Archer's Boyfriends

by bluemandycat

Summary

Drabbles and one-shots, loosely linked together, in celebration of the gayer side of the world's best bisexual secret agent.

Notes

Start it off with barry/archer!

...i want more of this pairing.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Archer swung a punch at Barry. Unfortunately, there had definitely been something strange in that cigarette Krieger had given him, so the punch missed by a huge margin. Archer cursed.

“That's the last time I accept free stuff from Kreiger,” he muttered.

“That guy who helped me fix the spaceship?” Barry asked. “Wasn't he cloned from the guy who did the Auschwitz experiments?” He punched Archer in the ribs.

“Hitler,” Archer corrected. “Although, hmm.” He kicked Barry in his insufferable cyborg chest. “It wouldn't surprise me if he was Josef Mengele’s clone. He does sort of have that--oof!”

The last line was cut off by Barry slamming Archer into a wall. “I've been waiting to destroy you for so long,” he said, almost tenderly. And then, contrary to his words, he leaned in and kissed Archer. His mouth tasted like metal.

When Barry pulled away, Archer said, “Okay, wait, was that a Judas kiss or a regular kiss? Cause if that was a regular kiss, that was pretty gay. And if that was a Judas kiss, that was still pretty--”

Barry kicked him across the room.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

More barry/archer!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Hey Barry?” Archer asked.

Barry had no idea how Archer had gotten past KGB security into his office, but he decided to hear him out before, you know, killing him. “What, Archer?”

“So, you know how there’s Barry, and then there's Other Barry?” Archer asked.

Honestly, Barry was surprised Archer had noticed. “Duh.”

“Okay, well, which one is better at sex?”

“Huh?” Barry said. He thought about it. “I guess I never thought about it.”

Archer deflated. “Damn it. Krieger and I have a bet that we can't settle now.”


Archer brightened. “You remember!”

“You have to stop talking to him,” said Barry.

“I can't!” Archer exclaimed. “I have to settle this bet. Can't you give me anything?”
Barry sighed and checked his watch. He had time. “Up on my desk. You’ll find out firsthand,” he said in the voice he reserved for “head of the KGB.”

Archer shivered. “Gladly.”

Chapter End Notes

Kudos/comments/messages to bluemandycat on Tumblr/art??? always appreciated.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Some archer/krieger!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Archer pulled back from Krieger’s mouth. “Oh my god, Krieger.”

“It’s not radioactive anymore,” Krieger said quickly.

Archer hesitated, like he wanted to ask, but thought better of it. “Not that, weirdo. Why do you taste like…”

“You're going to have to be more specific. A lot of people taste a lot of things in my mouth,” said Krieger.

“Like…” Archer thought about it. “Like something weirder than alcohol.”

“Umm…” Krieger looked guilty. “No reason.”

“Krieger! Did you drug me?” Archer accused.

“Define ‘drug.’”

Archer sighed. “Drugged in such a way that I have gustatory hallucinations.”

“Oh! Then no!” Krieger said brightly.

“Then, what is it?” Archer hesitated a moment. “I can almost figure it out…” He leaned back away from Krieger. “It was like vodka, but also, like, meat?”
“Hey!” protested Krieger. “What am I supposed to do about this?” He gestured to his crotch.

Archer waved it away. “Just think about me and Barry having a badass, guy-on-guy, human-on-cyborg fight.”

“Sploosh.”

Chapter End Notes

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“Why would you kiss me?” Cyril complained.

“Uh, cause we’re at a gay club?” Archer said, taking a sip of his drink. “People have to think we’re gay. It’s for the mission.”

“Plenty of people go to gay clubs,” said Cyril. “We could be supporting a gay friend!”

Archer snorted. “Who, Ray? He doesn't need any support. He ditched us the minute we got here.”

“Lana, then,” said Cyril.

“Lana is bisexual, and she doesn’t need any help either.” Archer gestured to Lana, who was chatting up a pretty Indian girl. “So that leaves two of us, since Pam stayed behind to bang Carol, so I don't see any reality where we couldn't be boyfriends.”

Cyril considered this. “Liar,” he said. “You just wanted to kiss me.”

“Shut up, Cyril,” muttered Archer. “Besides, ‘little Cyril’ seems to have liked it.”

“It's involuntary!” Cyril protested. “Cause you used too much tongue!”

“Cyril, there’s no such thing as ‘too much tongue,’” laughed Archer. “Besides, come with me to the bathroom, and I have a cure for that.”
“We have a mission!”

“Ray and Lana can handle it.”

“Fine,” Cyril relented. “But you can tell nobody about this.”

“Of course, Cyril,” said Archer, already making a mental note to tell Ray, Lana, Pam, Cheryl, Krieger, Barry, and anyone else who would listen.

Chapter End Notes

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“Who the hell is Lucas Troy?” Barry growled, shining a light in Archer’s face.

Archer, who was tied to a chair, chuckled. “First of all, Barry, gotta say I'm flattered you kidnapped me just to get the answer to that one question.”

Barry rolled his eyes. “Don't mention it.”

“And second, wow. Loaded question much?” continued Archer.

“Just tell me who this asshole is,” said Barry. “I didn't hack into the ODIN agent files and see your name under ‘next of kin’ for nothing.”

“I was his next of kin? Jesus God.”

“Just tell me who he is!” Barry snapped.

“Okay, okay, don't get your wrong trousers in a twist.” When Barry didn't reply, Archer said, “Barry, get it? Like Wallace and Grommit?”

Barry shot a steely look Archer’s way. Archer blanched.

“Luke used to be my best friend, back when I was in training. Then he left to go work for ODIN.” Archer cocked his head. “Wait, wouldn't you know him? You worked together for like, years.”
Barry shrugged. “We didn't run in the same circles.” At Archer’s questioning look, he said, “He slept with Framboise, so I put him in the hospital.”

“Ignoring the fact that I also slept with Framboise, he killed a bunch of ODIN agents and went off the grid. I tracked him down, he said he was in love with me, he kidnapped me,” Archer said flatly. “He was the first dude to kidnap me for sex.”

“What?” Barry exclaimed. “I thought I was your first!”

Archer shrugged. “You might as well have been. We didn’t get to performing the act. Lana and Cyril came to get me, and, well, I'm here now.”

Barry processed this. “So he was your lover/stalker. Why didn't you tell me about it?”

“I guess I just don't like thinking about it. I found out that he, um, raped me. While I was passed out. Years before.”

“Oh, man. I'm sorry,” said Barry. He cracked a smile. “I knew there was a reason I beat him up.”

“Yeah,” said Archer. “It really screwed me up for a while. I went to a rape survivors meeting. I told everyone I wanted to pick up women, but I just wanted support.”

“I'm glad you trust me enough to tell me this,” said Barry.

“You're like, the first decent kidnapper I've had in a while. Don't worry about it,” Archer said. “Now, are you going to stop treating me with kid gloves? I want some real action!”

Barry rubbed his hands together. “Okay, here's what I have planned. I pour us both a drink, we spar a little, we have sex if you're feeling up for it, and then you watch while I brutally murder Lucas Troy.”

Archer smiled. “You’re such a romantic. There's just one flaw.”
“Hmm?”


“Okay, then we have two drinks, and we go defile his grave.”

“Good plan.”

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter Notes

Some Ray/Cyril/Archer!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“If somebody on this plane doesn’t give me a blowjob, I am going to freak out,” said Archer.

“One-two-three-not it!” Cyril and Ray both said at the exact same time.

“Oh, real mature, guys,” Archer complained.

“Like you’re any better,” Ray muttered from the cockpit. Archer glared at the back of his head.

“You guys love me. Give me a blowjob.”

“No,” Cyril and Ray both said.

“Why not?”

“Okay, well, I'm flying the plane,” said Ray.

“Doesn’t excuse Cyril,” said Archer. Cyril rolled his eyes.

“You've had eight drinks. I highly doubt your ability to perform.”

Archer laughed. “This is me we're talking about. Come on, Cyril.”

“Phrasing,” said Ray.
“Doesn’t really work there, Ray,” said Archer. “Cyril, come on. I want to join the mile high club.”

“You’re already a part of the mile high club,” Cyril replied.

“I’m working on getting my platinum membership. It comes with free drinks.”

“I’m fairly sure you just made that up,” Cyril said, folding his arms.

“Just give me a blowjob. Please?” Archer pleaded. “I’ll let you top next time.”

“How about you let me top this time?” Cyril asked.

“Deal!” Archer said “I like that weird math kink you have. We could do that.”

“It’s not a math kink, it’s a secretary--look, never mind. We can do it,” said Cyril. “Sorry, Ray,” he said in the direction of the cockpit.

“No, don’t mind me, you crazy kids,” Ray said sarcastically. “It’s only three more hours listening to your sex noises.”

“If you have a boner when we land, we can help with that,” Archer said helpfully.

Ray sighed. “Thank you.”

Chapter End Notes

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“Hey, are you Krieger?” Barry asked, striding into Krieger’s lab like he owned the place. “The dude cloned from Mengele?”

“Hitler,” Krieger corrected, not looking up from his work. “Josef Mengele was a pussy.”

Barry shivered. “I'm just going to ignore that revealing comment. Where’s Archer?”


“Not sure that she'd be much help,” Barry said. “Not really partial to digging bullets out of my chest.”


“I thought I’d take him to dinner at gunpoint. We don't usually get a chance to do things in New York, so I'm surprising him.”

“Guns? That's your kink?” Krieger said.

“I wouldn't call it a kink. It's more of a form of foreplay,” said Barry. “Why?”

“Just seems kind of vanilla,” remarked Krieger. “Why not a warhead?”

“I'm going to ignore you now,” said Barry.
“Fair,” said Krieger.

“Hey, Krieger, why is Cyril crying and throwing up in the bathroom?” Archer said, entering the lab.

“No reason,” said Krieger, continuing to work.

“Hey, sweetheart,” Barry said, pointing his gun straight at Archer’s chest.

“Okay, I have several questions,” Archer said, with his hands above his head. “Most importantly, how did you get past security?”

“Cyril’s crying and throwing up isn’t all Krieger’s fault,” Barry answered.

“Just mostly,” Krieger said.

“I have reservations at a place that's mildly cool with me having a gun out all night,” said Barry.

“Just the gun?” Archer asked with a smirk.

“They're not that cool,” said Barry. “Besides, I'm saving that for later.”


“Will do,” said Archer, as Barry turned him around so the gun grazed the back of his neck. Archer looked pretty aroused. “Tell Mother I was kidnapped by Russia’s greatest love machine.” When nobody reacted, he said, “Oh come on! Tell me you've heard that song!”

“Come on, hon,” said Barry, guiding Archer to the door. “And Krieger?”
“Mmm?” Krieger said.

“Don't ever drug Archer the way you drugged Cyril.”

“Who said anything about drugging?” Krieger said. “But point taken.”

Chapter End Notes

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“So am I to understand,” Malory said, over the sex noises coming from Krieger’s lab, “that my son is sleeping with the better part of this workplace?”

“I mean, mostly,” said Pam. “Excluding Rodney. And Bilbo.”

“Who are probably sleeping with each other,” said Cheryl. She cleared her throat. “Inappropes.”

“This whole conversation is ‘inappropes!’” exclaimed Malory.

Lana, who was filing her nails, said, “You’re just jealous that Archer’s spending more time with us than he is with you.” Malory glared at her but said nothing.

“Can you believe these sex noises, though?” Pam laughed. “It’s worse than when the barn cats would go into heat.”

“Honestly, it wouldn’t surprise me if Archer was in heat,” said Lana.

“Have to be a pretty long heat,” Pam commented.

Cheryl laughed. “Right?”

“Would you three shut up?” Malory growled.

All of a sudden, the noises reached a crescendo and then stopped. The four women watched the door
with a touch of fear.

“Hey guys,” said Krieger, opening the door. He was, thankfully, wearing underwear.

“You knew we were out there?” Malory asked.

“Yeah,” said Krieger, shrugging. “I think that might be someone's kink.” He turned back and shouted into the lab, “Who has the voyeurism kink?”

“Cyril,” Archer replied, out of sight.

“Shut up, Archer,” Cyril said, also out of sight.

“How many people are in there?” Malory said, looking aghast.

“Is that my mother?” Archer said. There were some mild crashes, and then Archer stumbled into view. “God, I can barely walk,” he said. “Whose fault is that?”

“Not mine,” said Krieger.

“Nor mine,” said Cyril, stumbling up. “For once in my life, I'm too tired for sex.”

“Put some clothes on!” Malory snapped. “This isn't happy hour.”

“Oh, come on, said Archer. “It's not like you all haven't seen me naked before.”

“That would imply that you've had sex with your mother,” said Cyril.

“Hot,” Krieger said.
“Honestly, it wouldn't surprise me,” said Ray. He was fully dressed.

“Okay, I'm not surprised that you were in there,” said Malory, folding her arms.

Ray glared at her. “You know…”

“Hey, agents of ISIS,” said Barry cheerfully, carrying his tracksuit.

“Well, if it isn't Mr. Fantastic Stamina,” said Archer.

“The way I see it, if you're still walking, we're not done.”

“Well, I'm walking,” said Archer. “Badly, but walking.”


“Absolutely not,” said Malory. “And why did I hear German?”

Ray sighed. “We were doing a World War II roleplay.”

“It was fun,” said Barry. “I was the Soviet Union, Sterling was America, Krieger was Germany, obviously.”

“Cyril was Poland, and I was neutral-ass Switzerland,” finished Ray.

“Next time I call Vichy France, though,” Cyril said.

Krieger placed a hand on Cyril’s shoulder. “You didn't mind being...invaded.” Lana made a retching noise.
Malory narrowed her eyes at Barry. “Aren’t you the ODIN who killed Sterling’s fiancée? And Nikolai?”

“God, Mother. You can’t just ask people if they’ve killed loved ones!” Archer exclaimed. When everyone stared at him, he threw his arms up in the air. “Mean Girls! Don’t pretend like you haven’t watched it!”

“And technically,” said Barry. “Katya’s still alive. Although, yes, I did kill Nikolai Jakov. I’ll take responsibility for that one. But in my defense, that was before me and Sterling started banging.”

“You’re on a first-name basis?” Malory exclaimed.

“Eh,” Archer and Barry both said.

“And everyone’s fine with this?” Malory said.

“Well, yeah,” said Lana.

“It’s not that big a deal, Malory,” Cyril said.

“Honestly, I’m not sure any of us are functional enough for a non-open relationship,” Ray said. “You included.”

Barry clapped his hands together. “Okay, this was fun. Everyone but Sterling, I’ll see you around. Sterling, I’ll see you on the other end of a machine gun.” He winked, saluted to Malory, and sauntered off in the direction of the elevator, wearing nothing but a pair of boxer briefs.

There was an uncomfortable silence, and then Malory sighed. “Everyone, get dressed. And Sterling?”

“Yes, Mother?”

“If you marry that man, please don’t take his name.”
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Chapter Notes

Vaguely Barry/Archer, but it's more implied.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Item seven,” Malory said. All the ISIS agents groaned.

“We’re not done with item six!” exclaimed Pam.

“The final consensus is that if you drank any more than a quart, you should go to a hospital,” Krieger said helpfully. “Or me.”

“Item seven,” said Malory again. “We need to talk about how the head of the KGB is waltzing around here half the day.”

“Actually, he’s not head anymore,” said Archer. “Katya is now. I think he might be her lieutenant, or something?”

“Be that as it may, Barry Dylan is still very high-ranking in the KGB. He can't just have access to all these important documents,” said Malory.

Everyone scoffed in unison. “Oh, please,” said Cyril. “Like Nikolai Jakov didn't have access to the ISIS records for over two decades.”

Malory glared at him. “One more word and I will literally emasculate you, Cyril.” Cyril wisely decided to stay quiet.

“I think you're just jealous,” said Archer. “Because I have more boyfriends than you.”

“Actually, I think he’s just following in your footsteps,” said Lana. “You have set that example for him.”

Malory sighed. “Listen, Sterling. I don’t care if you are stringing along multiple men.”

“Hey!” exclaimed every single man at the table.

“But I do care if those men happen to include KGB cyborgs, nazis, or Ray Gillette,” Malory finished.

“You know…” Ray muttered.

“That would leave just Cyril, then,” said Archer. “And me and Cyril usually need a buffer person. No offense, Cy.”

“None taken,” said Cyril. “Our love-hate relationship is mostly hate.”

Pam raised her hand. “I mean, it doesn't exclude everyone else. You could be banging Lucas Tr--”

“Pam, I swear to god, if you say the L word, I will bash your head into your desk,” Archer said.
“Is the L word ‘lesbians?’” Cheryl asked. Everyone ignored her.

Krieger opened his mouth.

“Krieger, if you suggest bringing He-Who- Shall-Not-Be- Named back as a cyborg, I will bash your head into Pam’s.”

Krieger closed his mouth.

“If we’re quite done, I’d like to know what to do about the cyborg who’s attempted to kill my son at least three times,” said Malory.

“We all have our vices!” Archer said. “Krieger drugs people, Cheryl sniffs glue, Barry attempts murder. Besides, it hasn’t happened in a while.”

“Four months,” Malory said icily.

“That counts as a long time!” Archer defended. “And he treats me right. He takes me out to dinner—”

“At gunpoint,” Malory muttered.

“--he bangs me until I can't walk,” Archer continued, ignoring her, “and he doesn't call me a whore, unlike some people.”

“How many times do I have to apologize for that!” Cyril exclaimed.

“An infinite amount!” Archer said. “Paging Dr. Figgis! Report to the psych unit for a lesson on better dirty talk!”

“Okay, that doesn't even make sense,” said Ray.


“Item eight,” Malory said, “Mandatory STD checks.”

Krieger snapped his fingers.

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Chapter End Notes

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“Barry, what the fuck is in this drink?” Archer asked, sputtering. “It tastes like shit!”

Barry rolled his eyes and placed his elbows on his desk. “It's bubbly water. There's nothing in that drink.”

“Oh, no wonder!” Archer exclaimed. “Bubbly water sucks.”

“You suck,” muttered Barry.

“Maybe later, if you're lucky,” Archer murmured, setting his drink down and moving closer to Barry, so he was leaning over the desk. Barry reached out to touch Archer’s jaw.

“Sweetheart, you always know just what to say,” Barry said, in a rumble.

“Oh, yeah, speaking of knowing what to say, my mother has expressed an extreme hatred of our relationship.”

“Yeah, I kind of got that from the last time I was at ISIS,” said Barry. “So, do you care?”

Archer snorted. “No. My mother hates all of my best relationships. Besides, where else am I going to find a tall blonde Russian cyborg that will sweep me off my feet?”

“Katya,” said Barry.
“Shut the fuck up,” said Archer.

“Now, now,” Barry chided. “Such bad words coming from such a pretty mouth.”

Archer’s breath hitched. He leaned closer, over the desk. “What the fuck will you do if I don’t stop?”

“I suppose,” Barry said, his eyes glittering, “that I'd have to *punish* you.”

Archer nearly choked on his sip of bubbly water.

Chapter End Notes

contact me at bluemandycat on tumblr to yell at me about stuff

End Notes

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