

Call of Duty - One Shot Collection

things no one likes to talk about

Von Soap

Kapitel 12: Stay awake!

"Soap?", I heard him say.

"Soap open your bloody eyes."

And I did. My sight wasn't clear at all and it looked like I was watching through mist. I didn't know if I had been asleep, but since I've opened my eyes again, I recognized the pain again.

Every breath hurt and the taste of blood returned on my tongue. My arm raised and I didn't even know what I wanted to do, but suddenly Price took my hand and pushed down on that uncomfortable bed again.

"Don't move. You already lost too much blood and it's slowly filling your lungs."

And as soon as he had finished his sentence, I hold my breath. My own blood was filling my lungs, so I was drowning my own? Great.

As soon as I became part of the 22nd, I was sure, I wouldn't die as an old man, sitting in a chair, next to my wife. But I also hoped just being shot in the head and die without the pain and the uncertainty of surviving or not. And now I had to accept that my own body would kill me? Such a bullshit..

"Did I sleep?" I turned my head towards him and tried to get a clear view, but it still didn't work.

"No you didn't but I don't want you to loose consciousness or anything like that.", he explained. I turned my head back and closed my eyes for another second. At least I thought so.

My body was so hot. Completely wet from sweating and blood. I was listening to my heartbeat. Didn't felt that good, but at least it was still doing its job.

After the darkness disappeared, I was back home, enjoying the sun, my girl's company. There was no thought about never seeing her again. I was barely able to imagine, what she might feel like every time I was gone. She might be worried about my life more than I actually did. I guess that was, why I didn't ask her to marry me, why we didn't talk about children.

I love my job, the things I accomplish to make sure, people like her, people I love, are safe.

"Soap, wake up!", his voice was running through my head again. I felt his hand running over my chin and jawbone to wipe the blood away.

My lids were that heavy, I really was fighting to get them up again to watch him.

"Look at me, son. Don't close your eyes." He had this mix of concern and seriousness in his voice. He wanted to sound calm, but I saw, he wasn't. I saw it in his eyes, though

my sight still wasn't clear.

I was trying to concentrate on him talking to Nikolai. Since when had he been around? Yeah, I remember, he picked us up. He even carried me back to the chopper. I was listening to them, Price was cursing and Nikolai tried to calm him down. Actually I always remembered it the opposite. I tried to concentrate on their conversation, when I suddenly started coughing. I was clenching my muscles and lifted my head. It felt like being under water for too long but went worse when I tasted the blood again. It was flowing out of my mouth and dropping down my chin.

Clenching my muscles caused pain and I automatically groaned. Price's hand hold the back of my head. He really had a strong grip and it felt like he had no problems keeping my head held high.

He wiped the blood again, after I finally went silent. Still panting I opened my eyes and watched him. He stretched his arm, so my head was resting on it and I felt breathing became easier.

But I closed my eyes consistently and after a few times his hand slapped me slightly.

"Dammit Soap. Keep your eyes open!", he told me and I nodded slowly, rubbing half of my face on his shirt.

He wasn't wearing that jacket anymore and I realized the air was hotter than before.

"Where... are.. ?" I just wanted to know what our location was but I wasn't able to finish that sentence. I felt the need to sleep. The pain was overwhelming and my lids were that heavy.

"We're on our way to India, Soap. Nikolai knows a safe place there. Maybe half an hour and you will get help. Just hold on.", he said and squeezed my shoulder.

"Aye...", I confirmed. I still couldn't believe he did this for me. I was so sick of being rescued by Price. I couldn't tell if it was still my life or already his.

"This hurts.. so fucking much.."

"I can imagine. But I already gave you a dose. You know, too much is too dangerous. Just open your mouth."

"For what... ?"

"Water. You need to stay hydrogenated."

I watched him opening a bottle of water and put it on my lips.

"Slowly.", he advised, but as soon as he said it, I choke on it.

He was about to put the bottle away, but I reached for his arm and dug into his sleeve so he had to stay. The cold water really felt good and I was able to swallow slowly again pretty soon. I just realized how dry my throat really was.

When I was hasty again the water, which couldn't find place in my mouth, dropped down my chin and my shirt took it.

When the bottle nearly was empty, I let go of his sleeve and Price pulled the bottle back to close it and put it away.

"I'm tired..."

"I know. I'm tired, too. But you aren't allowed to sleep now. I ask you to stay awake, Soap."

I smiled and looked at him. "Then I will stay awake.", I promised and looked over to the cockpit. Nikolai was talking in Russian to someone. He really was known for his curses, his strange friends. At least to me. I really liked this guy and I was impressed buy his skills, but sometimes he wasn't exactly what I expected a soldier to be.

"How long, Nikolai?"

"9 Minutes, Price. Just tell him to hold on."

"He did..", I answered for Price and now Nikolai tried to keep me company.

"You really are kinda clumsy.", he teased me.

"Remember that thing with Zakhaev? Completely the same thing, my friend."

"I know...", I confirmed and closed my eyes.

Price's voice was heard again. He was calling my name, but suddenly his voice completely vanished and the next thing I could remember, was the chopper from outside of it...