

Call of Duty - One Shot Collection

Von Soap

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Kapitel 1: Don't get close

"I told you, this was a bad idea, son."

Price watched me, with his casual look. I've never been able to read his mind through his eyes. Kinda tired, but alert, too. But it was always some kind of warmth coming with his look. When I first came here, he made fun of me. A lot. But it disappeared from day to day.

Now he respects me. He trusts me. He treats me like a son. At least sometimes. I remember that look in his eyes, when we were nearly killed on that bridge. Because of that car in his way, he wasn't able to see, what happened to Gaz, but I believe, he just knew and he didn't want to lose me, too.

But that was some time ago. A lot of time ago.

Now I am the one who lost someone. Two, exactly. Ghost and Roach. Just gone. Betrayed and killed by the man I thought I could trust. He just gave me the right direction to find Price. Though he knew -at least I think so- that Price was able to be so fucking rude with his enemies.

Anyway, it was a few days since they got me out of Northern India. I was still at the hospital. Kept dreaming in pain and fever.

When I finally opened my eyes, I watched my hand risen to the ceiling. I was panting and my eyes were burning, like the knife, that hit Shepherd, hit my own.

"You're alright, son. Just calm down. It was only a dream."

I turned my head, to watch into the old man's eyes. This time I was able to see, he was just worried. "What's wrong with you..?"

I couldn't find the right words, so, to buy myself some time, I touched my forehead, wiped the sweat away. "I.. I had this dream again... ", I admitted. We had this subject before, but, though I knew, Price was right, I couldn't just let it be.

I heard him sigh and he sat down again, beside the bed. "I told you, this was a bad idea. Never get too close to your mates."

But he was lying to himself. He always got too close on his own. First Gaz, now me.

I turned to look at him again. "Stop that shit. You did the same mistake, twice. Since Gaz is gone, you're watching over me, like ... Like a... The time, you spent to find a medic for me, you could have chase after Makarov. Instead you just flew around half the globe to save my life. So, don't you dare, tell me, not to get close to my mates."

He sighed again, still watched me. "Easy, boy. I know, this might sound senseless to you, but just use your brain for know. It's just because I know, what it feels like to lose someone, who made it into your heart, makes me say things like this. Of course I miss Gaz and I would have missed you. When you came to Credenhill, my first thought was like »Why did they send a kid here?!« But you proofed yourself to me, without me saying something. You earned my respect, boy. And I know, you liked Gaz, too. So why did you do the same mistake with Ghost and Roach again?"

I watched him, feeling my eyelids getting heavy again. "I... I don't know. They just felt like.. brothers to me. Especially Ghost." I turned away from him, watching out of the window to the corridor. "And Roach... He was such a good boy. Loyal, kinda clumsy, but after they got you, I felt like, I needed to take your place and watch over him. Though, he was just a few years younger than me, he acted like he could need someone with more experience to talk to, to look up to, y'know?"

He nodded, resting his hand on my shoulder. "And you avenged them, don't forget that, Soap. There is nothing more, you can do for them, right? Just get back on your feet again, kill Makarov and let them rest in peace. They are watching you now and I guess, they want you to continue with what you did before."

This time, it was me, who nodded.

I swallowed heavily, a scream and tears.

Bloody war wasn't something for people with a big heart, but even those, who thought who could stand it, would break in time.

But this wasn't something that could effect me now. Cause, like Winston Churchill once said »To improve is to change; to be perfect is to change often.«

Which means, I had to become someone else to finish this fight.

For Price. For Gaz. For Ghost and for Roach!

Kapitel 2: I want to go home...

It was dark. Soap tried to open his eyes, but he couldn't. Everything remained black. He tried to put his arms up, to get his eyes free, but it didn't work. His hands were chained behind his back. He was sitting on a chair or something. The room, he sat in, was cold and the air was dry. Could have been his throat as well. It ached, like someone had tried to choke him.

His ears caught the sound of a door. Footsteps. He recognized only two feet. And he froze, when he heard the voice, calling him. "Good morning, Captain MacTavish.", the Russian greeted him. Soap remained quiet and felt his heart beating fast. He was a hostage of the most dangerous man alive? Great. How'd he get here?

But when he tried to remember, his head ached again and dizziness overcame him.

"Really impolite. Didn't your Captain tell you to be nice, being around strangers?" Soap still didn't speak a word. He held his head high in the direction, he thought Makarov was standing.

"Anyway. I haven't come around to ask you about your manors. I just want to know, where you got your information about our facility from."

Makarov walked around and stopped, behind Soap. He tightened the blindfold until Soap released a little sound of pain, cause of his headaches and the pressure on his eyes.

Day 2

Keeping the pressure on the wound, Makarov pushed his thumb into the hole in Soap's shoulder, caused by a bullet, before he was captured

When the soldier began to scream, Makarov pressed a hand on the younger one's mouth and grinned disgustingly. "You see, Captain? Everything's got its price. And if you want to keep your secrets, you have to pay for it."

The Russian let go of the other man's body and took a step back. Watching the sweat on Soap's face running down into his eyes and along his throat.

MacTavish was swallowing the pain. At least a part of it. His eyes still fixed a point, where he believed Makarov was standing. He took a deep breath and spat into the man's face. Most of it blood.

Makarov, looking even more like a mad man than before, full of disgust and impression for the soldier's guts, hitting him hard, crushing his nose.

MacTavish just released a sound of pain. He was tired and made the mistake of showing this to the terrorist.

"I see, boy, you have enough of this." Makarov nodded. He took a knife out of Soap's belt and held the blade in front of the Scott's eyes.

"This will be painful but maybe your brain can't stand this and you finally can go to sleep..."

MacTavish held his breath and wanted to shout at him, to just stop, when the knife ran through his cheeks, leaving small but very painful and bloody wounds in his face.

He cried out and his head fell down, chin near his chest.

"Now you can think, before you act, my friend."

Day 3

"Nice lighter. A present? From your dear friend Price, maybe?"

Makarov watched the flame dancing in the air, while Soap already could smell something burn.

He was breathing hard, the wounds in his face slowly stealing his consciousness. He felt Makarov's hand keeping pressure on his aching head.

"So, you don't wanna answer me?"

Soap remained still. He was just swallowing.

"Alright".

The Russian held the lighter right into the flesh wound on Soap's chest, caused by the knife.

The smell of burning meat quickly flew into MacTavish's nose. He already was screaming, while Makarov was nearly laughing.

"I wonder how long it still takes, until you scream for him, for help."

When Makarov put the lighter away, the wound was smoking and Soap's voice had a crying tone. His panting was nearly visible.

Vladimir stepped back from behind the Scottish.

He walked around Soap and was standing in front of him he kneeled down, putting one hand on his hostage's knee. In his other hand, the knife was flipping from right to left, untill Makarov drove it into John's joint.

"Gaah... !!" Soap was about to puke but Makarov put a hand on his mouth again. He opened the blindfold and looked into MacTavish's eyes. This guy was totally done. Lost a lot of blood. And he was stuck there for a few days.

Day 4

Makarov had spend much time with the soldier.

Soap's eyes had finally dropped some tears in pain during the last torture. He wanted to tell the Russian to stop, but he was afraid of sounding like a pussy -literally-

Makarov recognized this already and held a phone onto Soap's ear.

"Who is this?" A familiar voice asked.

"It's me.. Price... " Soap's own voice sounded so weak, tired, broken. "I'm sorry Price... I wasn't able to.. Stand this. Please... Price, please get me outta here..."

Price wasn't even able to answer. He knew, Soap had his weak moments from time to time, but this time it was caused by another one. Their arch enemy.

But before Price could tell Soap he'd already been on his way, Makarov quit the call.

"Nice work."

Soap felt shamed. He looked away from Makarov and tried to ignore the pain in his knee. The sweat was burning in his wounds and eyes.

"You think, he'll find you?"

Soap didn't answer.

Makarov wasn't best known for his patience. He punished the soldier so hard, the chair he was sitting on, fell to the side.

"I was asking you something!"

Instead of answering, Soap tried to stay conscious. His whole body was burning, aching, shacking.

He looked up to the Russian, when his shoe hit MacTavish's face. The scar on his left eye wasn't able to stand the pressure and burst open. Blood spread around his face.

"Ah... " he was gasping, wanted to touch the wound and was even more surprised when he was able to.

He looked up again. Makarov was standing in front of the open door.

"You can go. ... If you can."

He smiled. First softly then like the devil himself.

He started to laugh, when Soap pulled himself towards the door. He left a trace of blood, but stopped, when Makarov came closer again. He continued walking and stopped near a table from which he grabbed a bat.

Soap already hold his breath. "No-....!"

But it was of no use. Makarov hit Soap's legs until both of them cracked. But even then he didn't stop. He crushed some of Soap's ribs, his shoulder.

Just when he saw tears mixing with sweat, ran across Soap's face, he stopped for a moment.

"Say it!!", he yelled at the wounded.

"Please ... Stop... ", John cried, holding his arm up to guard his face. "Just.. Stop... "

Vladimir started laughing and kneeled down to the younger one again.

He pointed at a corner. "You see this? My new cam? I've recorded the last past days and wonder what your mates would say, if they saw it..."

Soap didn't really got that at all. He just closed his eyes, breathing hard. "I want to go home..."

Day 6

MacTavish was standing on the cold basement wall. And least, as long as his broken legs were able to bear him

His hands were hold in chains, like a medieval prisoner. He was standing in his own blood, his eyes closed.

His thoughts were around the past few days. It had been one day that Makarov was gone. At least he hadn't seen him for one day.

His thoughts were interrupted by sudden shots. He opened his eyes and tried to look up. But he wasn't able to keep his head held high.

The gunshots were combined with screams and shouts. But Soap was able to recognized any voices. There was just an awful static in his head.

A few minutes later the door bashed open and three rifles pointed in his direction. Soap had no idea if he had to be scared or relieved. Even when he heard the voice of his commanding officer he looked like a junkie waiting for his next shot.

While Roach and Ghost kept the corridor free of enemies, Price went over to Soap and released him. The boy fell down and nearly hit the ground if Price hadn't caught him. He layed him softly into his arms and wiped the blood and dirt out of his face. "Your safe now, son.", he promised Soap. And it still took Soap a while to finally check who was talking to him. His tired eyes fixed the old man's and his sight suddenly vanished when tears came back, filling his eyes and running down his cheeks and tempels.

"Thank you, god..."

Price laughed. "You can call me Captain, son. That's still enough. Come one. We have to get you outta here."

But before he could ask about the situation, Soap buried his face into Price's clothes. The old one looked at him, with the look of a father, feeling true love for his son. His hand rested on Soap's head, caressing him shortly. "It's alright, boy. Just let us get out of here. Back home, we can continue this."

Soap nodded, closed his eyes and finally lost consciousness.

Kapitel 3: I had an awesome day!

It was a long and tough day, but Alison was still awake and very excited, when she got home.

The door closed behind her, she put shoes and jacket away and went into the living room. Dave was sitting on the floor, a pencil in his hand, paper on the table. He was drawing something and barely realized, his big sister was back home.

She took a look at her boyfriend. John was sitting on the couch, one foot buried under the other leg. In his hand a dish of ice cream. The spoon was still in the other hand, right on the way to his mouth. It also was already opened, but John's eyes fixed the flat screen in front of him so fascinated, the spoon was unable to find his way to the tongue.

"I... am back home.", Alison mentioned and watched her boys. "Hi, Ali!", Dave looked up shortly, smiled and looked to his sheet again. John also looked up. "Hey, Hun."

Alison raised her brow and she came a little closer. "That's all, guys?"

But now she was able to see, what was forcing her boyfriend to take such a close look at the screen. Football.

John was such an amazing soldier. He even received the three highest decorations available to British Commonwealth military personnel. But shit got serious, when 22nd people start running behind a ball.

Alison sighed and sat down, next to him. He still hadn't reached his mouth with the spoon, so she decided, to take it. When she just started to enjoy it, John suddenly jumped up and shouted out loud. "Oh c'mon buggers! Can't be too difficult!"

Both Dave and Alison looked up at him, some kind of fear in their eyes. "What the fuck was that?", Dave asked and earned a slap on his head from Alison. "Don't talk like that.", she told him.

The boy rubbed his head and pouted.

Right after that, John sat down and grumbled something Alison wasn't able to understand.

"I had an awesome day, John! Such an epic story as well!", the woman suddenly started.

His eyes still on the TV, John only gave her an "Uh-huh."

"John! Seriously! I always listen to your war stories, so please, listens just for once!"

Not that he was never listening, Alison never talked about work.

She always was afraid of being boring to him. And he also never asked.

He was handsome, had an amazing job, was gentle, kind and polite, but even he had his flaws.

So, even he was interested, he always forgot to ask and sometimes he just pretended to listen. After all he still was human and not any super hero.

But he got that she sounded annoyed in some way, so he -with a broken heart- turn off the TV and turned towards her, while he was reaching for the spoon to continue eating his ice cream. "I'm all your's, Darling.", he promised with his deep voice. Listening to him, rolling the letter 'r', made her smile and she was about to forgive him, but it couldn't always be that easy.

So she tried to be serious again.

"You remember that huge fire last week? I talked to a woman, who did an amazing job in case of that. It's a super story I can use for our *Everyday Heros* series."

John nodded, his mouth full of sweet ice. And even Dave was looking up to his sister by then.

He stopped drawing and climbed up to them. Between them, exactly, staring at John's ice cream.

Without a word, the older one handed him the spoon and gave him that dish with the rest of his dessert.

"Continue, Honey."

"Okay. Well.. Just let me tell you, how she told the story to me."

*It was about noon. I was walking around, came from shopping and just wanted to get back home, to try out some new shoes I bought. *adores**

Anyway, the street was nearly empty.. well, of course there are just a few people in 24 hours anyway. This area people don't want to be seen in. They always say, poverty rules here and we all know what people think about that.

*Anyway, when I nearly reach the end of the street, I heard that woman scream. She was crying and running out of the door, of the building which already was smoking. "Help me! Please do something!", she shouted and I looked up to finally realize what had happened. I quickly put down the bag with my new shoes and looked for my phone, which was buried in my handbag. I was cursing this damn thing. *laughs**

When I finally found it, the first little flame was already be seen. He quickly called the fire department and looked to that woman again. She still was crying but throwing a thousand "Thank you."s into my direction. "You're the only one who has been in there?" Then she suddenly started to cry again, even harder than before. "My baby girl! My poor little baby girl!" She sobbed and I couldn't get, why she didn't take her baby with here, when there was just smoke.

I looked down at her and felt the anger rise when I took the keys from her shaking hand and ran into the house. The third floor wasn't a problem to reach, but because of the pressure the fire caused, the door was hard to open. The keys weren't needed. Of course not.

When I came in, the sight was already that bad, I wasn't able to see two feet in front of me and it was scratching my lungs and throat. I put my scarf in front of my nose and mouth and already thought about that baby had died. It was impossible that this little body would have survived that intoxication for long. But it might have been a cold comfort for her mom to bury a body and not just ashes, so I continued searching.

I bashed every door open, I was able to and finally reached the child's bedroom.

The heat and smoke were burning my eyes and I really had to fight unconsciousness. I looked down at the little body and almost cried. There was no sign of life. No screaming, no movement. But I still took it, wrapped it into my jacket and wanted to leave the house as quickly as I could. Unfortunately the fire had been faster and the door which would have let me get outside was still already taken by flames. There was no way but the windows. In my desperation and fear of dying in there, I started crying. I looked at the little body in my jacket and cried even harder. Slowly I made my way to the living room windows, which were on the street side, when my body seemed to give up. I caught and cried and caught again and again, while I was sitting beyond the window, too weak, to stand up. The flames already surrounding us.

But then.. Suddenly there was a voice. No. No fireman. That baby. It suddenly began to scream. I widened my eyes and looked at it.

So.. I thought, if this baby's got enough power and trust in me to save it, I had to do the same thing. I forced myself to get up on my feet, looking at my shoes and imagining my

*new ones down on the street. *laughs**

I was just thinking about what was worth to live for. Not just these shoes, but this little life in my arms, too. And when I finally reached the window, I saw something. Looked like a body and I heard the window crashed open.

When a man's voice reached my ear, I finally closed my eyes and landed softly into this man's arms.

I also remember fresh air. The baby's screams and my tears. The fireman said something to me, which I don't remember, but I remember, that I smiled.

John and Dave looked to Alison, who had a very proud smile on her face.

"This is just great, isn't it?", she asked in excitement.

"Sure it is.", John confirmed and smiled, too.

People might think, she wasn't the right for him. Too soft, looking too young and more like girl, than a woman, but to be honest, she was exactly, what he desired. And she had her *adultsides* as well.

Putting own hand on her chin, he leaned forward to kiss her gently. Dave just released an "Ewww."

John let go of her and smiled, that her cheeks blushed.

"Thank you for being my hero.", he said, catching a confused look.

"You just save me from insanity... Everyday."

Kapitel 4: PTSD

"Would you two please behave yourself?"

Alison starred at both of her boys, sitting, with red heads and runny nose. Both of them sick, they asked Alison to bring 'em to a doctor.

Her name was Emily Clark. She was a friend of Alison and Dave also had no problem with her. John didn't know her yet.

While they were sitting in the waiting room, Dave started looking through magazines and it happened the two boys started making fun of the models on these colorful pages. The other patients already watched them. Some of the older ones grumbled and the younger ones, started to smile.

Alison thought of looking like a family to strangers, with Soap being her husband and Dave being their son. It was a funny image, but Alison thought of herself to be too young for a child.

And it was some kind of uncertain, in case of John's job.

"John MacTavish and David Akins, please.", an older woman's voice was calling through a little speaker.

Both of them got up and Dave was already reaching for John's hand. The older one smiled softly while the boy lost all of his humor and looked awfully sick.

Even Dave knew Emily he hated doctors. And though they just wanted to help, he always felt uncomfortable while being in their care. He was afraid of their methods, and injections. Emily always had been gentle in that case, but he had been to a lot of her kind.

John's opinion was pretty neutral to these guys. They saved his life very often until then, so he always was thankful.

But he hadn't been to a doc since he came back from Northern India.

And he hadn't suffered a cold for more than.. He wasn't that sick, since he had been a child. Price was pretty surprised when Soap called him, to stay back home cause he felt the fever rising and his nose running.

"Good morning."

Soap and Dave had sat down on the chairs in front of a huge, but simple desk. Both of them turned back, when the young woman arrived and closed the door behind her. Soap got up, while Dave was sinking into the chair, more and more. They shook hands and caught an slide smile form each other.

"Please, take a seat.", she said, in a soft tone and he did.

John took a short view on Dave who looked nearly asleep, while Emily checked the papers on her new patient. "So, Mr. MacTavish, you're the first time here?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

She raised a brow, when she realized, how quick and polite this answer came. Wondering what this man was working everyday.

"Okay, if it's okay, I would like to take a look at David first?"

"Sure. Go ahead.", Soap confirmed and looked again at his brother-in-law.

Emily was moving towards him, looking into his throat, listening to his heartbeat and breathing. Then she sat behind the desk and smiled. "Just a cold, dear. Stay in bed for the rest of the week and let your sister be your maid."

He smiled. "Okay. You said it, so she has to obey."

All of them laughed, while Dave was starting to cough again.

"You want to stay, while I will take a look at him?", Emily asked Dave and pointed at MacTavish. The boy just nodded.

"He came here with me, so I'll stay with him as well.", he explained.

John smiled again. "Thanks, mate."

Again, Emily looked a little confused.

"So, please get up and take your shirt off. I would like to take look at your lungs."

He did as she said and she almost hold her breath when she saw that huge scar on the right side of his chest. "What happened?"

"A knife.", was his quick answer.

"How long is this ago?"

"Half a year, maybe."

"Yes.. it looks like it's still healing."

He nodded.

"Burns a little, from time to time. Especially when it gets cold outside. Like now."

"Yeah. A lot of scars do.", she explained to him and put the stethoscope on his chest.

He did, as he was told, took deep breaths and normal ones.

"Okay, seems okay.", she said, pointing at the chair.

"Please, sit down again."

He pulled over his shirt and sat down.

Then she took a seat behind her desk one more time and looked at her documents.

"So, Mr. MacTavish... What's your occupation?"

"I'm a lifer. Military of course."

He smiled, she as well. "Explains that scar.", she admitted.

"Okay, uhm.. I'd like to take a blood probe from you, so I can take a closer look at it. You okay with that?"

"Sure. Just do as you please."

"Okay. Than, would you please follow me?"

Both of them stood back on their feet. Even Dave. "I want to come along.", he pouted and Emily nodded.

"Okay. Follow us."

The young doctor led them into a smaller room, looking more sterile then her doctor's office.

John took place on a chair, while Dave climbed the divan bed. He watched the room, while Emily sat beside John, pulling his sleeve back.

He was watching her carefully. Actually he couldn't remember any problems with these needles, but as soon as it hits his skin, he suddenly became pale. His head turned into his neck and his eyes rolled back.

The air was so damn hot.

His blood soaked shirt was keeping that iron smell close to him. He heard screams, orders. Price's voice, Nikolai's voice.

A third name was called, but he couldn't remember hearing the name Yuri before.

He wasn't in the condition to think about it, anyway. His head was empty and his chest was burning like fire. Soap was coughing a lot of blood and suddenly there was this huge bang!

A lot of gunshots followed and Soap felt the man, working on his chest, to keep him alive, let go off him.

Nikolai's voice again. The name Yuri again, as well.

He was turning his head, from left to right, biting his own teeth. Nikolai's hands fixing him on the right, the other man's on his left.
In his pain, he didn't knew how to remain still when suddenly something hit him. Yuri pushed that injection hardly, right into his heart. His whole body just clenched, the eyes loosing sight of anything and his lungs lost the last bit of air.
This pain was unbelievable.

Meanwhile Soap was already lying on the floor. No movements, no sign of life. Emily was already about to reanimate him.

Dave, sitting where he climbed on, crying and calling for his sister's boyfriend.

Emily pushed his chest, a rip already crushed, when he suddenly opened his eyes and swapped positions with her.

One hand on her throat, he stared chocking the air out of this young life. His sweat dropping into her face, he was watching her, with tired eyes. It was clearly visible, he wasn't able to realize, who she was. At least for the moment.

Dave jumped off of the bed and ran outside, to call for his sister.

She quickly came and saw what was going on, so she reach for John's shoulders and pulled him off of Emily.

She was gasping and panting, while Dave helped her, to get up.

"You okay, Doc?", he asked, while she was rubbing her throat. Her eyes fixed the young couple.

Soap was sitting there, like a beaten dog, panting himself, while Alison caressed his head, drying the salty water on his face with her sleeve and hands.

"It's okay, John. You're at home, safely. She just wanted to help you."

Alison looked up, right into her friend's eyes.

"PTSD?", Emi asked and the other girl just nodded.

"He should have told me..." Emily didn't sound angry, cause she knew why he hadn't.

Even if she was a doctor and knew, this was something really serious, people like John just saw it as a disease that shows he wasn't clear in his head anymore. And who wanted to admit a fact like this about him- or herself?

Kapitel 5: Happy Birthday ... [?]

While Alison, Emily and Dave were sitting at home, looking out of the window. Winter was clearly visible. The snow was hiding most of the streets, the cars and people were walking around in thick jackets.

"You think, he's okay?"

Dave nodded and looked at Emily, who had asked. "Sure he is.", Alison said and sighed, looking at the TV again, to keep her mind on something else, then worry out him.

Meanwhile in Russia, it was night already.

Soap was sitting in front of a tent. It was his turn, to keep both eyes open, while his mates were asleep. At least he thought so.

Price and that guy, whose name Soap couldn't keep in mind, were lying inside, hiding to their noses in their sleeping bags and thick blankets. John always wondered how all of these things would find their way back into their backpacks without problems. Always interesting, what military science developed.

While the other men were asleep, Soap was trying to keep himself warm. A little fire in front of him was helping only a bit. Not enough to feel comfortable. Not for a single moment.

His sniper rifle always at range, he was writing something into his journal, making doodles of the enemy's camp.

But this didn't take much time. He looked at the watch on his wrist and sighed. He could be at home by now. Sitting on the couch, watching football, eating cake. Tonight he would go out with some of his friends. Ghost, Price, Roach, some other guys from 141 and some civil friends. They would drink until morning dawn and -most likely- wouldn't remember a thing when they woke up.

But, no, he was sent to Russia, to get information on a facility. Rumors told, they were creating devices for Makarov but none of these rumors was confirmed.

So 141 was sent to take a closer look.

The facility wasn't far from their local position, but they had been on their feet for almost two days and Soap was the first to stay awake for three more hours. He never had a problem of being awake for long, when he was in action. But when he sat down once, he got his problems, keeping his upper lids separated from the lower.

So he tried to do something else, to stay alert. He pulled a little box out of one of his pockets and reach for a cigar from the inside. The box disappeared into that pocket again and Soap was about to remember where he got that damn lighter. Some pockets were searched, but he couldn't find any.

"Need, fire, Soap?"

John turned his head, towards his commanding officer and raised his arm. "It's still time for you to sleep.", Soap reminded the Captain, with the cigar between his teeth.

"Had enough sleep. Can't during a job, anyway. I always feel uncomfortable and restless. I will wait until we get back home."

Price also lifted his arm and Soap grabbed for the lighter. "Thanks..", he mumbled and as soon as the end of his cigar was smoking, he was dragging deeply and handed the lighter back to Price.

"Nah, you can keep it, son. It's yours anyway."

Looking confused into his mate's eyes, Soap placed his eyes back on the little thing in

his hand. He smiled.

His name, *MacTavish*, was inscribed on one side. He flipped it.

On its back he was able to read

We love you

Alison

David

Emily

Price

Soap smiled. Not even here, Price was able to use his first name, which also was John. He never heard someone calling the old man by his name. Always just Captain, or Price.

"Thank you, Sir."

"You're welcome, son. It was that little boy's idea."

Price reached for Soap's hood, pulling him back to put his arm around the younger one's shoulders.

When Price was pulling on his jacket, Soap released a short gasp and nearly slapped the old one as a reflex.

Price's gloved hand found some place on Soap's head and pushed it gently against his own shoulder.

"Happy birthday, Soap.", he murmured, more into his beard, than towards Soap.

John smiled, shortly laughed.

"Thank you, Sir."

Kapitel 6: Who are these? Your kids, maybe?

Soap thought about the third day of being Makarov's hostage.

That man had proved to him, to be mad. More than that, maybe.

He had tried to sleep, to ignore the pain, but this whole situation was bullshit. Too much in his head, to finally rest. He wasn't even able to lose consciousness.

When Makarov appeared again, to heat up his body a little, Soap almost lost trace. All of the other man's actions were anything but professional torture. This guy just needed someone to agonize. He wasn't asking any questions anymore. He just did as he wanted to, totally senseless.

After Makarov had driven the knife through Soap's knee and the blindfold was gone, the Russian stood up again. He used the bandage to keep Soap from talking. He didn't want to anyway.

Makarov pulled it between Soap's lips and teeth and knotted it on the back of his head.

Soap needed a few blinks to acclimatize his eyes to the light.

He watched Makarov coming around again.

The Russian pulled over a chair in front of Soap and sat down. His hand and eyes still in the silver lighter. "Alison, David, Emily and Price." He raised his brows and looked back into Soap's face. "The love you, Captain. You can read it, right here. I wonder who they are.. Well, at least, I know who Price is. But I didn't know, he had such strong feelings for you."

Soap was breathing harder.

The fear of losing his loved ones to this monster already reached his head.

"Alison.. This you girlfriend.. Wife, maybe? David and Emily could be your children.. Am I right?"

Soap's only answer was his breath. His brows were lying right on his eyes and he was looking like a madman himself. Even Makarov was amazed. "I really am. Is this your family?"

Blood might be thicker than water, but Soap really loved these guys.

Makarov started to laugh. Simply amazing.

He came closer, still playing with the lighter in his hands. "You know, it would be very easy for my men, to find 'em. And what could be worse to man, watching his own family die? I could bring them here. Right in front of you. And you would have to choose who deserves to die. The little David? How old is he? Five maybe? Or your friend and mentor, Captain Price."

Soap was snuffling like an injured rhino.

"Oh, you want to say something?"

Makarov pulled the bandage out of Soap's mouth.

"Fuck you, bloody son of a bitch!"

Vladimir was laughing again. This guy was laughing a lot actually...

"Your reaction only confirms my statement. So you want them to join yo-..?"

"No! I will kill you the most terrible way you can imagine, if you'd touch them!!", he shouted right into the Russian's face.

Makarov leaned back and smiled.

"Really? How about, we just take little David, holding a knife right in front of his throat and slice it, very carefully and slowly. I guess, his eyes would tell you a lot, while

he would look at you. He would wanted to scream for help, but he couldn't anymore." Soap's face became pale. Even more than before.

"And Emily? I would drive a bullet through her chest. Maybe I got lucky and I will hit her lungs, so she will drown in her own blood. And she would wanted to call for your help."

Soap was shaking his head. "Stop this.."

"And Alison? Wonder what she looks like? Is she a beautiful one? I guess so. I mean, look at you. You could get any girl you want, right? But I also think, you got taste. First, I would take her body, then I would crack her soul, by making her witness how her family dies. After that, I would break every single rip in her body and cut her chest open, let her bleed out. Maybe her broken bones already got some important organ." Soap's breathing got faster. His head was burning, like the wound on his chest.

Makarov told these things so god damn serious, John wasn't able to think of just a stupid story to scare him.

"And last, but not least, Price... I guess, I would make him watch you suffer some more. I got some reports on him. Heard, he's kinda like a father to you, right? Maybe I should make him shoot you."

Makarov reached out for Soap's forehead. He pushed his forefinger against the sweaty skin. "Right. Through. Here. **BOOM!**

"Argh!"

Alison opened her eye quickly, when she heard, John's voice. He finally woke up, after Price got him back home.

She was visiting him for three days now, but he had been asleep the whole time. Dave was lying next to him. The small body could become even more thinner.

"John, it's okay. Look, you're at a hospital. Your wounds are treated. You're safe. Everything is fine."

He looked in confusion into her eyes, but nodded. It took him a while to understand. Dave also opened his eyes then. He looked at Soap and wasn't able to held his tears back. "I'm so happy, you're back, John!", he cried, throwing his arms around John's left one.

The man smiled. "Thank you, Dave.." His right hand caressed the boy's head.

But he couldn't stay that relaxed. "Where are Emily and Price?"

Alison realized that nervous tone in his voice. "I am here, Soap.", Price answered from behind Alison. He was sitting in a chair, arms folded in front of his chest.

"And Emily's about to take a look at you in a few moments.", Alison explained. "Why are you asking?"

"I..." Soap watched his girlfriend, and turned his head towards Price. "I was just... dreaming.. of..."

His breathing became faster again. The ECG started running faster as well.

Price got up and walked over to the bed, Soap was lying in. Alison took a step back and told Dave to get off the bed. He did so and took Alison's hand.

"Keep yourself together, Soap.", Price told him. But John barely heard him.

"Ey. I'm talking to you, son!" His voice became a little louder.

"I'm calling Emi.", Alison suggested. Price nodded.

As soon as Alison closed the door behind her, Soap raised his body.

Price watched his huge eyes and pulled Dave back behind him, when Soap suddenly got up.

"What the bloody hell are you up to?", he asked, still fixing the injured one.

When Soap finally was standing on his two feet, he had to catch his balance and needed a second, before he could start working. "Hey, I was asking you something."

"Outside...", Soap whispered.

"Outside?"

He nodded. "It's so.. tightend in here. I want to leave. Go home."

"Stay here, boy.", Price told Dave and started following Soap, who had nearly reached the door. But before he was able to open it, Emily did. She and Alison looked in surprise, when they caught the scene. "What is this?"

"He just wants to leave, I guess.", Price said, standing behind Soap. The younger one turned his head towards Price and almost started running, if his Captain wouldn't had reacted and kept him close, with his hands on Soap's shoulders. "Let me go, I want to go home!"

Alison caught Emi's eyes and looked at Dave. "Come on, Dave. let's go." She pushed her little brother, gently outside the room, and walked with him, a few steps away from the door.

Meanwhile Emily tried to take a closer look into Soap's eyes, but he was reacting like a wild animal which wouldn't want to be caught.

"I guess it's just a panic attack.", she finally said.

Price nodded. "Agreed. What do we do?"

"I just need some of the medic he got before. I hurry!"

She went out of the room and didn't take a minute, until she came back.

"Okay, he has to stay still." Something Soap couldn't as soon as he saw the injection.

"What is this? No, I.. I just want to sleep. But not here! I want to go home!"

He fought against Price's strong grip, but it was of no use.

"Price, get the fuck off me!", he pressed through his teeth.

But this was like a challenge to the old man.

He also tightend the grip and ignored the fact, that he was pressing hard against the wound in Soap's shoulder. He pulled the injured one close enough, that he just needed to whisper. "Shut your bloody mouth, boy, or this injection will be the least of your problems."

His voice brought something, which made Soap froze. His eyes just starred straight forward and he didn't even realized the injection was already over until his lids became heavy again. His body relaxed and he leaned against Price like a dead man.

"Good work, doc."

Kapitel 7: Don't fucking kiss >->

[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]

Kapitel 8: Insanity

"Well, if she's clever, she'll be givin' that information to Price."

Makarov looked over to Soap and smiled.

"She is, isn't she?"

Soap didn't answer by nodding or shaking his head. He just tried to keep his weight on his feet.

But not for long.

Makarov came closer again and opened the handcuffs.

Soap just couldn't help, but falling down, laying on the ground. He was breathing hard and his eyes still weren't able to just shut close. Instead he gagged and heaved. Remaining in his own belly's matter -also including a lot of blood- he didn't even feel disturbed by the smell.

But Makarov did. He pulled the soldier back on his feet and pushed him a few meters away from him, against a wall.

After kissing the wall, Soap just landed on his back and moved his head to the right and left, just to find back his orientation. In the meanwhile, Makarov pulled out his phone and called two of his men, to pick Soap up.

Not even five minutes, and the guys just arrived, slamming the heavy door against Soap's wounded shoulder. He screamed and the Makarov's men pulled him up.

"Wait.", Makarov ordered and looked back at Soap. He put one hand on his own chin and slightly scratched his beard stubble. "Impressive how much this body is able to bear.", he said, with an honest voice.

But Soap really didn't feel like taking this as a compliment. He let his head sink on his chest and kept breathing hard. "I need a bigger room. Take him to the one next to this here.", he ordered and his guards nodded.

Soap didn't want to know, why Makarov said such things. Maybe more hostages? Hopefully no one, Soap already knew.

When they arrived in the bigger, cold room, they let him go, and he fell on the hard ground. One of them took Soap's right arm and a short pain overcame him. But he only saw the needle to be pulled out, when unconsciousness reached him and he finally closed his eyes.

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"Soap! Open your bloody eyes!"

And he did. But the only one, who called him Soap anymore, was Price. So they got him outta there? He was back home? Happiness nearly filled his heart, when he pulled up his own head and watched his Captain, kneeling before him.

He, himself was sitting on a chair, hands tied up closely behind his back. Price looked unharmed. He was wearing his full equipment. But it looked like he was on his own.

Doesn't matter.

After he recognized, it was Price, Soap's heart just started jumping against his chest in relief. He wasn't able to hold back some tears of joy and even smiled.

"I thought, you'd let me rot in here... ", he cried and felt his pain slowly coming back.

"No way, son.", Price answered and stood up again. He was about to get the young one free, but something hard hit him, so he stumped forward, but still was able to keep his balance. So he didn't even touched Soap. Rubbing the back of his head, he looked into Soap's fearsome eyes and turned his head back then.

His own gaze met Makarov's.

"What the bloody hell did you do to him..?"

"Ah.. You're not in the position of asking questions, Price. It's me, who likes to have some answers."

Another punch and Price found himself laying on his back. He shook his head quickly and started to get up again, but Makarov put all his weight in knocking his knee into Price's stomach.

The British one gasped and tried to push his enemy off of him, but it didn't work as he would have liked it.

Makarov put one hand on the older looking man and started choking him.

He lent forward and pulled Price's neck and -of course- head a bit higher, towards him.

"You want to know, what happened to him? Didn't you watch the vid? Oh! Do not answer! I'm gonna show you, what has happened to him!"

It nearly sounded like a promise and Soap just shouted for Makarov to stop. But he didn't even hear him. Like a bloodthirsty animal, Makarov continued punching Price's face, again and again, until the Captain didn't move. The Russian got up on his feet and looked back at Soap, whose eyes fixed his commanding officer. "Price, get the fuck up!", he yelled at him, but earned a strong hit against his temple as well. "Shut the fuck up!", Makarov shouted and like a little child, standing in front of his father, Soap just obeyed. He already feared the next hit, but Makarov didn't get the chance, when a kick suddenly hit his knee, he broke down and touched the hurting area. His eyes looked back at Price, who already was standing on his feet. "Get him!", Makarov screamed and the door suddenly bashed open. Two of his muscle-men walked in, straight towards Price and graped him. Each on one side.

Makarov stood up again and suddenly felt the need to hobble. "Shit.. ", he cursed and looked back at Price, who was completely the opposite of what Soap looked like.

His eyes fixed his opponent's with resistance and he was standing more unshaken, than Makarov could tell.

But before Price could say something, Makarov's fist hit his nose that hard, it cracked.

"6-2-7... I really hoped for you to stay a little longer in that Gulag. I was pretty angry, to hear, you left me, without saying thank you for my hospitableness." But Price just spitted into the Russian's face. Makarov just raised his brows and wiped the blood and spittle away. "Now I know, where MacTavish got it from...", he said, dryly.

"No, I guess, he taught me this.", Price corrected him and looked over to Soap, who was looking more dead than alive. "I've seen the video, you know?"

"Ah. The whole video or just the beginning and you couldn't stand his agony."

"Correct. His agony and your madness."

Suddenly Makarov's eyes seemed to change color, from blue and green into red.

He punched Price's larynges, put his hand around it and started choking again.

"I. Am. Not. Mad!!", he shouted, and the walls reflected his voice, so it sounded even louder. Soap just raised his head again in shock and needed a second or two, to realize what was going on. He wanted to say something, but was afraid of more pain.

And even Price was able to see this.

"Look what you... did to Soap..", he gasped. "He was a strong man, once. Body and soul. And you madness was able to break him. Completely."

Makarov felt provoked and his hand tightened around Price's throat. Soap felt ashamed by these words, though it wasn't meant this way.

Price looked into his plauger's eyes and grinned. "Look at you... Effected by some simple words... Anything, but strong, mate..."

Makarov just let go off him and nodded. He pulled the colt out of Price's holster and turned it towards Soap. "The cameras in the Gulag caught that scene, you know? This weapon used to be very important, to both of you. If I got that right, it was the one which killed Zakhaev and it saved MacTavish's life. Why can't we just play destiny and now it kills your beloved Scottish soldier?!"

"Don't you fucking dare!"

But Price really wasn't in the right position, to threaten his enemy. Instead Makarov just handed him a second gun. "You do it, or I'll kill him. Shoot his knee or he's dead anyway."

"You insane!"

"That's what you told me and now I'm acting like that. Do it, or I will. Oh, and if you'd point that thing on me, these two will crack your neck like a toothpick."

Price swallowed heavily and already saw Makarov folding his forefinger around the trigger.

He watched towards Soap and closed his eyes.

"I'm sorry son, but I'm sure, you'll survive this."

"Price, please, don't..!"

BANG!

Soap cried out loud and his chin fell down against his chest again.

The pain was overwhelming and he wasn't able to control his body. He was drooling on his chest, followed by tears.

Makarov raised his brows in impression. "Never thought you would pull the trigger that fast. Wow...", he admitted and took the gun away from Price, while he was still pointing at Soap.

"Doesn't mean I have to keep my promise, right?", he asked and pulled the trigger himself. The bullet ran through Soap's stomach and blood swelled out of his mouth. His eyes closed, he lost consciousness again.

"No! You motherfucker! Just call back your sons of bitches and let us do this, man against man!", Price shouted again, before the barrel hit his face pretty hard.

"Shut the fuck up. I really... "

He stopped, and took a few steps back, while he was reaching for his phone. He answered the call quickly and looked at his men. "He have to leave. Looks like they found us."

His eyes fixed Price's again. "That doesn't mean, you'll get outta here alive. MacTavish's time is running short anyway."

He clenched his fist and slammed it into Prices face again, so even the elder Captain lost sight and consciousness.

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Kapitel 9: Happiness of coming home

[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]

Kapitel 10: Will you?

"Ali, stehst Du bitte auf? Grandma möchte mit uns ausgehen. Zum Essen."

Aber Alison reagierte überhaupt nicht. Sie sah ihren kleinen Bruder nicht einmal. Und der zog wie verrückt an ihrem Arm.

"Alison, Du musst doch mal was essen! Jetzt komm doch bitte wieder hoch!", jammerte er.

Seit Price vorbei gekommen war und allen -Emily war ebenfalls anwesend gewesen- erzählte, dass Soap im Dienst gefallen sei, war Alison in ein tiefes, dunkles Loch gefallen. Sie aß kaum noch, sie redete nur das Nötigste. Das Einzige, was noch funktionierte, war die Arbeit. Es lenkte sie ab. Zwar ging es in ihren Storys immer noch um Helden, aber es waren nun mehr Geschichten ohne Happy End. Natürlich war das den Redakteuren aufgefallen und man hatte sie für eine Weile nach Hause geschickt. Ihr Arzt hatte sie krankgeschrieben und in der ersten Woche ihres aufgezwungenen Urlaubs, hatte sie ein paar Mal versucht, wieder ins Büro zurück zukommen, aber wurde jedes Mal wieder heim geschickt.

Dave stand noch immer vor ihr. Mittlerweile waren seine Augen schon ganz glasis. Natürlich vermisste er John ebenfalls, aber er hatte schon seine Eltern verloren -zwar nicht an den Tod- aber er hatte sich damit eher abfinden können, als Alison. Vermutlich hatten diese Gefühle für John dafür gesorgt, dass Alison völlig übersehen hatte, wie gering die Chancen für John eigentlich waren, wirklich alt zu werden.

Sie war ein sensibler Mensch und hatte ihn derart tief ins Herz geschlossen, dass Price's Worte sie innerlich völlig zerfetzt hatten.

Sie hatte nicht richtig trauern können. Nicht eine Träne hatte sie bisher vergossen. Und das, obwohl sie so viel vermisste.

Ihn nachts neben sich liegen zu haben. Er musste sie nicht im Arm halten, es reichte, wenn sie ihn atmen hörte. Manchmal hatte er undefinierbare Laute von sich gegeben, wenn er einen intensiven Traum hatte.

Es fehlte ihr, ihn morgens beim Frühstück gegenüber von sich sitzen zu haben und zu zusehen, wie er sich den Toast mit den unmöglichsten Dingen belegte. Mit ihm zu baden, mit ihm zu schlafen, ihn dabei beobachten, wie er mit den Fußballspielern im Fernsehen mitfieberte. Es fehlte ihr alles so sehr, dass sie nicht den klaren Gedanken fassen konnte, dass er weg war und nicht mehr wieder kommen würde.

Emily hatte einen anderen Weg gefunden, mit der Trauer klar zukommen. Wenn man das denn so nennen konnte.

Sie hatte einfach ihre sieben Sachen gepackt und war nach Prag gereist. Sie hatte Price nicht geglaubt, dass John tot sein sollte.

Alison hatte nicht einmal darüber nachgedacht, wie verrückt diese Idee eigentlich war. Und Prag war nicht um die Ecke, was hieß, dass Emily schon eine Weile unterwegs war. Da sie nicht mehr mit Jason zusammen war, hatte sie dazu jetzt wohl einfach mehr Zeit.

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Dave ließ Alisons Arm wieder los und die eigenen Schultern hängen. "Grandma, Ali will nicht!", rief er die Treppe rauf. Als Antwort folgten nur die Schritte der älteren Frau. Ihre Erscheinung war ziemlich normal. Sie wirkte noch ziemlich jung, war etwas 1,60m groß, wog etwa 70 Kilo und hatte schulterlanges, braun-graues Haar. Ihre grünen Augen waren ein kompletter Kontrast zu Alisons braunen, passten aber wieder zu

David's grünen Glubschern.

"Setz Dich, David.", riet sie ihrem Enkel und nahm dann zu Alisons anderer Seite Platz. Sie legte ihr eine Hand auf die Schulter und sah sie fest an. Und obwohl Alison der Frau nicht in die Augen sah, wusste sie, dass der Blick voller Sorge und Verständnis war. Aber sie wusste auch, dass der Blick ihr sagen sollte, dass sie endlich abschließen musste.

"Wir mochte ihn doch alle, Kind, aber es wird Zeit, dass auch Du ihn ruhen lässt. Du hast, seit er weg ist, nicht eine Träne vergossen. Und das ist jetzt vier Wochen her."

Alison starrte weiter auf den dunklen Fernsehbildschirm und holt tief Luft, ehe sie kurz mit den Schultern zuckte. "Ich kann nicht.", murmelte sie. "Ich kann einfach nicht. Ich weiß, er ist weg und wird nicht wieder kommen. Aber.. "

Ihr Blick glitt auf ihre Hände, auf denen die andere Hand ihrer Grandma lag.

"Aber was?"

"Aber... " Sie seufzte tief und sah ihre Grandma dann endlich an. "Ich weiß es nicht. Es ist eben einfach ein Teil von mir mit ihm gegangen. Es ging immer ein Teil von mir mit ihm, wenn er wieder da raus musste. Und jedes Mal brachte er es wieder zurück. Aber dieses Mal bleibt es eben einfach weg. Und ich werde es nie wieder zurück bekommen. Wenn ich Glück habe, wird etwas Neues wachsen, aber ich weiß nicht, wie es aussehen wird."

Dave verstand ihre Worte nicht. Aber er war dennoch so mitgerissen von der momentanen Stimmung, dass ihm die Tränen wieder liefen. Er hatte sich an Alisons Arm geklammert und den Kopf gegen sie gelehnt.

Ihr Blick ging auch kurz zu ihm und sie küsste seinen dunklen Schopf.

Ihre Grandma war zu jung, um bewusst Verluste im Krieg wahrgenommen zu haben, aber sie verstand dennoch, wie Alison sich fühlen musste. Ihr Mann, Alisons Grandpa, war doch ebenfalls Soldat. Er war zwar nicht im Dienst gefallen, aber sie musste jedes Mal Todesängste ausstehen, wenn er wieder von zu Hause weg musste.

"Ich weiß, es mag altmodisch in Deinen Ohren klingen, Alison, aber Du musst damit endlich abschließen. Um ehrlich zu sein, habe ich eher den Eindruck, dass Du gar nicht akzeptieren kannst, dass er weg ist und dass er nicht mehr wieder kommt. Ich glaube, Du lässt ihn in deinem Kopf immer noch weiter leben, nur um dann aufzuwachen und fest zustellen, dass es doch nur ein Irrtum ist. Und das ist es, was es Dir so schwer macht. Du musst erst noch realisieren, dass er tot ist. Und das lässt sich wohl nur klar machen, wenn Du ihn siehst."

Alison löste sich aus ihrer tröstenden Berührung und stand auf. Dave sah sie verheult an und rutschte zu seiner Grandma, die ihn in den Arm nahm.

"Was auch immer.", murmelte Alison und ging die Treppe nach oben. Man hörte die Schlafzimmertür ins Schloss fallen, bis es nur noch das Geräusch von Daves Schluchzen war, dass den Raum füllte.

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Drei Tage später bekam Lydia einen Anruf, der sie strahlen ließ. Sofort holte sie Dave von der Schule ab, obwohl noch lange nicht Schluss war und schaffte es dann auch, nach gefühlten fünf Stunden Überzeugungsarbeit, Alison dazu zu bringen, mit zu fahren. Es ging zum Flughafen. Einem Kleineren am Rande der Stadt.

Dort trafen sich meist eher Hobbypiloten und sogar Modellflieger. Aber man wollte Alison nicht nur an die frische Luft bringen, um ihr die Flieger zu zeigen.

Nein, Emily hatte sich gemeldet. Nach fast drei Wochen und einem gefährlich aussehenden Mann, hatte sie es tatsächlich geschafft, den Körper ihres engsten Freundes zu finden.

Es wäre eine Möglichkeit gewesen, Alison endlich klar zu machen, dass es vorbei war. Es musste kein neuer Anfang sein, aber wenigstens ein Ende der alten Geschichte.

Als Emily dann aus dem größeren Hubschrauber kam, lief David direkt auf sie zu. Er drückte sie fest und weinte vor Freude, dass sie endlich wieder da war. Vor allem unversehrt. "Ich hab euch was mitgebracht.", erklärte Emi und drehte sich zum Helikopter um. Zwei Männer waren bereits dabei, eine Liege aus dem Militärhelikopter zu ziehen. Das Gesicht des Mannes, der auf die Matratze geschnallt war, war durchaus bekannt. Und während Dave direkt darauf zu lief, blieb Alison wie angewurzelt stehen. Ihre Großmutter, Lydia, neben ihr. Allerdings sah sie wesentlich entspannter aus, als Alison, da sie ja wusste, was eigentlich Sache war.

Sie nahm Alisons Hand und zog sie mit sich.

"Wie.. wie ist das... möglich?", stammelte Alison und sie fühlte, wie sich ein ungeheuer großes Loch in ihrem Bauch bildete. Sie traute sich irgendwann gar nicht mehr weiter zugehen, weil ihr Herz immer schneller schlug und ihre Beine schwerer wurden.

Als sein müder Blick aber dann den ihren traf, konnte sie ihre Beine gar nicht mehr kontrollieren. Sie lief ihrer Grandma beinahe davon und blieb erst stehen, als ihre Knie gegen das Metallgestell der Liege knallten. Ihr Kopf war knallrot und sie atmete ziemlich hastig.

Von ihm sah sie zu Emily rüber, die zufrieden lächelte. Sie sah müde aus, aber selbst ihr trieb die Situation die Tränen in die Augen. Sie war ja selber heilfroh, dass sie ihn gefunden hatte. Und dann auch noch lebend.

Es hatte eine halbe Ewigkeit gedauert, seinen Zustand zu stabilisieren, weil er eben so viel Blut verloren hatte. Man kannte zwar seine Blutgruppe, aber erst einmal jemanden in einem Kriegsgebiet zu finden, der noch genug hatte, war nicht so leicht. Emily winkte irgendwann mit der Hand in seine Richtung und Alison drehte sich wieder um.

Ihre kleine, zittrige Hand griff nach seiner und, dank Emily, war sie auch nicht mehr so kalt, wie angenommen. Sein Daumen strich langsam über ihren Handrücken und das Lächeln wich nicht von seinen Lippen. Es kam Alison so vor, als würden seine blauen Augen plötzlich leuchten. Als wäre neues Leben in ihn gehaucht worden.

Und das, obwohl sein Gesicht voller Kratzer und Beulen war. Sein linker Arm war in einen Verband gewickelt und das rechte Bein stach unter der Decke mit einem Gips hervor. Zwar war es schon eine Weile her, aber es kam ja nicht direkt zur Behandlung. Alison wollte etwas sagen, aber ihr fiel nichts ein. Zu viel auf einmal ging ihr durch den Kopf und sie wollte auch keine blöden Fragen stellen, wie 'Ich dachte, du seist tot?'. Aber sie musste auch gar nicht den Anfang machen, weil er das übernahm.

"Es tut mir Leid..."

"Huh?"

Leicht verwirrt sah sie ihn an.

"Das.. muss Dir doch nicht leid tun."

"Das meine ich auch nicht.", erwiderte er müde und ihm fielen für einen Moment die Augen wieder zu.

"Mir ist klar geworden, was wirklich.. wirklich wichtig ist.."

Alisons Blick wurde immer skeptischer. Es klang ja beinahe so, als wollte er etwas zum Abschluss sagen.

Und jetzt, wo sie so darüber nach dachte, fiel ihr auf, dass sie noch immer nicht weinte. Nicht einmal vor Freude.

"Ich liebe Dich, Alison Arkins. Und mir ist klar geworden, dass ich ziemlich unzufrieden gestorben wäre, wäre ich wirklich gestorben. Ich bin darauf gefasst, diese Welt zu

verlassen. Jedes Mal, wenn ich deine Wohnung verlasse, bin ich mir im Klaren, dass ich nicht zwangsläufig lebendig zurück kommen muss. Ich will endlich ein vollständiges Leben und nicht mehr .. nur für das Militär existieren..."

Alison blickte ihn noch immer an, mit einem Blick, der ihm sagte, dass sie im Unklaren war.

"Was.. willst Du von mir, John?"

Er drückte ihre Hand und musste sich selbst eingestehen, dass es einfacher war, Emily davon zu erzählen, als es wirklich zu tun.

"Willst Du mich heiraten, Alison?"

Alison überkam ein gewaltiger Schlag. Sie hatte das Gefühl, ihr Herz blieb stehen. Und obwohl es nur der Bruchteil einer Sekunde war, kam es ihr wie mehrere Stunden vor. Sie blickte ihn mit offenem Mund an und erst als ihre Augen zu brennen begannen und sie spürte, wie die Tränen ihre Wangen runter rannen, als ginge es für sie dabei um Leben und Tod, kam sie wieder zu sich. Sie nickte heftig und konnte die Augen kaum offen halten.

"Ja...", schluchzte sie und beugte sich zu ihm runter. Sie nickte noch immer heftig und spürte, wie dieser Knoten platzte. Alles, was sie in den letzten Wochen angestaut hatte, war plötzlich dabei, aus zuströmen und es fühlte sich so unheimlich gut an.

Sie schob die Arme unter seinen Kopf und drückte ihn fest an sich. "Ich liebe Dich..", murmelte und spürte, wie sich seine Hand auf ihren Rücken legte und sich fest in ihr Shirt krallte.

"Schön, wieder zu Hause zu sein.", antwortete er nur darauf, ehe Dave die Zwei von einander trennte. Er war noch immer verheult, aber lachte.

"Celtic haben gestern Abend gewonnen!", quiekte er und hob eine Hand hoch, streckte alle Finger, bis auf den Daumen in die Luft. "Vier null!"

John lachte darauf, was ein kurzes Husten hervor rief. Er streckte die Hand nach Dave aus, der sie freudig ergriff und noch breiter grinste.

Kapitel 11: Don't fucking stop

[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]

Kapitel 12: Stay awake!

"Soap?", I heard him say.

"Soap open your bloody eyes."

And I did. My sight wasn't clear at all and it looked like I was watching through mist.

I didn't know if I had been asleep, but since I've opened my eyes again, I recognized the pain again.

Every breath hurt and the taste of blood returned on my tongue. My arm raised and I didn't even know what I wanted to do, but suddenly Price took my hand and pushed down on that uncomfortable bed again.

"Don't move. You already lost too much blood and it's slowly filling your lungs."

And as soon as he had finished his sentence, I hold my breath. My own blood was filling my lungs, so I was drowning my own? Great.

As soon as I became part of the 22nd, I was sure, I wouldn't die as an old man, sitting in a chair, next to my wife. But I also hoped just being shot in the head and die without the pain and the uncertainty of surviving or not. And now I had to accept that my own body would kill me? Such a bullshit..

"Did I sleep?" I turned my head towards him and tried to get a clear view, but it still didn't work.

"No you didn't but I don't want you to loose consciousness or anything like that.", he explained. I turned my head back and closed my eyes for another second. At least I thought so.

My body was so hot. Completely wet from sweating and blood. I was listening to my heartbeat. Didn't felt that good, but at least it was still doing its job.

After the darkness disappeared, I was back home, enjoying the sun, my girl's company. There was no thought about never seeing her again. I was barely able to imagine, what she might feel like every time I was gone. She might be worried about my life more than I actually did. I guess that was, why I didn't ask her to marry me, why we didn't talk about children.

I love my job, the things I accomplish to make sure, people like her, people I love, are safe.

"Soap, wake up!", his voice was running through my head again. I felt his hand running over my chin and jawbone to wipe the blood away.

My lids were that heavy, I really was fighting to get them up again to watch him.

"Look at me, son. Don't close your eyes." He had this mix of concern and seriousness in his voice. He wanted to sound calm, but I saw, he wasn't. I saw it in his eyes, though my sight still wasn't clear.

I was trying to concentrate on him talking to Nikolai. Since when had he been around? Yeah, I remember, he picked us up. He even carried me back to the chopper. I was listening to them, Price was cursing and Nikolai tried to calm him down. Actually I always remembered it the opposite. I tried to concentrate on their conversation, when I suddenly started coughing. I was clenching my muscles and lifted my head. It felt like being under water for too long but went worse when I tasted the blood again. It was flowing out of my mouth and dropping down my chin.

Clenching my muscles caused pain and I automatically groaned. Price's hand hold the back of my head. He really had a strong grip and it felt like he had no problems keeping my head held high.

He wiped the blood again, after I finally went silent. Still panting I opened my eyes and watched him. He stretched his arm, so my head was resting on it and I felt breathing became easier.

But I closed my eyes consistently and after a few times his hand slapped me slightly. "Dammit Soap. Keep your eyes open!", he told me and I nodded slowly, rubbing half of my face on his shirt.

He wasn't wearing that jacket anymore and I realized the air was hotter than before. "Where... are.. ?" I just wanted to know what our location was but I wasn't able to finish that sentence. I felt the need to sleep. The pain was overwhelming and my lids were that heavy.

"We're on our way to India, Soap. Nikolai knows a safe place there. Maybe half an hour and you will get help. Just hold on.", he said and squeezed my shoulder.

"Aye...", I confirmed. I still couldn't believe he did this for me. I was so sick of being rescued by Price. I couldn't tell if it was still my life or already his.

"This hurts.. so fucking much.."

"I can imagine. But I already gave you a dose. You know, too much is too dangerous. Just open your mouth."

"For what... ?"

"Water. You need to stay hydrogenated."

I watched him opening a bottle of water and put it on my lips.

"Slowly.", he advised, but as soon as he said it, I choke on it.

He was about to put the bottle away, but I reached for his arm and dug into his sleeve so he had to stay. The cold water really felt good and I was able to swallow slowly again pretty soon. I just realized how dry my throat really was.

When I was hasty again the water, which couldn't find place in my mouth, dropped down my chin and my shirt took it.

When the bottle nearly was empty, I let go of his sleeve and Price pulled the bottle back to close it and put it away.

"I'm tired..."

"I know. I'm tired, too. But you aren't allowed to sleep now. I ask you to stay awake, Soap."

I smiled and looked at him. "Then I will stay awake.", I promised and looked over to the cockpit. Nikolai was talking in Russian to someone. He really was known for his curses, his strange friends. At least to me. I really liked this guy and I was impressed by his skills, but sometimes he wasn't exactly what I expected a soldier to be.

"How long, Nikolai?"

"9 Minutes, Price. Just tell him to hold on."

"He did..", I answered for Price and now Nikolai tried to keep me company.

"You really are kinda clumsy.", he teased me.

"Remember that thing with Zakhaev? Completely the same thing, my friend."

"I know...", I confirmed and closed my eyes.

Price's voice was heard again. He was calling my name, but suddenly his voice completely vanished and the next thing I could remember, was the chopper from outside of it...

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 lid 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.

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.

-

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 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.

-

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."

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.

-

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.

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 find 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."

Kapitel 17: Aww shit...

Alison and Dave had moved to Hereford as well. It had been hard for the boy, but Jordan's parents agreed to bring her every second weekend and they really did. Alison payed their gas so they had a deal.

She got a better, more important job for the press in Hereford and much better times to work, so she a lot of time for her little brother. And he had to admit, that he welcomed it. A lot.

One day, it was in April, 2017, Alison made a quick call and jumped into her car, to drive to Credenhill. She wanted to, no she NEEDED to talk to Emily, because she didn't know who to talk to instead. Well, she knew, but she was to frightened of.

Alison was waiting in Emily's office, trembling in her nervousness and she felt like she was about to melt. The heat rising in her body was nearly overwhelming but it cooled down, as soon as Alison looked into Emily's eyes. She got of, hugged her best friend and sat down again.

Emily watched at her hands after she had touched Alison and smiled, kind of unsure.

"What the hell is wrong with you? I mean, if you feel sick, why don't you go, see a doc..? Well, I know, I am a doc, but I can't help you as usual, so-"

"I know, I know. And I am not here, because I feel sick. I need to tell this to at least one person. Well, actually I need to talk to John about it, but I am scared of."

She looked down at her hands, which were still shaking and Emily's eyes widened.

"You're... pregnant!", she said, a little too loud and Alison looked up, kinda shocked, like it was the first time, she heard about it.

"What? Am I right?"

And as soon as Emily had finished her sentence, Alison burst into tears.

Fast the young doc got up, hurried to her friend and kneed before her. Her hands rested on Alison's legs and she looked in sympathy to her.

"I'm sorry, but.. what's wrong?"

"He doesn't want to have a baby.", Alison cried, and fought the tears, but lost.

"What do you mean? I mean, he asked you to marry him."

"Sure, but when we talked about it later, he didn't sound that sure anymore. And kids? No chance. He just loves his job, too much and he doesn't want to take the risk of making a baby if his every mission could be his last... I mean, I understand this, but I don't want to have a baby, when we are that old, that he can be retired."

Emily nodded in understanding. She understood both ways.

"You thought about.. well, it might sound hard, but,... abortion?" She looked uncertain to Alison who widened her eyes.

"Hell no! I could never do this. I mean, I can't destroy a life without even giving the chance to be."

Alison understood, that there were women who decided the right way, when they chose a abortion. She didn't know, that Emily did it already, and she wouldn't judge her, if she knew, but she was just too kindhearted to do that.

Both didn't say a word for a while when Emily just rose.

"You have to tell him. Maybe he would think different, now that it already has happened."

"And what if, he just continues to think that way? What if he wants me to kill it?"

Emily shook her head. "I am sure, he wouldn't do that. I guess, he'd need some time to

think about it. But he would never force you to do that, Alison. You should know."

"I know, Emily, but at the moment.. I can't think straight. I'm just too scared of what will happen... "

"Do it. It's the only way to get clarity."

Alison just nodded, needed some time to calm down again.

-

At night, when John came back home, Alison was laying on the sofa. He kept watching her for a moment, until she opened her eyes. Though the light was dimmed, he saw she had been crying a lot. Her eyes were still red and her face was pale.

By the time, she looked at him, he sat down, next to her and put an arm around her.

"What happened, darling?"

She just looked at him, smiling shortly, just by the fact, that he had asked.

"I... well, we... made a mistake, I guess... "

John watched her, a little confusion in his eyes.

"You want to go back to Ayr?"

Again Alison laughed. Why did you thought about that?

"No.. I mean... we made a mistake in bed..."

And her smile vanished, as did his calm look.

He slowly let go off her and got up.

His hands raised to his head and he held it, like it was about to fall off.

"Fuck...", he hint and walked around the sofa.

Alison already felt the tears coming back, by his reaction.

And when he heard her sobbing, he finally turned around.

"You're absolutely sure?"

"You think, I would tell you, if it wasn't sure? I know, you wouldn't want to let this happen... Why should I just tell you?"

"Alright, alright, calm down.."

"I can't John. How could I? I feel like loosing value to you."

"What.. ?"

He sat down again, next to her.

"Don't say such a thing.. I mean, how.. didn't you take the pill?"

"Yes, I did, but you remember that one time, you have been that bloody horny, you just fucked me in Price's office? You didn't use any fucking Durex(actually the British word for 'Gummi' x,D) as well..."

"And?"

"And? We always used one so I never realized, that I am one of very few women whose body doesn't react on that stupid pill... "

He sighed and looked at her again.

"I'm sorry.", he just said and she didn't knew, how to respond but to nod.

"I have to think about this, Alison.", he commented and got up.

She heard his voice was honest, so he really meant it this way. He couldn't change the fact anyway and he knew her, he wouldn't ask her to get rid of the baby.

When they went to bed, they just said good night and they only spoke the most important the next morning. Alison had an appointment with her gynecologist and John just went back to Credenhill.

He was sitting in his office, alone, chewing his lip, like he always did, when he was nervous or thinking too hard, the whole day until lunch time.

But he didn't noticed and to be honest, he didn't have any appetite anyway.

His head rose, when Price was suddenly standing in his quarters.

"You don't wanna eat, son?"

John just shook his head.

"No, Sir."

The old man walked in, closed the door behind himself.

"What's wrong? What's bothering you?"

Actually he didn't want to talk about it, but he knew, Price would find a way. A way he wouldn't like now, but soon.

"Alison is pregnant."

Price smiled.

"Good job, son."

And again, John just shook his head.

"Why not?"

Price's eyes widened.

"It's not yours?"

The younger one raised his head and looked a bit angry.

"Of course it is! And that's the problem... "

"Well people would call it a miracle. The miracle of life you know?"

"Price.. seriously. I don't want to be father already?"

"Why not? You'd make a great dad."

"No I wouldn't. I am a soldier. And I want to stay one."

Price started laughing. He sat down, compared to John and smiled.

"You are childish, you protect your beloved ones, you even already got some experience with your brother in law, you are trustworthy and serious when you need to be, you are a born leader, which means you have the right intuition to raise a child. You'd absolutely would make a great father."

John just thought about what Price said. All true facts but they didn't convince him.

"What if I fail?"

"You know, a lot of parents have these doubts, Soap. But.. who dares wins, so just take the risk."

Soap groaned because his head ached this heavy.

"Soap.. let me ask you one thing: Did you really have been serious when you asked her to marry you?"

John looked at him, not sure where this question was leading him to.

"Of course."

"Did you ever talk about it after?"

"Yes, we did."

"And?"

He lowed his look.

"I got it now."

"What?"

"I asked her because I finally realized how much she means to me. When I had lost memories, and finally got them back, I nearly cried, when I remembered her. I couldn't stand how much I've missed her all the time."

"So you have your answer."

"But what if I'll die on duty? I mean, really! I had a lot of luck during my time here, but even this ends someday."

"You have a life more to fight for, that should be enough reason not to fail."

-

When Alison left the doctor's office, she went over to the front desk again, to make a

new appointment in a few weeks and went outside. When she walked over to the parking lot, her eyes suddenly fixed John.

"What are you doing here?"

That was exactly what he'd expected, but he kept smiling.

His arms surrounded her and he kissed her forehead.

"I just wanted to pick you up, darling."

She didn't know, what to say and suddenly she managed to look into his eyes.

"So you thought this through?"

"I did. And I made the decision, to keep it, and become happy with it."

She swallowed heavily.

"And your job?"

"Well... I'm sorry..."

And Alison just nodded. She rested her head on his chest and closed her eyes.

"I love you."

"Love you, too, darling."

And after a short moment of silence, she opened her mouth again.

"Price talked to you, didn't he?"

He cleared his throat.

"Aye..."

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.

-

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 spend 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.

-

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.

-

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.

-

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

haven'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.

-

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 shorts. 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 tore 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.

-

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."

Kapitel 19: Redemption

It was a cold October night. The battle was short, but deadly for more than 75 % of the whole company. Just a few survived and those who did, wished to die. Die, next to their brothers and sons.

Like this boy. His name was Vladimir. He was promoted and finally allowed to join Spetsnaz. His father was proud as hell and nearly one week, after he had joined the special forces, there had been an attack.

The political party he and some of his closest friends and family members had joined, always was in a bad light. Vladimir sometimes thought about the things he had learned, back in school. About WW2, Nazis and Hitler. This guy was a genius. His methods questionable, but he knew what he wanted, no matter the costs.

Vladimir was convinced by the things the Ultrationalists said, did and promised. He wanted a life like it was before, back, when he was a kid. His family always was military and no one ever complained, since his father, Alexei Makarov, was a high ranking member of the party and a close friend to Imran Zakhaev who was supposed to be the next one, after Alexei, to teach young Vladimir, how to rule, how to take what he wanted.

But before the soldier was able to trust the man behind all this, Vladimir had to live his worst nightmare through.

The thing was clear, either the Americans, or the Russian forces. Vladimir decided quick and even if it wasn't his decision, he fought like a mad man. He didn't care for gunshots and if he was out of ammo, he used his rifle to break his enemies' faces. There had been a lot of entries in his file about his brutality, his will to succeed and he always lead his teams to victory, even if he lost half his men. He never cared for guidelines and it was a miracle, he made it that far. People said, it was all thanks to his father. Alexei was a born soldier himself and he always had promised his son to create a better future.

But he couldn't make this promise come reality. The whole battle was over in less than 6 hours. There had been too many forces and the Ultrationalists were a young party with less members than wished for. Vladimir never even got, where they got all the military from. But in the end it didn't matter, cause it wasn't enough.

Vladimir just punched down an American soldier, wiped away the rain from his face and got up again, when a parrel hit his face and his upper lip burst open. With a silent noise of pain, he was forced to the ground, into the mud and breathed hard a few times to fight the pain running through his head. As he turned around, he watched right into the rifle's barrel and looked up to its user, waiting for the shot. His green and blue eyes fixed the soldier above him and the man shortly froze. "You're creepy as fuck, son of a Russian bitch!", he screamed and tightened the finger around the trigger. But before the shot was made, a knife cut his throat, blood burst out of it and the man was going down. Behind him, Vladimir's best friend. It was Yuri, a handsome Russian with deadly hands. He offered Vladimir one, to pull him back to his feet and once he was up again, Vladimir hit his shoulder. "спаси́бо (thanks)", he said and turned around to watch the situation, when suddenly time stopped for him. His eyes widened and he wasn't able to control his feet anymore. He didn't realize, he was running, when he already arrived another American bastard and broke his nose so damn hard it was to hear. When the man got down, Vladimir pulled up his rifle and

fired a whole mag into him.

He was nearly out of breath when he turned around to see his father, laying in the dirt, shaking lips, half closed eyes, blood spitting. Vladimir knelt down and gently raised his father's head.

He didn't know what to say. He didn't know what to do. "отец. (Father)" He realized his voice shaking and watched his father's hand moving into his jacket, pulling out his tags and offering them to his son. "возмездие. (Redemption)", he whispered. "Заставить их заплатить.(Make them pay)"

Vladimir didn't have any answer on that. His shaking, cold hand reached for his father's face and pulled it a little closer. "Мне нужна помощь. Я не могу сделать это в одиночку. (I need help. I can not do it alone.)", he whispered, with a weak voice.

"Вы не должны, сынок. Они найдут вас. (You don't have to, son. They will find you.)"

I only was a matter of seconds, until Alexei closed his eyes. Vladimir layed him down again and looked at the tags in his hand, full of blood. He didn't realize Alexei was the last victim of this battle. And he didn't realize, the battle was already over.

He was just sitting there, trembling, rain soaked and watching his hands. He felt lonely for the first time. For a moment he forgot his mother, Yuri and some friends he had in the Russian army. He just saw himself as the boy he once was and his father sitting in their house's living room and listening to the stories his father had to tell. For the moment he didn't remember they had fought together. He forgot they were both politicians for the same thing, both soldiers for the same thing. He just saw him as a child and his 'partner' as his father. All of this was gone and he would make them pay for it.

-

It was an hour before the funeral. Vladimir was standing in front a mirror and watching himself in his new uniform. He was wearing it for the first time and he liked the look of it, though nobody would see it, since he would wear a black, long coat on top of it all.

He looked himself over for a moment and his eyes fixed themselves. He remember the last words of the U.S. soldier, before he was shot and he realized the man was right. At least from this day on. People would call him crazy, but he would call himself convinced by a fact.

He felt the anger rise again and took a deep breath not to smash the mirror. His head turned left to the wardrobe, where his mother was standing. She was wearing a black dress, looking more angry than sad. She reached for him, touching his cheek and watching the battle in his eyes, before she turned towards the robe and pulled out a white scarf, which she put around his neck, falling its end with her small hands. Two letters where stitched in it. "A. M."

"Это еще был подарок от своей матери. Теперь она твоя. Помните, кто вы и что вы стоите на. (This once was a present from his mother. Now it's yours. Remember who you are and what you are standing for.)", she said and he bowed his head a little, so she could kiss his forehead.

Most people had already left, when Vladimir was still watching the coffin, like it would change anything, when a hand suddenly rested on his shoulder. He turned around to see his father's closest ally, Imran Zakhaev, standing behind him. "Я сожалею о вашей потере. (I'm sorry for your loss)", he said and the young man just nodded. "И я помогу вам, чтобы сделать их платить. (And I will help you to make them pay.)"

Vladimir didn't know what to say, but thank you. He would accept his offer and do whatever it could take to honor his father's last request.

"мире было поле боя
везде вы идете
кровь братьев и сыновей
кричит против вас
возможно, вы пока не можете услышать его
потому что этот мир не является вашим собственным
но вы будете
вы будете"

("the world has been a battlefield
everywhere you go
the blood of brothers and sons
screams out against you
perhaps you can not yet hear it
because this world is not your own
but you will
you will")

Kapitel 20: Meet 'N Greet

It had been a few days since this war began. I have never been a friend of Russians and now chaos was on their bill. Not that I'm a rassist, but these guys always caused trouble, no matter what they did, or where they did it. The only good thing was, we finally had something big to do. I am a Delta. Like some other guys, one of the best soldiers, U.S. Army had to offer. And until that day, I didn't even know, there were also Delta women. -if you want to call 'em that way- I' sure, they had boobs and pussys. But they talked like us, they moved like us and they appeared like us, guys. When they are in full equipment, no one would notice them as females. Only if you hear their voices, you know, these guys couldn't be guys.

Amyway, as I said. It had been a few days, since all of it began. In Russia. Loyalists, against Ultranationalists. But we already had some missions to go and after the third, we finally were brought back home. At least I hoped so, but we were all taken to one of the biggest casernes back in the states, where I met these 'girls'.

They all looked the same, except for one. A huge blonde. Her shoulders nearly looked as big as mine and her arms looked like she could crack a tank open with 'em. The other ones stayed more female. I guessed, that blone would have been the brainless muscle in the team. The one tearing whole companies apart. It appeared, I was nearly right.

They called themselves Phoenix. And when I heard her nickname the first time, I nearly laughed my ass off. But Medusa was right. Absolutely.

While Sandman and Truck made sure, we got a place to work and stay, me and Frost were still inspecting the other guys. But when he saw these girls, he desperately needed to leave. He is nice guy and his mind just isn't made for these things. He was able to shoot people, but he couldn't deal with this freak of nature. Kinda funny in some point. I shortly watched him then turned back to the Delta women, when the huge blonde suddenly turned her head over and looked right back at me. Lucky me was wearing my sunglasses, so she couldn't see my 'oh-shit-face' but that didn't mean, she would just turn back.

"Ey, dickhead, what are you starring at?!", she shouted and her voice sounded pretty strong. I was thinking about what to say for a second, before I just raised my hand and gave her the bird. My other hand was resting in my trouses' pocket.

Anyway, it was clear, she wouldn't just stop at that point, so she just walked over to me and suddenly she appeared even bigger, with every step she was coming towards me. I really had to fight back a grin. I was wondering how this would end anyway. Guessed, both of us were laying in the hospital this evening.

"I was asking you something, fucker.", she snarled at me and I bowed myself a little bit backwards, since her voice was pretty loud. "And I gave you an asnwer.", I said and put back the other hand into the other trouser's pocket.

"Playing cool, huh?", she continued bitching around and I remained still, until she was ready. "You should just stop this. No one is interested in this, little guy, so , fucking start starring at someone else.", she barked at me and now I grinned.

"Nah, don't worry. None of you is my taste. I'm not gay.", I contered and got the first hit. Her fist was huge and massive. And I felt like a tone of iron hit my stomach.

I bowed in front of her to catch some air, while she raised her foot and kicked my side. I lost balance and found myself on the ground. "Ah, fuck...", I coughed and looked up

at her. My sunglasses were gone already.

"What the fuck is wrong with you, stupid bitch?!", I cursed and her boot kicked my arms with were wrapped around my stomach. "Nothing. Just protecting my ladies from a dickhead like you are."

"Yeah, sure. Ever considered counselling?" I slowly got up again and fixed her emotionless face. This 'creature' was truly a soldier. I guessed she would never refuse an order. No matter how stupid it was.

The moment I saw her soulless eyes, I was wondering what might have happened to her. Until now -and we are friends for a long time now- I have never heard anything about it. She really doesn't like to talk about it.

"So, got your lesson, fucker?"

No it was my fist who hit something. I think it was her cheek. She gave a noise from herself and the punch forced to the left. When she looked up again, she shortly touched her cheek. Wasn't bloody, but I could tell, it would be a huge bruise later.

Then she looked into my eyes, and when I looked back, I swear, her eyes were burning. I widened my own and took a deep breath, since I felt what was coming next, until I already saw her fist running towards my eye. I ducked from her punch and out of that movement my legs suddenly started to move. There was a huge mass of adrenaline running through my body now and worst part was, when I heard, she was coming after me. Bitch was fast and I nearly needed to laugh, since this was really ridiculous. But this part in my mind vanished, when her hand suddenly grapped for my collar and pulled me back, right into her arms, where she started to choke me.

"I first thought, you got some balls, fucker!", she barked again. "But then you just ran, pussy."

I was fighting for some air and hit her ribs with my elbow, when another woman's voice suddenly showed up. "That's enough Medusa. Calm down, or you'll get some bad consequences on that." The tone was very serious and I now know, it was Medusa's CO. It took her a while, until she let go of me and turned towards her boss. "Yes, ma'am.", she snarled and looked back at me. I was rubbing my throat and coughed another time. My forefinger pointed at my forehead, while I was watching her and she nearly hit me again, if Sandman's hand hadn't caught hers. "That's probably enough, you two." His angry gaze was on me and I nodded. "I'm sorry, Sir."

"Don't tell me. Tell her, Grinch."

I got up completely and cleared my throat, before I turned towards Medusa's CO. "I'm sorry for the disturbance, ma'am.", I said. Pissed voice.

I looked at Medusa, who was grinning in a nasty way. "You might be okay, fucker.", she said and turned away. "And I don't give a shit about that, bitch.", he shouted at her and now I know, that was a big lie.