in Spanish with the second guy he questions – attack on Los Vaqueros, corrupted military. You heard about it because Rudy instructed you on what should you know – but you can also say with confidence that you weren't a part of the enemy forces, because you were literally sitting on the base, talking about Mexican cartoons and watching kinda glitchy TV with other soldiers. You weren't there because Phillip decided that he needed your service in a way that you would spend three hours sitting by the table, translating tremendously long technical documents from him, while he would check you out and brag about his missions.

— But you weren't there. How could you know?

You lick your lips and her eyes dart to the way your saliva is glossing on the soft skin of your mouth. You quickly recompose yourself, hoping that she doesn't suspect you or anything – blowing up your cover when you are already sitting by the right hand of the man itself would be a disastrous waste of resources.

— I...

Okay, you need to imagine that this is your Latin professor – a terrible old man who hated women, men, animals, and everything that moving. Things that were immovable he moved just to hate on them – but even he fell under your charm and eventually gave you an additional 0.1 point credit. If you were able to crush him in your college, lying in front of a dozen people with guns and drugs is nothing. Piece of cake. A walk in the park.

— I'm a lover of Colonel Alejandro Vargas. He was...talking about it. I'm not supposed to tell, of course, I know, but...we all know who really keeps the city under control. Not the army and not Los Vaqueros.

Rudy gave you a quick run-down on what you could say to appeal to the cartel's emotions. He was, of course, telling to reserve to blatant lies and manipulation only in dire circumstances, since all people who worked out of the sight of the law were drastically different, and sometimes your words could only make things worse. Alejandro gave you a ring – nice and clean gold, simple design no idea where he got it, but it looked good enough to pass as a wedding ring – so your all thing about being a run-away lover is a nice play.

Valeria's eyes are widening. You know that her name is Valeria because the second guy is referring to her as such. You also know that she is madly beautiful because you have eyes and is

able to adore someone like her fully.

She grabs your hand, turning it to the side to see the ring on your finger. It fits perfectly, which also raised a lot of questions from you to Alejandro – where he found this ring, how it fits so good on your hand, and is he had it the whole time, just searching for someone right to wear it.

— "¿Esposa?, Cabrón afortunado, ¿donde se supone que encuentro una cosita linda como tú?"

Your eyes widen as you hear her saying this.

She...she called you precious.

Valeria composes herself, still thinking that you can't understand her. Your eyes are glossy and empty enough to convey this feeling, allowing you to not be noticed yet – you just hold onto your guard, not letting it down even for a second. Too scared of her, knowing that you know what she was talking about with her thrills in command, She doesn't feel like a simple pawn in this game – even for a right-hand woman of mysterious criminal, she behaves too confident.

— Didn't know he had a wife. You were his hidden treasure?

— I left. Can't...can't stand it anymore, ma'am. Sorry.

Ah, it seems like you are going to faint very quickly if she would proceed with calling you this. Ah, it seems like you already start to faint because she angrily grabs your hand even more, looking at the ring with a mix of disdain and anger. You want to know what the history with Alejandro is. You also hope that she isn't in love with him – not because you want colonel for yourself, but because the thought of someone like her being with a man is terrifying.

You blush and she takes notice. You blush and your lips tremble and you are crying because it's easy when you imagine having to reapply for your language lessons again in case something bad happens with your degree because of the prison sentence. You just imagine heads of the commissions tearing through your diploma, and now the only feeling you have is fear.

— Pobrecita, cosita patética. Alejandro doesn't even know you're here, yes?

"Poor, pathetic little thing"

You would feel offended, but with the honey of words she is spilling on you, you are no better than the most vicious omnivore.

— He wouldn't...he would never allow me to. But I heard with whom he was conspiring with, with whom...he invited terrible people to Los Almas.

She leans closer, completely ignoring the second guy who was still tied to a chair. You would feel bad for him, but Valeria puts her hands on your shoulders – and makes you go up. It's bulky and clumsy because your hands are tied in front of you and even if you would want to secretly attack her, your slowness won't let you – but she is still holding you on the length of a hand, like a little misbehaving kitten.

— What people did he invite, querido? We saw different patches. Too many fucking patches.

— P...Private Military Contractor. Shadow Company, led by Graves. Phillip Graves.

— I like the sound of that name.

You can smell her perfume – expensive, too expensive for you. Working for a knife must be paying well if she can afford high-end fragrances and not worry about delicate scents mixing with blood. She is leaning even closer, her face just an inch away from yours – if you were a real spy, a genius of combat and godlike martial artist, you would use it for your advantage, You would crawl and bite and hit her with your head like some action-movie girl.

Unfortunately for both of you, being an action girl wasn't a curriculum in your college.

There are, however, multiple books about how a fully-stocked humanitarian college and getting a bachelor's degree in learning different languages and tongue twisters can lead your daughter to twist her tongue with a fellow girl sitting next to her.

Rudy spent too much time engraving the cover story in your mind – the one that you basically forgot except for the fact that you somehow have to play Alejandro's wife.

Ghost spent too much time trying to teach you self-defense against multiple people with guns and much larger and more muscular complexions, despite understanding how pointless this might be.

No one could have guessed that tilting your head a bit and kissing your captor on the lips would win a spy infiltration.

Her lips are full and soft, wet noises coming from the way your tongue is actively licking on her lower lip, sucking and biting, almost drawing tender skin from the surface. You try your best not to look at the men who are clearly enjoying the show – except for the guy who is still tied up to a chair. You try your best to remain calm, collected, to nip on her lips like a hungry animal, a bunny of sorts.

And she deepens the kiss.

Warm lips covering yours, control is lost immediately – she is dominating, strong, her hands are ripping bruises in your shoulders as she tugs your limp body closer to hers, whispering something in your ear. You know Spanish, you know it well, but she is too distracting while talking to you like this, too fucking tempting when she brushes her lips on your earlobe and drags you away, to a separate room. Barks orders to her sergeants or officers or whatever – and pushes you to something that looks like...

Ah.

It's a bedroom.

Before you could say anything or even try to protest, she already pushes you down, soft mattress feels like heaven on your body. You almost got used to the military-issued paper-thin beds that, supposedly, are supposed to train the character, but only trained your raging insomnia. Silk sheets and warm pillows are too tempting not to rub your face on the fabric and murmur excitedly.

Valeria is on top of you, and the scene looks like something from a movie – dim lighting, the way her fingers quickly find your chest and start squeezing the soft flesh, not bothering to even undress you first. Granted, your dress is light enough for her to just enjoy the sensation with little to no struggle from you.

Granted, you are opening your legs and inviting her further, your lips never leaving her mouth and...

— Mierda!

Someone is calling her and she quickly stops kissing you, her fingers find a trail to your mouth – shutting you up, making you lick her hands nice and clean. Like a good little dog, you are, like an obedient fucking criminal.

Suddenly, you feel aware of yourself. Your position, how fucked up you are, how they are probably listening to your moans and...oh shit, they are listening to your soft little begs and her praises, they understood everything, they are going to get you killed, martially courted, put you in jail for not being modest again, they are...

You suck on her fingers while she is barking something in Spanish again. Her other hand is traveling down your chest, rubbing and squeezing, you are meowling softly, your voice muffled by her hand.

She talks to someone – and this someone calls her El Sin Nombre.

She talks to someone – and you hear gunshots. Someone is knocking on the door and she is cursing again, completely withdrawing from you. You almost feel empty, lonely even – but the adrenaline runs too deep in your system to even feel anything but fear. El Sin Nombre pinned you under her body, and she is Valeria, and you were literally kissing her as a form of trying to get the intel out – or just to feel something other than the sadness of an animal that was cornered and is about to get killed.

When she leaves the room and Alejandro enters mere minutes after, pressing you close to his body in something that feels more than just a friendly hug, you are not even trying to resist.

You need a minute to think about this. And, preferably, a gun.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys!

Jokes on me, turns out, I can write in the airport. Special thank you for my dearest translators, LittleInkCloud and niniblackpearl.

Don't trust English boys with far too much free time

Chapter Notes

This chapter contains dub-con touching and lewd thoughts, please proceed with caution.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

— It's not your fault, lassie.

Soap looks at you with concern, that little kindness blossoming in his eyes when he takes your fragile, trembling hands in his and looks you right in the face. Meeting your cold, avoiding gaze with his warm one, it feels like you can really talk to him about anything – it feels like he'd understand no matter what.

He feels like peach ice cream and warm tea and everything good and cozy that there is in the world – like a fluffy blanket that your grandma gifted you all that years ago.

— I know.

You never had a grandma to give you a warm fluffy blanket, and this is exactly what threw you off that non-existent nostalgia wagon.

— Aye, that's...what do you mean you know?

Soap really tried to be a good guy here, but for the looks on your face – you look like you were just forcefully parted with the best bootie call of your life – Alejandro's face – he looked like a disappointed teacher, father and old brother at the same time, look that Johnny often seen at Price's face – and a smug smirk on the lips of El Sin Nombre himself. Herself, to be exact.

— What the fuck you were thinking?!

Alejandro is shouting and you were ready for that reaction, to be honest. They heard everything that happened on the comms, it's totally understandable that they are mad – but Ghost isn't saying anything, Rudy is just glaring in your direction like he is going to murder you in your sleep, and Soap, with all of his white knightism, decided that he was going to save your precious ass from the

horrors of bisexuality with women who are horribly wrong for you.

Valeria is as pretty as always, and you blush every time she looks at you – a mix of curiosity and contempt. She just found out that you were a honeytrap in all means of the world, but she wasn't... angry. She looks at you like it made you only more interesting – and you're not sure what to think.

— I was...I'm sorry, I really am, I was just doing what was asked!

When you are a young woman in your twenties, just out of college and already have quite a few sentences on your back, you are bound to be able to play the victim. You are weak, and fragile in all ways of describing it, and you have a few ways of empathizing that. Crying, shaking and sobbing, scrunching your nose and behaving like a cat who got caught ravaging the fridge again, you are not entirely lying – you really never wanted to do anything malicious. You are just a bit more aware of your behavior than everyone else thought you'd be, and you can use it.

— Do you understand what that fucking scorpio could do to you?!

Alejandri is fuming, sometimes changing his tone to ramble in Spanish, seemingly forgetting that you can also hear and understand him clearly – exactly how he calls that situation between him and Rudy, and what words he is using to describe you. You whimper, eyes are shining with tears as you shake on the chair they provided to you, Soap periodically whipes your face with some weirdly obsessive determination.

— N...no, sir. What she could have done to me?

— Use you like her toy, cabrona. Do you not understand?

You sob, allowing Soap to put reassuring hands on your shoulders, making you look even weaker in everyone's eyes. You aren't the best manipulator in the world, by all means, no – Ghost is not buying anything, for example, and you can see the roots of suspicious in Rudolpho's eyes. But you know that Alejandro is angry enough with Valeria to go past you in case you'd play your cards right – so you make sure to chew on your lips like a fish thrown off on the land.

— I...I'm not...I didn't know it was possible, sir. But I did found El Sin Nombre, no?

— You could get killed or prostituted like some sort of...

— B...but commander graves said retrieve information by any means, sir...

Alejandro is glaring at Graves now – you smack your lips together and sob for a while, making sure that everyone sees how distraught you are, and how even talking to you in this state would make everyone else look like a bunch of assholes who are harassing the innocent girl. It wasn't some deep spy-level shit – you knew that two commanders are already on tense bridge between each others, and if you could replace their anger at you with their emotions towards each other, you could go out unscattered.

At least you hope so.

— Did I...was I not supposed to bring El Sin Nombre? Did I do something wrong, colonel Vargas?

Alejandro looks at you – tears on your face, wet eyes, lashes sticking together in a perfect display of innocence that was almost crushed by Valeria's antics. He wanted to yell at you, to express how much he worried about you getting in danger while almost allowing the cartel boss to use your body – and he doesn't want to think that almost half of his anger came from jealousy. That he was worried about you getting swayed by Valeria and becoming her toy – and that could lead you astray from him. From them. He knew that you weren't along nearly long enough to sparkle deep feelings within them, but he remembers how perfect your body felt under him in a pinning stance, and he would want to do this again, with fewer clothes and more drinks.

— Go to the barracks. We'll discuss your behavior later.

He looks at the way your lips stopped shaking and curled into an innocent smile. He'd love to bruise your lips with his – or spread them around his cock, just get to know if your tongue is as talented in oral sex as it is with different languages. You would look so good on your knees too – he'd given up a lot of money to see how interrogations went, how your quiet little sobs turned into moans as Valeria was touching you.

He needs to get himself under control, and this is why he sends you to the barracks. Hoping that a blazing image of your face could be washed away with time.

You did what every sane person would do after 12 hours of yelling, adrenaline pumping in your veins, and danger awaits at every corner – you decided to go to sleep.

Even an hour-long nap would do wonders on your exhausted body, and the colonel did say that you had to go to barracks – so you did just that, hugging a pillow comfortably, no matter how thin it was, and laid on your stomach like a good, tired girl who just wanted to get a few hours of sleeping.

You were exhausted enough not to notice that female barracks were quite a hike from men's ones – and your sleepy body wasn't going to take you for another 20 minutes of walking through various hallways. You were just sleepy enough to not pay attention to the drowning scent of sweat, male aftershave, and some ocean-themed shower products flying in the air. You are just dumb enough to fall asleep in Ghost's bed, as he, Graves and Soap were sharing a room, and didn't notice.

But they sure did.

Ghost doesn't have many good things in his life. Not not, at least, not with how quickly everything could go to hell. He was allowing himself cigarettes from time to time, never enough to catch a smoker's cough and have a risk of opening his positions to the enemies, he drank from time to time, mostly to drown everything that is still alive in his memories and shit them up, and sometimes he even could sleep. More than a few hours in his shifts, mostly when he was blacking out from bourbon and 48 hours of constant pressure.

He is proud of himself as being completely independent of any carnal pleasures – he rarely jerks off, preferring to simply wait until his cock would soft up, not wanting to deal with whatever post-nut clarity could show him about his sad, sad life, he could survive on expired canned food and minus thirty degrees of cold while searching for a target deep in the mountains – he doesn't need anything. He isn't some fragile college girl who needs nonsense such as 8 hours of sleep, 3 meals per day 2 non-carb snacks, fancy clothes and soft makeup.

So, when he first found you in *his* bed – snoring a bit, cute (he never said that, he never thought about that, it's simply exhaustion after a mission is speaking), hugging *his* pillow, this adorable (again, never said this, he just wants to sleep and god knows, Graves didn't allow him to do it right after the fucking oil rig, he hopes the whole America is going to explode and be a part of Britain again) face is snuggling in *his* scent and...

Ghost never asked for much. His needs consist of at least 2 hours of sleep every two days, one can of whatever food could be eaten cold, and water so he won't get drowsy from dehydration on a mission. Right now, however, his needs added a new thing.

Having a lady sleep in his bed like it's the queen's chambers.

— Fuckin' hell...what are you doin' here?

He knows that he needs to wake you up. He has half a mind just dropping you off the bed or going for the cup of cold water and throwing it to you. He is cold, wet – after a shower because got knows, the ocean water is unforgiving, and the oil rig isn't the cleanest of spaces, especially with bodies being squashed between each other – and tired. You had enough time to sleep between Valeria's interrogation and their mission to retrieve the missile. Even a spoiled brat like you could already have multiple opportunities to sleep.

He can throw you off the bed and make you go back to the women's barracks.

He can drown you in a cup of water and make you go back to the women's barracks.

He can simply yell at you for inappropriate behavior and make you do back to the women's barracks.

You roll to the side, The change of position made the thin blanket fall from your shoulder, and... bloody hell.

You are wearing nothing but a sports bra, and Ghost has to restrict himself from touching your neck and the curve of your shoulders. Your skin is open for him to devour – the straps of your top are falling past your shoulders, you are breathing softly in deep slumber and probably won't even notice if he would be to touch you like this.

He can join you in the bed and hope that eventually, you'll wake up and just leave without embarrassing him further.

He can switch to sleeping on the couch in the relaxation area – one night won't destroy him too much, and he slept in worse conditions.

He can just stand here and look at you for a few hours, without blinking. Eating your features with his eyes and engraving your sleepy face in his mind so every time he'd try to jerk off in the next ten years, he would see your pouted lips and a string of saliva escaping your mouth.

Fuck.

Ghost sits on the edge of the bed – you doesn't even budge. He'd think you are faking it and pretend to be asleep, but your breath is too steady, and your eyelashes don't flutter even when he puts his rough, warm hand on your cheek. Your skin is so fucking soft compared to his – the sensation of his knuckles on your cheekbone is making him go wild. He never suggested masturbating to his fellow soldiers, it would only lead to getting too attached and helpless without them, it would just rip his heart again when they'd die just like everyone else – but he sees how innocent you look and...

Ghost was never the one for domesticity.

Simon Riley looks at an adorable girl sleeping in his bed, and he wants nothing but to join. Put one of his hands under your body, comfortably squished under your waist – and the other would softly go to rest on your stomach, putting you close. He would put his head on top of yours, breathing in the smell of your hair, so contrasting with oil and blood that he reeks of. He would hug you so nicely, make sure not to squeeze you too much or else he knows how easy it would be for him to break your bones.

He has to stop himself from thinking about it because he is already halfway through laying in bed with you. One leg dips in the tough mattress, you aren't even moving – he had to double check that you are breathing and, yes, he had to put his fingers on your lips to see it. Your pout is even softer on his hand than your face, and he...god, if only he was a lesser man, he'd already find a good use for that perfect mouth of yours.

If he was a lesser man, he'd paid attention to his boner and would do something with it. It could be immoral, but Ghost doesn't give a fuck about morals – he deserves at least something nice after almost getting flattened by giant cargo containers and spending too much time in cold waters around the rig. What did you do to sleep so cozy in his bloody bed?

Rage always helped him through his life. Anger at his father, at the motherfucker who killed mom and Tommy – at every asshole in the boot camp who thought that picking on a malnourished rookie from a poor family was a good idea. Anger helps him destroy all positive, soft feelings about you and replace them with lust and carnal needs. You did nothing to deserve getting on his good side, you almost got killed or raped or captured while hunting for El Sin Nombre, and you had a terrible performance on the training grounds. A good translator, but he knows Spanish for goodness sake – they don't need another useless mouth to feed unless Captain thought that they can test your other qualities for the team.

Ghost tries so fucking hard to hate you, to have a reason to simply push you out from his bed or do something immoral and jerk himself off to the beautiful sight of your sleeping face and almost naked body. He looks at your tits, at your face, imagines the curve of your arse under the blanket, and almost wants to simply put it away and do whatever he wants.

You moan in your sleep and readjust your head on the pillow. By god, Ghost doesn't have enough self-control to resist.

— What yer doin' Lt? Thought it's already time for...oh shite.

He likes Johnny, more than he could ever tell anyone. More than a lieutenant supposed to like his sergeant, friend, brother in arms even – and he adores him even more right now because his abrasivnes and loud demeanor allows him to step aside and stop controlling the situation.

— Had fun already?

— She must have accidentally switched beds. Probably.

He speaks under his breath, low grunts escape his lips as they both look at you – hunger, lust, if only you knew how much your teammates wanted to touch your body, you would never made such a silly mistake as to fall asleep in the bed of big bad Ghost. But you don't know anything – you still think of them innocently, like either a people who want to help you with fitting in the team, or someone who at least tolerates you. You sleep soundly, like Golgylocks in her bed – and everything is just right because the smell of Simon's pillow makes you think of home, and the warm blanket around you shields you from any harm.

Not from them, however.

— Accidentally? Steamin' Jesus. Does she knows what she's doin' to us?

Ghost sees Johnny – leers in your innocent, smile playing on his lips as Scot slowly approaches you and put a hand on your hair – he scratches your scalp and you don't even move, not frown or try to change position. You're out like a light, sleeping like a baby, a dead baby in her dead baby cradle with nothing but death that can move you from your place of slumber. Unfortunately for you, many people would consider lieutenant Simon Riley and his sergeant, John MacTavish, are embodiment of grim fucking reapers.

— Probably not.

— Not goin' to wake sleepin' beaty, eh?

Ghost sees Johnny and almost gives him full authority on doing whatever he wants with your soft,

asleep body – you won't even notice, you only murmur something in your dreams as sergeants pats your hair and slowly moves his hand to cup your face. Ghost licks his lips – under a mask, of course, no one could see him in his moment of weakness like this, but his throat suddenly dries up when he looks at your perfectness and no words came out. He feels like he lost all ability to speak again – that his tongue curled into a tight knot and won't ever move again.

You smile when Soap touches your face, and it feels more inappropriate than having a boner while pinning you down in a combat move.

— Aren't ye cute, lassie. Captain knew what he was doin' allowing her to join us.

— She isn't our toy, Johnny. Hold your horses or she'll wake up.

Soap grins – maliciousness in his eyes, and childlike innocence in his smile when he kneels in front of Ghost's bed, his face lingers only a few centimeters away from yours. He licks his lips – and moves even closer, warm breath on your mouth.

Soap knows that he is risking, that this is wrong, immoral, that his lieutenant is watching right now – he also knows that Ghost looks at your arse way more than he should, that Alejandro is forcefully spars with you just so he could feel your hips under his, and Rudy watches you with a close eye every time your uniform is wrong again, just so he could snap your straps back in shape and have a moment of touching your skin without a barrier. Soap also knows that, by god and queen and whatever, they deserve a break. They disarmed a fucking missile, Graves is out speaking with Shepard about their next move, Los Vaqueros are probably drinking or getting a nice rest just like everyone else here – and they deserve something soft and cute waiting for them in their beds. He knows how innocent you are, how easy you playing with their hearts while doing nothing but fluttering your eyelashes and curl your lips in adorable smile. You're pretty and you have to pay for it.

His lips almost touched yours.

— Wh...what?

Your eyes finally flutter and you are half-awake, disoriented eyes darts from one side of the room to other, hands are shaking and trembling at the sight of your superiors looming over you. You're still too sleepy to even talk, you just look at them in surprise and a bit of embarrassed shock as you feel your cheeks heating up. You're not sure why they decided to wake you up, but it must be something important. You still want to sleep though.

Ghost looks at you and his breath stagegrs in his throat. He looks at Soap, who is still mere milimeters away from your lips, and how innocent you look, lips curling into a pout since they wake you up. Simon Riley wants you to open your arms and accept him in your embrace. Ghost... Ghost wants nothing to do with you. At least he tells this to himself long enough to start believe in it.

— Nae, go to sleep, bonnie. Nothin' happened.

You smile, still sleepy and oh, so trusting in your sergeant. Soap thinks – he could do whatever he wants with you right now, with how sweet and placid you are on the bed. He also thinks that he is a good guy, knight in shining armor. He is too tired to have such silly things as morals.

— You sure?

You are yawning softly and Johnny has to fight off the urge to put a finger in your mouth – you are like a cat, tired and adorable, and he feels a sting of jealousy over not having you fall asleep in *his* bed. Ghost's sheets smelled like sweat and blood, he doubts that you like hanging there, no matter how cute you look, face still halfway buried in the pillow.

God, you're tempting.

— Go to sleep.

Ghost is rough, pushes a hand on your head to bury your face even deeper in his pillow. You inhale his scent and smile, glad that he is finally warming up to you. You need this few hours of rest before you'd have to talk to Graves and Alejandro, just an hour or two of normalcy. With gentle touches, you can almost forget about your ankle monitor – how uncomfortable it makes everything, even such trivial things as sleeping or showering, and how much you wanted to just take it off. Phillip would have a field day berating you for behaving like a horny college girl with Valeria – but right now, you can just hug the pillow a bit longer and forget about the cruelty of the world.

— Gettin' soft, Lt?

— Not a chance. Graves goin' to bitch about the mission later, she needs her sleep.

— So you are soft for her.

— I don't want her to screw up again.

— Lassie certainly *screwed* someone up. We find Valeria and misslies, Ghost. What the problem?

— She's too sloppy. Could got killed out 'ere.

— Good thing she has an angel over her shoulder, eh?

Ghost smirks, taking a step back to admire your sleeping features.

— No angels here.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys!

Next chapter is probably going to be a bit late, I'm going to a big anime convention and won't have time to write. Probably die from heat in my wig or so

I'm not the girl I ought to be, but

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

— Didn't know Lasswell would hire a slut.

— Well, sir, I didn't know that British armed forces would work with American mercenaries with a reputation for stealing candies from babies, but I guess we're both disappointed now.

Phillip's eye is twitching and your lips are curled into a soft, innocent smile. He can't be mad at you while that pouty mouth of yours is shaking like this. He can't possibly mean any harm while you are shaking like a leaf in the wind and still maintaining that sweet attitude that drives him crazy – he has no idea how you are doing this without ending up in someone's bedroom, but he guesses that if you are such a good barracks bunny, that would mean the possibility to hopping on from bed to bed without getting fucked down.

It's crazy – he is attracted to a fellow soldier. Not exactly this, of course, you would never be his fellow soldier even if he'd betray everyone and try to massacre a whole city to cover for his mistake. You are a translator, a cute little thing meant for him to ravage and look at your ass every day as you flirt with those other assholes like you aren't trying to slut your way to the better payout.

Graves never had a work ethic problem before, he simply didn't have one, but he looks at the way you look at him, that shaky smile on your lips and eyes that are full of tears already – he doesn't know if you are doing this on purpose or not, but it's fucking working. He is a weak man for falling for you like this but, in his defense, his last long-time girlfriend decided to leave to get milk and get all the dogs with her. It's been three years already, so whatever milk she is buying better be worth it.

— You don't want to get on my bad side, sweetheart. Better take that back before I get really disappointed, yes?

You notice this thing about him – he likes to mock people. He likes to humiliate you, make you feel worthless, and do everything in his power to make you feel powerless, small. Like a dog on a leash that gets kicked in the curb over and over again until her owner is satisfied with the state of her organs getting all mushed up. He leans down to you, smirk playing on his lips – only makes you reinstate the fact that you do not have a fight instinct. Your answer to the questions is always fleeing, freezing maybe, on a bad day, but those legs were made to run away from your problems and Graves is a bunch of them at the same time.

You are scared enough to be mad at him.

And you are scared just enough to not punch him for it.

— Couldn't dream of getting on your bad side, sir. Would be a terrible side to be on, right?

You lick your lips, nervously, that awkward smile is engraved in his brain as he looks at you more and more. You are doing things to him – horrible, terrible things, he doesn't want to experience feelings to you in that way but, oh fuck, doesn't you look just perfect, shaking like this. You're adorable, like that weird small dog species that is always shaking with rage at the world – he can see the hatred in your eyes, but you are containing it, making you only more desirable for him. He

smiles and pushes you to the wall.

You would literally rather die than to be with him for another few minutes.

— Sir, I believe this is...not very professional.

He puts a hand on your shoulder, pinning you to the wall. You want to scream. He wants to devour your screams and kiss your lips until you are shaking, bleeding and answering him like a woman drowning. You aren't sure if you are against it.

— And I believe you have to shut up for a second and listen when adults are talking.

It...it shouldn't have such a strong effect on you, but here you are. Cheeks are heated, your ovaries are getting in shape again, and your knees almost folding for him to catch you like knights in those old romance movies that are loved by grandmothers and really weird teens. He is condescending, he is humiliatingly arrogant, and that cocky smirk of his makes you want to giggle and twirl your hair like he is some loverboy from a very interesting movie franchise.

You are almost okay with him manhandling you to the wall, hands are pinning you very tightly and making you want to scream. You are almost okay with his hand going up to your knee.

— What do you want from me, sir? I'm...not really sure I follow.

— I'm pretty sure that seducing Valeria wasn't in our plan.

— I was not seducing her, sir.

— You folded like a bitch in heat, sweetheart. Makes me wonder what it takes for you to act like this again.

His hand goes up your knee – there is a barrier of cargo pants that you still don't know how to put on correctly, but you still can feel how hot his fingers are against your skin. He is firm in his actions, and has the word no in his vocabulary – you would like to add it, to teach him the importance of accepting the fact that most of the people around him would rather punch him in the face, but...low profile. Keep your head as low as possible if you want to save it till the end of your service, don't attract attention and by the love of the devil, do not provoke people who have power over you.

If he wants to touch your legs and hold you like a princess while whispering in your ear like you're a slut, then you are going to take it. Whatever would mean not getting in jail again – and ruining your life even more.

From the perspective of a cornered animal, Graves is morbidly beautiful.

— I was subtracting information from her, sir.

— I heard the coms. Didn't sound like subtracting, doll. Sounded like two horny sl... Your knee jerks off involuntarily, shrugging his hand for a mere second. Angry expression on his face – brows frowned, jaw clenches, his goes to get the pistol on the holster and you gulp, nervousness reinstating itself again. Here goes keeping a low profile. Here goes not attracting attention and hoping that no one would notice that you are there.

— Are you mad that I was seducing her, sir?

— You were supposed to tell her everything she wanted to know. Not she won't shut up about your

slutty expression when she folded ya.

— I think I was following your orders. If I got...

You gently push your hand on his chest, making him take a step back. It's a dangerous game and you know it.

— If I got your orders correctly, sir. Should I have consulted more with colonel Vargas?

Oh, Graves is even angrier than he was before. Oh, you're in trouble.

— Colonel Vargas and his vaqueros can kiss my ass, doll. I'm the one in charge, and you know it.

— But do I, sir?

Those kinds of smiles should be illegal. Women are devil's spawns and he knows this now – you smile like an angel, walk like an angel, and, just like The King was always saying, is nothing but a devil in disguise, lurking in the shadows to get an honest, hardworking man like him.

Those kinds of smiles should be illegal because he wants to pick you up and carry you straight to his bedroom bridal style, while arranging a quick and easy wedding for you two, with zero chances of parole. He wants to touch you more and more when you are looking at him like a prey in the predator's hideout like you understand that being with him here is inherently bad and horrifyingly wrong for both of you. You know this and you don't care – just smile and tilt your head to the side like a curious bird. He caught you in his nets and wants to do things to you that could be considered crazy. He is sure that you would allow him to.

(You want to disappear)

— You want to challenge my power, sweetheart?

— I just want to do my job, sir. Translating, that is. Not being a spy.

He drags his knee between your legs, catching your closeted cunt to grind on the rough fabric of his pants. You refuse to condemn this depravity, there is nothing you would like more than to simply run away – and you also reel in the attention he gives you. Graves is scary, hot, and powerful – you have the mind of a cornered animal, pretending to be dead while others are approaching you, hoping that no one will notice how violently you shiver in fear.

You don't want to show how attracted you are to him – and you also want him to know this nonetheless. There is something in being an almost unwilling participant in his love when he can touch you and smile as you are shaking in his hold. There is something about receiving his attraction while being pinned to a wall, his hands slowly taking off your upper parts of clothing and...

— Colonel wanted to see you, miss.

Rudy is as quiet as a cat. Slowly stepping in the shadows among the base, looking at you with a mix of disappointment and concern. Your breaths are heavy, clothes are a mess – you never seem to take them on properly, always a loose strap or unfitted bunch of fabric, he always wanted to help you get in your uniform properly, but he sees how Alejandro looks at you and just knows that they would have to share you between them.

He would love to use their shared authority on your sorry, criminal ass that is desperately in need of proper military discipline. You aren't bratty, unfortunately, he would love to bring you back to

your place, but every time he thinks you would lose control and finally say something about how everyone is treating you like their personal plaything, you just play dead and smile like a college sweetheart you are. It intrigues him, it drives him crazy.

Sergeant Parra looks at the way Graves is treating you and wants to hold you softly. Rudy looks at the way Graves is treating you and wants to punish you even more for effortlessly seducing everyone.

— Wh..what?

You go from under Graves body with a bit of struggle because he refuses to let you go so easily. He is almost fuming, knowing that they are trying to steal you from him – he doesn't want to let go of the tasty, fresh rabbit right in his mouth, but he also doesn't know how to keep you with him.

He lets you go with a silent “fuck you” to Rudy.

— Need to talk to you about Valeria.

— I thought you found the missile already. What else do you need from her...or me, in that matter, sir?

Graves interrupts the conversation, not allowing you to have even scraps of agency. You feel anger growing in your stomach, but you try to smile, make sure to look your best while wanting to absolutely obliterate him.

— Yeah, what do you want from her that cannot be discussed with me, sergeant?

— It's a private conversation, commander. I believe we can talk to her without you around, no?

— As her superior, I will not...

— Colonel also has the authority to make her answer. Should we discuss it with Lasswell first?

Lasswell won't be happy about both of them discussing you like less of a person. Like a cute little pet or an official barracks bunny for their whole unit – they both know that discussing parole labor and basic human rights that you should still have, no matter how many crimes you committed. They both understand they getting everyone else to know how they treat you would be a futile battle.

Graves still lets you go because sharing you with others is still better than giving you a right to choose and treat you normally.

— Do me a service and don't break my translator, amigo.

He sneers through gritted teeth and you feel almost humiliated as he pushes you in Rudy's direction, a hand immediately goes to your shoulder so the sergeant won't let you go so easily. He is always calm, always nervously silent as he looks at you with curiosity and suspicion, making light jokes just so he could catch your reaction. You remember his hands on your throat – and you remember how much you wanted him to squeeze it.

You lick your lips and give up internally.

— We are not going to hurt our comrade, commander.

There is an threat underlying – you feel like a child again, parents arguing, screams are shouted and

words that you cannot understand are being thrown at each other. You spend your life learning languages so you would never be in that situation again – not understanding what people around you are talking about, not seeing how they are discussing you, judging you behind your back.

But here you are now, knowing more languages than ever, and they are still talking over you like you are not even there.

Rudy drags you to Alejandro's quarters, looks at how you stumble on your legs like a newborn deer. He helps you not to rush, his hands are holding you firmly in place as you wait for the colonel to show up – your mind is filled with fright and anticipation, his mind is racing with the possibilities of sharing you before the hunt for Hassan is over. He isn't stupid, he knows that good things are only coming in life for a very short time before they would inevitably be over – and so, they need to savor it until it's too late.

— Can I at least ask why colonel wants me here?

— He will talk to you personally.

— But...

— We're not going to hurt you like your commander is.

For some reason, you don't really believe him. For some reason, you kind of want them to hurt you – as a way to validate your feelings, at least.

For some reason, you almost want to protect Graves. You refuse to be a victim of a cruel and angry American, you don't want to be saved by some glorious soldiers simply because they also want to get their dicks in you. It's an unwinnable situation and you know better than to serve the dignity of a man who treats you like a dog, but being someone's beloved pet isn't much better either.

Ah.

Seems like having a choice and basic rights isn't something for you anymore.

Alejandro smiles when he sees you, awkwardly standing on the edge of his office, Rudy pushes you forward, just to close the door behind you two. You'd scream in horror, but something in how relaxed the colonel looks, makes you think that he isn't going to murder you for being a little bit slutty on the battlefield. You did what you were supposed to – get Valeria to open up about her position. You didn't even have sex with her, barely going past the foreplay and being her little chewing toy – but everyone here seems to think of you as the biggest sinners.

— You wanted to speak with me, sir?

Alejandro looks at your shaking figure in his office and has to fight the urge to pin you to his desk and start to tear off your clothes. He isn't sure how those feelings even got to him in the first place – he was content with never being married, content with occasionally sharing his one-night partners with Rudy, or never started one to begin with. The position of colonel doesn't exactly come with a bunch of time for serious relationships and he swore off dating outside of the forces anyway.

Then this fucking translator came in and, suddenly, he believed in a criminal's redemption through sex.

— Yes, cariño.

— About the situation with Valeria, I presume? I assure you, sir, this was strictly professional and I

did what was accustomed to what Commander Graves told me and...

— I appreciate how easy it is for you to shift blame from one commander to another, rookie. You do have a way with words.

The heat of embarrassment is spread on your cheeks evidently, and you almost want terrorists to barge into the room and take you hostage just so you could save your face and don't answer to a man who has clearly figured you out.

— I wasn't trying to shift the blame, sir. I just wanted to let you know that I wasn't doing what I did because I wanted to.

— Not sure that anyone said you have to sleep with that fucking scorpio to get the intel.

— We weren't sleeping. Sir.

There is something infuriating about your smile. Alejandro doesn't have enough patience to deal with it right now, he doesn't have enough time to spend on petty remarks and your witty jokes that are trying to get you out of your miserable situation.

He steps out of his chair, and comes to you – shoulder tense, the jaw clenched, hand goes to cup your face in an almost gentle manner that isn't calming you down even the tiniest bit. Rudy holds your back and makes sure that you won't try to escape. Not like you want to, of course – you are absolutely content with just getting your head blown off because of the betrayal accusation from both of your commanding officers while two others of your teammates couldn't be bothered with anything that doesn't include a piece of your ass.

— I want to trust you, rookie. And I don't like traitors one bit.

— I'm not a traitor. It was a mission, sir.

— There wasn't anything about the mission that would require you...

— You would rather get me killed or raped as a result of a non-combatant getting in the work of special forces?

He stops, mouth open in surprise. You didn't mean to talk to him like this, you understand perfectly how unfair it is for him – he isn't some cruel commander who loves seeing you scared, he tried his best to accommodate you. Unfortunately for his hospitality, you are deadly tired. Of everyone trying to accuse you of trying to betray them or getting too familiar with Valeria you even had a choice on the matter. You tried to survive, and one of the few ways of doing it was seducing her. She was gentle and soft and dominating just enough for you to not feel scared around her – after everything that you've been through already, after the way Graves treated you, you only wanted basic comfort and some gentle touch. You would love to be a plaything of a dangerous person if that would mean getting cared for and always living in comfort.

You are a toy for dangerous people right now and yet, the only comfort you have is Rudy's hands on your back as you shake, trying your best to not burst in angry, quiet tears at every accusation being thrown at you. They have the right to suspect you – and you have a right to be fucking exhausted.

Alejandro looks at you – brave little rodent, a mouse, or a rat maybe. Nothing but fluff and teeth, tiny scratches on his back that you would surely leave after a passionate night between you, him and Rudy. He looks at the tears in your eyes and slowly leans closer, lips finally falling on yours.

Your lashes flutter in shock, and the consequences of your actions do not respond to the thing you

did. You expected them to get angry with you, to yell at you, to do everything in their power to make your life on the base as miserable as it could be. But Rudy slowly pats your back and leans even closer to hug you from behind, moving right after his colonel to leave a trail of soft little kisses on your neck. Stealing your breaths and leaving his marks, leaving you shivering and shocked at their actions.

Your motto is to never attract attention, always fly under the radar, and hope to get out of the service as soon as possible. Being kissed by two of your superior operators while getting scolded for almost sleeping with an enemy didn't go under any of the categories.

You still answer the kiss because Alejandro holds you close and you need to be close to someone right now. He rubs the tears off your cheeks and smiles at how heated your face is, how embarrassed you are from just a bit of affection from them. He knew that doing this was a good idea to shut up that smart mouth of yours – he just didn't know that you'd like him doing this so much.

You lick your lips and they finally let go of you, allowing you to catch your breath and establish a certain distance between the two of you, a few steps away from their bodies.

— Sorry, cariño. Valeria is a disgrace to the army and if you were to betray us for her...

— I don't want to go back to prison, sir. You don't have to worry about me being this stupid.

Alejandro wants your loyalty not just on the basis of not going back to jail. He wants you to like them just as they adore you, not just answer their affection because you are tired and want to be left alone. He wants you to actively seek their attention and bath in their loving gazes because he can feel how perfect you are between them, and how you are making him almost forget about the rule of not fucking your colleagues. He can't even look at you like his colleague, you are a bit more than a regular civilian and a lot less than a soldier – how could he not treat you like some exotic, mysterious, and delicate creature that should only be treated as a beloved pet?

You would love to be treated like a person but, seemingly, this isn't what they want from you.

— Good to know where your loyalty lies, rookie.

He smiles and you take another step back, trying to collect your thoughts. Rudy gently holds your waist, again, and you lean to the safety of his touch.

You want to say something before the door gets busted and Soap, heavy breathes and anger in his usually cheerful and calm expression, starts to talk, too quickly for you to catch the meaning in the first few instances.

— Hassan crossed the border. We're disharged from the hunt.

You flinch when Alejandro raises his voice, frustration is evident as he questions of how the fuck he was even allowed to cross the border if Shadow Company promised to take care of every little hole from every possible escape route from the country. If Graves was bragging about his forces being enough to take over the whole country. If the general promised full help and authority to do whatever they could while searching. If...

You take another step back, looking at them. Not understanding anything and your head is almost blowing up from too much information in one day, while your lips are still swollen from kisses and your core is still aching for some sort of stimulation. You are frustrated, sexually and psychologically, and you want someone to throw you to the wall or a bed – and you can't handle it

right now. You hope that they would just let you go out of the room.

— Where you're goin', lassie?

Soap stops you, a suspicion still evident in his eyes. They look at you like a criminal, a traitor, Johnny promised that this wasn't your fault while Valeria was falling for you, but here he is – anger and betrayal in his eyes that cuts deeper than any knife. You don't want anything to do with this, but he holds your hand and demands answers that you can't give to him.

— Back to jail, I presume?

— Nae, ye dinnae goin' anywhere until we're done.

— I think the general has already finished the whole operation, just like you said. Sir.

Soap scoffs. Something is ringing in his comms and he presses a button, not even listening to whatever was going on, too frustrated with the situation. He knows that he can trust you, he has an excellent ability to read people like open books – and he can spot betrayal from a mile away. He knows that you won't betray him. That Graves won't betray him. And Shepard might be a tough bastard, but he won't bleed them just to cover for his arse.

— General would have to answer what the fuck he is doing. You're sure dinnae know anything about it?

— I would love to talk to a general and say everything I think of him to his face, sir. Unfortunately, we're both know that he won't listen to us.

— Mum dinnae raised me a bastard, but I'd love to tell him to...

— Mine did, sir. And I would also love to tell him to go and fuck himself.

The comms on Soap's shoulder is ringing again. Gruff, angry voice of Shepard, that was listening to the conversation the whole time ever since Johnny turned the connection on, finally can be heard.

Yes, you definitely going back to jail.

— Love to hear that Lasswell's charity project has failed, private.

In the next few hours, you'd find out that the traitor was general itself. But it would be only after your whole soul would get a reminder of the fear of god.

Chapter End Notes

Hi guys! Sorry that the chapter is late, I was at anime festival and was getting my genshin cosplayer ass dragged by call of duty cosplayer. Worst experience in my life, 10/10 would do it again

Now I know how Joan of Arc felt

Chapter Notes

Hey! This chapter will contain light mentions of torture and intense interrogations. Please, proceed with caution.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

— Normal procedure would be to connect two electric rods to your testicles and put the electricity on before those Geneva pussies would start whining about war crimes and mercy for the interrogated enemies. But it appears you don't have testicles, so...

— Good thing I left mine at home, commander.

One day you could be softly touched by your lieutenant and pretend to be asleep while he is contemplating whether to jerk off on your sleeping face or keep his dignity intact, and then you could be tied up to a chair in a dimly lit room and interrogated by your whole team because blaming the only woman in the squad, who is also conveniently doing parol labor with her tongue as a criminal with an ankle monitor on her pretty leg.

You'd laugh at the irony, but you are pretty sure that they are going to press the iron to your face and use your hair to light their cigarettes, so nothing is funny anymore.

— Just answer what you were doing prior to Hassan escaping. We don't want to accuse you of anything, mi amor.

— Pretty sure we were...together at this time, sir.

Ah, how the tables have turned. Alejandro was kissing your lips and playing with the softness of your flesh like his favorite plush toy just a few hours ago, and now he is all sad and angry and betrayed like you were doing nothing besides literally just standing next to him and pretending to be a walking house plant when Soap brought the news.

Hassan has escaped the border, and Shepard is blaming you because of fucking course he is, you just told him to go fuck himself while being pretty sure that the man was suffering through erectile dysfunction ever since Srebrenica(the thing made him look at non-American people as humans and he was pretty darn mad about it).

Shepard is blaming you and everyone believed him because you have known them for two weeks

max and the only thing you were good for is either using your tongue for Spanish, which was useless besides Graves' paranoia, or for kisses – and neither Soap, Graves or Ghost got one, so they are less biased towards letting your pretty head stay on your shoulders.

Maybe the fact that you were hiding your sentence better than a teenage girl would her vape, didn't help either.

— I'm innocent.

You're not, but not like you're lying at that either. They just don't need to know that spending your whole life learning languages won't especially help you in getting laid. But let them think that you actually have done nothing and let your wrists breathe.

— No use in trying to lie to us. Just answer truthfully.

You still remember Rudy's lips on your neck. You wonder if he would even feel anything while slicing your throat, feeling the body trembling under his knife. You remember Valeria in that position, but she wasn't tied up – you wonder if they just wanted a chance to see you helplessly bonded by ropes or really deemed you dangerous enough to deserve such treatment.

— Shepard knew it was an awful fucking idea. We are not a rehab for criminals.

Graves is as charming as always – you wonder if he is angry because you didn't spy on everyone else like he wanted you to, or because you never gave him that goodnight kiss that he certainly craved. He looks at you with anger that is mixed with hunger and, by god, you feel like a stick of ham on the bone while bonded by those robes like weird bondage porn you watched while miserable and lonely.

— I'm a criminal only by modern standards.

— And what your political leanings are?

— Whichever side abolishing parol labor is nice enough.

Soap chuckles, and Graves sends him a dangerous glance. If looks could kill, then Scotsman wouldn't be dead for sure, but he would be severely fucked in the ass by both of his superiors. He is sympathetic towards you, and you want to believe that it could lead to them forgiving you for a crime that you never committed – you aren't a rat, as much as you like little snacks and falling asleep in weird corners of the base. You want to believe that their sympathy for you is enough to make them less inclined to fucking murder you, but one look at steel in Ghost's eyes and cold winter in Phillip's gaze makes you know that it's worthless.

Martial law is very simple – traitors die. Not put back in prison, not given the chance to call their lawyer, and not having a really nice and strong lesbian who is willing to pull some strings to get them out of the cell.

And here you really started to believe that something nice could be blooming between you and them. But, in the end, you know the team too little, and they know each other too much – and they need someone to blame for letting Hassan escape. Not like Shepard could be at fault, right?

— We don't have a whole day, doll. Spit it out.

Graves doesn't want to see you like this. He, of course, was fantasizing a lot about tying you up and doing whatever he wanted with that irresistible fucking body of yours, but he didn't want you to actually turn out a traitor. He wanted to trust you – not like a person, but like a tool. Tool with great legs and nice tits, that won't ask too much questions and won't have human rights to whine about while he is slowly motioning your head to suck him off.

He doesn't really believe you could be a traitor – he kept his eyes on your ass, both figuratively and literally, you never done anything to make him suspicious. Then again, you did have a motive – he was a dick, full-heartedly, and there were some points in your time here where you could begin to slowly plot against them. For example, that time when you almost fucked a cartel's leader and got super defensive about it. Valeria is hot, dangerous, and rich – a nice college girl like you couldn't stand a chance against her charm. Phillip barely did, and he also saw how Soap was oogling their little captive while she played big mommy and tried to bargain about the missile's whereabouts.

He doesn't want you to be a traitor, but there is a possibility – and he would love to make you talk without prying open your jaw and starting to remove your teeth one by one. It would make oral sex easier, of course, but Graves preferred his girls nice and consenting.

— I don't know what you want to hear from me. I have no idea what happened! And if I did, I would tell you immediately. Which I...I mean, fuck. I'm not a traitor, sir.

You're a terrible liar, but Soap looks at your begging eyes and wants to tie you to the chair even tighter, so they all could have an opportunity to make you plead even more. He sees tears in your eyes – and, fuck, he forgot how soft some people can be. How gentle and fragile, how sometimes you would have to slowly navigate your experience with them, so poor things won't get too sensitive and crying under him. He looks at you and doesn't want to shoot – it's like killing a fucking puppy, just not right in any circumstances. Even if you were a rabid dog chewing on his leg, Johnny would rather let you finish his hips.

— Bloody hell, bonnie. What ye were doin' while not translating for us?

— I was sleeping, probably.

— No one to vouch for ye, aye?

— You...you can check my ankle monitor! I wasn't leaving the base, so how could I help him?

Alejandro steps out but doesn't touch you yet. You miss his touch – miss anything soft and gentle, that wasn't pushing you to a chair and putting a pair of handcuffs on you, that is.

— Few ways. You could send him what we were doing, for example.

— You can check my phone, colonel.

— ...or you could distract us to give him time for boarding.

Rudy looks the most betrayed of them all – suspicious in his eyes, quiet rage that reminds you of the time when he could squeeze your throat and make you beg for an ounce of oxygen in your lungs, but he had chosen to help you with your mic instead. Now, you don't think he'd be as soft with you. Now, you see the fire in his eyes – a burning desire to either avenge his sense of dignity, since you were supposedly seducing and deceiving them.

He nods slightly, and Alejandro puts a hand on your shoulder – they are acting in unison, in perfect harmony. Makes you want to cry because they are so fucking perfect together, and you almost had them being perfect for you – but, of course, there is a barrier in the form of your monitor, and a row as deep as your sentence.

It was foolish, to think that their affection can last long enough with someone like you. Really, really fucking foolish.

— Lasswell trusted you, cariño.

— I know.

— We trusted you.

— You still can, sir. All of you.

He stops, looking at you. Ghost is somewhere in the back, not even looking at you – protecting the entrance, waiting for your terrorist friends to arrive and try to kill everyone. You would love to have at least some sort of friends, could be great – especially after literally everyone turned away from you at that trial. You think – maybe, if they knew what you were in for, they would understand why you are so secretive. You think – if they really wanted to trust you, they wouldn't lash at the first opportunity to put all the blame on you.

They are not hitting you, yet. It's a small form of comfort, that they are not using physical torture. Not even a bit of waterboarding, all of your nails and teeth are still intact, and even punches that Alejandro and Phillip threw in frustration, were not directed at you – just at the walls and furniture around you. You want to think that they still care for you, at least in some weird, twisted way – you know that you do not belong here, but lying to yourself feels nice.

Soap looks at you with sympathy and you return the gaze, your eyes pleading. He turned away.

— We can't.

Alejandro squeezes your shoulder, and this is the biggest contact he had with you for the whole duration of this conversation.

— We can't waste time here. We need to move out.

Ghost emerged from the shadows, You never felt safe in the first place, but his presence made you

feel even less fine. Almost enough to make you accept your guilt for something you did. Almost enough to make you beg for mercy even though you hope they won't just kill you right here.

— We don't even know where Hassan is. Could be already in the fucking Moscow, drinking beer with our northern friends.

Oh, how much you would pay to simply know where he is hiding. Maybe, if you were actually useful in your translations, you would be able to read through his secret conversations and find whatever Al Qatala was doing. Then, again, not like they allowed you to take the intel that wasn't written in English – no matter how many times you were talking about speaking Arabic. A circus pet, only allowed to tell them what they already knew – maybe, your main use was being a little pillow for hugs and kisses. Maybe, if you only behaved a bit more slutty and less professional, they would have some regrets about breaking your pretty neck and putting your head on their trophy stake.

— Lasswell is searching through her channels.

— Would be faster to break our birdie here, no?

Tears dwell in your eyes. You feel weak. Pathetic. Fragile.

You cry, maybe for the first time after your sentence. Weep like you never did, even when Lasswell saved you from prison and allowed you a place in the team where you won't feel left out. Promised that you were useful, that your extensive knowledge of the language would help a lot of people – that if you would be hardworking and patient, you would earn your freedom in no time – just a few missions, boot camp where everyone knew you were a criminal, but allowed you to learn how to shoot regardless. Maybe a year or two in special forces, and they would even allow you to work after your parole.

You feel betrayed even though you kind of expected it.

Ghost glances over you.

He can read people – better than some people may think. He is, as some recruits are stating, a “Stuck-up emotional wreck”, yes. He also was able to read his father's emotions since he was 5 and got him for the first time because Pa got angry for not throwing away beer bottles that he was collecting under the bed. You don't survive as long as he did without understanding, and reading

other people. Simon Ryley might be not very good at reading women and actually have very little experience with them, but Lieutenant Ghost can tell whether a person is lying or not.

You are either extremely good at lying – not something you would expect from a person who did get caught and sentenced to life in prison, or aren't lying at all.

Ghost knows better than to trust anyone, but he sees the desperation in your eyes and knows that Graves is overreacting. You might be the kind of person who accidentally leaks important documents, but surely not the kind of person who would deliberately sell them to the enemy.

He also knows that they don't have time to either prove you guilty or innocent. The best thing he can offer you is waiting – and he hopes that you will do just that.

— We don't have time for her.

You think – oh, they are going to kill me.

You think – oh, it was nice while it lasted.

You think...

— Wait for Lasswell's intel.

Soap turns to face you again – there is guilt in his eyes. You lick your lips and want to beg him to save you. Like a knight on his mighty white horse. Like someone who really cares about you, and not just wants to get some sort of distraction from military life.

— What about her, Lt?

— She'll wait, too.

The only mercy Ghost can give you is time. He just hopes that he is right – and you are at least some sort of innocent.

He just hoped that he would stop fucking hoping after this.

Graves scoffs, trying to resist – but to no avail. He is smarter than wasting time on some girl while they have a bigger fish escaping their net, and he knows it. They are leaving you here, untying you even, allowing you to stand from the chair. Rudy's hands are almost going to rub your wrists in a comfortable motion, something that is reserved for lovers after rough sex with ropes and blindfolds, but he stops. Looks at the handcuffs at your wrists and leaves them here – pushing you further to the wall, so you won't try to run away. Like you even had a chance to fight five giant men in full gear, on a base full of soldiers who would not hesitate to shoot you even if you somehow were able to escape.

You stay here, waiting. Maybe for a bullet in your head. Maybe for some miracle to save you.

The miracle came at night.

Or, at least, you think it was night. It might be morning, just like in those stories about the funny bearded guy who walked on water and then turned it into wine only to get eaten by his followers. It can also be the most dreadful hour for everything that is breathing – a time period from 3 pm and up to the evening, when you can't do anything but stare at the ceiling. But you can't even do this because they put a bag on your head and moved you – somewhere.

You could hear the movement of a vehicle. A chopper or a plane, makes you wonder what the fuck was happening. Your ears are going to explode from the pressure, and you almost experience a panic attack – you can't breathe, can't move, can't feel anything but dread in each of your cells. If the plane crashed, one would even care enough to find your body?

The miracle came at night.

Or, at least, Soap came.

You can't see him, but you hear him – little grunts, angry whispers as he tosses you from the floor when you, presumably, landed. He is raging, you can feel it – heavy breathing, hands rough on your body as he pushes you to the nearest walls and leaves you here.

You hear a sound of clothes torn off and...oh.

— What are you doing, sergeant?

Soap would love to know himself what he is doing – he has torn your jacket from your body, not ready to see the emblem of SAS on the shoulder of someone like you. He did it in a impulse, something angry and rotten inside of him telling to punish you, somehow. For being so damn alluring, for lying to them. For being mysterious and snarky and always calling him either “sir” or “sergeant” like he is the most important person in the room.

Johnny is attracted to you – and he wants to pry this fact from his head. Tore it apart just like he did with your upper clothing, only to reveal your perfect fucking skin and perfect fucking neck and shoulders and everything else that is fucking perfect in his body. That makes him feel conflicted, perverted – is it normal, to be attracted to your enemy? He was thinking of you as an angel, innocent little thing. Someone he could trust and push his emotions onto you – and yet, you are a liar. Were and always is.

— Shut yer bloody purse, bonnie.

Yet, he still can't help himself. Yet, he still wants to touch you. Yet...

He pushes the bag from your head. Your hair is tossed and damp on your head, eyes are still watery – thin lines of tears on your cheeks are breaking his heart. It's not right, how could Graves be so sure about your betrayal, how could Shepard even know, how could someone like Hassan or that fucking snake, Valeria, even be able to recruit someone as sweet as you – as fragile.

Soap looks at you and physically cannot see a soldier.

Good thing that you aren't one.

— You...you realize I'm not a traitor, right?

He wants to choke you.

— Shut up.

— Please. We both know I was...I was framed. Or it was a mistake. I wouldn't betray you for them.

Johnny chuckles – dry, angry laugh coming from his chest. He pushes you to a wall and you start to question your life because hey, why the fuck everyone are so inclined to just push you around and press you against the wall like you are in romantic anime about schoolgirls or in the really old web novel.

— Would ye betray us for someone else then?

You lick your lips, the lack of water makes you dizzy. You'd ask for it – or food, or permission to lay down and at least go to the shower because sweat and heat of the cramped rooms and moving vehicles are making you gross. Filthy. You remember the last time you was feeling like this – just as cramped cell with other inmates, on your wait for the lawyer to arrive. He never did, fucking bastard – but Kate came.

Now you don't think of it like a good thing.

— Of course not. Sir.

Your voice is dry, and Soap notices this. He fights the urge to grab your neck and kiss you here and there. He fights the urge to grab your neck and choke you until submission – so he could push you on your knees and give you something else to busy your mouth with.

God, he is a creep.

God, you would look good.

— Ye don't even tell us why ye were in jail. Think we'd trust ye over Shepard?

Oh.

Well, when you think about it from that angle...

— I...I can't tell you.

His voice hoarse.

— Why? Killed yer ex?

It's almost a joke, and you smile – small bit of comfort. Soap is softer, even when he tries not to be.

You think – there isn't much left of you, now. If they are going to kill you regardless of what you can say, you might as well make them hesitate. Only for a second, made them think of you as a human being.

— Not just him.

Soap finally started to listen. Good – you don't think you'd be able to lie so perfectly without his full attention. And you're a terrible liar regardless.

— I...I found him. With his ex.

— Fuckin' hell. Killed both?

Soap finally started to look you in the face and you turn away. Not having the power to look in the eyes of a man who trusted others about you so blindly. You can't blame him – you would also blame yourself in his place.

— Double homicide with a passion. Never got the scissors out of his...you must understand, sir. How much years it added me.

He laughs – actually.

Not just dry chuckle, not some half-hearted smirk at your expense. He laughs and smiles and punches his knees in something that sounds more like a hysteria than a genuine laugh. You smile also – just looking at his shining face makes your face heated. You...you might feel something.

You don't want to like someone who is going to kill you, but you stare at the pistol in his hands and almost beg him to shoot.

— Yer lying, aye?

You smile – sad, little one. Stare at the barrel of his handgun and can only beg him to be quick. To not do anything with your body, as much as he could.

— I'm sorry.

He lifts his hands – you don't look. There is something about meeting your death with honor, but you are a proud rat who clings to the last chances and tosses your dignity into the trash at the slightest chance of survival. You lost your ability to look people in the eyes a long time ago – so you smile and wait for the loud bang.

You hear someone at the door.

You...

— Hey, love.

Gaz has a voice of a man who would listen to your ramblings about horrible chocolate muffins at the local cafeteria, only to bring you a pack of those dreadful things – and you would eat it regardless because he looks at you so soft, so sweet, you simply can't do anything but accept.

Gaz has a voice of a man who gives great hugs and would squeeze your arse in the middle of not-very-heated cuddle session, immediately turning your on.

Gaz has a voice that you haven't heard for weeks but still remember, even if your conversation only lasted for 10, maybe fifteen minutes.

— What yer doin, Gaz?

— Lasswell informed us. *We* didn't have a rat. Shepard did.

— So our bonnie 'ere...

— Hope she won't stop fancying us after this.

They are speaking about something – other PMC, elite units, too many people coming to this god-forsaken country of whatever, you didn't hear it right, to help them find Hassan. To help in the war which clearly didn't had anything to do with UK or USA but you are joining regardless because why the hell not. Something about mercenary pricks that Lasswell found, with a reputation even worse than Shadow Company. Something about your skills at Slavic languages.

Something about working on their side, like they didn't just interrogated and almost fucking killed you because they thought you were a spy.

Gaz smiles, and you feel your legs weaken. Not because of his smile, of course not, you are a professional woman who would not fall for a pretty coworker just because he as a nice smile. Of course not.

You just wish that Soap would just shoot you first. Would be easier than working again.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will have a special guest.

And I'm sure I've seen much hotter men, but I really can't remember when

Chapter Notes

Hey guys!

Please don't be alarmed of German sentences. Text in italics, right under it, is a direct translation of those phrases.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

— We don't have intel on Cordovia. A different PMC is going to take charge of the mission.

— More mercs? Fuckin hell...no offense, mate.

— Non-taken, sergeant. Not a fan of the situation myself, but if Shepard decided to pull a shitty ex and disappear, we won't have official military support anymore.

— Lasswell said she found us someone.

— KorTac.

Soap's face frowns in surprise. He heard this name somewhere – maybe on the news, maybe in the intel preparing for the mission. There is never good news connected to PMC, but Cordovia is a shithole of russian “peacekeepers” and the UN's most useless recruits, boiled down to the local terrorists and drug smuggles in other parts of Eastern Europe. World's capital of crack and visa marriages.

Graves doesn't look pleased – and adorable little you, face a bit smeared in the yogurt you were eating because Gaz seemingly decided that the path to a woman's heart goes through sweet little snacks you give her. You don't look half bad for someone who got suspected of being a spy just a few days ago. And Johnny would fucking love to take that yogurt from your face with his tongue. Maybe paint you with something else, for a change.

— What are those fuckers doin' here?

— Country is a gold mine for hired mercs. UN is fine with deploying PMCs as long as their precious asses aren't getting shot.

— Going to get crowded with us, eh?

— Luckily, we have an interpreter on our hands. With us, sweetheart?

You make sure to look him in the eyes as you slowly, deliberately lick the excess yogurt off the spoon. The tongue goes up, the tongue goes down, Graves is feeling a slight shift in his pants as he now has to cover himself with the nearest table and remember that you are a fucking minx, a terrible person, and a wanted criminal. You stare at him, like a misbehaving teenager who was asked to do stuff for her family, and you are not fucking impressed with any of them.

Makes him feel bad for not shooting you when he had the opportunity.

You lick the spoon clean and put the little plastic tray to the side. Good girl who is sorting her

garbage and always in search of plastic disposal trash cans even though the nearest one to their current base is three kilometers and you are not allowed to leave the base for more than 10 centimeters away.

— Not sure that my knowledge would help us speak with mercenaries, sir. Can barely understand what you are saying, I missed my PMC dialect classes for drugs and parties.

You're a fucking minx, a sly fox for their lazy hounds, and Graves can feel how irresistible you grow with each day. Being a little shit is good for you – you have that perfect innocent smile and desire to help with your tongue and mouth like your little head isn't plotting revenge against all of them for believing that you were a traitor.

God, he adores the way you nibble on your lower lip and lick the sweet substance.

God, he wants to shoot you himself. Looking at MacTavish on your left side, and the way he isn't even hiding his gaze lingering on your yogurt-stained cheek, he wants to do the same.

— Funny, hun.

— Thank you, sir. Proud to serve your country.

Graves smirks and leans closer to you. The situation is awful, Hassan is out here, somewhere, and Shepard burned everyone by running away and allowing fucking Slavic mercs to get their heads. He doesn't have time to amuse himself with his interpreter's antics, even if you are adorable and funny and sweet and he almost killed you and would love to finish the job.

— Lasswell got us in contact with the leader of their operations in Cordovia.

— We're getting transferred?

— We're guests in this country. KorTac was here for months.

— Chain of command?

— If any of those fuckers would try to take charge from us, we're opening fire.

They both laugh and you think how your life became sitting in the back of a truck and eating yogurt while your colleagues are behaving like sports teams in their biggest game of the year. You would love to expect them to stay the fuck away from this country and let you go after they almost killed you one time but, well, you need that chance of redemption that they are showing in your face.

— Their commander – Graves proceeds, and everyone in the room starts to listen again. Ghost has returned, a gloomy presence somewhere in the back, while Alejandro and Rudy had to stay in Mexico to finish the business with the cartel – they promised to return as soon as possible, but you doubt they would help much in here.

— Their commander is called König.

— German, eh?

— Yes. No. He is...Austrian, as far as intel is aware. Same fuckin' thing.

You decide to intrude because you are out of yogurt and don't have anything to busy your mouth with anymore.

— Actually, there is a difference, sir. They are kinda of from different countries.

— But you know German?

— Of course.

— That's what I want to hear. Guy is a colonel, so...

— Do they have colonels in PMC?

— They sure as hell have commanders, since he is one. Served in German special forces, then transferred to the Austrian military and...

— Is he a colonel in the army or a commander in PMC, sir?

— Yes.

You're not sure if it's something in the water they are giving to you, but you feel incredibly stupid. Everyone around you acts like they fucking knew the guy for all their lives while you don't even know if is he German, Austrian, or, just maybe, has a Swiss heritage and mixing all three accents which kinda makes your job way harder than it needs to be.

But – you can be calm and collected. Just don't think about a guy who is half-colonel, half-commander, and full-time bastard. Probably. Maybe he is a sweetheart, even though you don't think it's possible for someone in the PMC of KorTac's level. You never heard about the guys, but something tells you that if Graves is speaking of them like they are on his level, they have a bit to say for themselves.

— Our sweetheart here would work on the communication with both locals and KorTac contractors. Do you know Cordovian?

— No, it's actually...

— Why did Lasswell recommend yer arse then, hen?

Soap gets into the conversation, a hand on your cheek to help you wipe away the yogurt. You immediately feel embarrassed – caught like a freshman in university, while all of your superiors are laughing at your lack of common knowledge. You bite your tongue to refrain from sharky remarks and feel your cheeks getting up under his finger. You would love to simply bite his hand off – but you just shook his hand, not giving him the pleasure of making you embarrassed.

— I don't know Cordovian because this is not a language. It is a dialect, a mix of russian, Ukrainian, and English, lots of words that are getting mixed and improvised. You have to know the Slavic group to understand their tongues.

— Yer from around here?

— I have a right not to disclose this information, Sergeant.

Soap grins and leans back, allowing you to have your comfort in not talking about your life with them.

— But you know the language, right?

Graves is back at questioning you. You wonder if making you feel small gets his dick hard.

— Yes, sir. I would be able to communicate with locals. And with KorTac as well, even though I have doubts that no one from an international military company would know English.

— Well, the guy is a secretive bastard. Doesn't have a name, age, or even a face for the docs. No known languages except for German.

— Why does it sound so familiar, sir?

You look at Ghost, and he is not looking away.

KorTac is an international paramilitary organization with the fame of being the general baby kickers, wife stealers, and dog killers. If you have money, they have men to take this money and turn it into an uprising in a small country, dealing with terrorists in European states or becoming said terrorists if you are willing to pay double. They don't ask questions, don't talk to journalists, and have both the resources, manpower, and connections to operate in a country as shitty-holed and war-torn as Cordovia.

You are asking yourself why the hell these guys want help from you – Shadow Company is by no means a small group, they are very successful in the field of licking General Shepard's ass, but it feels like those guys can catch Hassan by themselves without problem.

Then, again, you think – if Graves made you spy on your literal comrades with a common goal, it wouldn't be surprising that he won't trust mercenaries with the national security problem. Maybe, this is why you are currently under the gaze of at least three snipers, ten gun barrels, and an SUV with enough weapons to turn you into Swiss cheese. Three times in a row.

— Alright, honey, just emerge from the car and say why are we here. Slowly.

Graves pat you on the shoulder and you want to cling to the side of the car as much as you possibly fucking can. There is no way you are getting out of this car and talk to those...people. Soap is pushes his gun further into his hand, Gaz is out here, with his Captain – never seen the guy, but he had a funny bucket hat and you wonder why the fact you are out here, in the air where anyone can shoot you in a second, while all of the hardened soldiers are staying inside the car. Then you remember.

Yeah, prison labor is actually kinda super mega extra replacable.

(The news doesn't make you want to die, not at all)

— Do I need to speak German or russian, commander?

— It's their leader. Speak German.

— Are you sure this is...

Soap smiles, putting another hand on your shoulder. You are so not going to make this, it's actually kind of insane.

— It's alright, hen. Go out and be charmin', eh?

— Please, remember my face after I die because of this, Sergeant.

You go out of the vehicle, hands in the air. There are a group of people standing in front of you,

riffles are following each step that you take. A tall man with a South Korean badge, and some Americans, all hiding their faces and looking at you like an enemy. Again, you kind of are – Lasswell said she was talking to KorTac executives to get them working with SAS, but it's all a very fragile union, and it can easily crumble with one wrong translation.

— Ich muss mit dem Kommandant sprechen. Wir kommen vom Stützpunkt Führer, Lasswell, CIA.

You asked to speak with their commander. Whoever this “König” guy is, you hope he is reasonable enough not to shoot on sight. You are suffering through jetlag of crossing the fucking oceans again and again, The roads to Cordovia are terrible and the borders are flimsy enough that you feel like smuggling heroin and adding a few new crimes to your sentence.

Korean guy turns to his fellow soldiers – they all shook shoulders, seemingly not understanding what the fuck is going on. It's okay, you don't understand either – then he murmurs something in his comms and you can't quite catch it because he has a mask and stands far enough for you not to hear the whispers. You hope he is asking for König.

König, König, König.

You roll this codename on your tongue – it means “King” in German, and you want to know what sort of guy got himself such a cool little nickname. He might be either really good at his job – and cool enough not to get himself something silly, like Soap, or very arrogant. Well, he has a right to be arrogant, if he is the fucking colonel.

Or a commander.

Well, at least you know that he is Austrian.

Or German.

Or...

Someone is coming from the SUV. Your gaze slowly goes from the shoes – the first instinct is to look at the man's legs, for some reason. Maybe you are subconsciously looking for another person with an ankle monitor, sort of a soulmate. Your eyes are slowly emerging from his shoes to his legs and then up, and up, and up, and...

You're sure that you have passed the normal person's height a few ups ago.

— Wer seid ihr und was wollt ihr hier?

He is asking normal questions, that's...that's quite nice actually. He is tall as hell, broad as hell, and has a...mask? Hood? Piece of fabric thrown over his face to conceal his identity? You can see his eyes, smeared with black paint, very similar to Ghost – so you look at him and try your best to appear as innocent and small as possible. It's not hard, considering that the guy is fucking huge and twice as big as you.

— Ich bin ein... Dolmetscher, angehörig der Britischen SAS. Wir sind hier für eine Joint Operation zwischen den USA und dem Vereinigten Königreich um einen gefährlichen Terroristen zurück zu holen, der sich in Cordovia versteckt.

“I am a translator, associated with British SAS. We are here on a joint mission between the USA and the UK to retrieve a dangerous terrorist who is hiding in Cordovia.”

— Wen genau sucht ihr?

“Who is the man you are searching for?”

— Major Hassan Zyani, Mitglied der Al-Qatala.

“Major Hassan Zyani, member of Al-Qatala.”

— Und wer sind die in den Fahrzeugen?

“Who is in the vehicles?”

— Unteroffizier John MacTavish und Lieutenant Simon Riley, beide von der SAS. Oberstleutnant Phillip Graves, Shadow Company.

“Sergeant John MacTavish and Lieutenant Simon Riley, all from British SAS. Commander Phillip Graves from Shadow Company.”

You thanking god that the others – Gaz and Captain – are going to come in a bit later after the road is clear and they finished the business with possible missiles in the nearest bordering countries. Would be a pain in the ass to try and communicate between three commanders at the same time – Graves and König would be enough already.

Guy looks surprised. He speaks into his comms – again, you can’t catch a thing, but they seem to be less tense once you tell them who you are. He gestures for you to come closer, and you understand even more clearly just how big he is.

— Wir haben die Nachricht von Miss Lasswell erhalten. Aber wir müssen ihre Ausweise sehen um sicherzustellen, dass ihr die seid, für die ihr euch ausgibt.

“We got the message from miss Lasswell. But we need to look through your identifications to make sure you are who you say you are.”

— Natürlich, colonel.

Soap’s head emerges from the vehicle, whispering in your ear. Well, whispering is a very broad term, because he is almost fucking shouting in your ear, like you can’t communicate with them ourselves.

“What the hell he is talkin’ about, hen?”

“Just show them our documents. You, sergeant, don’t really have to worry, you’re not the one with a prison sentence here”

“Hate those German arseholes already”

— Alles gut bei euch?

“Is everything alright?”

König’s voice is younger than you thought he would be. You were expecting a man well in his fifties, but he sounds almost...boyish. The voice is making you want to twirl your hair and giggle in your hand, and you don’t really like it.

— Ja, Commander. Sergeant MacTavish wollte Ihnen seine Grüße für Ihre außergewöhnliche Professionalität ausrichten.

“Yes, commander. Sergeant MacTavish wanted to send his regards for your exceptional professionalism.”

The procedure of showing documents is easy – soldiers are glancing at the Ghost and his lack of any papers that would confirm the fact he is not dead, and at your lack of anything that would back up your innocence, but at least it’s quick. You look at this beast of a commander in front of you, at the size of his hands – just like your head – and how easily he holds the rifle in his hands, and, suddenly, you want to be a riffle.

“Tell those fuckers to be faster. I need my boys in the barracks by dinner, we’re not wasting time on border regulations”

You understand why everyone is on edge – it’s not easy, to go through multiple different timezones and waste time while Hassan is out there, somewhere, plotting his next move with joint forces of their enemies. You understand why Phillip is so fucking angry, having to deal with the bullshit of another mercenary group and lack of confirmation from Shepard. Ghost is silent and you thank all the gods for it, but Soap compensates it by also being so bloody irritated. Perhaps, combining multiple forces of too many people from different organizations isn’t a good idea. Perhaps, making you their diplomat, translator and the only sane person, wasn’t the best idea. Perhaps, serving your life sentence in prison would be much better.

— Commander Graves würde gerne einen Vorschlag machen, um den Prozess zu beschleunigen, bitte. Ich bin mir sicher, Sie wissen bereits wer wir sind.

“Commander Graves would like to make a suggestion about speeding up the process, please. I’m sure you already know who we are.”

He goes through your document – or lack thereof. Stares at the little red lining on the papers that came with you, like a toy description – please, keep this vile, dangerous criminal as far away from fragile people and easily flammable government files as possible. Batteries are not included, but she can be fed with dog food and stale water. König frowns and, for a second, you feel like he is going to shoot you right here, like in Westerns. Do Germans ever appear in those movies? Do Austrians?

— Du bist ein Krimineller?

“You’re a criminal?”

— Ich büße meine Strafe, ja. Dolmetschen ist die Bewährungsarbeit, die ich gewählt habe.

“I’m serving my sentence, yes. Translating is the form of parol labor that I have chosen.”

— Hmm. Nicht im Militär?

“Hm. Not in the military?”

“Bonnie, can’t you tell him to shut his purse? We’re on the open road, russians can come any minute”

— Ich habe die Grundausbildung durchgelaufen Sir. Und bitte, Sergeant MacTavish fragt höflich, ob wir fortfahren können, bevor die feindlichen Truppen uns bemerken.

“I got through boot camp, sir. And, please, Sergeant MacTavish politely ask whether we can

proceed before the enemy troops would notice us.”

— Stützpunkt ist ca. 10km entfernt. Wir können dort fortfahren.

“Base is 10 clicks away. We can proceed here.”

“Ask him if we’re moving to UN base or KorTac’s assholes”

— Commander Graves fragt nach dem Stützpunkt, in der wir uns aufenthalten werden.

"Commander Graves would like to inquire about the base we're staying at."

König nods – through all the conversation, he didn’t get his eyes away from you. You feel almost honored and most definitely uncomfortable.

— Auf unserem Stützpunkt, Frau.

"On our base, miss"

It went...better than you thought it would go. Of course, you are still fucking terrified of being in the presence of mercs who look even scarier than people from Shadow company – at least those people were firmly loyal to Graves and he is a known devil. Those guys look...wilder. You saw a couple of women, which made you more relaxed, and they also housed some of the biggest guys you had ever seen – so nig, in fact, that you were not sure how they were going to even fit into the usual uniform.

Take their commander, for example.

He appears more jittery up close – towering over you, with one hand taping on the side of his gun while the other was firmly holding your papers in place. He gave back all the documents he was reading – except for yours. In fact, he kept them secure throughout the whole ride to the base, which A) Made you uncomfortable and B) Made you extremely uncomfortable.

Is he going to judge you? Is he going to say that your German is terrible even though you are pretty confident in your abilities and being bad in the only thing you sacrificed your life for will kill you? He seems scary. He seems violent, like that one special breed of dogs that loves to eat little babies and, oh boy, don’t you feel like a fat toddler right now.

He is definitely going to fucking kill you.

— Can’t believe we’re working with KorTac now. Whatever we can for the mission, eh, bonnie?

— It is certainly better than working in blind, sir.

— Wouldn’t have to if that bloody bastard didn’t run away.

You can feel the blame being put on your shoulders, and you refuse to pile it up. You’re already smaller than all of your teammates, you won’t let them pin you to the ground with the weight of responsibilities that were never yours to begin with.

— Maybe, this country isn’t half bad, sir. Isn’t it a chance to be a hero, protecting innocent citizens?

Soap chuckles, relaxing a bit. This is good – you are no psychologist, thank god, your degree is useless enough already – but you want your officers to be as relaxed as possible because the present

already proved that them being tense and on the edge would make them believe that you were a traitor and holding you on the gunpoint. You hate to appear so sweet and submissive, it might give them horrible, terrible ideas about you being okay with their advances, but you need to ease them up.

So, you smile.

So, you twirl your hair and chirp like a little bird, sitting next to Ghost because, honestly, between everyone, a giant 6'4 man with a skull mask seems to be the safest option. He doesn't say anything, but he stops manspreading so fucking obnoxiously, and you're fine with that.

Ghost stares at you, how you are munching your lip in frustration, at the way your mouth is moving, as dig your nails into your soft palms each time you had to listen through his comrades speaking, and he wants to laugh – sincerely, without a moment to take his breath. You are adorably frustrated, your smile wouldn't even fool a blind person, you look like a wet cat who got tossed around and put into the wet dirt of Cordovia – and you're still as professional as can be. He was staring at König, KorTac colonel – tower of a man, even taller than him. Maybe not stronger, Simon is a resilient bastard, but their resemblance is astonishing. Almost makes him want to spar with him right here and there.

Ghost saw how bastard looked at you.

And he won't fucking let him have it.

— Is everything alright, Lieutenant? You were awfully quiet the whole ride.

You smile like it doesn't make you want to kill yourself, just speaking to people who almost shot you just a couple of days ago. You smile, fed up with yogurt and their bullshit, and he fights the desire to put a hand on your head and just...pat you. Like a cat, or a dog, or something else fluffy – he never had a pet, not counting the snake his dad used to scare him. He never had a fluffy companion and here he is, staring at you like you can be one.

Ghost shakes his head, not in the mood to have a boner because of a pretty girl speaking to him so sweetly.

— I'm alright, private. Focus on the task.

— I must say, sir, if the main communication between two units would be coming through me...I don't think it's a viable idea. Are you sure they don't speak English?

— They are.

Oh.

Oh.

Your head goes up, as you climb to the roof of the SUV again. You look round – a quiet village road, something that you would see in any Eastern European or Balkan country. Birds, cows, occasional goats, and a full absence of something resembling a road, so you are essentially moving through fields of mud and wet grass. Fucking perfect.

You are moving and they are moving in front of you, multiple cars – not so much, you doubt that they would give you a full escort, too dangerous for this – so you have to shout in order for them to hear you.

— You speak English?!

A loud, boyish, somewhat a bit crazed voice with a thick Austrian accent comes from one of the cars. König laughs. You don't think that your humiliation was funny, but...

— Yes!

— Why wouldn't you speak with me in English then?!

— Your German was good enough not to, Frau.

Soap laughs, and you subconsciously want to kick him. You don't, because he is still your superior, and you are still a convict, so you just go inside the car. Sitting next to Ghost, hoping that colonel-commander-whatever would just forget about this little stunt and won't laugh at you too much.

König sits in the car, next to Horangi, and thinks.

“Have to make sure her room on base would be close to mine”

Chapter End Notes

I wanted to make one(1) joke and I had to fight my bf to translate German for me. I hope you enjoyed it, please leave comments because I swear to god, König is going to be unhinged.

The best movie of all, a masterpiece of art called "Human Centipede"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

— Honestly, sir, this base isn't half bad. They even have a predetermined movie set!

You think you would be a good kindergarten teacher. You're nice with kids, you're patient enough, and you know many languages so multi-cultural communication won't be a problem. You also always try to make the best out of the situation – even when the situation is that you're strained in an unknown country in the middle of nowhere, with dangerous mercenaries all around you and in a group of people that mostly hate your guts and trying to kill you. Maybe not hating necessarily, but certainly okay with killing.

Gaz scrunches his nose at the movie collection you two have found in the recreational area.

— For serial killers, maybe.

He gruffs and puffs and gets one of the cassettes – it's not even a CD disk, someone deliberately used the analog player to transfer all the newer movies to a set of tapes and used them on a really old, run-down cassette deck.

— Come on, Sergeant, it's not that bad! This is a glorious vintage piece of old equipment, and we should all adore and appreciate the rich history of...

He passes the big, rusty player to you, and you sneeze from the dust emerging. You can see how quickly Gaz hid his smile from your gaze, not wanting you to feel uncomfortable – and he was also quite adorable for doing that. You read the name of the company on the lower part of the player, transgressing through a mismatch of critics and numbers.

— "Proudly made by the Union of Workers for the glory of communism and the victory of Soviet technology over American imperialism in..." oh, 1973 actually, it's truly vintage.

He snorts as you pass him the recorder, still not amused by the possibility of only entertainment in this base being this thing. And it's not even like you won't have time for entertainment anyway – the hunt for Hassan would take a lot of time, and there are a lot of other reasons why your group will be here. Unfortunately, this would also mean socializing with locals, and this is...well, maybe not the preferable method.

— Think they nicked the player from locals?

— I don't think anyone would be too bothered to steal something like this, sir. It was probably there from the time KorTac moved in.

— Wonder if all the tapes will be in russian. You would translate for me, right, love?

Gaz brushes a hint of dust from your cheek and suddenly, you feel a bit too heated and bothered to look at him right now. You try your best to look as calm as possible as you bend over and start to look over the tapes, and he places a calming hand on the small of your back, supporting your body. It feels warm – and you hate feeling it, liking it, Gaz is nothing but soft with you, and after almost being at gunpoint, it feels...good. Too good. Dangerous, better not get used to people treating you like a person.

— This is my job, sir. So, yes, how would I deprive my superior of the joy of...

You start rummaging through the tapes, trying to find something to distract from the feeling of his warm hands supporting your back.

— Original trilogy of human centipede...

— What?

His hands quickly get away from your body to take the tape out of your hands as if it can start biting you.

— Well...I mean, it's an experimental independent movie from Europe, so I can see how the tape got to Cordovia. Honestly, the analog format even makes it more...

— Wait a minute, love. Isn't it the movie about a bloke who stitches people arse to mouth?

— This is a very...insightful interpretation of the source material. Yes, you're absolutely right.

He quickly pushes the tapes away from you, protecting you, somehow. It's cute – you smile, but he doesn't return the gesture and you are suddenly really aware of how weird you must look, actually smiling at the mention of a human fucking centipede.

— Do they have something that *isn't* murder porn?

— Well, technically, Human Centipede is a cautionary tale and not murder porn, but...oh, they have...um, "The Poughkeepsie Tapes"...original version. On a tape.

— What's this? A documentary?

— You could this, sir.

He tries to take the tape away from your hands, but you keep it firm. Yes, there is definitely something wrong with this base, and also with people who decide to collect all of this stuff. You lick your lips in a poor attempt to ground yourself in reality and show the tape away from prying eyes – your Sargant is too sweet and definitely isn't equipped to watch murder porn in the great Sunday evening at the recreational area after performing several hours of murder porn on the battlefield.

— Fucking hell. Where did you find out about this shite?

You lick your lips again because military-issued chapstick literally burned off the top skin layer of your mouth and now the moisture is needed to simply continue talking. Gaz leans closer to you, a hand on your waist – fingers playing with the side of your uniform, you are always trying your best to look professional, but one mere look of disappointment on their faces each time you go out in the uniform is enough to let you know you're doing something wrong.

— It's classified, sir.

— For real?

— Of course. You can request this information from Lady Lasswell or Captain Price, but I am in no position to talk about this information.

Your smile is shaking. Gaz doesn't know what the fuck is wrong with you, and he remembers the saint rule of never showing his dick in crazy, but he looks at you and can't resist answering your smile with his. You're adorable, cute, pretty, every nice word in the book and he doesn't know what you did to get in here, but he is glad you killed that person or stole those documents or kicked that puppy – whatever you did to be their personal translator as a punishment.

You stood here, rummaging through shelves with various tapes while talking about some fucking weird movies and murder porn that someone collected here, and, to be honest, Kyle doesn't understand half of what you are saying. Some words are recognizable – he is the closest to you in age, one of the youngest team members, he has to be on the same vibe with you, but most of your speech goes unrecognizable. Still, just listening to the melody of your voice is enough.

He doesn't like working with people here, Shadows are mostly fine, although reserved and ruthless, but KorTac is a different breed entirely. Not just dogs with bones, something sinister almost – he overhears their conversation and, of, he didn't join the army because he had a bleeding heart for helping his country achieve greatness – just needed something to support mum and his sisters while the economy continued to turn to shit, but even he had at least some principles. And those guys had nothing.

Knowing how much they get paid for essentially strangling a whole fucking country also didn't help. Made him think about career change, almost.

— Fuck, love. Full of secrets, eh?

— Couldn't have in any other way, sir. Now...do you wish to watch all three movies of Human Centipede or this snuff movie I found on the further shelf that is titled "Who's knocking on the door, definitely not Armless Katya"?

He takes a bit long to choose because these are all such great options and he just can't decide between only one of them. Why not throw a movie party? Why not invite General Shepard?

— What are you doing here?

Unfortunately for him, he didn't get to decide – before he actually got to speak, the colonel himself decided to crash the party. His giant, looming presence didn't help ease up the atmosphere, so he retracted quickly, tugging on your sleeve so you would get the memo and run beside him, not engaging in speaking with anyone else. Even more unfortunately for you, the memo went right

over your silly empty head. It's like his voice is too deep for you to hear, and you didn't got anything besides the sudden urge to reproduce.

— You see, while we can see the certain indie charm in the snuff movie I just got from the shelf that also contained some mystery liquid containers and a pack of definitely-not-crime-evidence, we should also understand that Human Centipede is a classic and if choosing between those two options, we should...

— Love, why don't you stop talkin' for a bit?

— What do you mean, sir? Ah, you don't like either of the options? Well, our choices here are slightly limited, but we can try and find something less...bloody. Like Saw! I'm sure I've seen some tapes here, let me just...

You are so painfully unaware of your surroundings, that it makes him wonder if you would survive the prison. Your arse certainly wouldn't.

— Love, cut it out. Let's go and see what Soap is doing, eh?

You don't understand why he is suddenly so jumpy and nervous. Does he not like the movies you choose? It's understandable, of course, but you're playing your own little game here – if you seem just crazy enough, they would probably leave you alone for the night Gaz is a sweetheart and generally kind person, but sometimes a girl needs a TV all for herself for just one evening. This girl is you and you want just one evening without people around – you literally got out of prison to save your personal boundaries and have some space around you, not the other way around.

— Sir, I really don't understand where you are heading and...

Gaz never understood horror movies before – characters are always too dumb to live and, quite frankly, he just couldn't understand why would anyone behave like they are in the movies. Not he looks in your eyes, shining and bright, no thought in that perfect fucking head of yours – and suddenly, it all became clear. Didn't also help that König had a musk straight out of some low-budget horror movie. And Kyle has half a mind of just leaving you here – not because he is afraid of the merc commander, of course not, his Austrian cunt can go fuck itself, but he just doesn't want to interact with him today. The guy is a creep and probably eats puppies for dinner.

— Good evening, Colonel.

Gaz greets him through gritted teeth because you won't point your attention to the problem any other way, and he needs you to acknowledge the literal elephant in the room. You turn around to see König and the look on your face is almost worth speaking to a hooded creep. You look fascinating – blinking too many times per second, shocked utterly and completely, like an animal caught in a bear trap. God, you wouldn't survive in prison – you can barely live where on the base.

— Good evening, Sergeant.

König's gaze darts to your hands, still holding a bunch of tapes. He doesn't even remember about it – something they got passed down from the previous owners of this three-story story mansion-turned-into-makeshift-base because the history of the building allowed them to avoid conflicts with locals. He isn't a movie guy much, and he remembers Hutch just showing the box into the furthest corner of the recreational area so no one would stumble across it. Apparently, until you.

— What are...

— We're just leaving. C'mon, love, let's go.

Gaz grabs you by your hand firmer as a dog owner with his brat pup would. Like you can't be trusted with having agency. This is true, of course, your freedom of will essentially led you to being in prison in the first place, but you still want to make your own decisions. Even if this would be literally the dumbest thing you could think about.

— Ah, it's alright, sir. You can visit Sergeant MacTavish without me, I believe you won't need a translator for this.

— And if he'd start speaking Scottish?

— You may ask the lieutenant to get him in shape, sir. I believe he has an installed translator via British suprematism.

Your smile is as plastic as it can get and if you want to get thrown to the wolves and eaten alive, who is Gaz to stop you. He lets go of your sleeve, leaving the room to find something less creepy to witness.

So, you stay here, in the secluded “rest and relaxation” room without anything but old TV, a bunch of creepy videotapes, and a gut who takes almost half of the room just to accommodate for his gigantic fucking height. Are you scared? Of course you are, everything you heard about Colonel König is essentially a horror story about his accomplishments on the battlefield and how fierce and ruthless he is, never sparing even a second glance at his victims.

He looks awfully awkward in the tiny room.

You chuckle, looking at the wolf crumped in a sheep’s dwelling. A terrible analogy, you know it, but you just spend almost half an hour trying to convince Gaz that you’re a lunatic who is obsessed with weird horror movies and just loves watching people suffer, so you could be left alone. You think you saw a copy of “Legally Blonde” on a tape – which, again, you have no idea who was spending time recording these movies on tapes and labeling them correctly, but if everything goes alright, you’d be able to get a whole evening for yourself, before the hunt for enemies would start.

— Ah, colonel! Good evening, sir. Haven’t...haven’t seen you here.

How could you not notice someone like him? König knows he is big, that scary, looming presence over everyone which makes him into the monster he is now. Definitely not the commander material, but if higher-ups wanted him to yell at the new recruits and spend too much time on useless paperwork, he would love to receive his extended paycheck. He looks at you – much smaller than him, just like any person of normal human complexion would. You’re cute, adorable even, holding a tape with some weird movie like it’s a rom-com.

— What are you doing here?

He doesn’t enjoy all the snooping around – even if done by an adorable translator with a face that makes him want to simply pinch your cheeks and haul you to his bedroom over his shoulder like some trophy. He might have a few ideas about how he can use the “recreational” part of this area, which would include a close meeting between you and his couch.

Ah, shit.

It’s not like he is perverted for any adorable girl in the army – you’re simply the first specimen who is tender and fragile enough to catch his attention. His therapist may call it predatory behavior and reinstallation of harmful stereotypes about women, but he was never attracted to more...soldier types. And you are definitely not a soldier.

— Ah, I was just...going through the movie collection. Something for the evening, while everyone is busy.

Your smile is shaking, just like your hands, still holding the tape with that disgusting movie. He doesn't enjoy the fact you were going through an area that belongs to KorTac – sharing the base with SAS and other PMCs is terrible enough, he can feel his skin crawl at the thought of having to rule over even more people than before and who won't be his trusted comrades. He may, however, forgive you just for the sake of you being so fucking adorable, clinging to the chair like he is going to take you away while you're not vigilant enough. He will, of course, but your worries are still adorable.

He stares at you, cold eyes prying in your soul and you already picture the writings on your tombstone. Is he going to murder you for the unforgivable crime of entering the area for resting officers while not belonging to them? Is he going to bash your head on the chair and blame collateral damage? Captain Price still isn't here, dealing with some problems on the Cordovian border, and you essentially sent Gaz away to annoy Soap, which leaves you with exactly zero friends here.

Under his cold gaze, you almost wish for Graves to come and save you.

— Do you like those movies?

Here is your chance to come clean and say that you were just trying to be edgy because you want to be left alone for at least one day without having to deal with people talking to you. Something in the way his fingers twitch anxiously every time you look at them makes you think he'd understand your feelings.

This is also your chance to spook him away from ever thinking about you in a romantic way. You don't think he is attracted to you anyway, but better be safe than sorry.

— I enjoy the deep themes of watching them, yes. How far can science go and where to draw the line are themes that deeply resonate with me.

He huffs, taking a step forward. Head tilted to the side, he looks like a curious cat who decided to poke around and watch what you are doing. Your smile attracts him – he likes seeing pretty girls smile to him and not run away or bully him into non-existence.

You lick your lips, and he has to fight the urge to lean even deeper.

— I would say a line should be drawn before sewing people together.

Almost a joke – never a funny guy, always the weird bullied one, but he wants to make you smile. And you chuckle, a hand goes to tuck a strand of hair behind your ear – he would scold you for having an improper hairstyle, without tons of gel dumped over to set your hair into an unmovable fortress, but he decides not to. If he would say something about discipline, he'd have Roze tucking her hair into formal braids, and he doesn't want her to kill him in his sleep. God knows she can.

— You think so, colonel?

The way you pronounce his rank almost makes him like it. If he had known a couple of months ago that this rank not only would bring him anxiety and too much paperwork, but also a cute girl speaking to him in such an honorable way, he'd kill even more people to get a promotion as fast as possible.

— Ja. And German scientist is too...

— Stereotypical? I think I know how it must feel.

— He doesn't even have a proper accent.

— Well, it doesn't deprive us of the main themes of the movie.

König never watched the movie – he read the description once, after listening to some recruits using it as a test of character.

You never watched the movie – but you have read enough to use it as an easy way of telling guys down. No one would fuck a girl who has this movie as her favorite.

You both are trying to convince each other that you're some assperts on the subject.

— And you like it.

He is almost shocked – and intrigued. He was interested ever since you stepped out of that vehicle and started talking in German, surprisingly good even for an army translator. It was a welcome gesture, albeit an unnecessary one. He wanted to tell you how much he appreciated it – but he also knew the words “Court martialled”, “Sexual harassment in the workplace” and “Abuse of power”, so he remained silent. On the other hand, however, maybe there is a way to show you that he is less cold than he leads on.

— Well, of course, sir, as I was saying. Do you know who collected everything?

Conor did, he wanted to say. Guy has a weird fascination with analog equipment and always carries a bunch of different tapes on his person, with things varying from movies and up to bootleg music recordings and weddings of people who had no connection with Irishman himself. He brought this here – something about “bloody amazin” movies he got from the CD here, on a makeshift marketplace in the city center, and used to record for the tapes.

— I did, actually.

His Mother would wash his tongue with soap and break his ass for being a dirty liar. Thank god, she isn't with him anymore. Lying to impress a girl was on the list of things he had done before, in school, and regretted deeply – it only fueled his bullying. But you seem cute, interesting, and fucking adorable, and if you like those weird movies, he will try to get closer, even by lying.

— Oh.

Yeah, you need to run away. Your lie to make yourself sound edgier and more dangerous, so people won't go near you, actually backfired. König does seem like a guy who enjoys watching that kind of stuff – he literally wears a damned slasher mask and you can very easily imagine him in some horror flick about a group of teenagers dying because they decided to go through a territory of some depraved veteran.

— Do you want to watch it?

It can almost be a movie date but in a very professional workplace setting. He just so happens to not have any reports to come back to, and he wants an opportunity to excuse himself from socializing with Phillip Graves and any of the new soldiers on the base.

You don't want to back down at this point, but actually watching it sounds gross. Admitting that you didn't actually like it and were just playing with him to get him out of the room and allowing you to watch some normal movies in peace would produce even more gross consequences.

— You don't have work, sir?

— Not now.

— Oh.

He likes how soft you sound – makes him want to just pick you up into his hands. Instead, he takes the tape from your hands and inserts it into the player, turning the old TV on. He gives you a couple of minutes to decide if you can produce a good enough excuse of why you can't watch it right now and you actually have a pet fish that needs your assistance right now, but you can't come up with anything – your brain is panicking and can only think of commercial jingles.

You sit on the chair, noticing that there aren't a lot of other places to sit in the area. There is a couch, but it's rather far from the TV. You wonder what those mercs were doing here if the only room with TV was so uncomfortable to sit in. You wonder if they have another area to relax, something much bigger, and the kind American woman with fabulous hair just decided to fuck with you and redirected you to a supply closet or something.

— I don't think that watching it here would be of much comfort, sir.

— I'll try something.

König's head turns to look at you again – how kind of you, how considerate. The first person to have a movie date with, and you are already so worried about his comfort. He smiles under his hood, his anxiety easing up a little. He hates social situations, he would probably have excused himself a while ago if it weren't for your kind, soft nature, the sincerity of your actions and that stubbornness inside of him, telling him to never back away from a challenge and show soldiers from different organizations their weaknesses, makes him sit right beside you.

On the floor next to the chair.

Like an obedient old dog, already too weak to learn new tricks. If he'd turn his head a bit to the side, he would touch your knee. If he would just turn around, he could bury his head between your legs and...

He had to shift his legs a bit so his erection wouldn't be seen. God, he is pathetic – just got his rank, first of the first, youngest colonel in history, and he behaves like a teenage boy at the prospect of watching a movie with a cute girl.

— You sure you're comfortable with this?

König thinks – god, you're adorable. Kind and considerate, he doesn't understand how someone like you could do something awful to become a criminal and have to work in the military to earn forgiveness for your misdeeds. Was your crime being too cute?

You think – god, break already. You silently beg him to not go through with watching this movie together, but you're caught in the net of your lies and now have to suffer through consequences.

He sits beside you, back pressed against the chair – and you understand even more just how big he is. Giant of a man, obviously, but even while sitting, he is simply enormous. His head almost blocks your view of the screen, but you don't say anything because it's actually good and you don't want to look at it anyway. He would be at the perfect height to ruffle his hair periodically, like a dog, but he wears this weird hood and then a helmet – you can only get your knees up, sitting comfortably in the chair. Hoping that thunder would strike and turn off all the electricity.

— Sir?

— Ja, Liebe Frau?

You feel your cheeks heat. Maybe he forgot that you speak German too, but the term endearment, albeit a formal one, makes you feel all warm and fuzzy on the inside.

— My commander would probably...I don't think he would quite appreciate our display of peace between two factions. I think I need to go before he would know.

König chuckles, sending another bunch of lightning bolts right to your lower tummy, already soaking your panties and making you afraid of him being able to smell your arousal, even though

you know it's not possible.

— I'd love to see him try.

Well, you tried. Officially, and when Graves would storm in the room speaking about another case of your sheer disgrace in the glorious American military, you would have an answer – a crazy Austrian colonel was holding you hostage and made you watch Human Centipede with him.

When you eventually fell asleep right in the chair and woke up in your bed, but tucked with a blanket over you that definitely wasn't yours – the smell of male cologne was too strong to mistake it for something that was given to you, you would barely remember what the movie was even about. You faintly remember someone picking you up and holding you close, hands stroking your legs and waist as you were softly placed in the room you had – a tiny one, of course, but it wasn't in the barracks part, so you were thankful at least for this.

You faintly remember someone cursing in German and going through your closet – you couldn't give a fuck about anyone looking through your stuff, but you remember being held softly and it almost made you cry in your delirious, half-asleep state. No one you knew was so gentle. You didn't want this someone to let you go, the stress of almost being deemed a traitor and killed made you cling to his hands like a little kid, clawing your way into an embrace. You remember this someone sheepishly took a hand between your legs, softly unbuckling your pants and helping you get out of them. You think you remember how disappointed you were when the mysterious person just left you here, half-naked, a blanket draped over you - a blanket that didn't even belong to you.

And when you woke up to see that some of your stuff had gone missing – you couldn't find your brush, for example, only having your spare one, and one of your less nice bras was kindly taken away by someone, you couldn't even care. You probably misplaced it.

Maybe, next time you will watch the second movie.

Chapter End Notes

I imagine Konig who got his rank exceptionally early, like 32-33 years old, because he is good in the battlefield and actually a decent leader with army school training, when recruits don't make him want to kill, but he has No Fucking Idea what to do with it.

I think I need someone older

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

— Here you go, sir. Translation from russian to English and Spanish. I also decided to do a translation to Kazakh, so...

— Why would we need translation for Kazakh?

— I got bored, captain.

Captain Price looks like a bear. Or that one adorable Australian animal that can't even protect itself because it's too damn friendly with everyone. You don't think that the angry Brit is a friendly and adorable fluffy creature – but you also can't really control your smile when he looks at you with something that you can only explain as fatherly love. Or, maybe, you just have daddy issues.

— A busy one, eh?

His hand goes to pat your shoulder and you flinch involuntarily. Fatherly affection isn't something you expect from your military experience, and he frowns at how defensive you are. The hand still squeezes your arm and then retracts.

— I'm trying my best, captain.

— Arse kissing won't go far in here, love. But I like your work ethic.

There is a pile of translated papers in his hands – russian documents, right from the intel officers. They have their own translators, of course. It's not a very obsolete and hard language to crack, but you can understand why would 141 need their own trained puppy to do this. You spend a good portion of your day going through all the intel files and trying to make sense of the weird code they were using – something that was probably too old even for WW2.

Price is...handsome. For a man who certainly has quite a lot of bad habits. You saw the cigar smoke he is inhaling like medicine, smelled the whiskey on his breath, and, unfortunately for you, it only makes him even more fucking perfect for you. Maybe it's your desire to fix broken men and

be a rehab for traumatized people, but you don't really mind looking at him like he can be your new daddy. God, it's exhausting.

He reads through the first few sentences of the intel and then lifts his gaze to look at you, still not dismissing your sorry ass from his presence. It's making you nervous, you don't really want to sit here for an hour and watch how the observing and smart man is dissecting your personality one parental trauma at a time.

— Do you...need anything else? Captain,

His gaze darts to your ankle monitor. Of course, he would worry about this thing, it's practically putting you on a blast for no reason. You can't expect people to like you while you look like a common criminal, right? Whatever happened to respecting human rights just flew out of the window.

— How are the special forces treating you?

Well, just perfect. You were sent to a Mexican cartel lord as a plaything, almost had sex with the most dangerous woman in the whole country, were held a gunpoint by your colleagues because they thought you were a spy and experienced constant harassment from a PMC leader who thinks that he is fucking entitled brat who doesn't respect people around and under him.

Of course, you can't tell Price that. You need to be on your best behavior, and whining about your teammates not treating you right won't exactly make you the best girl out here.

— Perfect, sir. I really enjoy doing my job and having the ability to help your country.

Your smile is as plastic as a Barbie doll. The captain can tell right through this – but he allows you to have this inch of being independent and free. He likes his puppies healthy and happy – he looks at your trembling hands and fights the urge to caress your fingers.

— You don't have to lie, love.

— I'm not, sir. Working with you is a special opportunity and I enjoy this very much.

He chuckles, a hand brushing your hair. You wince again, not used to the affection that doesn't come back-handed and with the intention of hurting you deliberately. Price is...nice – as much as someone his status can be. As nice as someone who is okay with using the unpaid labor of a criminal – you don't want to joke about enslaving, This certainly isn't that serious, but it still hurts that no matter how hard you would try, you couldn't break the ceiling and rise as an actual language expert – with ability to choose your work.

— I heard about the mole incident. Sorry for the boys, love. They're good lads, just...impulsive.

Soap was ready to fucking kill you because of someone else's words. You bite your lips to not scowl at the mention of him simply being a bit impulsive.

— I understand, sir. Tea?

You hate this conversation. Plus, changing topics and escaping unwanted subjects is your favorite sport since no one could even guess your sentence – this is how amazing you are at escaping taught subjects. Price looks surprised, smiling a little under his mustache. He looks at you – trembling, nervous, scared of course. He is against hiring civilians to do this work, but he knows perfectly that sometimes you can't do something by the books. Sometimes you have to draw the line in sand and then cross it and kill anyone else who tries to do the same. Sometimes you need to look in the eyes of a cute criminal, gently caress her waist, and drag her to the kitchen because why the hell not, he really does want tea.

— Would fancy a cuppa, yes.

You think – god, his accent makes you want to become the proudest American patriot no matter whether you are American or not. You think – god, his accent makes you want to get on your knees and get your degree upgraded to old English.

You can make good tea. Not that it's hard, no matter what Brits would have to say about the subject – you search for the tea bags on the lowest shelf in the kitchen, hoping to find something. You kept one pack of it hidden so no one from the fucking giants harboring this base would find it and try to mess with you.

Of course, someone did find it and decided that they hate you, hate your entire bloodline, and that no matter how hard you work, you would still have to get on the chair and try to get the tea box from the shelf. The world is a miserable place, but so are you – with no intention to get better, of course. God, you hate this place. Even working in an office cubicle was better.

You're an independent and strong woman who doesn't need mercy from a random man to help her make him tea. Climbing your way up the chair would be too embarrassing, like having a target on your back with a shortie joke to bury your dignity even more, so you press your body as close to the counter as possible, deciding to simply jump like an excited puppy and get the box this way.

Price looks at the way your arse and hips are swaying in the air each time you try to get the damned tea box from the higher shelf, and thanks whoever decided to put it in here. He doesn't quite understand why Kate would send them little helpers since he and Ghost already know russian, but having someone like you – eager, happy, with a shining smile and somewhat meek demeanor is...nice. Way nicer than other soldiers he is forced to work with. Bloody KorTac, like he doesn't have troubles with his way of work already, of course, they are paired with the most blood-thirsty paramilitary out there. Too many masked freaks to his liking, even if he adored Ghost and knew what a great operator he was.

— Need help, love?

His hand, big and warm, brushes the curve of your waist and you freeze in place, stopping your pathetic jumping. His chest pressed against your back, fingers gently squeezing your flesh and putting you closer to him, feeling the way your body trembles under his grasp. Smart girl, knows how dangerous attention from your superior might be. Good girl, also – doesn't try to seduce him or his boys to try and get out of your parole arrangement, doesn't try to betray them or half-ass your work until you are free of working for the military. Smarter than most of the civvies working for them. Almost makes him feel bad for forcing such a bright girl – seriously, you shouldn't know so many languages at your age, it's crazy – to work with them. Price hopes that blood on your hands would at least suit your pretty face.

— I can do it myself.

Of course you can, stuck between Price and the kitchen counter, like a scene from some very cheaply produced domestic porn. Something something a desperate housewife meets her husband who just returned from war and now wants something besides his closest comrade's holes. You feel weird, getting so much attention from people who you perceive as stone-cold professionals. Maybe, it's your fault – you're too damn adorable and nearly impossible to ignore, right? Maybe, you should just be a bit less enticing.

Price rocks his hips a little bit and, oh god, please, never let that man stop being unprofessional. His low chuckle heats up your ears, and you feel improper just standing here.

— Takin' your bloody time.

— Someone put tea in the wrong place. Not really my fault I'm not 7 feet tall, Captain.

He rumbles again, and you feel his hand goes to squeeze your waist again, his groin rocks against the curve of your ass as you try again and again to get the tea from the shelf. You feel all the professionalism going right out of the window, next to the files Price so effortlessly tossed to the table next to him. It's classified documents, very sensitive intel on the disposition of Konni group, but any fucking recruit can just go to the kitchen and check it out if they'd want to, while their captain is too busy with lazy closeted grinding.

— Okay, love. Let me handle it, eh?

You don't know why you try to resist him so much – it's not really like you, to be honest, being so fucking pressed about someone who just put the tea in the wrong place, but there are simple sins and making fun of your base translator is one of them. There are also simple pleasures, and picking up the tea on your own is one of them.

John takes the tea box in his hands and effortlessly slides it to you. You are torn between the desire to bite his nose off and run around with it like a wild dog, and the feminine urge to jump in his hands and let him take care of you. Fortunately, you still have that ounce of dignity left. So, you just prepare his tea for him like a good fucking girl.

— Honestly, Captain, I thought a team full of British soldiers would be pickier about their tea. It's not even a name-brand.

It's a local tea blend and, knowing Cordovia, you can be 80% sure they have mushrooms and wild-growing weed in it. You like it, of course, it's something that a deranged philosophy student would give you before a basic introduction test so you would be able to see colors and experience the bright sea of first drug experience next to a guy who thinks that knowing Latin is a profound character trait that would win him, girls.

Ah, getting a bit too distracted again. Price already lets you go, just leaving a steady hand on the curve of your waist, not exactly in the proper position, but also a good few inches away from directly grabbing your ass or fondling your hips.

— Those bloody mercs drink pure shite. Not sure we can get anythin' else from this country.

— Can't we import some contraband tea?

— We're not that British.

— You sure about this, sir?

He slowly caresses your leg and slowly moves to the side, to get his own cup and start making his tea. He frowns at the artificial flowery smell – but it's still better than drinking coffee and betraying his motherland. You look nice next to him, in that uniform that can barely fit you, with sweet little gestures and an attitude that isn't quite ass-licking, but definitely goes beyond simply being friendly with your superiors. Price chuckles, feeling the urge to do something vile and unprofessional while Kate isn't looking.

— Pretty fuckin' sure.

He takes a sip and frowns again, his face cringes at the bitter taste. You take his expressions into account, pumping two whole spoons of sugar in your cup, to fight off the terrible taste.

— What are you doing?

— Salvaging the taste, sir.

You are sly, like a little fox that got captured and brought to the base. You lick your lips and smile as you take a sip from the cup – still steaming hot, he doesn't know what you are doing – and then smile as you frown at the taste. Still terrible, he assumes. He could make you a better cup, in his flat somewhere far away from the frontlines, he knows.

— It wouldn't work. Just make it sweet.

— Well, maybe I have a sweet tooth and want it to taste sweeter.

— You like sweets that much?

It was two big spoons of sugar put into a tiny, 200ml cup. He just knew that the tea was thick as

syrup. No one's sweet tooth is that big. Price is conflicted about you – he knows you're a criminal, and there is no way your sentence could be framed, but he also knows how shitty the international laws can be. God knows, if everyone would know about his deeds in the last decade or so, he would be the most wanted man on Earth. Still, you're standing here, looking at your feet like a wanted woman, and he has no reason to trust you. Fear might be a good motivation for some, but he can see the fire slowly rising in your eyes. Fiesty little fox, that's what he sees.

— I'm a young woman, sir. Isn't it normal for me, to like sweet things?

You smile and if he was a lesser man, he would fold already. You're everything a soldier can ask for – pair of nice legs, beautiful fucking arse, a sway of hips enough to crush someone between them. Cute pout and innocent gleam in your eyes, making you weaker, less significant – a perfect little doll for any man to handle and use. He saw girls like you, and they always made the best spies. Something about that damn smile makes his brain go straight to his dick. He wants to think that he is better than this.

— Gonna be a problem to find you sweets in this place.

Cordovia is a shithole and he knows that he can't legally say this, bleeding heart protectors would yell at him for being inconsiderate and intolerant, for hating the poor country stuck between an angry Russia and uncaring UN, but the truth is that this country tastes like blood and lead, and Hassan run away because he knew that a piece of rubbish like him would be easily mistaken for the local.

— Well, I see plenty of that stuff here, sir. Milk?

You nod to the storage full of sweet condensed milk in labels that remind him of the USSR and probably expired while Lenin was still in power. There is also plenty of powdered milk, perhaps something that this Austrian cunt is inhaling to grow so big – no fresh dairy in sight, probably because relying on locals to sell them fresh food would be a perfect way to get poisoned. You look inviting, and promising, he is almost fine with trying whatever you are trying to push into him.

— No, thank you. Don't know how those mercs survived here with supplies like those.

He sees you adding a whole spoon of condensed milk to the tiny cup and almost wants to throw up. You don't look strong or dangerous and yet you can bring a hardened veteran to his knees because of your god-awful eating habits. He is inclined to find out if your flesh would taste sweeter after all of the added sugar you used. He almost doesn't feel weird for thinking like this.

— What do you mean? I think it's perfect.

Another tablespoon goes straight into the cup. Price winced at the motion, and couldn't hold his reactions anymore. Are you trying to poison someone? Aspiring to be the "honeytrap" in a literal sense?

— Are you goin' to drink all of that, love?

You tilt your head to the side, like a curious cat. Smile, not that innocent little gesture that you usually use – it was more sly now, only making you appear more like a fox in disguise as a bunny. Glints of mischief in your face and he has no fucking idea how they could trust someone like you, but he is inclined to stay till the end just to find out if you are going to betray them or not.

— Ah, of course not. Commander Graves was *very* pushy to make me make him tea, so of course I had to search for the best ingredients to make it. As his humble subordinate, I can only hope to make him feel better.

Your smile is fucking perfect and Price fights the urge to follow you to see the face Phillip is going to make when he'd drink what you made him. Fucker is annoying, mostly, he knows that they have to work together, but his pride is taking heavy blows from letting Hassan escape and having to work with a new PMC, so, of course, he is taking his stress on you. Captain don't really it, but... well, you are not fighting it and there are at least no whines from other soldiers about Shadows picking fights with them.

Yes, he is throwing you to the wolves but, hell, you have claws, You're a big girl who can and should handle herself on her own. You don't seem to look strong, but something in that wide grin tells him that you are simply ecstatic about the prospect of putting Graves in his place.

— He like his tea sweet?

— No. But we should always strive to broaden our horizons, right?

He brushes his fingers on the curve of your waist, squeezing it gently before finally letting you go. You smile, thankfully, looking at him from under your lashes like an innocent little deer.

You swiftly go out of the kitchen – you still need to pass Graves the copy of translated documents

and his cup of tea since he is so inclined to make you a secretary. You can be a nice secretary, actually – tight skirts, white shirts, perfect hair and light makeup with the added ability to suck off your boss while he is cheating on his wife with you and his driver at the same time. If only you weren't so against office jobs before, you could pull it off – and looks like your commander wants to give you a nice added recovery period. God, you feel awful.

Graves is sitting in his office – not really his, this is just a repurposed quarters from the base that KorTac provided to you since their commander – Konig, big guy, Austrian cunt as you heard some British recruits calling him – had to budge and allow your team to make rules. You don't really know what to think of the guy. He is big, broad, and looks like a medieval executioner in his hood and you are very inclined to just climb him like a mountain and snatch that stupid mask from his head just like you wanted to do with Ghost.

Ah, you're getting distracted again.

— Thought I asked for coffee, doll.

He should be thanking you that you didn't use cyanide like almond sugar.

— They didn't have coffee, sir.

— Seriously?

— I checked every shelf, sir. Even the ones that KorTac is using.

— This place is fucking awful.

— I certainly agree, sir. So...should I just put that tea away?

He should be thankful you didn't remember your low-wage waitress past and spit in his tea.

— No, no. Thank you, doll. Always trying to please, hm?

He was literally trying to torture you for information and kill you less than a week ago. You force a smile on your lips and tilt your head to the side, looking at how fucking hot he was – and still is. He is a bastard, the worst man alive, you want to bash his head on some rocks, and yet, his cocky smile and wide grin are enough to make you fold and make a beeline to the bathroom to change your soaked panties later. God, you need to get laid.

Does that Austrian guy still think you like horror movies?

— Well, sir, I actually brought you a copy of intel translations from the spy groups. But of course, if you would rather make me bring you tea and brew coffee, I would make sure to put this in my report about the parole I am forced to write every week.

He laughs and you need to gather all of your strength not to storm out of the room, crying like a teenage girl after a meeting with a mean teacher.

— You're fucking perfect, sweetheart. Can't get tired of your antics.

You put the tea on his table and he holds your hand. You think he is going to kiss you – he has a nasty habit of sort of making you uncomfortable and harassing you to the point of actually making you like it. He is handsome, cocky, he holds the power over you and you are a bit drowning in it, liking the way he steals the breath out of your lungs.

His hands go to play with your fingers, gently holding your palm in his and it's such a tender moment between the two of you – you can actually see how tired he is, the bags under his eyes, the array of reports on the table indicating he was working the whole day and probably night. The mission takes a toll on everyone, having to not only find Hassan like a needle in a haystack of a country but also manage to keep russian paramilitaries off their tails. You have no idea how hard it is, not having the experience with army and undercover international operations. You can only translate mindlessly, not really reading into the files, knowing that they would rather have you not asking questions, like a damn robot, than explaining what they are doing.

Graves looks tired and it almost makes you feel bad.

His palm raises your hand slowly, he leans his face closer to feel your soft skin on his stubble, and his lips gently grazing over the tenderness of your fingers. It's a quiet, short moment between the two of you. He looks nice, he looks human, he looks...

Then he drinks the tea and spits it immediately.

— What the...

— Ah, I just remembered that lieutenant needs something, sir. Have a good day!

You run away faster than he could step from his table. Bitch.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! Updates are probably going to be slower on this work because I have a lot of stuff to do with my real life, and I want to explore my other fics before Uni starts again

Now you suck

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Despite everything people may say or think about you, you had a normal job once. A translator for some corporation, an office cubicle, and coffee breaks every half an hour because why the hell would you want to do your job. Meaningless situationship because why the hell not spice up your boring life with a person who is honestly less endearing than breaking your teeth with a rusty hammer one by one.

Despite everything people may think about you, you had a normal job in a firm that was doing well with some meaningless financial stuff. So, you know how to count. So, you know your apples and bees and that working in a male-dominating space can be very dangerous for a lonely criminal like you, but you can still strive forward with a loving glint in your eyes.

So, you count your losses.

An average woman needs a fresh pair of panties every day if you are not having a heavy period flow or some other extra circumstances. So, with that in mind and with as little underwear you brought with you since the court wouldn't simply allow you to have a lot of your things, you brought a respectable 10 pairs of panties with you. Different shapes and forms, some with laces, some are soft and dark, perfect for the period days. The only thing that wasn't considered contraband – even though the quartermaster was smiling very dirty while filing all of those.

Now you had exactly 4 pairs.

The plainest things imaginable – good cotton and nothing else, not even a tiny bow to extravagante the pink tax you are paying for a pair of those. You can miss one or two in the laundry, maybe the third one got dirty after something and you just threw it away without trying to repair the damage and forgot about it, but missing more than a half...not even speaking about your bras. All the pretty ones were missing, leaving only plain sporty ones. Not bad, of course, but you already lost your dignity and most of your stuff after the court. Underwear was literally the only thing keeping your self-esteem afloat.

So, naturally, you decided to ask around. Maybe someone saw a bunch of dirty laundry lying around and put it somewhere else. Maybe someone saw someone picking up a bunch of your dirty underwear and hiding it like a weirdo. You hoped it just got lost, but knowing the military...yeah, you gotta be prepared for the worst.

— Ah, hallo, colonel. I just wanted to speak to you about something.

König is large, intimidating, and fucking creepy. He is always looking at you from the corners, has a huge staring problem, and sometimes suggests watching some gory horror movies that are making you sick to your stomach but he is sure you love it. The guy is a creep, in his grown-up age, but you can't say he isn't a good commander. At least his troops are in check, with zero war crimes happening on your watch, and all of KorTac people avoiding your team like the plague.

And he is reasonable for a creep. You can have normal communication with him if you can stop staring at his big guns or his Big Gun. You wonder why he is always has a spare pistol in his pocket when he talks to you.

— You called, querida?

Ah.

So Alejandro has finally returned. With Rudy, presumably. One more face that wanted to see you dead for being a mole, even though you knew they would have to miss an opportunity to spend some nice quality time with you and your body.

— Ah, no, colonel. I asked for a colonel.

— You mean me?

— No, sorry, I meant colonel König.

— Is he really a colonel?

— Ja, I am a colonel?

— Of course! You are the colonel, right?

— Of course, I'm a colonel in Mexican special...

— It's classified information, Schatz.

— So, querida, what you want to ask from a colonel?

— Well, um, I meant...commander?

— Yes, doll, what is it?

Ah, Graves is here too. Fucking perfect.

— N-no, sir, please, I was just asking for assistance from a colonel...

— Which one?

— König, I thought I made it pretty clear...

All three have now surrounded you. Big bodies loom over you, making you feel small and insignificant. Having that amount of side weapons hiding in their crotches should be illegal – what if one gun goes off and shot their dicks off? No matter, you are still surrounded by the three of your COs – you almost want to call for Price, just to get that triangle into a square without a chance of escaping the fate of being smothered by their pecs.

Suddenly, the idea of asking them about your panties doesn't feel so nice. Suddenly, you feel ashamed at the fact that you, a dirty creature, even have to wear panties. Very unfortunate for you, but maybe you can make Johnny and Gaz your victims and steal their boxers – you heard that male underwear can be much comfier than women's.

— So, what do you want to talk about, sweetheart?

Graves is as smooth as a sledgehammer on your precious nervous system. Like a glacier that killed the Titanic. Like a large dog munching on an infant.

— Well, I think it's a private matter between me and the colonel...

— Ah, cariño, what is it you wanted me to talk about?

— No, sorry, I mean...I suppose we can talk about it with you too, but the problem started before you got deployed, so...

You feel like you're taking part in a very cheap sitcom about three men howling over you. It's like having three branch bosses, but even worse, because instead of cocaine addiction and erectile dysfunction at an early age, they have weapons and blood rage over every little inconvenience. You took a step back and stumbled right into König's broad, muscular chest. Feeling trapped, you tried to take another step to the side – and Graves put his hands on your waist.

You decided to stay put and then Alejandro gently forced you to look at him. Fucking perfect.

— What the matter? Can't you talk to your British captain?

König's voice is as soft as gravel slowly being thrown into your ears. You don't even look at him, he shifted his position somewhere between the moment when the other two arrived and you started to panic, but you can still feel his gaze burning on your back. You yank your head up, trying to get a good look at him but from that perspective, he looks even larger – and you are genuinely uncomfortable. Especially after that lovely evening, you shared.

— Technically, with Phillip Graves' presence, he is my CO as of general's orders. Well, mostly, I belong to 141 team, but in that situation, I think that the highest authority is of the main commanding officer of the operation and right now it's...

— Well, sweetheart, it was me before Hassan yanked his ass to fuckin' Cordovia. Loved to have you under me.

God, you wish to blow this place up. Workplace rage is so pent-up, you can actually indulge in fantasies about slicing, dicing, and roasting his dick in a stir-fry combination with some bunky noddles and vegetables. Still, you look at his handsome fucking face and can't do anything. All-American smile, that weird hair color that almost looks blondish-brownish in a different lighting.

You force a corporate-friendly innocent smile and he eats it all up.

— I would be your CO back in Las Almas, but not here. Our only job is to bring Hassan to justice, Los Vaqueros don't have the full authority here.

You don't want to think about how their actions could mean a war between a small Balkan-ish country and Mexico, but it would be so fucking hilarious if that were to happen. Not for anyone involved, including you, of course, but god does it sound simply hilarious.

— Then I am your commander now, Schatz?

You would prefer an actual director of Human Centipede and a whole filming crew eager to film a new installment in the franchise with you as the last part of the digestive system, but yes, König also works just fine. He gently rocks his hips behind your back, probably from anxiety – and you can feel his pistol poking at your back. Big, warm, throbbing pistol. God, why do they have so many sidearms – seriously, it's not like you are going to start shooting, you were shitty in the range.

— Well, technically...

Their hands slid over your body in a weird unison – you had never seen a group project working so well between three very different people. Would be a real treasure for anyone who wants to study the psychology of small working groups, how they all tower over you with a passion for... something. Probably your language skills. Or your inability to explain your worries correctly because you are embarrassed to ask this 6'10 mountain of a man and his 6'2 duo coworkers to help you with some military-issued underwear and finding your old ones.

— So what do you want to talk about? Sounded like a serious issue, no?

You don't understand how Alejandro can be so...normal with you. Like he wasn't kissing and groping your body just a few weeks ago, right with his second in command. Like he wasn't on your fucking interrogations, thinking between torturing you and just killing you straight up, so there won't be a risk of your pretty ass hiding something from them. The worst part is – you don't feel as strongly about it as you were before. Almost coming to terms with it, which made you fucking sick.

Alejandro is acting like nothing happened, Graves is acting like nothing happened, and you're the only one who is still affected by it because your wrists just healed after being tied up, and you still getting mild panic attacks every time Soap approaches you from behind having something in his

hands that resembled a pistol.

Still, you have a very important mission ahead. Speaking to all three of them is humiliating but then again, maybe you would actually get something done if they all would listen. And what is the point of having dignity anyway? It's an outdated concept and a luxury that a reformed criminal on her parole can't really afford. Not like you can afford any other luxuries – this is why you're worried about your nice panties going missing, after all.

König brushes his fidgeting hand on your waist and you tense up, looking at him rather weirdly. You want to turn around and look at him properly, see what he has in his big blue eyes, but that would mean turning your ass to Graves and no, you can't trust him with having you all vulnerable like this. König is a nicer option because there is a certain air of "I might not be afraid of women, but I am certainly intimidated by them" that can only grow in a person who was severely bullied by his peers and ignored by pretty girls all his life. So, he is an easy target. So, you're the kind to get attracted to big, mean-looking guys who are actually rather professional and quiet, even nerdy. God, you have a thing for masks and tactical gear.

— I have a...problem. My, well, undergarments are going missing and I believe it wasn't just an accident. It couldn't be, not in the amount they were missing.

You could fry bacon on the heat of your cheeks. They all are looking at you now, their eyes not just glancing over your body as usual, but peering into your eyes. And you want to get away from their grasp but it's nearly impossible now, so you just prep your cheek against Alejandro's chest, making sure to look as innocent as you possibly can. Like a baby deer stumbling in the forest. A kitten from that one fun children's movie.

— Your...underwear?

Alejandro looks genuinely surprised. When you move your head to look at Graves, he is sending daggers with his eyes in König's direction. You thought it was pretty weird, of course, why would they conspire like that? Probably something on the Quartering side. Maybe the base doesn't have enough resources to order women's underwear because they all secretly hate women so they don't ever want you with them and...ah, it makes too much sense. It hurts, really.

You feel your cheeks heating up – and you also see a faint trace of blush on Graves's face. He stopped touching you now, something in his eyes that almost makes him look...guilty. It doesn't make any sense, he isn't a guy capable of feeling guilt – you fucking know this, you're a smart girl after all. You're smart, Phillip is evil, König is emotionally stunted and Alejandro is hot like the Mexican sun and has that sort of fatherly energy that translated more into a fun uncle/sugar daddy vibe.

And you're between all three of them because you lost control of your life.

— How much did you lose, doll?

Graves almost looks like he is ready to pull out his wallet. Or the pistol he is hiding in his pocket this whole time. He looks caught, and the wires in your head are all sewn together and molded by the heat of Cordovian shitty Autumn, so you just sigh with as much contempt as you possibly can, smiling again. You don't want to be his psychologist, you just want to go to a kitchen and search for Gaz and possible sweets. You can't even do that because you are pretty fucking sure that more of your underwear will be lost while you're not looking.

— Um...6 pairs. And two bras. I know that some might be lost in the laundry, it's a plausible statistic, but I doubt that all six of them can just be lost in such a short time.

König wants to scream to himself. He only took one – nice lacy pair, really adorable, tiny little ribbons and soft laces that feel good in his hands and especially nice around his dick. They are tender and delicate, just like he imagines your walls will be around him. He wants to say that he is above that shit, that he couldn't be swayed by a pair of legs and a cute face, but you are literally the first good thing that happened to him after the promotion. Good girl, innocent girl, girl that loves watching scary movies and makes him nervous because of it.

He stole one pair of your panties and one bra. This would mean that there are at least six perverts that are after your underwear. Maybe less if some of it really got lost somewhere in the laundry or in the pile of dirty clothes in your room, but it can't be all six of them. How horrible, devastating, absolutely disgusting! You're an innocent soul, a good girl who gets bullied and abused by the law and her teammates, and he wants to be your perfect knight, so how can he ever just leave you with possible perverts?

König fails to see the irony because his hood blocks the peripheral vision.

— Six? Are you sure about that, meine Lamm?

You are a lamb – shaky legs, innocent eyes, that adorable smile. He would buy you all the nicest pairs of lingerie, you should just make a call.

— I was counting. I...I know that finding them could be impossible by this point, but I was

thinking about maybe just...finding military-issued ones. My uniform got a bit of trouble with this since I wasn't technically enlisted official personnel, so I thought that maybe you, as a colonel...

— Did you had the same problem on a station in Mexico? I could have helped you, hermosa.

Alejandro is fuming.

He knows he can handle himself well in many situations, but the mere thought of this innocent lady suffering from such a perverted crime! He can admit that his thoughts about you weren't all innocent, he is just a man with certain wants and needs, but he knew how to handle himself around you. Charming smiles, kisses, touching your body while you were too disoriented to react – yes, that was normal, preferred even. He was always giving you the right to choose, but with someone stealing your precious underwear, it was nothing less than a violation – and Colonel Vargas couldn't stand for it.

He blames himself, of course. It could have started all the way back in Las Almas, he could have helped you here – but he and Rudy are short-handed now, in a completely different country. They are all at the mercy of mercs and he hates working with them – König reminds him of medieval executioners and killers from scary stories, not a refined and well-mannered soldier of the same rank.

And he has the biggest fucking hard-on. Alejandro almost knows that he was the one to steal at least some part of your underwear – on pair with Graves. Fucking bastards, you can never trust mercs with anything – and yet he is forced to work with them. God, he just needs a few hours of kissing you, but you are too distressed.

Or, at least, you seem distressed. He knew how good of an actress you were.

Graves...well, he knows that there are a lot of assholes in this unit and he also knows how many perverts there are. He himself has one pair of your panties, snatched all the way back in Mexico and tucked in his pocket every time he needs a little pick me up after a hard-working session. What did bother him, however, was the hooded freak who was acting like he ate all other lost pairs of underwear. Looking at his twitching fingers and rapid dog behavior, he wouldn't be fucking surprised.

Does Graves feel sorry for what he did, breaking your trust and smothering your boundaries while stealing your precious belongings to use in such a perverted way? Hell no, it's his right not to shoot up a base full of idiots like KorTac. The only thing that got him worried is that apparently there are another 5 or six idiots trying to get into your pants, and he can't handle a competition like this. Would be easier to just force you to submit – he was the one responsible for you at the start, and he is sure as hell won't let anyone take that from him.

You look at all three of them, how silent they are, and think that oh god, they must be really immersed in your problem right now. Not even blinking, they just sort of stare at you in a really uncomfortable way, but it can also mean that they want to help. Just don't know how to say it properly.

For some absurd reason, you really do feel safe around them. For a second or two, before they start talking again.

— Well, meine Mädchen. I'll see about the resources and if we can find who is stealing your... clothes.

Sometimes you think that König just forgets that you know German, and his sneaky little pet names aren't as sneaky as he thinks they are. He doesn't strike you as a person who would throw meaningless "darling" and "cute thing" in every little conversation but then again, you also thought your lawyer was an expert in his profession and here you are, with a shiny ankle monitor on your leg. He must be just friendly, like Graves who keeps calling you doll and sugar even though his actions reveal that he would literally rather be put in jail again.

König looks at you, your innocent eyes and shiny smiles and he got quite good at reading people, it kind of comes with all being bullied during his whole adolescence thing. He looks in your eyes and sees pure innocence – no thoughts, the brain is as smooth as a piece of really nice gift soap that he wants to buy and put on the shelf in his home. He doesn't understand how someone with your blindness to social clues and generic situations can exist and especially work for the military, but he wants to take your silly head into his hands and kiss your lips until you are all tired and bruised.

He can handle himself, of course. He is a fucking colonel, not some dog with a bone or a teen with an unwanted boner. Besides, judging by how you aren't looking uncomfortable around them despite how clearly they are into you, brushing into your personal space, you must be a tough nut to crack. Maybe those gory horrors are the only thing to get you going – he is honestly very fine with that.

— Really? God, that would be perfect!

You are good at being good. Looking nice, dumb, and innocent allows you to skip some work, miss out on punishments, and, eventually, it would leave you with your precious pairs of panties either being recovered from laundry gremlins or a new patch of some simple military-issued ones that would probably do the trick.

You just wonder why the hell there are some pink laces sticking out of König's vest pocket.

Chapter End Notes

I'm literally starting at two different universities and it's fucking killing me rn
Hope you liked this chapter!

End Notes

Hey guys!

Hope you like this work!! Don't forget to leave comments, I eat them.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!