

Call of Duty - One Shot Collection

things no one likes to talk about

Von Soap

Kapitel 16: From the beginning

She really hated these days. She hated to hurry, cause she'd always been on schedule, so she had more time for other things before work really started. She took an early train every morning, prepared everything for the next day during the evening before. But this time it didn't work as she was used to. Her little brother, David, got sick and she lost a lot of time bringing him to their grandma. She was the only one, who was called family by Alison and David. Both of them loved the old woman.

Alison had a full time job, and she didn't want Dave -David's nickname- to be alone all day when he was ill. It always was a bit annoying, driving across the whole city, so their grandma could take care of him, but they already had talked about their grandma would move into the house in which Alison and Dave already lived. Alison's parents were divorced and both of them very focused on their career. Even that much, they lost both of their kids, when the youth welfare office agreed on Alison's request to raise her brother herself, since even she was able to spend more time with the boy. Also, Dave had been very grown up, even he was just eleven. He soon understood that this situation wasn't that easy for his sister and he didn't want to go back to his mom or dad.

Still, puberty would come some day...

Traffic was a tragedy, so Alison didn't use her own car. She traveled by train, or bus, underground... She just got some medics for her little brother before work and now really had to hurry. Since she worked all day long, there wouldn't have been time for that after work, because most chemist' shops would have been closed by then.

Well, most important thing on her to do list: Arrive on schedule at work. With her coffee to go, a heavy notebook bag on her shoulder and the Dr. Dre headphones, she ran from one station to the next to catch her trains, to be in Glasgow in time. It wasn't that far from Ayr, but it was annoying to do that every day. She also thought about moving there but again, she didn't want to do this to David. He didn't need to loose his friends.

And the gasoline price was as high as in Europe and she really was smart enough to understand, that commuting was much cheaper.

Actually Alison's family was from Manchester. Well, could have been the reason for Dave's soccer passion.

When their parents parted ways, Alison and Dave moved to Ayr, because their

grandparents had this second house, in which the grandchildren lived in now. Shortly after that, their grandfather died and since then the old woman was alone.

Anyway, Alison was a busy young woman. She didn't take much time for herself, which also included a serious relationship to another man. Sure, she sometimes wished for it, but she wasn't looking for a man on her side. Her grandma always wished for her, to get a man, who was able to be some kind of father, or at least big brother to David, who had a good job, so Alison could get a little more relaxed, but Alison herself didn't waste any time to even think about that. It was just a dream, a wish, nothing real.

She always thought of herself as a common, boring, young woman, with a common lifestyle. Common needs, common style of her looks. But she was able to look sexy and elegant, though her hair was short and had just one color; brown, like her eyes.

She liked to be elegant, or just the most easiest: comfy.

On work, she wanted to leave a positive mark in case of her looks and manners. Well, she was a Brit.

She was en route a lot for work and there always had been a situation which needed to make impress people, so she even could speak to the ones she was interested in, but today it wasn't going to be that elegant anyway...

As soon as she reached Glasgow, she ran out of the train, threw her little paper cup into the next bin and moved quickly towards the underground station which was full of other people already. A last look on her phone to check the time, she was running blind through all these people, when there was suddenly something hard, hitting her nose. She stumbled backwards, over a dog leash which belonged to the man behind her and landed on her butt. At least she had everyones' attention now and made some people laugh this morning. Good work, Alison...

When she looked up again, the man with his dog, looked down at her. He was in his 60s and really looked like that.

"Is everything alright, Miss?", he asked with a strong Scottish accent. With a red head she looked into his face and suddenly felt the wet tongue of his shepherd in her face. She felt the need to giggle and pushed the dog gently aside.

"Yes, I'm fine, thanks. But I hope, I didn't scare your dog that much."

"Not at all. He is still that young and exited, I guess, nothing can scare him that easily.."

She laughed again, shortly and her eyes caught a hand in front of her face. It was a big one, but nice to look at. The skin was a bit darker than most people from UK looked like. And she was in Glasgow... Well, nearly everyday the sky was gray and it was raining.

Anyway, Alison looked up to the rest of the hand's owner and just looked him over.

Her eyes widened when she looked into the man's face. Dark hair and blue eyes had been rare anyway, but his expression added to that.. No words.

His beard stubble were giving him an even more manly look. Besides that Alison had to admit, that his mohawk in combination with the polo shirt, which was showing the emblem of the Glasgow Football Club gave him the look of hooligan.

But her eyes turned back to his face. Such a lovely, trustworthy look in his eyes, but on the other side, he looked like he was able to make a lot of trouble and beat someone to death. She had no idea where this came from...

"You want to stay down there or is it just me?"

Alison felt her head growing even hotter, when she heard his deep voice with his Scottish accent as well. She caught herself repeating his words in her head again, before she took his hand. It seemed like he exactly knew how to control the power in his huge arms. Though his hand completely embraced hers he didn't hurt her, pulling her back on the feet.

"I'm so sorry.", she apologized and got herself, staring at this guy. But this guy wasn't stupid; he shortly smirked and looked Alison over, completely.

"Hope your notebook didn't broke.", he mentioned when Alison looked at her side as well.

"Well, me, too..", she sighed and ashamed she scratched the back of her head and watched the Scot, bowing forward to pick up her phone.

"Uhm.. This thing is totally done, I guess.", he said, in a sorry tone.

"Guess I deserved that. Should have looked in front of my feet instead of the display. Or just stop walking, if I really had to look at it."

He laughed and she joined, still a red head. And after a look at her watch, she looked past him. He turned around and tried to see what she was looking at. When he didn't found anything, his head turned back and there eyes met.

Alison never knew this feeling. Well she wasn't in love, but she definitely had a crush on that guy standing in front of her.

"John.", he suddenly said and pulled her out of her thoughts.

"A-Alison.", he stuttered and returned his smile.

"On your way to work?", he asked and she just nodded.

"I'm working for the Glasgow Daily Times, and I am late. I will see the sky again at 15 o'clock... for break."

"Well, there isn't much to miss, I guess.", he taunted, though he was proud of being part of Scotland.

Alison giggled again and looked down at her feet.

"Sorry again, John, but if I wont arrive at work soon, I will be dead... or worse."

"Sure."

He nodded, smiling and took a step aside.

"Have a nice day, anyway."

Alison smiled on his nice words. "Thanks.. the same to you."

15 o'clock and Alison was finally free to make a break. She always went to a small Café alone, but this time it looked like there was someone waiting for her. Completely surprised she stared into his blue eyes and was totally speechless, until it just burst out of her mouth.

"This is kinda scary. Are you spying on me?"

"My apologies. I saw you this morning for the first time here. But I have to admit, the thing with your phone.. I have remorse."

"But it wasn't your fault, as I said."

But he just shrugged.

"So, may I accompany you during your lunch or do you want to be alone?"

Alison just smiled and felt her ears becoming hot.

"Well.. thanks, John. You kinda made my day."