

This story uses characters and locations based on the Gunslinger Girl manga written by Yu Aida and published in monthly shōnen magazine Dengeki Daioh. The characters of Kara and Michele are original to myself.

"The Honey Trap"

A Gunslinger Girl Original Story by Kiskaloo

Honey Trap: *Slang for the use of men or women in sexual situations to intimidate or snare others. This use of sex to trap or blackmail an individual is standard practice in intelligence operations.*

Kara sat on a stool in the coffee shop of the Papal food court at the Vatican Museum, sipping a cappuccino. She was dressed in a button-down white shirt with the top buttons undone hanging over a dark plaid skirt with a black school uniform jacket. Around her neck was a loosely fitted silk tie.

A young and attractive man took the stool next to her, placing his espresso on the counter.

"Konnichi wa," he greeted.

"Konnichi wa," Kara replied, smiling and bobbing her head in the way many Japanese girls did when they were surprised.

"I take it you are attending a private school?" he asked, continuing in Japanese.

"Yes, St. John's International," Kara replied.

"Ah, your father is a diplomat?"

"Yes. He is the new Cultural Attaché at the Embassy," Kara replied.

"What year?" he asked.

"Year Five," Kara replied. She looked around 18 to Gian, which fit a girl in Year Five of *Medie Superior*.

"Are you on a field trip?"

Kara shook her head.

"I am studying the art in the museum for a paper," she replied. "It is half term week so I am spending my afternoons here. I am waiting for the rain to stop then I will head to the Metro station."

The young man nodded his head, taking a sip of his espresso. The February weather was living down to its nickname of "corto e maledetto – short and cursed", with the past week being cold and wet.

"Your Japanese is quite good," Kara complemented.

"Thank you," he replied. "I spent a year at ICU in Mitaka."

"Ah, I know of ICU," Kara said, again with the slight bob of her head and smile.

"Gian Bosio," he introduced himself with a slight bow.

"Shiratori Yuki," Kara replied, with a deeper bow.

"How long have you been in Rome?" Gian asked, switching to English. St. George's was a British institution so he correctly deduced that Kara spoke English.

"Just after the new year. My father wanted to enroll me in Catholic school, however they were full. The Ambassador secured an appointment to St. Georges since many diplomats send their children there."

"I would think Catholics are kind of rare in Japan," Gian opinioned.

"Our numbers are very small. Only about a half-million," Kara noted. "My family is part of the Archdiocese of Tokyo. St. Mary's Cathedral is the largest in Japan, but you could fit the entire building inside some of the cathedrals here in Italy."

She looked outside again and saw that the rain had stopped.

"I'm sorry, but I must leave now to catch the train," she said.

"Perhaps I will see you here tomorrow?" Gian asked.

"Yes, I come here tomorrow at the same time," she answered. She left the coffee shop and looked back at Gian, who waved. She returned the wave and then headed for the Cipro Metro station. She boarded the train and rode it to Termini station. She walked out of the main concourse and into the parking lot, getting into Michele's Gallardo.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"Perfect," Kara replied, giving him a thumbs-up.

The following day, Gian was waiting at a table in the coffee shop when Kara appeared. She placed her order and then took a seat next to him.

"How was the museum?" he asked in Italian.

"The quality and quantity of art...it boggles the mind," Kara replied, also in Italian. "But there is so much to see and learn."

"I'd be happy to take you on a tour tomorrow. I've lived in Rome all my life so I have been coming here since I was a child."

"I would not want to trouble you," Kara said.

"It would be my pleasure," Gian said, turning up the charm.

"I would very much appreciate it," Kara said. "Tomorrow is my last day of studying, so I could use your help in what to see. I will meet you here tomorrow at one o'clock?"

"It's a date."

Kara met Gian at one o'clock and they walked all thirteen sections. Gian proved to be quite knowledgeable about the museums, providing insights and commentary that Kara found surprising for someone whom she'd been told was a common thug. They stayed right until closing time at 18:00.

Gian invited Kara to have dinner with him and she accepted, first calling her "father" to let him know she was staying late to have dinner. Gian took her to a small restaurant near the Museums whose owners he seemed familiar with and they shared an amazing seafood dinner.

When they were done, Gian offered to take her back to the Embassy, but Kara explained that she hadn't told her father she was seeing someone. So she accepted a ride to the bus stop just down the street from the Embassy.

"Thank you for today," Kara said. "I had a lot of fun and it really helped me."

"If you are free this weekend, I'd be happy to help you write your report if you like," Gian offered. "My apartment is in the Garbatella district overlooking the Basilica di San Paolo Fuori le Mura. We could meet at Basilica station."

"Thank you, I'd like that," Kara replied. She leaned over and kissed him on the cheek and then exited the car. She gave him a wave and then walked towards the Embassy.

Both France and Japan were "jus sanguinis" states, meaning that when she had been Kumari Deleroux Rosier, she held both French and Japanese citizenship from her father and mother, respectively. France allowed dual citizenship as did Japan, though only to age 22 in the latter case. With the legal recording of her "death", both those passports had been invalidated. However, her old Japanese passport shown at the main gate to the Embassy granted her entry where she was met by the actual Cultural Attaché, who also served as the resident member of the Foreign Ministry's Intelligence and Analysis Service.

He escorted her to the back of the building and into a Ford Transit Connect van in Telecom Italia livery. Inside Michele was waiting and she gave her report on the drive back to the compound.

"Come in!" Kara said as she pulled on her boots.

The door opened and Michele stepped in. As soon as he saw Kara, he just stopped. "You're going to freeze to death," he noted.

Kara was dressed in a black miniskirt with a grey horizontal stripe and a white short-sleeved t-shirt.

"Bosio is attracted to sexy Asian women," Kara noted. Michele only nodded and waited for Kara to finish. She was not going armed since she could protect herself with her bare hands.

"You're wearing underwear, right?" Michele asked as they walked out to the Gallardo. Since the sun was out, the top was retracted.

Kara cocked her head to one side, a confused look on her face.

"Of course I am..." she said.

"How are you going to get into the seat in a skirt that short without flashing your underwear?"

Kara grinned at him, causing Michele to frown.

"Watch," she said.

Michele expected her to go into the passenger side, since there would be more room to maneuver, but instead she went to the driver's side door and opened it. She sat down perpendicular to the seat with her legs tightly held together and the soles of her boots flat to the ground. She then lifted both legs, still together, and rotated her body ninety degrees to the right, lifting her legs over the sill of the car, scissoring her boots against her thighs to keep her legs tightly together. Once she was properly seated, she unclasped her legs and put her feet on the throttle and dead pedal, her skirt just long enough to hide her panties from view.

Michele could only slowly clap and headed for the passenger seat.

"Maybe I'll wear this when we go out this weekend," Kara suggested as they drove towards Termini Station.

"Please don't," Michele said.

"You don't like it?" Kara asked.

"On the contrary, but the plain fact is you are just under half my age and at best you look a bit over half my age. And if people saw you in that outfit on my arm, they'd think two words about me – 'midlife crisis'. Add in the Gallardo it looks even more obvious.

"I don't want people to see you as a sex object meant to make me feel young again. You are not a trophy to be displayed to the masses as a sign of my virility. And I don't want a person to think you're with me because I'm some rich sugar daddy who keeps you in the latest trendy fashions.

"That you often now introduce me as your boyfriend when we're not on an assignment tends to raise people's eyebrows, but while you dress very well, you also dress conservatively, admittedly because I draw the line at a certain point on the outfits I will get for you. So people hopefully look at us as two people of different ages who are attracted to each other for reasons other than me trying to regain my lost youth or you as trying to gain the latest Dolce Gabbana dress."

"I don't want you to ever be uncomfortable when you look at me. Or to worry that other people would be uncomfortable looking at me," Kara stated. "But I just don't think a t-shirt and Ugg boots over jeans would work for Bosio."

She arrived at Termini Station and she performed the reverse of the maneuver she did to get in the car. She noticed that many men and women looked at her, then the car, and then Michele. Most shook their heads, but she saw a few wistful looks from some of the men.

Let them get stuffed, she thought. She gave Michele a kiss on the cheek and a cute wave and proudly strutted towards the entrance, her laptop bag over her shoulder.

When she exited the Basilica di San Paolo station, she saw Gian Bosio waiting nearby. She was pleased when she saw the look of surprise and then approval on his face as she came up.

"You look magnificent," he said.

"Thank you," she replied. "In Japanese it is called 'seifuku ga jama wo suru'. In Italian, it would be 'my school uniform gets in the way'. Having to wear a school uniform five days a week makes me long to wear less...restrictive...clothing during the weekends. To look more adult and less like a high school girl."

Gian nodded his head. "Well you are very beautiful whether you are in your uniform or not."

Kara blushed and smiled shyly. Gian put out his hand and Kara took it in her own. They walked west along the Via Colossi to a multi-story apartment complex on the corner with the Via Filippi. Gian used a key to unlock a metal gate and Kara followed him in. They walked through a courtyard into the lobby area and rode the elevator up to the top floor.

Gian had a corner unit with a view of the Basilica di San Paolo Fuori le Mura and the Tiber River. The apartment was clean and organized with simple furnishings.

They spent the next few hours working on the report, chatting about various subjects, and other things. They made dinner together and ate it over candlelight and wine. Afterwards, they moved to the couch and before Gian could make his move, Kara made hers and leaned forward and kissed him on the lips. She pressed up against him as she wrapped her arms around him and Gian responded by doing the same. When they pulled away from each other, Kara suddenly struck him under the chin and he collapsed forward into her arms, unconscious. She reached for her laptop bag and removed a syringe, injecting a sedative into his body. She then texted a number on her cell and went into the bathroom to wash her face and lips.

An Iveco Daily commercial van with Italenergia livery was parked in back of the Lazio Regional administration complex. Kara's cellular phone constantly broadcast its position via both GPS and cellular tower triangulation, so they knew her exact location. Her text indicated to them that she had incapacitated Bosio and they could now arrive.

Alfonso started the van and they drove to the apartment complex, parking in a loading zone. Michele, Ferro and Giorgio all exited the van, dressed in Italenergia uniforms and carrying boxes with them. They climbed the stairs to Bosio's apartment and knocked on the door in a pre-arranged pattern. Kara opened the door and they entered.

"Great work, Kara," Michele said. The four worked quickly to examine the apartment, using electronic sweeping equipment to check for any security devices or hidden cubbyholes.

Kara looked down at the unconscious Bosio.

"You okay?" Michele asked as he came up next to her. She nodded, but she reached for his hand. "He doesn't look like a criminal," she noted.

"That's what makes him so dangerous. He's very careful to cover his tracks. Public Safety and Section One have been after him for over a year, but we just couldn't connect him to anything until recently."

"So what will happen to him?" Kara asked.

"First the medical team is going to wipe his memories of you. Then Section One's interrogators will spend some time with him. After that, I don't know and I don't much care."

The End