

# Security in the After Prom

(Companion to After Prom)

By, Robert Coleman

Is life ever simple? About a month ago my girlfriend's girlfriend moved in with us. How did that become my life? She had stayed with us for about three days, but when she went home, she found her girlfriend had moved out and taken everything. With nothing to go back too, she moved in with us. In that time, she has changed her look and found an acting job. When I first met Cindy, she had nasty unwashed dark red dreadlocks and was pierced in every way you could be pierced. On her official first day living with us she had cut the dreads and washed the color out of her hair and was in a costume of sorts. She had an audition for a television show about women in their twenties and thirties dealing with life after prison as ex-cons. Think of it as *Orange is the New Black* after they get out of jail. She was auditioning for a stereotypical lesbian role with the men's clothing and masculine demeanor. She doesn't like the visual, but a job is a job. Last month, she started to shoot the show. She also has edited a sex video my girlfriend Christina talked me into. It now has special effects, original music, and a laugh track. Cindy says she wrote and played the music, but I don't see how. Christina and I had to explain to her about Christina's father. He was a hitman for the Russian mob and turned into an informant. This made Christina a target for the mob. That video can't see the light of day or people will find her.

About two months ago I was shot on the job. After some time off I was back to work. It was a limited duty on a day shift. I sit and watch monitors watching the alley, hallways, and lobby of the new secure hotel. One supervisor said they may have found my new position with the company. Because of her, I can't shoot anyone, but I wouldn't be too sure of that. Another week of this and the term Postal may just find me. I went home to find Christina and Cindy with some friends all watching our video. Somehow my twisted mind went to orgy instead of angry. I just realized I needed to just roll with it. I never wanted the traditional relationship, and Christina just isn't traditional in the slightest. When I first met her, she had long blonde hair with black edges. Later, she dyed the tips red to make it look like her head was on fire with the blonde acting as the smoke, and yes, she was hot. She kind of looks like Kristen Stewart. While I was at work, she cut her hair. The red and black were gone. She was now Stewart's doppelganger. She said that they had a special code so they could watch Cindy's show before it was officially aired, and they wanted to watch a comedy before the show.

The next day I was going to my prison cell of an office when I saw trouble. In the door was very special FBI Agent Sampson. This man has tried to make my life difficult. Also, he is my girlfriend's uncle. He had with him a wide-eyed young blonde girl with him covered in blood. She was too young to be an agent. Sampson said her name was Jennifer and she was under the protection of the FBI. It seems that she was a target of a Hitler worshiping cult. They had tried to kill her and her friends at a pool party in the high school. The ones that survived tried to kill her last night at the prom. Until they could round up the rest, she would be in protection. He said, "*I couldn't think of a better place than a hotel guarded by this company.*" Then he said something that shook my world. He said, "*I want you in charge of her security, so I know it will be done right.*" Holy shit that sounded like a compliment.

She looked stunned. Sampson said, "*take it easy on her most of her friends died last night and her boyfriend was critically wounded. Some people just see too much.*" He then looked at me and asked how stripes was. Stripes was his nickname for Christina. I said, "*the stripes are gone. She cut her hair short. You might not recognize her.*" He said, "*it would be nice if she grew up a little and made better life choices.*" And with that, he was back. Sampson introduced us and said I was responsible for her security. I put my hand on his shoulder just to annoy him and said, "*don't worry we are the best at what we do.*" It worked. I told her we were trying to locate her parents. She asked about a guy named Zander. I said we would check into it or something like that. She kept eyeing me. It felt a little uncomfortable especially because she looks like a younger Christina. She asked me about Sampson and his dislike for me. I used this time to tell her about my girlfriend and how hot she is. Then She gave me this look and called me a perv for dating someone in her twenties. Just how old does she think I am? We made it to the floor, and I opened the security door and showed her to the best room on the floor.

After I left her, I went down to the security room and checked all the cameras as well as the back footage for any tails and suspicious vehicles. An alert went off on the fifth floor. I turned to the cameras and saw nothing at first. Then I saw a bundle of something. I rewound the footage and saw the girl toss her blood covered clothing out into the hall in a ball. I don't think she was in her right mind or thinking about the security because she opened the door butt ass

naked. Seeing that made me think of Christina even more. Then I deleted the footage. She ordered some ice-cream from room service. About six hours later her parents arrived. I led them to the floor and to her room. All the way up and to the room her mother kept telling me how to do my job. She finally shut up when she saw the door. Every floor has a vault door with a keypad entry system. No handle or key lock. You must know the code and let the door open itself. I also noticed the father had a revolver on him. Agent Eagle Eye somehow didn't see the gun on him. I left them at the door to their daughter's room.

I took a room down the hall from the family. That night I called Christina, and we had a little Skype sex. It's like phone sex with less imagination needed. Afterward, I went to sleep just like a guy. About 7am I woke up to find Agent Sampson in my room. He was in a panic. He said that some Russians in prison got a message in the form of a shiv to his brother. He was alive, but they also had told him they knew where Christina was. They gave him my address. I stormed out the door to the security door. He said, "*wait they may be coming here.*" I said, "*may or are?*" I turned and unlocked the door. He said, "*just go get my niece and bring her here.*" At the corner of my eye, I could see Jennifer watching us. Sampson stopped the door closing and said, "*and don't fuck this up.*"

I made it home to find the place almost empty. There were two men inside with baseball bats and cheap automatic handguns, but Christina's car was gone. She left a note in a place we set aside for emergencies. Agent dipshit gave her instructions on how to find the hotel. I wanted to introduce myself to our guests, but I needed to know she was safe. So, I left them for the FBI team that rolled up behind me. I showed them my ID and gave them a key to the apartment. I made my way back to the hotel and Christina was not there. Also, Jennifer somehow slipped the leash. A quick review of the footage showed that the two were connected. Her father said his revolver was gone. He had a nickel plated 38 with no ammo. He said, "*I didn't want to accidentally shoot someone by mistake.*" So now his daughter is out there with a gun and no bullets. He said, "*I don't think she even knows how to check to see if it has bullets or not.*" I wanted to scream at him that he should have shown her how to use a gun with one in the house, but he already feels horrible.

We had one glimmer of hope. Christina's car had a Wi-Fi hot-spot built in so We could track it. That is when we saw the black SUV move after Christina's car pulled away. The tech at the computer slipped and maximized a window. It was a video of Jennifer in the doorway tossing her clothing out butt-ass naked. I missed the backup copies. As I left, I think her father was about to use his fists to explain why that needed to be deleted. It took some time, but we finally found the signal. It led us to Jennifer's school. We made it inside to find her wet and just in her underwear. Near her was a gorilla of a man with a gaping bullet wound to the head and a woman with her head nearly twisted off. Another girl was duct taped to a chair. She was the one wanted for the massacre, and she was also very pregnant. The Russian's looking for Christina found the Nazi cult about to rape and kill Jennifer. Russians don't like Nazis. She told me that Christina and another woman named Cindy went into the tunnel to surprise them, but they never came out. I went into the tunnel to find them at a locked gate.

The school was surrounded so they couldn't have escaped. I went looking for the security office. Inside I found the security camera system. I found them in a classroom in a part of the school the FBI was not searching. They were talking and drinking. One of them said, *"I just wish we could have had more time with the little girl."* Another one said, *"show her what a real man feels like."* Right now, Jennifer most likely thinks they saved her when they had just tried to save her for themselves. I made sure to record all this for later use. I directed the FBI to the classroom and the arrest of the Russians. After this, I had to reevaluate what we were doing. In a few days, Cindy was moving to Vancouver Canada to shoot the rest of her show. I guess it's cheaper to film up there. The Russians know about us. They will never stop looking for Christina. If I try and keep her here, she will never be safe. Agent Sampson said, *"we can't put you with her in the relocation program unless."* He hesitated then said, *"we relocate married couples."* We never talked about such things. We weren't the conventional type. Sampson said, *"if you let her go then you will regret it. Maybe not now but soon and for the rest of your life."* I thought *"play it again Sampson."* I had to think about that. I said to Sampson, *"this could be."* He stopped me and said, *"no not really. I hope she says no."* I left Agent Asshole to find Christina.