

2025

Confession

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His appointment was running late. Ten minutes so far, waving for another cup of coffee, he resigned that Ian Quarts was a no show. Checking his phone, Scott turned off the recording feature, then checked his messages again for the fourth time. Story of the century! Sure, everyone whoever contacted him had thought that their story was the story of the century. The waitress refilled his cup, pausing he took a sip. Scanning the small café. No one he recognized. Ian Quarts was an alias, not a good one either, in his opinion. He did run a check. Came up with nothing. Clearing his throat and sitting back, he closed his eyes, sipping his coffee. As far as coffees went this one was up there on the list as being good.

He heard the rustle of someone sitting down across from him before he opened his eyes, he picked up his phone.

“Mr. Riley, sorry I’m late.”

Opening his eyes, he saw a middle-aged man with stress lines and dark circles under his eyes that held a sense of fear that he’s only seen once before. Six years back he had been contacted with another story, mafia related but the guy died while he was interviewing him. While holding his phone, he quickly turned on the recorder option, then sent the phone down on the table face first. “Mr. Quarts?”

Looking around the café he nodded quickly. “Yes, thank you for agreeing to meet me.”

“How could I refuse, story of a lifetime,” he smiled.

Mr. Quarts nodded again, avoiding eye contact. “Mr. Scott Riley, I have been a longtime fan of yours.”

“Thank you. So, story of the century, Mr. Quarts you have my attention.”

“I think we both know my name isn’t Ian Quarts, call me Jon.”

“Alright Jon what is weighing upon you?”

“They will try to kill you, once you know the truth.”

“Who will?”

“Them,” he nodded over his shoulder. “The government, our overlords.”

“The government?” Overlords? Scott raised an eyebrow.

He nodded. “People need to know the truth.”

“What truth?”

“I have been working for the government for the last fourteen years, I have seen things over the years, that I still can’t process with my eyes and brain.”

Nodding, to encourage him, Scott felt goosebumps and the little hairs on the back of his neck stood on end. His gut was telling him this guy was legit.

“By telling you this, it’s considered treason.” He shook his head, then ran his fingers through his hair in frustration. “There are crazy people on the internet that have been telling the public for decades that we are not alone. There are monsters that walk among us.”

“Monsters?” he felt his heart sinking; this guy was just off his meds.

“Monsters of the worse kind. They are preying upon us, every day, all day long. They prey upon us humans like a game of cat and mouse. Except the cat is the largest and fierce cat in the known universe.”

Scott nodded and started taking notes on the note pad he had next to his phone.

“What kind of monsters?”

“We always tell our children to beware of those things that go bump in the night. What do we do, when those bumps are predators? Predators that we don’t stand a chance against.”

“Are you talking about human trafficking?”

“This goes beyond that. You must understand I don’t have proof, but I have seen these things with my own eyes. Our prime minister Laney London, isn’t human.”

Scott was waiting for the punchline.

Jon leaned closer, looking around nervously, his voiced lowered, “None of them are.”

“Are what? Who?”

Jon lean backed and laughed; it was a nervous laugh of a crazy person. Shaking his head. He paused looking around the café again. Pursing his lips, sighing heavily. He leaned close again. “Scott, this is the rabbit hole, once you go down, you can’t ever come back up from. At least, you can’t come back sane.”

“Just say it.”

“I have.” He looked out the window, then back at Scott. “All our world leaders are not human. All our government houses on Earth, none of our leaders are human.” He paused. “Not one of them are human. They are all monsters.”

“What kind of monsters?”

“They are all not from this world Scott, aliens. Earth has been taken over, it’s the biggest takeover in history. Aliens are running us, manipulating us. Fuck global warming, that is terraforming for them. We have never been alone in this universe or this galaxy. We are like their test subjects, bugs or lab rats that they tinker with.”

Scott was hoping for a story instead he got a cup of the crazy train.

“Scott, I can tell by the look in your eyes that you don’t believe me.”

“It’s not that I don’t believe you, I would just need proof.”

“Scott, if I could show you I would. These cagey bastards are clever, very clever. They plan on coming forward in the next two years to stage a first contact day. They want you to know about aliens, because they are almost ready for their next step.”

“Next step? What was the first step?”

“Infiltration my friend. Infiltration. First, they came and studied, then they infiltrated our society. Then they overtook our government, right from under our noses. Next,” he waved his hands around. “Global warming, as they take the steps to terraform Earth for themselves. We will be alien slaves and even alien chow.”

“Aliens live among us?” Scott raised an eyebrow.

“Not just live among us, they are ruling us. Scott, I don’t think you understand the gravity of what I’m you. Ever since the beginning of time, they have been here. We’re their experiments, their pets, their food. They have been farming us for centuries.”

“How did you come to know this information?”

“I’ve been working with London. I have seen her, in her true form. She’s not human, none of them are.”

“What do you want me to do?”

“I want you to know. I just wanted someone else to know.”

“Before they take over?”

“No, before they catch up with me. You’re not safe, no one is safe.” Jon got up and headed over to the counter. He started talking to the waitress. Then he pulled out a gun and shot himself in front of everyone.

Scott watched in disbelief, did that just happen? He felt like he had just witnessed something from a movie. He was being punked right? The blood snaked across the tile from Jon's lifeless body.

They were stuck there for hours as they were questioned by police, then a couple men in suits showed up and repeat with questions of their own. Sitting in a corner after he had been grilled several times, Scott was trying to figure out what really happened. If Jon was unstable mentally then this was all made up in his head. Clawing at his mind, sometimes crazy people spoke a thread of truth, but no one hears them. They handed him back his phone and laptop.

As Scott was leaving a woman handed him a sandwich and a bottle of water. Makes sense they had been there for hours; it was a nice touch. He took it and thanked her. Getting back into his car, he checked his phone. The recording should have been in the folder. Nothing. He checked all his folders and the recording app, nothing. Gone. The whole conversation had vanished. Sighing he watched people being released from the scene. Uncapping his bottle of water, he chugged it and took a bite of the sandwich they gave him.

Turning on his car, he began driving away wondering how much of Jon's story was true. His throat felt tight and dry. He grabbed the bottle of water and took another drink. It didn't help. The poison in the water had already worked its way through his body as his vision began to blur, his foot felt heavy and accelerated. The last thing he saw was the night sky, the stars and moon as he drove over a cliff. Jon secret was safe; they made sure of that. No one is safe.