

# Call of Duty - One Shot Collection

## things no one likes to talk about

Von Soap

### Kapitel 8: Insanity

"Well, if she's clever, she'll be givin' that information to Price."

Makarov looked over to Soap and smiled.

"She is, isn't she?"

Soap didn't answer by nodding or shaking his head. He just tried to keep his weight on his feet.

But not for long.

Makarov came closer again and opened the handcuffs.

Soap just couldn't help, but falling down, laying on the ground. He was breathing hard and his eyes still weren't able to just shut close. Instead he gagged and heaved. Remaining in his own belly's matter -also including a lot of blood- he didn't even feel disturbed by the smell.

But Makarov did. He pulled the soldier back on his feet and pushed him a few meters away from him, against a wall.

After kissing the wall, Soap just landed on his back and moved his head to the right and left, just to find back his orientation. In the meanwhile, Makarov pulled out his phone and called two of his men, to pick Soap up.

Not even five minutes, and the guys just arrived, slamming the heavy door against Soap's wounded shoulder. He screamed and the Makarov's men pulled him up.

"Wait.", Makarov ordered and looked back at Soap. He put one hand on his own chin and slightly scratched his beard stubble. "Impressive how much this body is able to bear.", he said, with an honest voice.

But Soap really didn't feel like taking this as a compliment. He let his head sink on his chest and kept breathing hard. "I need a bigger room. Take him to the one next to this here.", he ordered and his guards nodded.

Soap didn't want to know, why Makarov said such things. Maybe more hostages? Hopefully no one, Soap already knew.

When they arrived in the bigger, cold room, they let him go, and he fell on the hard ground. One of them took Soap's right arm and a short pain overcame him. But he only saw the needle to be pulled out, when unconsciousness reached him and he finally closed his eyes.

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"Soap! Open your bloody eyes!"

And he did. But the only one, who called him Soap anymore, was Price. So they got him outta there? He was back home? Happiness nearly filled his heart, when he pulled

up his own head and watched his Captain, kneeling before him.

He, himself was sitting on a chair, hands tied up closely behind his back. Price looked unharmed. He was wearing his full equipment. But it looked like he was on his own. Doesn't matter.

After he recognized, it was Price, Soap's heart just started jumping against his chest in relief. He wasn't able to hold back some tears of joy and even smiled.

"I thought, you'd let me rot in here... ", he cried and felt his pain slowly coming back.

"No way, son.", Price answered and stood up again. He was about to get the young one free, but something hard hit him, so he stumped forward, but still was able to keep his balance. So he didn't even touched Soap. Rubbing the back of his head, he looked into Soap's fearsome eyes and turned his head back then.

His own gaze met Makarov's.

"What the bloody hell did you do to him..?"

"Ah.. You're not in the position of asking questions, Price. It's me, who likes to have some answers."

Another punch and Price found himself laying on his back. He shook his head quickly and started to get up again, but Makarov put all his weight in knocking his knee into Price's stomach.

The British one gasped and tried to push his enemy off of him, but it didn't work as he would have liked it.

Makarov put one hand on the older looking man and started choking him.

He lent forward and pulled Price's neck and -of course- head a bit higher, towards him.

"You want to know, what happened to him? Didn't you watch the vid? Oh! Do not answer! I'm gonna show you, what has happened to him!"

It nearly sounded like a promise and Soap just shouted for Makarov to stop. But he didn't even hear him. Like a bloodthirsty animal, Makarov continued punching Price's face, again and again, until the Captain didn't move. The Russian got up on his feet and looked back at Soap, whose eyes fixed his commanding officer. "Price, get the fuck up!", he yelled at him, but earned a strong hit against his temple as well. "Shut the fuck up!", Makarov shouted and like a little child, standing in front of his father, Soap just obeyed. He already feared the next hit, but Makarov didn't get the chance, when a kick suddenly hit his knee, he broke down and touched the hurting area. His eyes looked back at Price, who already was standing on his feet. "Get him!", Makarov screamed and the door suddenly bashed open. Two of his muscle-men walked in, straight towards Price and graped him. Each on one side.

Makarov stood up again and suddenly felt the need to hobble. "Shit.. ", he cursed and looked back at Price, who was completely the opposite of what Soap looked like.

His eyes fixed his opponent's with resistance and he was standing more unshaken, than Makarov could tell.

But before Price could say something, Makarov's fist hit his nose that hard, it cracked.

"6-2-7... I really hoped for you to stay a little longer in that Gulag. I was pretty angry, to hear, you left me, without saying thank you for my hospitableness." But Price just spitted into the Russian's face. Makarov just raised his brows and wiped the blood and spittle away. "Now I know, where MacTavish got it from...", he said, dryly.

"No, I guess, he taught me this.", Price corrected him and looked over to Soap, who was looking more dead than alive. "I've seen the video, you know?"

"Ah. The whole video or just the beginning and you couldn't stand his agony."

"Correct. His agony and your madness."

Suddenly Makarov's eyes seemed to change color, from blue and green into red.

He punched Price's larynxes, put his hand around it and started choking again.

"I. Am. Not. Mad!!", he shouted, and the walls reflected his voice, so it sounded even louder. Soap just raised his head again in shock and needed a second or two, to realize what was going on. He wanted to say something, but was afraid of more pain.

And even Price was able to see this.

"Look what you... did to Soap..", he gasped. "He was a strong man, once. Body and soul. And you madness was able to break him. Completely."

Makarov felt provoked and his hand tightened around Price's throat. Soap felt ashamed by these words, though it wasn't meant this way.

Price looked into his plager's eyes and grinned. "Look at you... Effected by some simple words... Anything, but strong, mate..."

Makarov just let go off him and nodded. He pulled the colt out of Price's holster and turned it towards Soap. "The cameras in the Gulag caught that scene, you know? This weapon used to be very important, to both of you. If I got that right, it was the one which killed Zakhaev and it saved MacTavish's life. Why can't we just play destiny and now it kills your beloved Scottish soldier?!"

"Don't you fucking dare!"

But Price really wasn't in the right position, to threaten his enemy. Instead Makarov just handed him a second gun. "You do it, or I'll kill him. Shoot his knee or he's dead anyway."

"You insane!"

"That's what you told me and now I'm acting like that. Do it, or I will. Oh, and if you'd point that thing on me, these two will crack your neck like a toothpick."

Price swallowed heavily and already saw Makarov folding his forefinger around the trigger.

He watched towards Soap and closed his eyes.

"I'm sorry son, but I'm sure, you'll survive this."

"Price, please, don't..!"

**BANG!**

Soap cried out loud and his chin fell down against his chest again.

The pain was overwhelming and he wasn't able to control his body. He was drooling on his chest, followed by tears.

Makarov raised his brows in impression. "Never thought you would pull the trigger that fast. Wow...", he admitted and took the gun away from Price, while he was still pointing at Soap.

"Doesn't mean I have to keep my promise, right?", he asked and pulled the trigger himself. The bullet ran through Soap's stomach and blood swelled out of his mouth. His eyes closed, he lost consciousness again.

"No! You motherfucker! Just call back your sons of bitches and let us do this, man against man!", Price shouted again, before the barrel hit his face pretty hard.

"Shut the fuck up. I really..."

He stopped, and took a few steps back, while he was reaching for his phone. He answered the call quickly and looked at his men. "He have to leave. Looks like they found us."

His eyes fixed Price's again. "That doesn't mean, you'll get outta here alive. MacTavish's time is running short anyway."

He clenched his fist and slammed it into Prices face again, so even the elder Captain lost sight and consciousness.

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