

# Call of Duty - One Shot Collection

## things no one likes to talk about

Von Soap

### Kapitel 6: Who are these? Your kids, maybe?

Soap thought about the third day of being Makarov's hostage.

That man had proved to him, to be mad. More than that, maybe.

He had tried to sleep, to ignore the pain, but this whole situation was bullshit. Too much in his head, to finally rest. He wasn't even able to lose consciousness.

When Makarov appeared again, to heat up his body a little, Soap almost lost trace. All of the other man's actions were anything but professional torture. This guy just needed someone to agonize. He wasn't asking any questions anymore. He just did as he wanted to, totally senseless.

After Makarov had driven the knife through Soap's knee and the blindfold was gone, the Russian stood up again. He used the bandage to keep Soap from talking. He didn't want to anyway.

Makarov pulled it between Soap's lips and teeth and knotted it on the back of his head.

Soap needed a few blinks to acclimatize his eyes to the light.

He watched Makarov coming around again.

The Russian pulled over a chair in front of Soap and sat down. His hand and eyes still in the silver lighter. "Alison, David, Emily and Price." He raised his brows and looked back into Soap's face. "The love you, Captain. You can read it, right here. I wonder who they are.. Well, at least, I know who Price is. But I didn't know, he had such strong feelings for you."

Soap was breathing harder.

The fear of losing his loved ones to this monster already reached his head.

"Alison.. This your girlfriend.. Wife, maybe? David and Emily could be your children.. Am I right?"

Soap's only answer was his breath. His brows were lying right on his eyes and he was looking like a madman himself. Even Makarov was amazed. "I really am. Is this your family?"

Blood might be thicker than water, but Soap really loved these guys.

Makarov started to laugh. Simply amazing.

He came closer, still playing with the lighter in his hands. "You know, it would be very easy for my men, to find 'em. And what could be worse to man, watching his own family die? I could bring them here. Right in front of you. And you would have to choose who deserves to die. The little David? How old is he? Five maybe? Or your friend and mentor, Captain Price."

Soap was snuffling like an injured rhino.

"Oh, you want to say something?"

Makarov pulled the bandage out of Soap's mouth.

"Fuck you, bloody son of a bitch!"

Vladimir was laughing again. This guy was laughing a lot actually...

"You're reaction only confirms my statement. So you want them to join yo-..?"

"No! I will kill you the most terrible way you can imagine, if you'd touch them!!", he shouted right into the Russian's face.

Makarov leaned back and smiled.

"Really? How about, we just take little David, holding a knife right in front of his throat and slice it, very carefully and slowly. I guess, his eyes would tell you a lot, while he would look at you. He would wanted to scream for help, but he couldn't anymore."

Soap's face became pale. Even more than before.

"And Emily? I would drive a bullet through her chest. Maybe I got lucky and I will hit her lungs, so she will drown in her own blood. And she would wanted to call for your help."

Soap was shaking his head. "Stop this.."

"And Alison? Wonder what she looks like? Is she a beautiful one? I guess so. I mean, look at you. You could get any girl you want, right? But I also think, you got taste. First, I would take her body, then I would crack her soul, by making her witness how her family dies. After that, I would break every single rip in her body and cut her chest open, let her bleed out. Maybe her broken bones already got some important organ." Soap's breathing got faster. His head was burning, like the wound on his chest.

Makarov told these things so god damn serious, John wasn't able to think of just a stupid story to scare him.

"And last, but not least, Price... I guess, I would make him watch you suffer some more. I got some reports on him. Heard, he's kinda like a father to you, right? Maybe I should make him shoot you."

Makarov reached out for Soap's forehead. He pushed his forefinger against the sweaty skin. "Right. Through. Here. **BOOM!**"

"Argh!"

Alison opened her eye quickly, when she heard, John's voice. He finally woke up, after Price got him back home.

She was visiting him for three days now, but he had been asleep the whole time. Dave was lying next to him. The small body could become even more thinner.

"John, it's okay. Look, you're at a hospital. Your wounds are treated. You're safe. Everything is fine."

He looked in confusion into her eyes, but nodded. It took him a while to understand.

Dave also opened his eyes then. He looked at Soap and wasn't able to held his tears back. "I'm so happy, you're back, John!", he cried, throwing his arms around John's left one.

The man smiled. "Thank you, Dave.." His right hand caressed the boy's head.

But he couldn't stay that relaxed. "Where are Emily and Price?"

Alison realized that nervous tone in his voice. "I am here, Soap.", Price answered from behind Alison. He was sitting in a chair, arms folded in front of his chest.

"And Emily's about to take a look at you in a few moments.", Alison explained. "Why are you asking?"

"I..." Soap watched his girlfriend, and turned his head towards Price. "I was just..."

dreaming.. of..."

His breathing became faster again. The ECG started running faster as well.

Price got up and walked over to the bed, Soap was lying in. Alison took a step back and told Dave to get off the bed. He did so and took Alison's hand.

"Keep yourself together, Soap.", Price told him. But John barely heard him.

"Ey. I'm talking to you, son!" His voice became a little louder.

"I'm calling Emi.", Alison suggested. Price nodded.

As soon as Alison closed the door behind her, Soap raised his body.

Price watched his huge eyes and pulled Dave back behind him, when Soap suddenly got up.

"What the bloody hell are you up to?", he asked, still fixing the injured one.

When Soap finally was standing on his two feet, he had to catch his balance and needed a second, before he could start working. "Hey, I was asking you something."

"Outside...", Soap whispered.

"Outside?"

He nodded. "It's so.. tightend in here. I want to leave. Go home."

"Stay here, boy.", Price told Dave and started following Soap, who had nearly reached the door. But before he was able to open it, Emily did. She and Alison looked in surprise, when they caught the scene. "What is this?"

"He just wants to leave, I guess.", Price said, standing behind Soap. The younger one turned his head towards Price and almost started running, if his Captain wouldn't had reacted and kept him close, with his hands on Soap's shoulders. "Let me go, I want to go home!"

Alison caught Emi's eyes and looked at Dave. "Come on, Dave. let's go." She pushed her little brother, gently outside the room, and walked with him, a few steps away from the door.

Meanwhile Emily tried to take a closer look into Soap's eyes, but he was reacting like a wild animal which wouldn't want to be caught.

"I guess it's just a panic attack.", she finally said.

Price nodded. "Agreed. What do we do?"

"I just need some of the medic he got before. I hurry!"

She went out of the room and didn't take a minute, until she came back.

"Okay, he has to stay still." Something Soap couldn't as soon as he saw the injection.

"What is this? No, I.. I just want to sleep. But not here! I want to go home!"

He fought against Price's strong grip, but it was of no use.

"Price, get the fuck off me!", he pressed through his teeth.

But this was like a challenge to the old man.

He also tightend the grip and ignored the fact, that he was pressing hard against the wound in Soap's shoulder. He pulled the injured one close enough, that he just needed to whisper. "Shut your bloody mouth, boy, or this injection will be the least of your problems."

His voice brought something, which made Soap froze. His eyes just starred straight forward and he didn't even realized the injection was already over until his lids became heavy again. His body relaxed and he leaned against Price like a dead man.

"Good work, doc."