

Call of Duty - One Shot Collection

things no one likes to talk about

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 13: Loosing my patience with her!

Unbelievable that there was someone alive who had been with Makarov voluntarily. This woman didn't even look that tough, but already her voice revealed that she wasn't the kind of girl who was easy to convince.

She was sitting at a huge metallic table. Her chair was really uncomfortable, so she was slipping from left to right from time to time.

Price sat compared to her, while Soap was standing behind him, arms folded in front of his chest. The room itself was like people may know it from TV. Not really comfy or nice looking. Just one heavy door, a huge mirror, lots of cameras and a microphone in front of Gil. The walls were painted in a cantilevered grey tone and two neon lamps on the ceiling were buzzing.

They had her for a while now and it was pretty hard to get information from her. No matter what the subject was, Soap was already pissed by her talent to haver. He sighed heavily and opened his mouth again, when Price's voice already was heard.

"So? What can you tell us about him?", he asked. His voice was still calm.

"He's awesome in bed." Her voice sounded honest, what was making it more sappy.

Soap rolled his eyes and made a few steps through the room, while he put his hands into his trousers' pockets.

He was shaking his head and met Price's eyes. Both of them cleared their throats.

"Too much information...", MacTavish grumbled and Price lifted his hands on the table to fold them.

"I meant, what can you tell me about him, which might be important.", he corrected himself and hoped for a better answer.

"For example?", her face like the one of a curious child.

"Where is his safe house?"

She shrugged and with her left hand she put back her hair behind her ear.

"But you have been there.", Price reminded her.

"That's correct.", she confirmed.

"So you should know, where it is, shouldn't you? .. So?"

"You really, really wanna know it, don't you?", she asked in return as Price was nodding, relieved that the feeling of talking to a mentally handicapped woman was about to leave.

"You know, people always think about hostages will get a bag on their heads, so they wont see anything, right? Well, Vladimir has different ways to handle this problem. Actually my head had been between his legs, if you get the point."

This was too much stupidity for Soap and his hand beat the table, so the metallic sound was hitting the empty walls and back into the three peoples' ears.

"Just listen carefully, Missy: We. Want. Information. Or you will be arrested because of terrorism as well!"

Gil trembled shortly and put her hands from the table to lay them on her lap.

His angry gaze met her serious looking eyes.

"You wanna arrest me, because I had sex with him, or just because I have no idea what to tell you, because I really don't know anything?"

"I'm sure she knows something, Price.", Soap hissed towards his older mate.

"I don't care, what he thinks of you two, or what's your opinion of him. I have no interest in politics. If it would be different, I'd be defending my country right now, but as you can see, I am sitting in front of you two. Everything I can tell you is, he is fucking rough, tattooed and he likes to drink a glass of wine. Vladimir never talked to me about his work and if I have been around, he always had spoken Russian. And believe it or not, I don't speak this language."

Soap's eyes had grown very big. He looked at this blond girl in front of him and felt his heart beating brutal against his chest.

"If he didn't, I will kill her.", he whispered towards Price, but the older one just smiled and leant back.

"Alright, I got your point.", Price said to her. He closed his eyes for a moment and took a deep breath while his right hand was looking for something in his pockets. He pulled out a package of cigars and opened it. His eyes met John's but he shook his head.

"Not now, thanks."

"Your call." Price pulled out a cigar and pinned it between his lips.

Now his left hand was looking for something but this search wasn't successful. He looked over to John again, who reached into his pocket as well and pulled out a lighter to hand it over to Price.

"Thanks.", he mumbled with the cigar between his lips.

Meanwhile Soap was watching Gil, who looked like she was bored. Of course she wanted to leave and of course she knew a thing or two. But she would lose an interesting place to go -probably the most interesting place she'd ever got to- if she'd open her mouth now.

Before Price lit the cigar, he watched over to Gil.

"You mind?", he asked, as the British gentleman, he was.

"No, just do as you please.", she answered and scratched her head behind her left ear. So Price lit the cigar and handed the lighter back to Soap. He took a deep breath and looked over to Gil again.

"I got another question.", he started, getting back Gil's attention.

"Go ahead, but I'm sure, there will be no answer as well."

"Why do you call him that; Vladimir? The way you pronounce it, the way your voice sounds ... Like you are pretty close to him."

"I... Do call him that, because it's his name. What stupid question is this?"

Soap was looking at Price as well.

"We got Intel that you have come there by your own, once."

Gil's eyes widened. Soap couldn't say if she looked that way in disbelief or because they got her.

"And you trust your source?"

Gil looked at both of them. Price was puffing again.

She was pretty sure, her guard was still up, but Price was coming a little too close. She

needed a plan outta this.

So she needed to look more calm, which meant, she lifted her hands back on the table and leant back in her chair.

John was watching her carefully and met her eyes. Her full lips were smiling at him. A really flirty face.

And before Price could answer her question, she opened her mouth again.

"So you think, I meet him regularly to .. well, please him?"

"No, not regularly. That's what you just said, now."

She shrugged. Stupid trick, but it worked.

"You told us, you gave him a blow job, he can be rough, but there is no sound of pain, fear or anything negative in your voice, which means, I can't believe, you have been his hostage. I still don't know why, but I think, he trusts you."

"This is ridiculous.", both, Soap and Gil said.

Price turned his head slowly towards Soap, like he betrayed him, and blew out some smoke.

"Excuse me.", Soap mumbled like a child and scratched his nose sheepish.

Gil laughed at this view and leant forward again, so her arm were resting on the table again.

"What do you have on that?"

"Well, Gillian Falk, we know, I know, that you are more than you are going to tell us, to tell Makarov. Does he know, what you're doing?"

"What do you know?" Again both of them, were asking him.

Price sighed.

"Not worth a word now, Miss Falk. Just tell me what you know, and you can leave."

"I'm sorry, but I can't. Top secret, as you would say."

"You as well!"

Price's voice became louder by that point. Soap watched him surprised, as he was getting up, his hands on the table.

"This is no game, Falk! We need your information!"

"I'm sorry, Captain."

Gil got up, slowly and walked over to both men.

"But this is classified too high for both of you. I can't tell you, where he is, cause it would affect everything I've already accomplished."

She looked over to Soap's confused look.

"And you better keep it to yourself, Captain Price. The boy doesn't need to know. Knowledge might be power, but ignorance is bliss, right."

Then she turned away from them, went towards the door.

Both of them watched her well formed body, the dark dress that flattered her body with every move.

More disappointment in Price's face, than in Soap's.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, but this is the best way, for all of us." Her hand pushed open the door and she turned her beautiful face back to them.

"See you around guys, hopefully under better circumstances, MacTavish."

She formed her lips to a kiss and the door fell back into its lock.

Price turned around again and Soap took a step back.

"Ey, don't look at me like this. You're the one who knows more!"

"But you're the one she's flirting with. Maybe we can use this."

"No! I got a girl and I'm pretty happy with her."

"Yeah.. A girl, but what about a woman?"

Soap's eyes got bigger.

"The fuck!?"

"Alright, calm down, son.", Price laughed and lifted his hands.

"So, what do you know about her, which might be dangerous to me?"

"As you said, it might be dangerous, so I won't tell."

"Price...?"

"No way."

Soap rolled his eyes again and sat down, where Price had taken place before.

"Give me one of your cigars now,... please.", he asked and looked over to the empty place. When he was thinking about this conversation, he wasn't so sure, if he really wanted to know, what Price already knew. Military secrets were hard enough to bear, sometimes. But everything beyond wasn't meant for people to know, who really didn't know. John got that now, he got it before, but he still was too curious some times.

His thoughts were disturbed, when Price hit his shoulder with the cigar. Soap watched over to it and took it with thumb and forefinger.

"Thanks..", he said and lit it.

He still wasn't used to these things, which means, he sometimes started coughing while breathing the smoke in. And as always, Price started laughing.

Outside, Gillian watched her phone. No calls, no messages. She smirked and walked over the street.

There might be someone who'd be interested in this conversation. Her smile became a little darker and her movements became faster.