

Call of Duty - One Shot Collection

things no one likes to talk about

Von Soap

Kapitel 14: Hello again >:D

Dave didn't know Makarov. He didn't know, who this man in front of him was. He didn't know, this man was the monster which terrorized the world for months. He didn't know, this man was about to become Dave's greatest nightmare.

Dave was still sitting in a huge, but kinda empty room. He looked around, but there was nothing that might have caught his attention. He still remembered, this Russian in front of him, saved his life. At least, Makarov gave him the picture.

"When do I get home, Mister?", Dave asked, a sound of fear in his voice. Of course he was afraid. Though the only frightening thing on Makarov was his bunch of scars in his face. Across his lips and some on his forehead. Dave thought of him as a soldier as well. But he was too scared to ask.

Makarov looked over to Dave, who returned his look in shock, when he finally recognized Makarov's eyes had two different colors.

"How did you do that?", the little Brit asked and the Russian laughed.

"How did I do what?", he replied.

Dave pointed at him and found the guts to stand up, coming closer. Makarov was impressed by this little guy's courage but he guessed, it was just because he was still a child. More curious than careful.

"With your eyes. How did you manage to get a blue and a green one?"

Makarov raised his brows and crouched down, in front of Dave. He was listening to his words again in his head and came to the point, that he already hated the boy for his British accent.

"You wouldn't understand, anyway, so I don't to tell you."

"But I want to know! When I grow up, I want to be a doctor, so I think, I need to know."

"You think?", Makarov laughed again and stood up, putting one hand on Dave's back, pushing him -gently- in front of him, out of the room.

"Yeah.. I think. No, I'm sure!", Dave corrected himself and moved his feet to get out. On the corridor he looked up to Makarov again in expectation. "So? You tell me?"

Vladimir sighed. "It's some kind of mutation.", he explained and kept walking, without looking at Dave, who started running, to keep up with the adult.

His little eyes watched the location interested. But there was nothing to look at, except the floor, ceiling and the walls. So he started dreaming and ran right into Makarov, as he suddenly stopped walking in front of another door. He bow down again to the boy and took his little hand. Dave opened his fist and saw a little pill falling into his hand.

"What is this?"

"It's important and more safe for you, if you don't know, where this place is, so would you please take this pill? It'll just make you sleep for about an hour.", Makarov explained that little white thing and handed him over a glass of water.

Dave looked in distrust from that little drug to the man who gave it to him. "But my sister said, I mustn't take things like this. Especially not from strangers."

Makarov smiled. "Of course she did. And she's right. You're a good boy to follow her hint, but remember, I'm no stranger. I'm a friend of Captain MacTavish. And if it'll calm you down, we are going to visit him."

"Really?" Suddenly Dave's voice sounded positive again.

"I promise.", the Russian said and Dave really took the little thing, followed by the glass. And only a few minutes later, the boy fell asleep. His body became flabby and almost his head hit the ground, if Makarov hadn't caught him. He rested the boy in his arms and followed Alexi, who was waiting outside the door, to his car.

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When Dave opened his eyes again, he was looking at a clean wall. The late afternoon sun was bringing some light into the room. He was laying on a bed and as he turned his head to the right, he looked over to John. His face got a big smile and he wanted to get up, to say hello and hug him, but when he wanted to raise his upper body, he violently fell back. He looked at his chained arms and legs. He tried to get free and directly there was panic in his head.

"Help..", he said, looking over to John, but he showed no reaction.

"Help!", he yelled, but still no response, until the door went open.

"Ah.. Mister, can you help me?", he asked Makarov, who was taking elegant steps towards MacTavish. He didn't even look at Dave, but responded dryly. "Nope."

"But..." Dave looked in confusion to the second man, who was coming after Makarov. He locked the door and closed the shutter, so there would be no one disturbing them.

"What are you doing, Mister?", Dave asked in his fear, but as soon as Makarov turned towards him, he realized, the Russian wasn't as nice, as he'd played. "Stop calling me that, little brad. My name is Makarov. That's what the whole world calls me."

And Dave heard the name before. He heard, that the man behind that name, did terrible things to John.

And from one second to the next, Dave's heart was beating so goddamn fast, he thought he would faint.

"Time to get up, MacTavish.", Makarov said and chained John's arms tightly on his bed with two pairs of handcuffs. And as soon as the pressure appears, John opened his eyes to look into the Russian's. He first thought: he was dreaming, but couldn't help just to scream in fear. He already got the feeling of his heart beating in his throat, he wanted to get away from this man. He was tearing his arms up, but it was of now use.

"Get away from me! Please! Go somewhere else! Torture someone else, but please, leave me!"

Makarov raised his brows and got up again. "Hm, if you say so."

He looked over to Dave and John's eyes followed, widened.

Dave's face was pale as John felt himself. The boy wasn't impressed in a positive way to see his sister's boyfriend like this.

"No! Let him go! He's just a child, bloody bastard!"

"What did you say?" Makarov slapped MacTavish's face pretty hard so his nose already was bleeding again.

Makarov bent over John and watched into his blue eyes. The Scot was already

sweating pretty hard and he had to keep his mouth open, to get enough oxygen.

"What. Did. You. Say?"

He put one hand on John's chin and cheeks very tightly, it almost hurt and John wasn't able to open his mouth completely.

"Say it again, Captain."

John swallowed heavily and didn't try to look at Dave. This was so embarrassing again.

"Say it!", Makarov yelled.

"B-Bloody bastard.", John pushed through his grit teeth . He tried to find his familiar mental strength back, but he really wasn't in the right position of playing/being the badass.

"So...", Makarov just sighed and looked over to Alexi.

"Give me that little injection.", he ordered and Alexi followed by searching for the needle in a little case.

He handed it over to Makarov who held it right in front of John's eyes.

"You know, what this is?"

John shook his head.

"Good. So were are already two.", Makarov explained and pulled the thin cover from the needle. He reached for John's infusion and pulled the transparent liquid into the flexible tube, so it would reach John's circulation very fast.

"No! Stop it, son of a-.. Argh!"

Makarov beat his face again and looked at him pretty angry.

"Besides, who was that little bastard, that got you out of there?", the Russian wanted to know.

"I... I don't know.. ", John admitted and Makarov was about to believe him. He watched the injection again, to realize it was done.

"I was lying. Of course I know what this was. And don't worry, MacTavish, it won't kill you. Just hurt. Actually I developed this myself. A little poison I tested before. It causes an algospasm of every single fucking muscle."

John actually didn't want to find out, when his body suddenly completely clenched. He screamed that loud, Dave joined his painful sound. The boy was crying that hard already, he choke on his own tears and spittle he couldn't swallow. He watched John's white eyes closed his own pretty hard, he nearly forgot how to open them again.

John's body started trembling that heavy, his wrists were already bloody because of the handcuffs and finally stopped clenching but continued trembling like an epileptic. He was drooling on his pillow, his face towards Dave, but he wasn't able to recognize anything at the moment. He heard some flannelly voices. Primarily Makarov's laughter.

"So, let's get him back, should we?", Vladimir asked Dave.

"Yes...", he sobbed. "Please... please make him stop with that.", he begged.

"As you wish, boy.", Makarov whispered and took the knife, Alexi handed him.

He teared open John's shirt and looked over his chest. He put the knife onto his skin and pushed it into it. A fountain of blood shot directly into his face and the Russian looked kinda pissed.

"Yeah.. should have considered that...", he said to himself and used John's blanket to clean his face.

But as soon as the knife cut his chest, John screamed again, closed his eyes for a moment and it almost looked like he finally relaxed.

"John!", Dave cried out but there was no reaction, until John opened his eyes, opened his mouth and took a deep breath like someone did, who was diving and finally

breached. He was breathing pretty hard and looked at the knife in Makarov's hand. He wanted to wipe the spittle away, but still couldn't move his hands when he suddenly completely relaxed.

But just his body. His eyes got a tired look and his hands remained completely still. His tired blue eyes were fixing Makarov who was playing with the knife. He held it right upon John's left eye, where the scar was healing a second time. He wanted to shout at him, to get away, but his lips just didn't move.

So Makarov didn't hear any objections and he cut open the wounds a third time.

John wasn't even able to widen his eyes. Pain was a horrible thing on its own but it grew even more horrible if there was no way to release it. He wasn't able to move or to scream. He had no outlet right now.

And on the opposite he heard Dave screaming to let go off him, to just leave the two of them alone.

But he wouldn't be Vladimir Makarov, if he'd listen to what a little boy asked him to do.

"So.. Where next, MacTavish?"

But John wasn't able to answer.

"So I got it, you don't care? Should I castrate you? Still no objections? Nah.. Not in front of the boy. Something else.. maybe a finger? To pull a trigger, you don't need a ring finger, right?"

He looked over to John's right hand, which was completely bandaged besides his fingertips.

He pushed the knife into the meat and started to cut off his finger. Still John's only reaction was more spittle which ran out of his mouth. Dave wasn't even able to say if he was still alive, cause he was breathing that plain.

The finger wasn't completely cut off when Makarov stopped. He pulled back the blanket, so John's stomach was totally free.. Well, besides the rest of his shirt and the bandage around the area Makarov shot.

The Russian cut open the bandages and pulled off the huge patch. Even that hurt like shit.

He looked at the two flexible tubes reaching out of the fresh sutured wound for the liquids which doesn't belong into his body anymore to leave. Makarov touched them gently, then clenched his fist around them and pulled them out of John's belly, the soldier wanted to scream for his mama to come and kill Makarov.

Makarov took a look at the flexible tubes first, then at his watch.

He let go of them and slowly stood back up.

"We finally have to go now. But this drug will not last long. In about 20 minutes, you might be able to scream again."

John was barley returning Makarov's look. He tried to turn his head, to look over to Dave, but it just didn't work.

Makarov went over to the boy and freed him. He put the handcuffs back into the case, Alexi had and looked back to Dave.

"You will get up, five minutes after we're gone. Not earlier, not later. Understand?"

Still sobbing, but with a clear view, Dave nodded.

"Then have a nice evening. And Dave, make sure, he survives. I don't like losing people like him."

And the door closed behind him.

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Dave looked at his own colorful watch and jumped up. He really was too afraid of this

man, so had waited the five minutes, to finally run out of the room and scream for help.

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"He can't be alone anymore.", Price said, watching Alison holding John's hand, caressing his forehead.

Dave was again, laying next to him, asleep.

It was the intensive care now. John's vital signs were shown on some monitors and Emily was about to check them.

"Weak, but solid.", she explained to Jason, who was standing behind her, watching the signs.

His eyes met Price's and though Jason wasn't John's best friend - not even friend at all - he was worried. Because of Emily of course. He didn't like it, but John was his girlfriend's best friend. And to keep her happy, he wanted to help, keep him alive.

"So what?", he asked into Price's direction.

"I will stay. I have to, anyway. Emily, if it isn't allowed to get some of my men here, to have an eye on him, I will take him to a military hospital."

And exactly this wasn't what Emily wanted. She wanted to help John and Alison as well.

"What did he gave him, anyway?", Alison asked and Emily looked up.

"Our scientist are still watching the probe over, but I think it was just a neurotoxin. Something very dangerous, but he just used a small dose, so... It didn't kill him at all."

"At all?"

Emily nodded. "Can't tell already, how much Makarov used. You know what happened, to know, it was enough."

Price watched Alison and Dave again. He walked pass Emily and hit her shoulder softly. "Would you come outside for a word?"

"Sure." And she followed.

"What it is, Sir?"

"Is there anything, you can do, to separate them?"

"Err.. what?"

"Can you do something to quit this relationship?"

Emily looked in confusion into the old man's eyes.

"You want me to break their relationship?"

She couldn't believe what she was listening to.

"You see it yourself. Alison is about to die mentally. I don't want to know what will happen, if he really will fall on duty."

But Emily shook his head.

"She needs him as much as he needs her. He watched his signs, before Alison appeared and it might sound silly, but they got better, since she's around. I know, he has you, too, but John needs someone to hold on. Someone more.. gentle than you.. No offense."

"None taken.", he confirmed and nodded.

"But I get it."

He sighed heavily.

"Thank you for making a big mistake, dear.", he laughed and squeezed her shoulder gently.

"So let's get back.", Emily suggested with a smile and touched his hand.

"We are all just worried, Sir. But he won't make it alone, so.. It may sound silly, but let's stick together."

