

Call of Duty - One Shot Collection

things no one likes to talk about

Von Soap

Kapitel 15: Suck it

"I was wondering, where you've been around, Джиллиан.", Makarov mentioned, as the blond walked in. She closed the door behind her and walked over.

It was sunny outside, so the light of the fish tank didn't looked that impressive as it did while it was dark inside the room.

The Russian was listening to some music. Instrumental but not as boring as those classic things. No opera or something like it. The sound kinda told a story, but it was strong and the tracks were shorter.

"What is this?", she asked and pointed at his stereo. His eyes followed her finger and he shrugged.

"Does it matter? It sounds good, that's why I'm listening to it."

"Never thought you'd be a fan of music anyway."

"I'm not, I just don't like it too quiet. And you're disturbing this atmosphere right now, so shut up, or leave or whatnot."

Gillian smirked and sat down beside him. His eyes were focusing some papers. Everything was written in the Cyrillic script, which she really didn't understand. Some lines were underlined with a red pen, some words were written bigger. She thought if it was his handwriting, but shook away the thought. It wouldn't make any sense.

"What is this?", she asked, leaning forward and laying her chin on his shoulder.

He didn't gave her even a small sign of attention and continued reading. "None of your business.", he snarled and she got the point.

She removed her chin and sighed, while she was shortly looking around. He still didn't care and completely concentrated on his papers.

Gillian walked around the sofa and stopped in front of his minibar. She reached for two glasses and pulled out a bottle of wine -she didn't want to drink anything stronger- and filled the glasses with the dark liquid.

"I guess you could use something to distract yourself from work?", she asked and looked over to him. He still was showing his back to her and shook his head.

"This is just too important.", he assured her and pulled up the sleeves of his black shirt. The cloth completely flattered his muscled back and his big shoulders. She smirked by the sight and looked back to the glasses just to take them back to him.

Gil sat down again and gently pushed his shoulder with the back of her hand.

"Here you go, dear."

But he remained ignorant.

"Vladimir... ?", she asked, a little more power in her voice. But it worked. He turned his

head and watched her for a second, until his gaze met the glass in her hand, which reached for him.

He took it and looked back at his papers. "Don't expect me to thank you for that."

"Oh, I don't. Wouldn't be here, if I'd want some nice guy, right?"

He turned his head slowly towards her and Gillian watched his different colored eyes with a lot of desire.

"You're crazy.", he commented and she smiled even more.

"Not as much, as you, dear. Cheers."

She lifted the hand and wanted him to clink glasses. But as expected he turned away and slightly shook his head. When he lifted the glass to his lips, her smile turned into a grin and as soon as he swallowed some wine, she just licked her lips and put her glass back on the table. Her hand reached out for his and his face became even more annoyed when she stole his wine again.

"You don't need more of this.", she assured him and also took away the papers.

"What do you think you're doing?", he growled and his angry gaze met her seducing eyes.

"I'm going to make you rest a little, dear."

With the papers in her hand she stood up and took a few steps back. He followed, stood up but was able to do only one step forward.

Suddenly dizziness covered his mind for a second, he felt sick and his legs surrendered to his weight.

He found himself back on the ground, one hand pushing against the table to get up again, but his body just didn't move. Makarov felt his heart beating that fast, he was afraid it would crack a rib. His eyes widened and his breath was going heavily.

"What.. did you do.. stupid bitch?"

Gillian smiled in an ugly way and came closer again. She pulled off her shoes so her feet were completely naked, while she walked towards him. "Me? Nothing. It was the poison which caused this reaction."

"Poison? You're trying to kill me?"

Though it might be his end, he sounded so angry, aggressive, but there was no fear in his voice.

She lifted one foot underneath his chin and pushed his head higher. He looked at her as she let go of him and sat down on the sofa again. One leg on the other, she used a foot again, to guide his head.

"No. I don't want to kill you. There'd be no fun in this. But I know some guys who'd love to see you dead."

Makarov didn't even want to hear it. He was pretty sure she was talking about Price and MacTavish. But he didn't say a word anyway.

Suddenly her bare foot kicked his shoulder. His head hit the edge of the table and both of the glasses fell down on it. Red wine was flowing towards the edge and started dropping on the Russian's face. He closes his eyes, when the liquid reached him, though it was flowing down into his ear, down his cheek and a few drops into his mouth.

"Ah, what a view.", she whispered and got up from the sofa to take a seat next to him. She pulled back the table and bent over him, to kiss away the wine from his ear, continuing to his cheek and finally his lips.

He was still looking at her, but somehow he felt the need to kiss her back. Her tongue forced itself between his lips and started fighting with his.

Gillian moaned against his lips and took place right on his stomach. Her hands pulled

open his shirt and she undressed his upper part of the body.

When the shirt was gone, she quit the kiss and raised her body again. She looked down at him, demonstrating her dominance and started to massage his body with her hands.

"Uhhh.. Look at this.", she purred, more to herself than to him.

Though he still just wanted to kill her, his body wasn't that stubborn. He felt his chest rise and fall faster, little drops of sweat were about to show up and his trousers became kinda tight.

She noticed and put a hand on it, squeezed his hard-on. "You want me, don't you?", she teased him and went down again, so their lips nearly touched.

"блядь!", he yelled right into her face, so she moved back, still smiling.

"What? I don't understand that rubbish."

"Whore!", he translated himself and suddenly moaned when her hand was hitting his boner again.

"Really...?", she said and opened his belt. She pulled it out of his trousers' loops. "You are the one who is working for money, right? You are the one who is doing this for the one who is paying the most, aren't you? So, you aren't just a bitch, but a giant whore, my friend."

He pushed the air sharply through his teeth and watched her, with his belt in her hands, as he didn't know what to answer. He surely wasn't doing this for money, but he thought of it as useless to explain, since she wouldn't understand.

"What? No comment on that one?"

"Shut your fucking mouth."

"I don't think so, my Russian friend.", she disagreed and put the belt around his throat. She took the noose and pulled his head towards her. She choke him violently and just let go, when he even stopped coughing.

His head hit the ground again and he closed his eyes for a few seconds. He needed some time to find back full consciousness. When he opened his eyes again, Gillian already had pulled back his trousers and embraced his hard-on with one hand.

"You like that, don't you?", she asked, so much passion in her voice.

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When he opened his eyes again, Makarov felt like he had been drunken for the past two weeks. His head was aching he wished, he was dead. His eyes were burning and his whole body was in pain. His cheek was resting in a huge pillow. His naked body covered by a thin blanket from his feet to his hip. He turned around and looked outside the window. The sunshine was gone instead it was raining pretty much so the sky was gray and the room remained in a dark tone.

Makarov closed his eyes again and pressed one arm against them. He was about to fall asleep again, when another body's weight suddenly pushed him into the pillows. He knew it was Gil and he opened his eyes quickly, wanted to reach out for her throat when he just stared into a pistol's barrel.

By the second his body was calm again.

"Oh? Where is your bite, Vladimir? Afraid of a little gun?"

"You will pay for this.", he threatened her but it just made her laugh a little. Somehow he was about to think she was his female complement.

She came closer, as did the gun in her hand. It touched his lips and she smiled.

"Suck it.", she ordered, but he ignored it and remained as he was, mouth closed.

She put more pressure against it until his lower jaw gave in and the barrel ran into his mouth, pressing down his tongue and remaining between his teeth.

Again he felt his lungs needed more oxygen and he was breathing faster than before. His gaze though, still fixed her.

"My god, no matter what situation, your face is just.. well, no words for it. You're even sexier when you're looking right towards your end. But... "

She raised her body again, remained sitting on him.

She lifted one hand and pointed at the gun, his eyes followed and watched her finger slowly tightening around the trigger.

This was the end?

Really?

Killed by a horny woman?

This was too ridiculous to be true, but it looked like he wasn't able to change the fact. So his lids sank a bit, just enough to keep watching her. And as soon as she finally pulled the trigger back, his eyes clenched and he'd expected shit to end.

But all that was to hear was her laughter. she was laughing that hard, tears ran down her cheeks.

"Oh my, look at you!", she screamed and his lids burst open.

His expression was the devil's and he raised his body too fast for her to react. The gun fell out of her hand, out of his mouth. He caught the barrel and beat her temple with the grip.

His hand reached out for her throat and pushed her rough into the mattress. He choke her as violently as she did before, but he just stop, to fall back, pulling her towards him, pressing her face against his groin and kept the pressure on.

"Suck. It.", he whispered.