

Call of Duty - One Shot Collection

things no one likes to talk about

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 18: Guess what - I'm back >:D

Shortly after Emily was brought to the hospital, Price has taken John with him back to Credenhill. It was time, they really got clarity in case of Makarov. They hadn't seen the picture yet and they didn't know, Makarov had been with Emily in the hospital.

John had asked his parents to stay in Hereford, with Alison. Emily had been brought to the hospital there, after Makarov had visited her, so they were all together again, and Riley asked to help, keep an eye on Emily as well. Well, Jason didn't know, what the two of them could do, but he accepted their help and the three of them spent a lot of time in the hospital, having an eye on fresh Mrs. Brody.

Meanwhile John and Price were on their way back to the caserne and Price saw, John was still not himself again. The imagination of Emily being raped by this monster -which was supposed to be dead- was more than horrible to him. His beloved 'sister' in such a situation and he couldn't have been around to help.

"Just calm down, Soap. Keep this for Makarov."

"He will pay for this."

Price shortly looked over to John. The way the Scot spoke even made the old man tremble for a second. But he knew that this wouldn't lead to a good end.

"Just don't take it over the top."

John turned over to Price and his gaze became even more angry.

"Shut. The. Fuck. Up! Makarov just FUCKED her and you tell me, I..."

Price had stopped the car and just hit John's face. His hand clenched to a fist and his forefinger was pointing at John.

"Watch your tone, Soap. You are no help to anyone if you keep acting like an injured rhino, we're clear? Emily is the one who had been captured and raped by Makarov, not you. So stop acting, like you were the one who has been harmed."

John swallowed and nodded, looking away from Price.

"Yes, Sir.", he whispered and started chewing his lip again.

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Back at Credenhill, Price directly contacted his former mentor, MacMillan. This guy always knew things at first and when Price contacted him, he already was able to give him some information. Unfortunately it didn't work that easy.

Makarov was on his own now and he wouldn't make the mistake of being captured too fast, though he had to admit, he was looking forward, to see MacTavish again.

The following two months, John and Price had spent with research, finding Makarov. They even sent Sam and Nick on some missions, to find information.

While this time, John barley had contact to Alison or Emily.
He had no idea of how she was doing and he missed his daughter.

But he had called Jason once or twice, and asked him, to take of all of them. He promised Jason to take of Makarov and bring him his head.

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One night, on August, 17th, Price got a call from MacMillan.

"What do you have, Mac?"

The man on the other end shortly cleared his throat before his Scottish voice ran through to Price's ear.

"Alright, listen, son. Looks like your boys had been successful. We found Makarov back in Siberia. Looks like is running that mine again, in which you nearly have been buried back in 2016."

Price nodded. "I remember. I had to leave Sandman and his team down there."

"Correct. Anyway, I still don't know what he is doing there, but it's important and since everyone thinks, this mine is destroyed, no one would look for him right there so he certainly will hide there."

The Brit took a deep breath and looked over to John, who was sitting on the small sofa in Price's office, asleep.

"You taking MacTavish with you?"

"Aye, the boy has enough rage to tear this man apart with his own hands."

He only could imagine what MacMillan might look like right now. He was the one, who was called, when Price needed a shoulder and he had told him, what Makarov did to John, so he just was surprised to hear.

"Alright, son, take good care of you two. Good luck."

He quited the call and walked over to John, shaking his shoulder.

"Grab your gear, son, it's getting cold."

John opened his eyes and raised his head.

"We have him?"

"Correct. He is in Siberia, so don't forget your hot-water bottle."

Still not completely back from dreamland, John just nodded and slowly got up to move into his quarters.

"How do we get there?", he asked and stopped in front of the door.

"I'm calling Nikolai. He knows, where it is. Now go."

Again, John nodded and left.

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It took them 7 hours to get to Siberia. Nikolai managed to get along as soon as Price had called him, and about 11 am European time they had left UK -since Nikolai also had a private life he didn't came the next second-

John and Price kept talking for about half an hour, when Price told him, to close his eyes again until they would arrive.

Meanwhile the old Captain was talking to Nikolai. Both of them just couldn't believe that Makarov was still alive. Like the devil himself, this guy seemed immortal to the ones who feared him. and Price was pretty sure, John still did. He tried to push his anger forward but the fear remained and it was only a matter of time until it would burst out of him.

And when John opened his eyes again, he looked over to Price, who was sitting compared to him. He already wore his full equipment, suitable clothes for this clime.

He watched Price's toe-caps moving up and down, like was listening to music. But it was completely silent, besides the sounds of the chopper itself.

So John pushed himself up and did it as Price, dressing himself in his blue winter clothes, checked the small headphone in his right ear, pulled a cap over his head, followed by the goggles which were supposed to keep a clean sight and protect his eyes from the snow, in that case.

He never really used these, at least he could say, he had 'em with him.

When he had checked anything else, twice, Nikolai's voice was heard over the com, into the small headphone in John's ear.

"Time to jump, my friends!"

And Price's head raised. He took a short look on his watch. 30 seconds before they would arrive.

He looked over to John, who was nodding, the parachute already on his back.

The old man slowly got up and walked over to the chopper's ramp.

"I'll contact you, when it's done, Nikolai."

"Copy, I am moving back to the next military base for fuel and wait there for your signal. Good luck."

Both John and Price pulled down their goggles before their eyes and jumped.

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The cold wind was blowing without mercy into their faces. It had been some time, since both of them had been here the last time.

"What happened here?", John suddenly asked, making his way through the snow. Strange for this place, to be that white already. And it was much colder than usual for this time.

"Three days after your 'death' the Delta Team 'Metal', Yuri and I were here to free Vorshevsky. Sandman sacrificed his own and his men to save our bloody asses."

"You watched him die?"

"No, I watched the mine collapse, so I thought, they were K.I.A. as well, but after Emily brought you back, I'm not so sure anymore. On the other side, I haven't heard anything else yet."

John nodded and stopped moving, as did Price.

"Lights. Looks like we're close.", John whispered and both of them climbed a little hill to watch down the mine.

Price remembered what it looked like at day light, but it looked even taller at night. People were still working down there, soldiers on patrol, but no sign of Makarov, yet.

"Welcome to Siberia, Captain MacTavish.", Makarov's voice suddenly ran through their earpieces.

John froze. He just reminded himself how much he had feared this voice. Price shortly looked over to him, then back through his telescopic sight of his sniper rifle to find the Russian.

"You knew we were coming, bastard?", Price answered instead of John.

They heard him laugh.

"Of course I did, old man. I hoped for you to come by. And you know what, I appreciate that the weather went worse already that early. Normally it isn't that cold up here. But please..."

Both of them felt the sudden pressure of a rifle's barrel at the back of their heads.

"Get up, slowly.", an unknown Russian voice barked at them.

John and Price raised their hands slowly and got up. They just had to, since they didn't know how many of the enemy had been behind them.

When they turned towards them, two more came to take their weapons, including Price's colt.

"I told them, not to underestimate you two.", Makarov's voice came back to their ears.

"So they were clever enough to get some more men with them."

"Move.", the stranger yelled at them again and so they were escorted down towards the mine.

In front of the huge hole in the ground, a little container was standing. It had just one door and was built in front of a huge rock. Both soldiers were pushed into it and they first didn't believe what they saw. Sure they knew, Makarov had a crush on luxury lifestyles, but this was... Wow... That fancy 'apartment' was built into a rock. And it was warm inside.

He had everything in there. Even a laptop with a working wireless connection. John hadn't found the heat source yet, but he had to admit, the first time he heard Makarov's voice again, his body became that hot, he could have melted the whole snow in Siberia.

The guards kept taking their stuff, until they were just wearing their trousers, boots, gloves, caps and a shirt. John's was black, while Price still was a friend of the white one.

One of them then hit Price's neck with the grip of his rifle. The Captain just fell over and hit the ground. John knelt down, next to him and checked him. No bleeding wound, he was still breathing, but lost his consciousness. John turned to the Russian, who had caused this, angry. "Fucker..", he grumbled and turned Price's body to the right side, got rid of his right glove and checked Price's pulse. He took a deep breath, when he could feel the constant pumping of blood against his finger.

"Wasn't too hard, was it?"

John raised his head and looked right behind him. Makarov closed the door and walked over to John, passed him and stopped in front of a chair. He was wearing a long, black coat, the collar was standing high, to protect his throat and ears from the cold.

He undressed his hands and put the black gloves on a little sideboard, before he opened his coat and folded it across the chair's back.

Still John didn't say a word.

He already tasted the blood inside of his mouth when he chewed his lip from the inside again.

"Don't you get, what I'm saying? Hope your friend is alright.", Makarov said again and came a little closer. John suddenly felt the need to move backwards, but he couldn't forgive himself, if that would have meant, Makarov could easily kill Price. He slowly got up, that close to Price, that his feet nearly touched the Brit.

Makarov smiled and pointed at the door. The guards nodded and left outside.

"So, we are alone again, finally. Well.. just ignore him."

"How... the fuck did you do that?"

"And again, I didn't do anything. I just made people do it. Anyway, I didn't want you to be here to just listen how clever I really am. No, all you have to do is, do what you do best."

"And... what is that?"

John already knew where this was going. He heard it in Makarov's voice.

"Scream and beg for mercy.", Makarov hinted and punched him, his nose cracked and he lost balance, so he stumbled across Price, hitting the ground and the wall with his head.

John shortly groaned and didn't know what to touch first. His nose or the back of his

head. Since the walls were just naked stones, the skin on his head had burst open and his cap started taking the blood until the blood went down his neck.

"Ah... I just have missed you, MacTavish. You know what, Mrs. Brody should take it as gift, for being thankful she brought you back."

Ah, yes! John came here, to avenge his best friend. He slowly got up again and felt dizziness covering his head for a moment.

He rested his hand against the stone wall and needed to focus his sight on Makarov again.

"Ah. What is this? Anger in your eyes? Right, you came here to kill me for what I have done to her. Let me help you."

Makarov reached for John's shirt's collar and pushed him towards the door. "And don't worry. As long as you won't move, your Captain will stay un-. well there won't be any more injuries."

He chained John's hand on his back, opened the door and pushed him outside.

"Sit down and stay there for a while, so your anger can cool down a bit.", Makarov said and closed the door again.

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John didn't know how much time had left, since he was sitting in the snow, with nothing more on his upper body than his short. His skin was already blue, his jaw bone was shaking and he felt his cap freezing at the wound on his head.

He also had to fight the tiredness coming stronger with every breath.

His legs already had been that cold, they hurt like shit and he just wanted to scream, when two pairs of hands suddenly grabbed for his arms and pulled him back on his feet. He wasn't able to control his legs, so he just broke back down again and was dragged roughly back inside.

When they let him go, his head hit the ground again. He was still shaking and needed a few minutes, to get the he was back inside again.

He rolled himself to his right side and looked for Price, but there was no sign, the old man had been here before.

"So? Are you calm again?"

John was barely able to move his head towards Makarov, who was coming closer. In his hand he held a teacup. He sat down, on the ground next to John and put the cup right in front of him. He watched the Scot's blue lips still shaking and looked over to his head. He put one hand on the cap, dug his fingers in and teared it from John's head. The part which froze with the blood, was like pulling a patch from a bleeding wound.

John screamed and pressed his forehead against the floor, when the wound started bleeding again. "Fuck...", he cried, teeth gritted.

His skin still didn't look normal by the time.

"So you want something hot? A tea maybe? Or something hot to eat? Soup?" John just didn't answer and looked back to the cup. He would kill for a hot bath now.

"Well, I asked some professionals before. I only let you in the cold that long, your body is overcooled. You won't lose a toe or a finger or something like that. It just will need you sometime, to gain back your healthy temperature. Oh, and there might be some illness as well, since your immune system is totally down. You know.. a cold, pneumonia. Something like this. So.. you want something to heat up again?" John swallowed and felt his throat ache already.

".. Price..?"

"What? What kind of tea is that?"

"Where... ? "

"Ah, you mean the old man. As I said, nothing will come to him. He is down the mine. Anyway, I don't want to talk about the old one now."

He pulled out a small picture out of his pocket.

So you have your own family now? Alison became your wife and even a little daughter? How is Ellen doing?"

John looked up at him, his gaze angry as before.

"Don't you fucking touch them ever.", he grumbled and felt the blood running back into his head again.

"Or what? You don't want them to see, how you stumble backwards, every time you see me, MacTavish?"

John just kept looking mad at him.

"Oh really, MacTavish. You really AREN'T in the right position to threaten me."

"Fuck you...", he whispered, since he wasn't able for more.

But Makarov only raised a brow, got up again and took the cup. He slowly drifted it to one side and the hot tea just dropped on John's face. First slow and then most of it at once.

John screamed again and tried to avoid it but Makarov followed his every move.

"You should just have take it and drink it. I even would have helped you."

When the cup was empty, Makarov put it away, and turned John with one foot on his back again. He rested the foot on John's chest and put part of his weight on it. And since John's hands still were cuffed, he just tried to catch the air. He pushed through is back to get some distance between the floor and himself. But that causes pressure against the wound on his head and he felt a wet spot under his head.

"Get off me!", he shouted, without any reaction from Makarov.

"Please, get the fuck off me...", he continued and Makarov started grinning again. "Here it is again.", he laughed and let go off him.

John took some deep breaths and rolled back to the side.

"I see, you haven't forgotten. Looks like I trained you well."

Satisfied with himself, Makarov took a step back and listened to the crying tone. He looked at John's hands. One was still wearing a glove. He bent over and took it, before he used his foot again, to cause some pain, while he was pressing it against John's head.

Then he turned John on his back again and pulled him higher, on his own feet again.

"I will just be a matter of time until your friend, Nikolai finds out, something is wrong here. Which means, I have to leave soon. But... I don't want to make it that easy."

He screamed something in Russian and two men walked in.

"Take him outside the camp. I am wondering how long he will make it or if they only will find his frozen corpse."

The two of them nodded and pulled MacTavish back outside.

He started shaking again, the moment the cold wind cut his face.

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When he came back to himself, three days had passed. And the first thing I got, was that breathing was so much harder than before. His chest ached and he only was able to take slow, but just flat breaths.

A warm hand was stroking his own and he turned his head to his left. He looked at Alison and their daughter. He reached for her and as soon as Ellen caught his fingers, she squealed, embraced his fingers with her own very tight and laughed.

"I'm sorry...", he said.

"No need to. You came back home. In one piece."

"What about Price?"

"He is fine. He said, he found you laying in the snow, nearly frozen to death."

John just nodded.

He turned his head back towards the ceiling and felt some single tears running down his temples.

"I failed, Alison. She was able to bring me back from the dead, and I am not even able to avenge what he did to her. Every time I see him, hear him, my body just freezes."

Alison stood up and sat Ellen beside him. She was still busy with his hand and didn't get the situation anyway.

But Alison did. She bent over and kissed him, wiping his tears away.

"Don't do this to yourself, John. Seriously. It would have been a miracle if you two really would have got him. And we all know, something like this doesn't exist."

He kissed her back and nodded. She was right. Price once got him and he wasn't even the real one. Some greater force just didn't want him to die.

"What's with Emily?"

"She is about to get used to it."