

However Improbable

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However Improbable

by [romanticgirl](#)

Summary

Is the Iceman really all they say he is?

“It’s true, dog.”

“Bullshit.”

Poke shrugs. “You ain’t gotta believe it, but it’s true.”

“There’s no fucking way.”

“Ask anybody here, and they’ll tell you. You think I’m shitting you, but I ain’t. Believe me, don’t believe me.”

“It’s just fucking moto bullshit. Fucking recruiter stories. Slaying dragons shit.”

“All right,” Poke says with a laugh. “I mean, you have no idea how right and wrong you are at the same time, but all right. You’ll see.”

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“Iceman? Fuck yeah.” Christensen nods, head bobbing like there’s music in his head.

“Nobody fucks with the Iceman.”

“Are you all fucking Stockholmed? Everywhere I go I hear ‘Iceman fucking blew a bridge with gunpowder, bubblegum, and a magnifying glass.’ ‘Iceman took one shot and fifteen Haji went down.’”

Stafford shrugs this time. “Trust me, ain’t gotta lie when the truth is that fucking cool.”

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“Iceman? Brad?” Walt nods, looking for all intents and purposes like an obedient dog. “He’s the best TL I’ve ever had. When we rode into Iraq? Hell, the fact that we’re alive is because of Brad. He can unfuck pretty much any situation, even with a neanderthal like Encino Man in charge.”

“C’mon. You’re not going to give me the typical story? That he ran into a burning building and carried thirty small children out on his back? No hyped-up bullshit?”

Walt smiles, and if he weren’t filthy and exhausted, dressed in fatigues, and holding an assault rifle, he’d look like an choir boy or a fucking angel. “You think unfucking Encino Man’s ineptitude isn’t fucking amazing, you don’t know anything about this man’s Marine Corps.”

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“Brad? Homes, you want me to talk about Brad? Brad got us fucking *batteries*. You know how fucking hard it is to use night-vision goggles without batteries? Does fucking impossible sound about right? Yeah. Fucking impossible. Hell, Brad got us toilet paper and fucking gun lube without having to suck anybody’s dick. Brad is fucking *magic*.”

“You sure you’re not sucking his dick, Person?”

“Fuck you, Brad’s dick is sacrosanct. Or whatever the Jewish equivalent is. He’s like, son of David, or whatever. You want a speech? I can wax poetic on Brad Colbert. I am an *expert* at Brad Colbert. I am his RT. The bond we have is not one you get with just anybody. We have a *connection*.”

“Still sounds like you’re sucking his dick.”

“If Brad asked me to suck his dick, I would ask how long and if he wanted me to spit or swallow. I would be *honored* to suck Brad’s dick. But he’s above all that. We have to be careful whenever he has a combat jack, because the fucking jizz sparkles and lights up the sky like tracers. Brad’s dick is magical.”

“There is something really fucking wrong with you, Person.”

“So lesser and greater men have said. But hey, you doubt Brad Colbert at your own risk. And, trust me, when he saves your ass when there’s absolutely no way it should be possible for your ass to be saved? You’ll be kissing the ground he walks on.” Ray smiles, all sharp teeth and crazed eyes, pupils practically spinning on Ripped Fuel. “You’ll offer to suck his dick, and he’ll turn you down, and you’ll feel like you’ve failed in life because you’re not fucking worthy.”

“You’re insane.”

His grin gets even wider. “Why the fuck else would I be in this fucking desert?”

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“Brad?” Lieutenant Fick looks up from the map spread out on the hood of the vehicle in front of him. “What about him?”

“I just hear a lot of chatter about him, Sir. If I’m gonna be working with him, I think I need to discern the bullshit from the truth.”

“Ah.” Fick nods as if he understands and turns, leaning on the vehicle. “Is it the whole thing where everyone’s pretty sure he can breathe underwater because there’s no way anyone holds their breath for that long? Sharks get out of the way when he’s surfing? Stood up as best man for them when his girlfriend married his best friend?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, I’ve seen him come up from a dive that would have left other guys with brain damage looking fresh as a daisy. I haven’t seen him surf, but I’ve seen the wedding pictures. He looks very nice in a suit. That’s about all I can give you, I’m afraid.”

“These people act like he’s the second coming.”

“Don’t let him hear you say that. He’s not big on religion, but he identifies as Jewish, so...” Nate huffs a laugh. “Have Reporter ride with Poke. See the Iceman in action.”

“You saying we’re going to see action, Sir?”

“I don’t have the audacity to think I know anything about what’s going to happen in this war.” Fick leans in a little, voice dropping conspiratorially. “Except that at some point, Brad Colbert’s going to save your ass.”

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The fighting goes on for what seems like hours. One of the Hummers gets stuck in a ditch, and Captain America’s voice fills the comms with hysteria. Colbert shoves everyone behind the vehicle, then goes down on his stomach, shooting from beneath it. Three men go down before anyone else gets off a shot. Colbert’s as still as a sniper, and just as efficient.

The barrage stops and they’re all back in the vehicles, after Colbert, Fick, and Bautista rig up a way for one of the other Hummers to tow the off-road and off-kilter one out of the ditch. They’re Oscar Mike and headed into town when the shooting starts again.

Ray keeps driving and everyone else keeps shooting, and then air support comes in, starting to fire before the platoon’s out the other side. Ray’s on the radio to Fick who has Wynn on the radio to command to tell the air support to get the fuck away before they’re all dead from friendly fire.

People fall by the wayside as they plow through, Ray not always sticking to the road. They build up speed once they’re clear and Ray strings together every foul word he can think of and probably fifty or so that he made up.

“Shut up, Ray.”

“Fucking air support. Never there when you goddamn need ‘em, but they show up when you don’t. They’re worse than the fucking clap. At least there’s fucking medicine you can take for the clap and it’s not likely to *kill you*.”

“Ray.”

Brad’s voice is calm and cool and collected. His eyes are glacier blue as he keeps surveying the terrain. They get the call to pull over, and they wait as the rest of Bravo convenes on them. He’s got a beautiful smirk, like there hadn’t just been a firefight.

“So,” Brad turns. “How’d you enjoy the ride-along?”

“Pretty much everything they told me to expect from riding with the Iceman.”

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