### The Alpha from U.N.C.L.E.

**by ChocoPokkin**

**Summary**

In the early 1960s, CIA agent Napoleon Solo and KGB operative Illya Kuryakin participate in a joint mission against a mysterious criminal organization, which is working to proliferate nuclear weapons.

**Notes**

This has been a true labor of love yet my most proud work. Please enjoy!

It was the end of World War II. People were rejoicing, celebrating in the streets across the globe. Who would have thought that the war to end all wars would actually… end? But for everyone, the situation did not improve. Germany was split for a litany of political reasons and not everyone was thrilled. Half went to communist Russia, a super power of its time, and that was when the race for nuclear weapons began. With the Iron Curtain up, it was only a matter of time before the world fell apart yet again. Americans, Russians, Germans, alphas, betas, and omega alike all turned with baited breath towards the immediate future. Would war break out so soon after it has just ended?

Cue: Berlin. Check Point Charlie. 1963

An alpha with dark hair slicked back clad neatly in a suit approached the checkpoint from the west side of the Wall, he was being watched like a hawk from all angles as he read propaganda strewn
across the space he covered. A suitcase in one hand gave the appearance of business or, perhaps, a holiday. But who traveled to the east side of the Curtain for pleasure? His neat shoes matched his sunglasses, matched his belt, matched his suit. People took notice of a sharp dressed man and several took interest but he was on a mission. Glancing around casually as he passed armed guards, he speculated on how well his next few hours would go. His orders were clear but circumstances seldom were.

Stepping up to the booth, he settled his designer case down and opened it confidently as he removed his spectacles. Flashing the guard at hand a charming smile, the alpha winked once. He had very pointedly placed his under clothing on top which made the guard immediately uncomfortable and the beta quickly checked the rest without seeing. This man, unnamed and unknown, had passed with ease and now his case was being carefully put back together by the abashed alpha.

Little to his knowledge, amongst the sea of alphas and betas watching him, there was an omega with the same objective. For a moment, the sharply dressed alpha was unaware but—what was this? A reflection caught his eye of a very tall, very statuesque fellow regarding him. Hm. He had the upper hand now, did he not? As the alpha turned, the man casually folded up his paper and started to walk in the opposite direction. This gave him a chance to get an eyeful of a possible trail. Tall was an understatement, he realized. He was built like no alpha he had seen before with broad shoulders and a peak at blonde hair. The eyes were covered by sunglasses, as it was a very bright day out, so that was a no go but if he had to venture a guess, this was the counter he had been warned about in his briefing. An alpha, no doubt, as he was in the field. Or was it simple paranoia playing at his head? Only time would tell.

Regaining his belongings a moment before, he hit the road and immediately “hailed” a taxi that had been planted for him to catch to better make his progress lost to the other. What a lovely game they were playing at! It had been quite some time since he had had a trail that wasn’t the CIA!

Exiting the taxi at his given drop point, he lost himself in a dimly lit tunnel that had guards talking around the entrance before up a set of stairs he went. Ah, there was his contact. Things were going quite well, almost too well if you asked the alpha in question. The package was handed off smoothly and he pressed it against his body with his right arm before the next car was picked up. This one was also a taxi, equally nondescript but white rather than black this time. It bared no resemblance to the prior ride he had taken and that was exactly the point. People watched as he passed, the alpha aware that he was a handsome man and that people like to look at attractive people but this… had him on edge. Where had his trail gone? Every face he searched was wrong.

Night was beginning to fall and still no sign of his trail. Perhaps he had lost him with the CIA’s careful planning but something told him not to be cocky this time around.

Storm clouds were brewing as he removed himself from the white car with his suitcase, a gun tucked carefully away in his luggage. Buttoning up his jacket and straightening it carefully, he strode forward with the confidence only an alpha could muster in the face of adversary.

Locating a man as he walked into a car shop, he tilted his head and smiled that shocking smile that could get even the most straight of alpha men into bed. He knew it worked because he’d tried it time and time again. Looking over the man in coveralls, he asked after a one Fraulein Schmidt. Stunned for a moment, the man dithered before pointing in the direction of a car with its hood up and a pair of boots sticking out from under. Thanking him once, he moved through the crowded shop and regarded the feet for a moment. Small. Almost dainty? Yes, definitely dainty.

Settling his case down, he slipped his calloused hands into his pockets and spoke smoothly in German, Of course he knew cars. He was beyond a jack of all trades, the alpha declaring himself a
well dated renaissance man. Cars, lovers, fine wine, architecture… he could carry a conversation on anything, or so he liked to boast. Touching a wire set gingerly, he resumed speaking to his silent target, Oh but he charmed the pants clean off of himself when he spoke like that, the alpha preening slightly at himself. Finally taking a moment to stop talking, he scented the air and caught the very unmistakable aroma of alpha. Ah! So he had found her. How many chop shop girl alphas were there east of the wall? Finally, she spoke. A jibe, actually.

Busted? Snagging her rag to wipe off his perfectly manicured hands, she rolled out from under her car and—oh dear. Even covered in oil with her hair tied back in a scarf she was dastardly good looking. She even had the gall to snatch the rag back! Oh, he liked her already. Just his type. Not that he had a type. Well, breathing tended to be his type. “You look important.” She struck him out of his musings of his life choices with English, both alphas regarding each other for a moment before her perfect mouth opened once more, “or at least your suit does.” That little minx! Her mouth practically rivaled his! And back under the car she went as he rolled his eyes. So, he might as well jump to the point.

“Well, I can get you over the Wall.” He spoke in a lower register than usual, attempting to bait her into coming with him so his mission wasn’t a dismal failure on his ledger which would mean more time under the CIA’s eye. Now a little touch of sass to get her out from under the car again, “would you consider that important, Fraulein Schmidt?”

Under the car she remained, seeming determined not to look at him as she spoke up. “A smart mouth to go with that suit. Statements like that can get you into a lot of trouble around here.” Well, she wasn’t wrong but he seldom found himself in trouble that he couldn’t get himself out of.

“Or they can get you out of it.” Oh, and he was confident that he could. Finally, she rolled out from under the car once more and sat up, regarding him with an interest that had nothing to do with his incredibly good looks. In the time it had taken her to get herself fully visible, the mysterious alpha had taken a seat at her desk and was casually going through her things like they were his own. “Make yourself comfortable, why don’t you?” This was going to be a little too much fun, he decided with a smirk. Tossing the photographs, or whatever they had been, he wasn’t actually paying attention, he grinned slightly. She was not made to be on the east side of the wall, he decided after a moment. Picking up another item to fidget with, he let her talk without interruption which was shockingly hard for him to do. He wanted to talk circles around her! Seldom did one encounter an alpha that was so… feisty. “Okay, Mr. Important Suit. Who are you and what do you want?” Finally! They were getting somewhere. She braced her hand on the open hood of the car and looked at him with some form of contempt, like she thought he was all talk and no game. What a surprise she was in for.

“I’m here to have a chat about your father.” How would that go over, he wondered? He didn’t have to wait long for she was biting back a response immediately.

“I don’t have a father.” Well, that was utterly illogical! Everyone had a biological father. Smirking, he was about to state such things when he thought better of it. She was quite close to some very heavy tools and he would rather walk out of here on both legs.

“I don’t mean your late foster father, the mechanic.” He clarified as he remained sitting casually at her cluttered desk. Really, she should take a day to clean this place up a bit. Terrible for business, it was. But, to the point again. Damn him and his wandering mind. “I mean your real father.” He had located something on the desk that was to his advantage, the alpha turning it around for her to focus on. “Dr. Udo Teller.” The picture was of a young girl with dark hair being held as she was read to by who was assumed to be her biological father. It was a sweet photo, it really was. But the malice
behind the man had to be brought forth. “Hitler’s favorite rocket scientist.” She smirked at him, like this was supposed to be new information.

“That doesn’t sound very friendly.” Oh Ms. Schmidt, or was it Teller at this point? She was in for a wild ride if she agreed to this. “You’re wasting your time. I haven’t seen him for eighteen years.” Well, that was a long time to go without seeing someone. Would it be too obvious to suddenly pop back into their lives? Most likely.

“Well, after the war, he came to work for us.” Her expression said she wasn’t aware of that little tidbit and he felt utterly triumphant at that moment. “He’d been enjoying the American Dream.” Minus the 2.5 kids part, since he had left his only daughter to rot in Germany. “He had a great job working for the U.S. Nuclear Program… pleasant housing in the suburbs… a new Cadillac and a fat dog called “Schnitzel”. ” He fussed with this and that as he spoke to punctuate what he was saying all while he carefully watched her face for any emotional display. Her pheromones were neutral, held that way very carefully so as not to give away anything. Good girl. He would make a spy out of her yet. “Then,” He continued, “two years ago, he disappeared like steam from a tea kettle.” Opening up his bag, he removed a photograph that he was about to offer her when-strange. That wasn’t supposed to be there.

It was a bug. They were being listened to by… someone. The tall, blond stranger popped into his head immediately from the checkpoint. Had he paid the guards off to slip something into his bag? No! He had been watching for-no. He hadn’t. He had let his attention lapse for a moment, just a moment. That bastard! When he got his hands on his alpha ass, he was going to kick it over the damn wall! Frowning, he looked up to his target and flashed the picture forward as if nothing were wrong. Hopefully nothing was wrong; if he played it off that way, perhaps the trail wouldn’t realize he knew he was being listened to. Play the game, he told himself, just as you have for years. Back to the picture, “Until now.” He felt scattered at the reveal of the bug but he held himself together well. “This was taken last week in Rome.”

“What makes you think I know where he is?” A viable question, he mused. How would she know? They had been out of contact for eighteen years. So he answered her truthfully.

“I don’t think you do, but I think you know someone who does.” He gave her a second to let that sink in. “Your mother’s brother.” Again, a pause to let her think. “Uncle Rudi.” He stood as he spoke, “I’ve also been told that your father was never actually a Nazi.” At one point, he had palmed the bug and took that moment to drop it into the cooled cup of coffee sitting on the desk, bringing her attention to it. He hoped she was done with that. German coffee had never been his favorite, anyways. He would get her better stuff if she agreed to come with him. “He was forced to work for them.” The alpha confirmed, stepping up into her space. Under the grit, she was gorgeous and he would love to play dress up with her. No doubt she was greatly benefit from a long shower before that. “So I’m here to help him. Why don’t you help me.”
“With what?” She questioned immediately, the alpha looking up at him with something in her eyes. Was it determination? Never mind, he had her.

“If I had fifteen minutes, we’d drink tea, eat biscuits, I’d talk, you’d laugh, and we’d be on our way.” That was the usual run down of how things went with gorgeous women, alpha and omega alike. “Unfortunately, I don’t.” There it was. The timing of the situation. He pointed outside the slightly clouded window and she turned immediately to peer out of it. “So, my offer is come with me now and be at a chic little hotel in west Berlin in less than an hour.” Outside the window, two men stood. One tall and blond, his earlier trail, and one shorter with dark hair. They stood just around a corner and, to his eye, were ready to spring on them. He had had his eye on them since the moment they caught up with him. They were too late, she was coming with him. The tall one nodded once and the dark-haired man, most likely an alpha, went into action as he spoke. “Or stay here and spend the night with the Russians… hanging from a pipe having your toenails removed.” Oh, what a travesty it would be if she chose that one. Though he had to admit, the blond was utterly stunning as well.

There were too many beautiful people in the vicinity for him not to be flirting but she seemed to understand why he wanted to move now. “That is what I was looking for.” He digressed, stopping and bending over to pick up a map of the walled off city. Folding it with the care of a man who had time, he looked first to the super charged car and then to the owner. “Do you mind terribly if I borrow your car?”

Loading up quickly with is suitcase, they rolled out of the garage while being watched. This ought to be fun, he could see the blond watching them from his corner. Peeling away from the garage, he settled low in the back seat to track their course out of the city while Ms. Teller so kindly drove.

“Could you pass me that brown paper bag from my case, please?” Always a man of manners, he smiled slightly as she did as was requested: handing him his gun. For once, she was silent. Maybe it had gotten through to her that this was dangerous and there were bad people after her. “Are they still following us?” He questioned, having yet to even give so much as a name to her.

She glanced back into the rear-view mirror, murmuring as soft “yes” to his question. Rolling down the back window with his shoe, a car pulled up next to them.

“Is there one of them?” Of course, she was in a compromising position. Speaking could kill her, “Just hum if there is.” He gave her a way to respond without opening her mouth and… and yes, a hum came. There was only one of them. Was it the dark man or the big one? “Is he looking at us?” He watched her glance over and, dammit, she hummed again. Which one was it? Another question: “Does he have just one hand on the steering wheel?” She looked over again, humming softly as she looked down at her steering wheel. What was going through her mind? Was she scared or did she have the typical fight response most alphas did? “When you hear something that sounds like a gunshot… drive.” The instructions were simple and clear, anyone should be able to follow them.

Sitting up suddenly, he fired off two muffled rounds into the front driver’s side window of the Russian’s car and in a moment, he confirmed it was the blond from before as he tossed his seat back to avoid getting shot. The car rushed forward with unexpected speed as Ms. Teller gunned it. Tires screeched and the engine revved as he sat up fully this time so he could look back at their large Russian friend. “Did you get him?” She questioned, her voice an octave higher than before.

“Let’s hope he doesn’t drive as quickly as he moves.” Would they have such luck? Most likely not. The sound of another engine roared to life and the alpha groaned softly as he watched the car gain speed behind them.

“I got news for you. He does.” Was now really time to be testing him? She had clearly been confident in the charge of her car yet still, they were being gained upon which was not what he
wanted to be seeing. The Russian quickly pulled up beside them in the tight street and looked over as he instructed her to take a quick right. Again, he responded just as quickly and turned a hard right as they screeched around the corner. Tonight was not a promising night.

“And then an immediate left.” Ms. Teller followed his instructions beautifully, taking the corner with ease as she was followed closely alongside. Their cars bumped into each other as they whipped around, both drivers yanking on the break at the same time as they went into a tight spiral around each other, barely managing to pull up and avoid the break in the road. They went left, the Russian went right and… had they succeeded? “Nicely done!” He commended.

Little to either of their knowledge, the Russian had flipped into reverse and was quickly back on their trail on the proper side of the road again. Ms. Teller still drove like he was on her, commanding him to “hold on” As she switched gears and sped off and switched down to an alley. Flipping off the car and ducking down, she hid along with her new partner in crime as they listened to a car, hopefully the car, pass by them. “Is he gone?” She ventured to ask.

“You know, I don’t think so.” He had been a hard trail to shake so far and if guns didn’t deter him, a little fancy driving would hardly do the trick. They were both sitting up at this point, Ms. Teller looking back at him as he scanned over the map he had borrowed for an alternative route.

Their large Russian friend noticed something was off at that point and slid to a stop, his eyes narrowing as he looked into the rear-view mirror.

“Reverse down the sidewalk, then drive around the block.” Getting out of the car, the American leaned down to the window, “And, uh, meet me back here.” He had a plan. Stepping out of the alley way, he heard before he saw the car that was pushed into reverse. It was the same white car from before and he somehow doubted it was a coincidence that there was a white car coming for him. Having taken special care to reload his gun, the alpha waited next to a cute little green number as Ms. Teller performed a beautiful maneuver to get out of the sight of the Russian. She reversed over the sidewalk in perfect time with the Russian reversing down the road and, to him, she was gone. But he was not stupid. The retreating shadow caught his eye and that was when our hero stepped out from behind the shadows and fired.

Two shots in quick succession went off, the sound of tires screaming hit his ears and then a crash sounded throughout the quiet street. Yes! He had managed to stop him! Or…

Tilting his head to the side the alpha watched as a clanging rang through the alley. What was going on?

Leaning back in the seat, the Russian laid in wait with his gun securely in his hand. He recalled his mission brief back in Russia:

There was a moment when slides were being changed out. 
<who recognized that this man’s extraordinary talents would be wasted in jail. A deal was struck. Since then, Solo has been their most successful and prolific agent. Kill him if necessary. But he must not help the girl escape.>

Napoleon Solo stood for a long moment, waiting for any sign of movement or life before Gaby pulled out and nearly hit him. He took his focus off of the crashed car and went to get in. They were speeding down the cobblestone road when the door of the white car was kicked clean off and the unidentified Russian burst out in a fury. Gun aimed, the fired off a single shot and took out their back rear tire. Damn him! Ms. Teller did not stop even with a flat as the Russian leapt into action and
proceeded to chase on foot. Was he mad?! “I think you should look out the window.” She instructed, Napoleon turning before he groaned. This man was inhumanly fast! But surely he couldn’t outrun a car!

“You can’t be serious.” Napoleon griped as he watched the man give chase. He was like a dog, though. He couldn’t know what to do with them should he actually catch them, right? “He’s trying to stop the car.” The alpha said dryly as he watched their Russian friend grab onto the back and pick up his pace. This man was crazy, he decided. A crazy alpha for a crazy night. What was even crazier was that it was actually working. The blown back tire spit sparks as the Russian’s effort could be heard in the pit of the car. Napoleon wasn’t sure if he should be scared or turned on by this show of raw power.

“We’re struggling here.” She called, as if he couldn’t feel it in the rev of the engine. No doubt his shoes were skidding along the pavement and, for a moment, he hoped they weren’t expensive. “Why don’t you take a shot at him?” Ms. Teller demanded, which was a good point but…

“Somehow it just doesn’t seem like the right thing to do.” He was utterly entranced by this man who was literally trying to stop a speeding car. And he was doing quite well! Napoleon was close to literally applauding his efforts when the back of the car was ripped clean off and the car surged forward with a revving that could put any car fanatic into a certain frame of mind. Thinking that was the last of it, no! The devil actually was lobbing the hunk of now-scrap-metal at them! The distance that thing took was near impossible and he decided on feeling both turned on and scared at the same time. What a man he was! And the chase was one once more! Oh! The rear bumper actually hit them! Eyes wide, the alpha almost laughed. This was one for the records. “First left, then immediate right.” Sparks flew from the back tire that was left as sirens started to blare. Finally!

“This road isn’t going anywhere.” He was warned.

“It’s taking us where we want to go.” Napoleon promised to her, both alphas running high on stress and adrenaline.

“It’s getting narrower.” She nagged.

“All part of the plan.” He promised. “Now put your foot down and drive a little faster.” She switched gears with ease and sped forward, doing what she was told until-dammit. The car flew off a flight of stairs and quite literally got trapped between two walls.

“Good plan.” She snipped at him. “All we have to do is get over two twenty-foot walls and a minefield!” He was detecting that she was not impressed with him at the moment but give it a few. When she tasted freedom, she’d love him for it. “Now what?” Ms. Teller demanded as Napoleon leaned over her and started to put the window down all while sirens blared, signaling that they were after them. Joy!

“Take another left,” Oh this would be rich! “through the window.” Napoleon had a shit eating grin across his face as he spoke again, “After you.” Ladies, even alpha ladies, first.

Back at the entrance to the narrow alley way, the Russian was panting as he slowed to a walk, He demanded in German, gun still in his hand from where he had taken out the rear tire of the get-away vehicle. When they made no move to get out of his way, This was utterly infuriating to him, they were on the same side!

The radio buzzed to life and he heard ‘all units, come in! a giant carrying a firearm in the lower east side’. Shit. He tapped his fingers anxiously against his thigh. He felt it coming on. The rage that could quite literally kill. Snapping out his hand, he knocked the gun down with extreme force and
punched the owner hard in the face with no remorse. They had had a chance to get out of his way. Throwing his elbow into another’s face, he held onto the claimed gun and whipped a night stick into a third guard’s chest. The resounding crack of breaking bones hit his ears and then he had a gun in the last guard’s face as someone radioed over to them quickly. Grabbing his own firearm once more after he discarded the other, he was running.

Back to our two alphas in question. Ms. Teller clambered through the window with little grace as Napoleon followed but not before he was glancing down the alley to see their pursuer hot on their trail. Damn him! He was utterly inhuman! Did he enjoy the company of alphas? Not now, he chided himself as he told his target to follow him after he quickly straightened his sharp suit. He was nothing if not predictable about his appearance. The two of them worked their way through the apartment as the Russian, still unnamed, leapt up and pulled himself onto the car so he could follow suit. What did they feed those KGB agents?!

Up the stairwell they rushed, taking no time to rest as they heard footsteps following them and if there was one thing they trusted it was that the blond would not stop.

A truck pulled up on the west side of the wall, CIA agents ready to receive Teller and Solo as they found a way down. From the roof. “What are we doing here?” She demanded angrily, having been out of breath from the sixth flight while running for her life.

“We’re looking for Agent Jones.” Napoleon stated as if it were obvious what they were doing. Pulling a pen out of his pocket, he illuminated it in the proper code and received what he was supposed to in return. They had had the foresight to put a pipe through the mechanism on the door and it jigged. Oh, he was already on them? Fabulous. The jiggling quickly turned into banging as the Russian realized that he was locked out and they recognized that they had very little time left to make their escape.

Having snagged a radio as he ran from the squadron that tried to arrest him, the Russian spoke quickly in German. He was a commanding son of a bitch, the blond pulling out his personal gun and firing up at the barred door to gain quick access. They could bill the KGB later for damages for all he cared. Five shots were fired off and only made a dent in the door so he turned, seeing a small German woman peering out. Moving over, he spoke gently, He intended her no harm as he did as he promised.

Back on the roof, a grappling hook was shot up and locked into place as guards yelled and lights illuminated the dead space between the west and east sides. Dogs barked as their handlers moved them in for the capture. Napoleon looked over his shoulder in time to see the adversary climbing over the lip of the roof, “Hug me.” He instructed, which normally he would have taken much pleasure out of but he was in a hurry to hook his clip over the line that would get them over the walls and into the back of the truck. Of course, their new friend followed suit by tossing his jacket over the wire and grabbing on. He was a fast one to act and Napoleon would love to encounter him in another setting. Perhaps in bed or over a chess board.

Sliding down, they picked their toes up over the barbed wire before they were landing in the bed of the truck. He acted quickly, unhooking them from the wire so they were not left behind. The truck pulling away stretched out the line and their villain was caught between the walls just before he was getting to the second one. “Step back.” Napoleon murmured as they were glared daggers at from a suspended Russian bonbon. The alpha smirked, knowing the other saw it as he stepped into the bed and unhook the grappling hook which dropped him like a sack of communist bricks.

Landing on his feet, the blond glared at the wall like it had offended his mother while the truck could
be heard pulling away.

Jumping to the CIA sanctioned hide out, Ms. Teller was ribbing him despite that spectacular ploy to get them out of the hell that was the east side of Berlin. “This place isn’t chic.” She teased and for a moment, he wanted to say something snappy but he was too busy cooking. “It isn’t even a hotel.” How astute of her, he mused to himself as he chopped skillfully on a cutting board.

“No. But it’s safe. And the food isn’t bad.” He wore an apron over his designer clothing because, well, he didn’t want to get anything on them. Handing over a plate of carefully crafted food, he smiled at her and expected her to thank him. No such luck.

“What is that? Smells like feet.” Was that meant to be compliment?

“Expensive feet.” The sound of a distant door opening caught his attention and he looked up, hand going for a gun because, after the night they’d had, he wouldn’t put it past their comrade to have found them already. When there was a knock he relaxed slightly and as it opened, his suspicions were gone. Agent Jones leaned in.

“He’s here.” Oh boy. This ought to be fun. Jones lead him through the safe house to where his handler sat watching Kennedy give a speech.

“I trust that Ms. Teller was helpful.” She was, not that he would ever divulge that information for his dignity’s sake.

“You were right. The uncle, Rudolph Von Trulsch, is the best shot.” Napoleon leaned against the doorway, still clad in his apron, as he watched Jones tap his hand against something. What an annoying habit that was.

His handler turned to him, still wearing his hat inside, and frowned, “That’s it? That’s all you got?” What?! He’d been with the woman barely an hour! She wasn’t about to open up to him!

Keeping his cool, “He lives in Italy. Rome.” That was something, wasn’t it? “Works for a shipping company called Vinciguerra. And now you have Ms. Teller. My work here is done.” Or so he hoped.

“We already knew all that.” Then why in the devil was he sent?! “Your job here is done when I tell you it’s done.”

“You told me, this was gonna be a simple extraction.”

“It should have been.” Oh, but it wasn’t! “I didn’t ask you to light up half of East Berlin!” Like that was his fault!

“They were waiting for me.”

“Don’t flatter yourself. They follow everybody.”

“What was waiting for me was barely human. You should have seen it run.” It. He knew it was a man, most likely an alpha, but no mere man could do what he had seen done. Even if he was a KGB agent, he was extraordinary.

“Grow a spine, Solo.” Napoleon mused how well his handler would have put up with their Russian behemoth. He liked to think that he had done the best with what he had. “Contrary to what you may think, we are not in the haberdashery business.” Where was that coming from?
“I don’t think you understand. It tore the back off my car.” There he went with ‘it’ again because there was a sneaking suspicion that he was... more. More than just a person. Napoleon wouldn’t put it past the KGB to experiment on their agents.

“Remind me, Solo. How long was your prison sentence?” That was a low blow. His life of freedom was worth nothing if he ended up dead. For once, he kept his pretty mouth shut and waited for the point. His handler stood slowly, age getting to him, and spoke again. “You owe me five more years. Now, I know you’ve been taking care of yourself on the side. You’re wetting your beak, so to speak. We don’t pay you enough to be able to put truffles in your risotto, Solo.” He smirked, he knew he was getting away with a lot even for the CIA but to be caught red handed was a little amusing. “But don’t ever make the calamitous error of mistaking my deliberate short-sightedness for blindness.”

The man turned to walk away, “Now, you report for duty tomorrow morning, 9am sharp.” Oh joy. He loved early mornings. As if his handler sensed what he was thinking, “And with a better attitude.” Busted. Napoleon grinned and shook his head once. There was a reason he respected the man.

The next morning: Napoleon was surrounded by sharply dressed men, though he doubted any looked as good as him. They seemed boring in comparison, he mused, as swans squawked indignantly at some intruder. “Look at them.” His handler commented. Ah, Sanders. Always an astute beta. “Merrily oblivious as we labor tirelessly,” Napoleon strode alongside the man with an umbrella up to avoid ruining his suit should it rain. Sanders walked in time with him, wearing a jacket as well as a hat to keep the impending rain off his face, “to save them from extinction and not even a thank you.” Many a night he lay awake thinking of such things, it was indeed a thankless job but it was his none the less. Sighing heavily, Napoleon glanced over to his handler before he turned to face him as if trying to see the point of this conversation. “I tell myself, Solo, that inside every Kraut, there’s an American trying to get out.” My, did Sanders love to monologue. He would make a wonderful villain should he ever pursue a darker path. It would give him time to break free and pop him a good one if he went on like this. The words sunk in at that moment and he frowned, brows knitting together. He did not like where this was going.

“A little tired this morning, sir?” Napoleon questioned, watching Sander’s back as he retreated into the horrendously green public restroom.

“You’d be too if you’d been up all night trying to sort this mess out.” What mess? Surely not his mess. He had managed the extraction with no fatalities and very little property damage. It seemed their conversation wasn’t over as he was gestured to follow the beta into the loo. Charming. None the less, he proceeded after closing his umbrella and found the atrocious green continued to the inside of the bathroom. Wrinkling his nose slightly, his alpha senses prickling, Napoleon watched the other check the stalls for people.

“Anything in particular sir, or are you just looking?” It was a small jibe that went undetected by the other, Napoleon slipping his hands into his coat pockets casually. Why did he have such a sense of unease?

“What I’m about to feed you, Solo, might taste a little bitter.” Oh my, those words accompanied by the beta unzipping his pants made him squirm just a bit. “Nevertheless, you’re gonna have to swallow it.” Was Sanders aware that what he was saying was not for decent company? Or any company besides a sexual partner?

Footsteps. He heard footsteps that were light, no doubt a small beta but the scent was most definitely wrong. Chalking the new player off as a non-threat, “Where are we going with this?” Please don’t start asking for sexual favors, he begged. Turning, having been keeping his back to Sanders, he found his gaze landed on a chest, a broad chest with shoulder to match. Eyes traveling up, it took less
than a quarter of a second for his face to dawn with recognition. For a moment, neither man moved and as he went to… he was too slow. His Russian freight train from the night before growled and shoved him back with that impressive strength of his. Napoleon, not a push over himself, was sent reeling back and slammed into a toilet before his back connected with the wall. They grappled. He attempted to twist the Russian’s arm but he was too fast, too strong, too… omega?! With their body temperatures rising, pheromones were being produced and he caught the unmistakable scent of omega! The monster was an omega! For a moment he faltered and that was his downfall, the Russian got his arm around his shoulder from behind and no amount of slamming the beast into the wall would get him to let up. He was like a magnificently tenacious pitbull with lock jaw! If the man weren’t about to kill him, he might find it in him to enjoy the man handling but he had to get free. Turning them, he pushed back with his own less impressive strength and they went crashing through the thin walls of the stalls. That threw the other off enough that he managed to wriggle free but a hand clamped down on his shoulder and quite literally tossed him through the next wooden barrier. And then a second as he scrambled to get himself up. It wasn’t often an alpha lost a battle to an omega but he certainly was being handed his rear end. Going for the low blow, he grabbed onto the blond’s scruff—an omega weakness—and forced him back through the last remaining intact door and—dammit! He was losing his footing in the bigger space and, no! The Russian was falling! Yes! No, no, no, no! He wasn’t falling he was using his momentum to toss Napoleon over his unnatural bulk! Landing face first, he was almost dazed and that gave the Russian an opportunity to grab him by the throat. An arm wrapped around his throat, he felt the other squeeze hard enough that he saw stars, the American struggling to grab at the iron grip but it was a no go. He was going to be chocked to death all while Sanders stood there watching them with his dick in his hand! No! Not like this! Not in a men’s bathroom!

Napoleon was glaring daggers at his handler when Sander’s attention was drawn elsewhere, “Adrian.” A thick Russian accent greeted. Oh great, just what they needed. More Russians! “Kuryakin.” It was an order as much as it was a name. So, it actually had a name as well as a dynamic? Fascinating. A stream of Russian left the mouth of who he assumed to be his death’s handler and, for a moment, it seemed like he was going to disobey. Napoleon felt him shake his head! But the handler glared at him a moment longer and he was getting released and shoved away gracelessly with a sharp growl. Gasping for breath, he looked up accusingly at Sanders who was washing his damn hands.

“What does that mean?!” He demanded from the ground.

“He said, “Don’t kill your partner on your first day”.” Sanders was telling him what he already knew but PARTNER?!

“I know what he said!” The alpha spat back, crawling on his hands and knees to get away from the Russians before he sat on his haunches and clarified, “What does it mean?” He was still having trouble breathing, understandably, having just been choked half to death.

The two agents were ushered from the bathroom and into the matching café where they sat on their respective sides staring at each other with nothing short of loathing. Sanders was speaking, “The main ingredient of an atom bomb is enriched uranium,” was this supposed to be new information to him? “Dr. Teller was on the verge of a breakthrough which would massively simplify this process.” Oh, it wasn’t him who was being spoken to.

The other handler was speaking over his espresso, “Making it possible for almost anyone to build a nuclear device.” Obviously, he thought to himself, never once taking his eyes off his attacker. He was beautiful, and graceful, and utterly terrifying up close. For all intents and purposes, he should be an alpha but no… an omega. Scenting the air carefully, he still smelled omega and it upset him. Why was an omega in the field, even one as large as this one? What if he went into heat, what if he was
compromised by an alpha? What if, what if? Pulled from his musings as Sanders plopped down a file, his handler was speaking once more.

“We believe that the Vinciguerra Shipping and Aerospace Company in Rome, where Ms. Teller’s Uncle Rudi is a senior executive, is, in fact, the cover for an international criminal organization with ties to former Nazis.” Photos were being offered and he paged through them, committing them to memory as the beta continued to speak, “The founder, Sergio Vinciguerra, was a friend of Mussolini and a known fascist. Rumor has it that Sergio was responsible for smuggling the Nazis’ gold to South America after the war. It is now run by his son, Alexander, and his wife, Victoria.” There were newspaper clippings to read as well, Napoleon paying close attention to the subtitles. “Al, he’s more playboy than tycoon. She… Well, now, she’s something else altogether. All our information indicates a lethal combination of beauty, brains, and ambition. She’s the real fanatic.” If he was reading correctly as his handler continued to brief them, Alexander was a beta and Victoria was an alpha. Interesting relationship. “Now that the old man is dead, she’s running the show. We believe they’re responsible for Dr. Teller’s disappearance. Now… imagine the consequences if he builds an atom bomb for them.” He’d really rather not, honestly.

“We have no choice but to work together in this.” Napoleon watched as Kuryakin glared down his handler with genuine hatred. Oh my. He and Sanders didn’t necessarily get along but they were better than this! “Your mission is to infiltrate this organization and to retrieve Dr. Teller and his research.” The handler reached into his coat pocket and the alpha immediately stiffened, ready for this to turn sour on them. “It will be located on a computer disk.” Oh, it was just a sample disk for them to view, not a gun. Damn, he was getting paranoid these days. “And whoever has that disk will simply be the most powerful nation in the world.” Was this for real? A high-profile mission like this split between then Americans and the Russians… No, no. Of course, nothing could go wrong. It wasn’t like the two agents in question had it out for each other!

“You, Solo, are to investigate Victoria and Alexander Vinciguerra. Our Russian… friend… will focus on Ms. Teller and her Uncle Rudi. We’ll leave you two to get acquainted.” Sanders and the Russian handler stood to exit. Suspiciously, everyone else in the vicinity stood as well and made their departure. Oh dear. This was not going to end well. “Oleg, give my regards to Nina.” So his bastard handler knew Kuryakin’s handler well enough to know his mate’s name, eh? Fascinating how things were turning out.

Now that they were alone, Kuryakin, who was not looking at him, spoke. “Obviously, I was briefed about you,” If Napoleon only focused on his face and his accent, the man was utterly appealing, “Your corrupt and criminal background: until you were caught and the CIA blackmailed you into working for them.” Oh, how that tongue formed around the English language. He thought, for a brief moment, what else that tongue could do and if it could benefit him in any way… mostly a sexual way. “But what interests me, given your profile, is what would motivate you to become the CIA’s most effective agent. I concluded it must be to counteract the humiliation of knowing your balls are at the end of a very long leash held by a very short man.” Feisty, this one was. And here he had thought Ms. Teller was going to be the one he sassed back and forth with given the new assignment. No, this was going to be fun. It was rare to find someone with a mouth that rivaled his and this one was attached to such an attractive man. An omega none the less. But he wasn’t about to pass up a chance to talk circles around his new partner in crime.

“I’m sure you understand humiliation. Better than most.” He had Kuryakin’s full and utter attention now, Napoleon smirking slightly and was about to continue before-

“Really?” Was that the best he had? Excellent. Those thick arms crossed over his chest, his muscles stretching the material as he flexed and damn near ripped his coat at the seams. Napoleon was caught watching and flushed ever to slightly. “How so?” Oh, let him elaborate!
“Well, after your performance last night I thought I should read up on you.” Those eyes were the clearest blue he’d seen without looking in the mirror. Damn him, he had a thing for the Russian! “Rather a sad story, what with your dad being a big pal of Stalin’s and a top government official with all the perks and privileges… right up until he was caught embezzling party funds. How old were you when he was sent to the Gulag? Had you even presented yet?” He was pushing too far and he knew it but he wanted to see just how far he could press before the omega snapped. “Ten? Eleven years old?” What a young age to experience such tragedy, he had to admit he didn’t wish that on anyone. Napoleon saw the hand move, tapping against his bicep. Was that a tick or a promise of violence, he wondered? Knowing his new “friend”, it was most likely the second option yet he still pressed on, “Was that when the psychotic episodes started?” He had done his research to a T and was ready to go there. The hand continued to tap as Kuryakin regarded him coldly, “You did, however, rise above it.” A feat very few could claim. “Special forces. KGB. The youngest man to join, the only omega in the forces, in fact, and their best within three years despite your dynamic.” He was grinding the Russian’s gears as he went on and he knew he was most likely going to end up in the hospital over it but he was curious. “I do wonder if it was your father’s shame that gave you such drive, though.” Not that he knew anything about that. “Or… was it your mother’s reputation?” A vein popped out in Kuryakin’s temple then and he knew he was about to go just a little too far yet he continued, “I understand that she was extremely popular amongst your father’s alpha friends after he was shipped off to Siberia—” Oh, something was happening! Kuryakin stood and grabbed the edge of the table, flipping it like it wasn’t made of solid wood, right in front of Napoleon who didn’t even flinch. He knew it was coming, or something similar to it.

He looked up at the standing man with a look of utter contempt. So it was his mother that struck the hardest nerve, as it was with most men. Usually alphas but this omega was proving to be more alpha than anyone he had ever met. Watching as Kuryakin, Illya, shoved his hands into his pockets and stalked off, he couldn’t help but look forward to their future together… as partners. Nothing other than partners, naturally. Because nothing remotely sexual was going to happen between them. At least, not on the mission. Okay, maybe on the mission. If a chance was given.

The end of their little lover’s spat brought them to a chic little boutique with Gaby getting to play dress up in some clothing other than her coveralls. Napoleon was thankful to have her out of such drab wear but she was already snarking at him, as he had come to expect. “America is teaming up with Russia. Is this a joke?” She was sipping at a glass of fine champagne as she was plied with shoes that did sinful things to her legs. If he didn’t already have a thing for strong alphas, he would now because of her.

“It should tell you how important this mission is.” Despite their wardrobe shopping, this was serious business that he was attending to. “To everyone.” Gabe wore large earrings with her hair pulled back and an equally large necklace over a rather lackluster dress suit. He would much rather see her in something orange, really bring out the natural flush she sported. Slowly, she stood and, much to his utter delight, she attempted a squat complete with squeaking shoes. As she did so, she spoke up. “I’m not going back behind that Wall.” That wasn’t in question. She was a free woman no matter what she decided, or at least he was under the impression that was the deal. The door opened with a tinkle of a fine bell and Napoleon found himself immediately straightening his back: Illya had arrived and, well, he was looking quite dapper. They both were, not that he would ever tell the omega that he looked good lest he lose his tongue. Literally. “And at the end of this, that’s what they’ll want.” Hm? Oh, yes, Gaby. Wall. Terrible thing, really.

“You don’t have to go anywhere that you don’t want to go.” He assured her, keeping his eyes on her to avoid straying to Illya. Of course he smelled divine, a light touch of cologne teasing his senses as he went for a deeper scenting. This went unnoticed or, at least, Illya decided to ignore it. Illya. When did he start referring to It as Illya? Maybe it was when he envisioned that sharp tongue wrapped
around his cock… That was a very viable option, he decided. Forcing his mind off of Illya, who was watching Gaby like a hawk as she kept her back to him, “You’re the star of this show—“

“My woman would never wear anything like that.” Excuse him? Was Illya insulting his choice in fashion? Gaby looked quite nice, he thought, having offered her the outfit himself. Did the Russian have to have an opinion on everything?! Gaby looked utterly offended as she turned around, her eyes reaching chest level before they traveled up and demanded, “What’s he doing here?” She was purely an alpha in that moment, Napoleon watching as her nostrils flared and took in the warm scent that he had come to know as Illya Kuryakin. Her pupils most likely were dilating as they stared each other down and, for a moment, he was worried for her safety. If she were to make a stereotypically alpha move at that moment, he had little doubt that her neck would be snapped. Illya didn’t seem the type to accept unwanted advances of any kind.

“I told you,” He chastised, “we’re teaming up with the Russians.” If only he had specified which Russian they were teaming up with. It could have been a nameless, faceless Russian alpha that would do his duty along-side them or it could be this feisty, out spoken, monster of an omega who had a near visible chip on his shoulder. “Doesn’t get any more Russian than the Red Peril here.” Which was a very true statement, Illya screamed Russian Nationalist.

“And why did he call me his woman?” She had caught that. Male omegas were a rarity across the globe, Napoleon only having seen maybe a dozen in his days, so it was hard to know how to proceed with the whole labels thing. But they would figure it out in no time, he was most certain of it.

Napoleon opened his mouth to respond, save Illya shoving his foot in his mouth, but he seemed to manage just fine. “Because I am now your intended.” Illya, Illya, Illya. He sure knew how to woo a woman. Shaking his head with a small grin, Gaby let out a harsh little chuckle as she looked over Illya’s face for a sign that this was a joke. Naïve little girl, Russians didn’t joke! She immediately reached up to remove her earrings as if they had offended her more than Illya just had.

“No, no no.” She fussed as she removed the necklace and tossed aside the, one second thought, gaudy jewelry. Standing quickly, he followed after her as she stomped off in her designer heels. Illya wore dark clothes today, as he did most days Napoleon assumed. A black turtle neck accompanied by a too tight suit jacket that left little to the imagination and a pair of dark grey slacks that hugged his thick thighs that Napoleon knew were all muscle. How he wished to have those wrapped around his head as he-

“Smoothly done.” Gaby was leaving in a fit comparable to her stature as Illya watched, having not moved from his position like it was his one spot in the world. “Gaby. Gaby, wait.” Following after an angry alpha was never a good idea but he was confident that he could disarm her should it come to a fight. It wasn’t uncommon for alphas to fight but for a male and female alpha to go at it was frowned upon. “Give me a minute to explain.” She seemed upset but not beyond reason which would bode well for the both of them. “It’s your cover: he’s an architect designing a resort for heroes of the Soviet Union by the Black Sea,” It all made sense when he said it out loud, or so he hoped. “The Russian Minister of Culture has a weakness of classical architecture and he’s sending your omega there to Rome to study.” Jealousy curled in his gut as he imagined sharing a room with Illya. Alone. What would they possible get up to? Hopefully something sinful. But that wasn’t the case here. Another alpha was sharing a room with HIS omega! Wait, wait, wait. When did Illya got from It to his? There was a point here, he was talking. “He’s also managed to secure a visa for his fiancé. And, naturally, you’d introduce him to your beloved Uncle Rudi.” Yes, it all made perfect sense. A perfect cover, as long as it wasn’t blown.
“And what about you? What’s your cover?” A smart woman, he agreed. He knew he liked her. Perhaps she was his type but she was utterly blown out of the water by Illya, who had his full and utter attention even as he glanced through to glass to see what he was up to.

“Jack Deveny. Antiquities dealer, specializing in Greek and Roman sculpture.” Simple and to the point, which tended to work better on these under cover missions. Most of all believable. Having been stealing antiques for years, he knew what he was talking about should he knowledge be put to the test. Again, he was a Renaissance Alpha. “The Vinciguerra family happen to have one of the finest collections in the world.” A perfect reason to be “skulking” around at one of the parties, should he be able to filch an invitation in time.

“You’re asking too much of me.” That was a point both alphas could agree on but she was their best lead in if she could get over being “engaged” to Illya.

“You’ll do fine.” He promised.

Back in the boutique, the omega in question was turning down yet another dress that he deemed too ugly to be worn by his intended. “No.” He said with a frown as he went back to the rack in order to find clothing fitting of his alpha. Illya was utterly adorable in this setting, too large and his hands too rough to be handling things so gently but still, it worked. Was he a gentle lover, Napoleon wondered as he followed Gaby back inside. Or was he fiery and full of wanton passion? What he wouldn’t give to find out… “These dressed are all in your size.” They looked a tad bit small for him but if that was Illya’s thing, he’d try them on.

“Excuse me?” He asked before he could even stop himself, his wit too fast for him to halt. Gaby was so opposed to Illya it was almost comical. Did she not enjoy the warm company of a pliant, willing omega? Thought, he doubted Illya was either pliant or willing with them. Maybe one day, he hoped.

“Soviet architect traveling to Rome would never dress his woman in the clothes you tried to put her in.” Well, he’d be damned. Did Illya actually have taste in fashion? “You tried to dress her like someone on your side thinks someone dress behind the Iron Curtain.” Was that contempt on his omega’s face? It very well might be if he weren’t so hard to read but still, his logic was flawed.

“She’s from behind the Iron Curtain.” Napoleon couldn’t help but point out.

“That doesn’t mean she want to bring it with her.” Illya was holding up a rather ostentatious piece that he regarded closely before turning to the sales representative, “We need two purses, please: an everyday and clutch. And grab that belt.” Surely, he wasn’t looking at that belt with that dress! It was an atrocity! “Uh, no.” Thank god. Wait, could his sense be correct? Was Illya gay? No straight man, omega or alpha, were able to- “No, not the Dior, the Rabanne.” Be still his heart he knew brands! But still…

“You can’t put a Paco Rabanne belt on a Patou.” Damn, he just had to open his mouth but he was saving Gaby from a fashion catastrophe in the making. He may know brands but he did not know how to match them up.

Illya’s back was turned to him as he spoke, “She’s not going to wear a Patou.”

“What’s wrong with a Patou?”

“Nothing. If you’re fat.” Illya turned to him as if he thought Napoleon was insulting him. “The Dior goes with the Rabanne.” Well… it did go better than with the Patou, he conceded. The knowledge was there, he just needed someone to direct him.
Huffing out a sigh, “It won’t match.” Napoleon declared, knowing he was pushing again but he couldn’t help it! It was in his nature to be annoying.

“It doesn’t have to match.” Illya’s accent got heavier the more frustrated he got, Napoleon noted with glee. At this point, they were bickering like an old mated could and he absolutely loved it. Illya challenged him in ways no other omega had he couldn’t get enough of it.

For a moment, Napoleon was positive with how close they were standing that they were about to kiss but Gaby destroying the moment by stepping out of the dressing room, “Have you seen the price of this handbag? It costs more than my car.” She was a vision and his dream came true; Gaby stepped out wearing an orange and white dress paired stylishly together with a white handbag, white hat, and matching orange shoes. Did she read his mind earlier about wanting to see her in orange? Must have. Oh dear… what else did she find out?

Illya leaned in with a smirk plastered across his painfully attractive face, “You can get back on your horse now, cowboy.” What he wanted to get on was Illya but he kept that thought to himself, favoring speaking to Gaby.

“I’ll see you in Rome.” He managed to get out, having a hard time speaking after the thought of mounting Illya crossed his mind. With that lovely sentiment, he made his departure.

“Not bad.” Illya conceded as he looked Gaby over from head to toe. Stepping closer, his rough hands gently took her elbow to turn her so he could get a full view of her outfit, “I like this. Yes.” He was far from blind, the omega enjoying seeing her in something less drab. “But it’s missing a little something.” Stepping up on the platform which lost her the height advantage, Gaby looked at him skeptically as he pulled a ring from his pocket and lightly placed it in her hand. “Now we are engaged.” Perhaps he wasn’t… so bad. Then he went and ruined the moment, “Congratulations.”

Rome, Italy.

Napoleon rode along the historic city in a cab that bounced rhythmically along the cobble stone path, each passing piece being more grand than the last. It wasn’t his first time in Rome so he found himself daydreaming as he was driven. His mind kept landing on Illya; his perfect lips wrapping around his cock seemed to be a favored fantasy these days as well as the image of Illya presenting for him in a heat… A shiver ran down his spine and when he actually looked out the window, he realized that he had made it, in one piece, to his destination.

Stepping out of the taxi, he was handed his bag and strode into the hotel with that same confidence of an alpha who knew he owned the world. Gaby held onto Illya’s arm as they passed him, neither acknowledging him as he went to the front desk with a cocky little grin on his face. He’d be lying if he said he didn’t walk a little stronger for Illya but, despite his distraction of the gorgeous omega, he was aware of the people around him in the hotel lobby.

Removing his passport from his chest pocket, “Jack Deveny, checking in.” The woman who took his paperwork smiled and while she was quite attractive, she had nothing on Illya. Still, didn’t stop him from leaning slightly onto the desk. Maybe a good distraction was exactly what he needed to get over his bone for the Russian.

“Welcome to Rome, Mr. Deveny.” He had forgotten how wonderful the Italian accent was on a woman’s tongue.

“Thank you.” Taking his casual stance, he turned and looked over the lobby once more to see that Illya was gone with Gaby and two men were standing to follow them. Wonderful. Now his instincts were kicking up because his inner alpha was telling him that the omega he wanted was in danger.
That was going to take some getting used to. “I have a quick errand to run. Could you have my bag taken to my room, please?” He smiled that charming smile of his and took his passport back, slipping it where it belonged as she answered.

“Oh, of course.”

Again, he thanked her before he was exiting the hotel in search of his partners. Napoleon knew better than to make contact with them but his damn instincts kept telling him to protect Illya despite knowing that the omega in question could hand anyone their behind on a platinum platter.

The bells were tolling over the night sky and Gaby started questioning Illya unendingly, “Where are we going?” She didn’t seem to have warmed up much to him but that was perfectly fine with him, he put up airs of enjoy the company of women but being a male omega was rather… limiting.

Descending the steps with the grace of a much smaller man, Illya smiled slightly at his pretend intended, “The same place every architect goes when they visit Rome: to see the sights.” Gaby, utterly unimpressed with his performance, huffed once before she was speaking.

“So, Mr. Architect.” This was not going to go well, he assumed, “I’m sure you’ve done your homework.” Uh. “Why don’t you tell me a bit about the Steps.” Well, he had learned the subtle art of bullshitting quite some time ago so he might as well put that skill to good use now. Turning to look at the steps they had just traversed, he shrugged slightly. If it would make her hate him less for the mission, why not indulge?

“Good question.” Was it even a question or had she been ordering him to do so? It was hard to tell with Gaby. Not many alphas had the gall to order him around aside from Oleg so it wasn’t an easy read. “The Steps were constructed in 1723, credited to two Italian architects,” He was lying out of his tight ass, the omega’s lips turning up in a sly smile. “Really, built by Russian.” Gaby turned and stared at him as he continued, “Sergei Ivanov.” She was curious about him, that much he could tell. “Now, Sergei also had mother, Yagoda, who introduced him to classical architecture and whom he revered as his muse. Unfortunately for Sergei, his mother died in the middle of construction.” Shaking his head in mock sadness, he viewed Gaby running her hand through a fountain spray. “So, in memory of his beloved Yagoda, he make one step to celebrate every year of his mother’s life.” It was complete and utter bullshit but he had enjoyed telling his little tale of how Russians built everything.

“So she died at 135.” Busted.

“No. She died at 100…. He was 35. So, 135 steps.” He gestured grandly towards the steps he was lying about before placing both arms behind his back in a classic military stance that had been ground into him.

“Impressive.” She as mocking him. That much he knew. And she was looking for more holes to drill into his story. “So she gave birth at the age of 65?”

“…No.” His mouth opened to retort but, at that moment, Napoleon rolled up on a butter yellow moped which gave him an opt out.

“Evening comrade!” Napoleon greeted, the alpha looking over Illya with a playful eye before he turned to Gaby.

Illya stiffened at the reveal of their third team mate, turning slightly away so he wasn’t facing Napoleon. “You’re not supposed to be making contact in public.” He snapped, clearly upset that things were not going as planned.
“You’re being followed.”

“I know.” Of course he knew, he was a spy! How could he not know that he was being followed when they were being as obvious as they were being. “Two men from hotel lobby. Mid 30s. One in brown suit. Other in leather jacket, which is why you should leave.”

Perhaps Napoleon was underestimating the Russian but he worried. Already, he was worried about something as simple as a trail on his omega. It was that one of the men was definitely an alpha, he figured, having scented them as they left the hotel. He didn’t want another alpha, not even Gaby, around Illya.

“They diverted when you turned down the Steps. So I imagine they’ll be waiting ahead for you.”

“I will handle them.” The way Illya said that sent chills down Napoleon’s spine. What would it be like to have a man like this submit to him in bed? Or would he be doing the submitting? He somehow couldn’t imagine Illya spreading his legs for just anyone which made the allure all the stronger, knowing he would be a rare coupling.

“Handle?” Napoleon ghosted, realizing that he didn’t like the sound of that for their cover. “Just to avoid any confusion, you do mean give them your wallet and act as a scared omega?”

“Scared?” Illya was clearly offended at the mention of being scared.

“What’s going on?” Gaby questioned, having remained silent for the exchange.

“You’re being tested.” Napoleon pointed out, as if it were obvious, “Someone is trying to make sure that your fiancé is really an architect and not someone who’s trained how to fight.” Which Illya clearly was. Just looking at him it was bloody obvious! “KGB agent, for example.”

Illya leaned in and was snarling, “I said, you are not needed here.” His tone was low and threatening, which only served to turn Napoleon on more. A little fear with his arousal lead to peaked pleasure beyond measure. For the given second, he remained silent because he could tell Gaby was agreeing with him.

“I think you should do as he says.” Illya was rounding on Gaby rather than him, his anger faced elsewhere for a moment. Now, the omega was mollified as Napoleon opened his mouth again.

“And remember: take it like a bitch.” For a moment, he was utterly positive he was going to be decked but Illya held himself together. That was a change from their little tryst in the café and the restroom.

“This is not the Russian way.” Russian way, Smussian way. What did it matter when you were on a mission? There was only one way to do things: the way that didn’t get you and your partners killed. Napoleon arched an eyebrow as Illya grabbed Gaby and rushed her off. What a wonderful sight to behold, Illya leaving that was. His ass was so perfectly framed in his slacked that Napoleon couldn’t help but stare after him. Mh. What he wouldn’t do for a chance with that.

Illya and Gaby walked through the old ruins as a woman spoke over the PA, both aware of the men waiting for them. They didn’t bother to speak, Gaby knowing that Illya was seething at what Napoleon had said to him. It wouldn’t have been her first choice of things to say to an omega but, well, the damage was done. Her arm rested gently on the others as they strode forward, spotting the first man leaned up against a pillar. The second was just around the corner as cover in case they ran, a team. Hopefully Illya managed to keep it together long enough for this to go down without too much trouble. “Nice shoes.” One of them said as the other pushed off the wall and followed behind
them.

“Thank you.” Illya said evenly, careful to keep his tone neutral.

“Perhaps you give them to me.”

He leaned back slightly, looking over the man’s already clad feet. Aware that he shouldn’t, he did anyways. “I think your feet are a little… small.” Yes, he was making an implication. His mouth was going to get them into trouble. The omega smirked slightly, certain that he could handle the situation easily with violence. Without violence? Not so much.

The alpha, completely unperturbed, continued. He must have a death wish. “Then give me some money for coffee. Hmm?” Slowly, the man leaned in between the distance and obviously scented him which kicked up something inside of him that he tried very hard to repress.

“Dearest,” Gaby said softly, her hand moving to his where she gripped a tad too tight, “give the gentlemen something for coffee.” She was trying to be reasonable, get him into action without him running his mouth which would start a fight. With a single nod, he let out a sigh and reached for his back pocket where his wallet resided. Opening it, he thumbed through his cash and offered a generous bill but that didn’t seem to be enough. His money was taken… as well as his wallet.

“Enjoy your coffee.” He growled softly, knowing he sounded a tad too alpha for his given dynamic. Was it too much? Turning with Gaby to walk off, having figured they were done with this, he came face to face with the other man—an alpha—while the sound of a pocket knife clicked open. Damn their luck.

“Nice watch.” It was a nice watch, his only keep sake that he had ever bothered with. It belonged to his father, left behind before the man was sent to the Gulag. He had inherited the piece and found great sentimental value in it. If the men wanted it, there was most certainly going to be a fight.

“Darling,” Gaby was warning him again, “give him the watch.” Was she serious?

“And the ring.” One piqued up. They were serious! Now Gaby was offended. The ring meant little but she played it off as if she thought the world of it. But his watch, no… not his watch. That was too much to ask.

“Mm.” She hummed once, loud enough for the other alphas to hear. Of course she was playing off that she controlled Illya, doing most of the talking for them to keep him from getting them in a worse off situation. They were all aware of his dynamic and they had to keep the power placed carefully.

Gaby handed over the ring with little fuss, having twisted it off her delicate finger before putting it in the open palm. Illya was getting that sensation in his chest as he glared down the alpha that had the gall to thank her for her jewelry he was stealing. “Give me the watch!” He was getting slapped across the face like a two-cent bitch! Letting himself move with it to take away the light sting, he stood still for a moment and considered his options but no sooner had he reasoned not to fight, he was being slapped across the other cheek. Hands shaking with unregistered rage, he found Gaby growling at him, “Illya.” She punctuated his name oddly, “Do as he says.” Both men watched, waiting for him to do something an omega architect wouldn’t do.Undoing the clasp of his heirloom, he handed it over without watching the man take it only to get spit at as both men laughed. It was a combination of everything that had him acting before he realized what was going on, the omega punching the wormy little alpha hard enough in the throat that he heard a pop followed by wheezing and the drop of a body. Oh, he was alive but he would be feeling that for some time.

A gun safety clicked and Illya was facing down a loaded weapon, the omega about to push forward
and obliterate this fool who thought he deserved his father’s watch but Gaby was shoving against him hard enough that he noticed it even in his otherworldly rage.

The alpha circled around him, one hand out while the other incorrectly gripped his gun so he could get to his coughing partner. This pathetic man was so beyond lucky that Gaby wasn’t afraid to get physical with him as she hissed for him to ‘calm down’.

Their retreat was well timed, as Illya was close to giving chase to make sure word would be impossible to get back to the Vinciguerras. A voice, an annoying familiar one, spoke from the dark, “Not very good at this whole subtlety thing, are you?” Solo. Illya’s jaw clenched tightly as he caught the scent of the alpha as he approached. He was not welcome here at this moment.

Gesturing accusingly, “That man stole my father’s watch.”

“Are you supposed to be a Russian architect?”

“Da, but a Russian architect would fight.” Illya, when emotional, forgot how to say simple words in English and would supply the Russian variety. Little did he know that Napoleon found this utterly entrancing as they stood almost chest to chest with the omega a good half a head taller. The American was getting him talking so his anger would sputter out before he ran after their attackers. “Russian agent would’ve killed them both. So it’s no trouble unless you continue to question my actions.”

Napoleon cocked his hip to the side, pressing his hands into his pockets as he spoke, “So you’ve actually thought this through.” Yes, Illya, take it out on him. They could handle a spat between agents but not a spat between an agent and his target’s guard dogs.

“Would you like to finish what we started?” Illya was goading him on but all he could think of was rolling around in the sheets, the alpha clearing his throat as he tried to will away such inappropriate thoughts before his body reacted.

“Don’t!” The growl was loud enough that both men jumped slightly and turned to see Gaby, red in the face as she watched them bicker and posture like freshly presented alphas. “You two are supposed to be looking after me!” She said incredulously, like she was already sick of babysitting them. “So why am I playing dumb, huh?” Well, there was a very solid point there. Illya nearly tore a few heads off already and she had been the only one around to stop him. “Either you start to look like you know what you’re doing or I’m out of here.” Was she talking to Napoleon or Illya? Most likely the both of them but each man liked to think the threat was at the other rather than take the brunt themselves. An angry alpha, even a female, was no thing to play around with.

Napoleon nodded slightly before he gestured for Illya to follow his “intended”. Not for the first time, he was certain a fight would start between them but he was pleasantly surprised when his teeth remained resolutely in his mouth. Illya was storming off a moment later as they parted ways.

A knock resounded heavily on his door, Napoleon having his feet up as he read the paper closely for any possible hint of something interesting. No such luck. “It’s open.” He called, not bothering to look up as the handle jiggled and the door swung open to reveal—ah! The receptionist from earlier.

“Good evening Mr. Deveny.” She was still pretty to his trained eye but he wanted something else. Someone else. A particularly large, angry Russian omega who had it out for him seemed to be his taste these days. “With compliments of the hotel.” A dashing young beta stepped in behind her and boy, did he look nice in a uniform but again, he wasn’t Illya. “I apologize it wasn’t brought up earlier.” A champagne goblet that was being put to good use. With champagne.
“Thank you very much.” He had yet to move from his position, having found himself quite comfortable as everything happened around him in his single person room. At that thought, jealousy tugged at his chest when he thought of what Illya and Gaby were possible getting into together.

“Is there anything else I can do for you?” She, still unnamed, was practically throwing herself and him and who was he to turn down the advances of a beautiful woman regardless of her dynamic?

“It’s a fine bottle of champagne. Be a shame to drink it alone.” He would much prefer to share it with Illya, which he admitted to himself willing. Would Illya’s cheeks flush as he drank? Would he become more accommodating to his alpha partner? Or… would he become promiscuous as so many did under the influence of a good liquor? Smiling slightly, he realized she was catching the pheromones of his arousal and assumed they were for her. Silly, naïve girl.

“Oh.” She flushed a light pink, “Uh.” He was about to correct her, say that his interests lay with someone else, but she was still talking. “I’m still on duty, Mr. Deveny.” Now that was simply a challenge being issued.

“Pity.” He mused, his voice register dropping as he gave her his full attention. Did he even want her? Did that matter? Maybe getting a bit of pent up frustration out would allow him to stop getting lost in dirty thoughts about Illya.

“But my shift ends in five minutes.” Atta girl. Finally putting his paper down on his lap, Napoleon gave her a charming smile.

“I’m sure we can find something to do for five minutes.” Her smile was that of a chesire cat as she approached him. Now that they were closer, he caught that she was indeed an omega and, well, he might as well. Slowly, she lifted her tight fit dress up her slender thights and straddled his strong hips-

Gaby was speaking in German while Illya played a game of chess against himself. He was bored in the lavish hotel, still upset about his father’s watch, and nowhere near ready for bed so he figured he would exhaust himself mentally. His “inteded” alpha had little interest in keeping him company while playing so he was able to challenge himself fully as she spoke on the phone. Illya looked up and grinned slightly at the mention of him. As soon as Rudi saw him, he would know otherwise. She was turning to look at him with a bottle in one hand and two glassed in the other. Ah. An alpha after his own heart: vodka. Switching tongues, “There’s a party tomorrow to celebrate the 50th anniversary of Vinciguerra Shipping. Uncle Rudi has invited us.”

Arching and eyebrow as he watched her swallow her glass in one go, he wondered what her intentions were. Illya was utterly oblivious to Solo’s attraction to him but there was something in the way Gaby had pressed herself up against him earlier that spoke of something more. “Drink?” He was being offered a glass that was filled more the generously with his first pick in liquor but he hesitated.

“No. Thank you.” Drinking on a mission was unprofessional and he needed his wits about him with this one. She was a minx, he recognized this as he did that fish needed water to breathe. Touching his lower lip gently with his thumb and forefinger, he was back to his game while Gaby continued to hold out the glass for him to take. Was she intending on getting him drunk? Scandalous. Letting up, she sighed and took the healthy serving for herself. “Would you like bigger glass?” Again, with that mouth of his. It was part of the reason he had marks against him in the KGB when he was in his first year of training. He wasn’t afraid to talk back and often received some form of punishment for it. His scarred back bore the memories of those beatings well.

“I will finish this bottle,” She picked it up to make her point, the half full bottle sloshing in her hand. Uncapping it smoothly, she poured more without looking at the glass. “The only question is… are
you gonna help me or not?” That was a tempting offer but no. He was not interested in what would come of them both getting drunk.

“No. Thank you.” He repeated, his hand still at his mouth as he regarded her like she were a particularly intriguing chess move that he had yet to fully grasp. His response didn’t seem to deter her from swallowing another hard mouthful of what he was certain was quite fine vodka.

“This is fun?” Gaby questioned as she leaned back on the couch. She wore standard hotel pajamas that swallowed her up and, for a moment, one might actually be under the impression she was innocent. Illya knew otherwise. Moving his white knight up two spaces and to the left one, he tilted his head to the side as he thought of how to counter himself. She snatched the bottle huffily off the table and walked off as he fussed with the piece he had just moved.

The radio buzzed to life a moment after she disappeared, bottle in hand, into the bedroom. The slow beat was familiar to him before it picked up time. American music was a guilty pleasure of his and he was quite aware that the song was “Cry to Me” by the famous Solomon Burke. A favorite of his. Leaning his head down slightly, he used his hand to massage both temples before a starting crimson blush spread up his throat. What was she up to? Did he even want to know? Was this some sort of chop shop wooing he was about to undergo? No, he didn’t want to know. Keeping his back resolutely to where he knew Gaby was, he ducked his head again. Why him? At this moment, he would almost prefer rooming with Solo.

He caught a glimpse of Gaby dancing gracelessly with her glass that he hoped was empty, for the rug was very expensive. Why him? Illya tried to pick a move, any move, that would allow him to concentrate but she had turned the music up! Why him?! Maybe… maybe if he moved his bishop forward to-no, that was a rookie mistake. Or if he took his pawn to capture the-no, that would open him up for attack. Each move was utterly useless as the music blared. He was fully aware that Gaby was dancing by herself and it only made him more embarrassed. Touching his face yet again, he switched hands and finally spoke up in frustration, “This is not good idea.” Illya protested, having to get his opinion out there before something happened.

Knocking his king over in a frustrated display, the omega put both hands on the arms of the chair and stood where he found that Gaby had donned her new sunglasses in favor of putting down her once again empty glass. She was doing something ridiculous with her hands and, in a last vain attempt, “I am going to bed. Please turn this off.” He gestured to the radio like it had personally offended him as Gaby got up close to him while she danced. Alone. Like a lunatic.

“No fun dancing by yourself.” She declared, her words still quite clear. Gaby knew what she was doing. Alphas. “I need a partner.” And there was no one around but him and he was far from willing at the moment.

“No.”

“No, as you can’t dance?” She was issuing a clear challenge to him as they stood chest to chest, Gaby having put her sunglasses on top of her head so she could look him over fully. “Or you don’t want to?” It was a valid point she was making.

“We’ll call it both.” Backing up, she took his arm by the wrist and gently extended it. She was aware that a wrong move could trigger his very active fight instinct so everything was light and playful. Teasing, even.

“Oop.” Illya decided he much preferred the biting wit of a sober Gaby who hated him. She moved his arms back and forth at the elbows, remaining gentle with him as his feet remained planted on the rug. “Clap.” She instructed, moving his hands by herself as he put up with it. “And then-"
Completely unexpected, she brought his hand up and slapped him. With his own hand. Were they children? “So sorry.” She wasn’t even remotely sorry, that much was evident. And he was not enjoying himself. “Sorry.” Why did she insist on lying to him? “Alright, clap.” Keeping his hands, she clapped them again and he hoped the position of his fingers would deter her from doing that again. It did not. For the fourth time that day, he was being slapped! Was it some national holiday he was not aware of? Slap a Russian, perhaps?

Backing up to avoid getting upset, “You’re not in East Germany chop shop anymore.”

Unnecessarily, Gaby picking up her glass that had magically refilled itself, “Still no drink?” He was becoming tempted with her behavior. Pointing an accusing finger at his partner, Illya growled softly.

“Don’t make me put you over my knee.” If he had stopped a moment to think, he would not have said such provocative things to an unmated alpha.

“So you don’t want to dance.” It wasn’t a question. She removed her sunglasses from her head and he had the immediate instinct to brace himself. “But you want to wrestle.”

“No, I did not say that!” He was unable to keep track of her emotions but, a split second before she slammed into his hard abdomen, he grabbed her shoulders to lessen the blow. She would thank him for that the following day, he was most certain.

Gaby did not relent, pushing back with all her might that he allowed until his knees hit the arm of the sofa and he was tumbling back with the alpha coming down on his chest hard enough to remove the wind from his lungs. Grappling for the upper hand, she rolled them off the couch and he managed to get her down on the ground on her back where he wanted to keep her so she didn’t hurt herself. She grabbed him by the neck and he grunted as his body told him to relax which gave her the upper hand and then she was back on top of him, his weight pushing the coffee table away from the gap they had formed with their misadventures.

He was so damned worried about hurting her that he allowed himself to be slammed into several pieces of furniture, breaking most of them, before he was knocked clean off his feet from a full standing position. She clambered on top of his chest and put her knees on his elbows to keep him down. If he were not concerned for her, he would have tossed her off without trouble but instead, he grabbed her forearms in an attempt to keep her still.

The both of them were panting, Illya’s body a live wire just waiting for the situation to turn dangerous to his well-being. For a moment, it might have. Gaby’s teeth were bared and that spoke of nothing good for omegas.

Her hands on his shoulders slid to the ground, bringing them closer together and… was this happening? Had he misread her distaste for him incorrectly? Watching as she lowered herself until they were face to face, he frowned. She reeked of alpha and vodka. It almost smelled like home to him but there was a tinge of something there that set him off. He did not like it. Gaby’s arms slid through his rough hands until her forearms were on the ground that was littered with broken glass, his hands gently resting on her shoulders, her ribs, her waist, her hips… Their lips pressed together for a moment but slid slowly off his face as she passed out.

Well. That hurt his ego.

She was asleep, the Russian carefully leaning up with his arms cradling her until he could stand and walk gingerly across the floor in his shoes that had remained on during the duration of their scuffle. Getting the spread pulled down, he carefully settled her into bed with a small smile playing at his lips. Most alphas treated him like he was delicate for being an omega but that was not the case. He
couldn’t remember the last time an alpha he wasn’t about to kill was slamming him into things. “Good night, little chop-shop girl.” Perhaps she wasn’t so bad.

Despite the fact that she was asleep, Gaby grabbed his hands as he went to undress himself for his own bed. No, she wasn’t so bad at all.

The alarm went off unnecessarily. The occupants of the room were already awake, wide awake. “This time,” Napoleon reached for the clock and disarmed it with ease, “I do need to go.” The voice came from his partner for the night, the lovely omega receptionist who was walking away clad only in a pair of white lace panties that framed her behind wonderfully.

“That is disappointing. Just another five minutes?” He didn’t put his heart into it and he knew it. She had been fun, a little spit fire even, but she still wasn’t what he wanted. What he needed. “Heh.” She glanced over her shoulder playfully. “I know your five minutes, Mr. Deveny.” Well, she wasn’t wrong. The clock went off again. Why was it going off? He had pressed the button with ample strength. He wondered…

Opening up the small device’s back, he found a bug. To be specific, a Russian made bug. It was small and unnoticeable to the untrained eye but he was well used to searching out such items. How many more were there? He stood with a soft grunt and went to his dresser where he picked up his own little toy. It was one of his favorites and most used by far, as it located chips placed in a room. Time to go hunting.

The room telephone.
His favorite suit jacket.
Actually, all of his suit jackets.
His toiletries bag.
Even his suitcase lining.

This could not go unpunished.

Knocking swiftly on the door to room 707, Gaby and Illya’s, he stepped back and waited for the door to open. Illya poked his head out and checked each direction before settling on him and Napoleon smirked the kind of smirk that either got him laid or punched in his very pretty face.

“What are you doing here? You’re not supposed to be here.” That, he knew. But this was simply too much for him to let slide, even if he did wish to bed the culprit.

“These-‘‘ Toss. “Are-‘‘ Toss. “Russian-‘‘ Toss. “Made.” Toss. Napoleon dropped a handful of bugs into Illya’s large hand. He was perfectly satisfied with the look on the other’s face for a moment. Just a moment. Then, of course, Illya put up a finger and requested on second. He could give him that.

“These-‘‘ Toss. “Are-‘‘ Toss. “American-‘‘ Toss. “Made.” Toss. Napoleon found himself with a handful of slightly larger bugs. Well then. “And very low tech.” Well then! He simply had to get the last word in so he gestured to Illya’s throat.

“That bow tie doesn’t work with that suit.” Napoleon knew the omega was looking down at himself at that moment as he retreated. Did Illya always cover his throat? Was it a habit or did he feel self-conscious? Oh! Or was his throat incredibly sensitive and he didn’t like the idea of a casual touch there? He remembered, vividly, the moment he had grabbed the Russian’s scruff when they were fighting. He had almost gone limp. An omega’s greatest weakness that alpha exploited.

Illya leaned casually against their cab for the day as he waited for Gaby to finally rouse and dress
herself. When she finally stepped out of the hotel, she was wearing all white with a pair of large sunglasses; they were not the same white ones that were worn last night, he noted with a bit of satisfaction. She had been childish but he forgave her. “Good morning.” He said, almost brightly. “I enjoyed last night.” That was a tad bit of a lie but, well, it had ended alright. He more said it to bother her. “Is better for the mission that we get to know each other little bit more… intimately.” His tongue wrapped around the word smoothly, the omega knowing that she had made an utter ass of herself and he took his time enjoying rubbing it in.

“What does that mean?” She questioned, not looking at him as she removed her sunglasses.

“It means I like my mate strong. Come.” He smiled invitingly, trying to get her to play his little game. “Come on.” Holding out both hands in soft fists, “Maybe I get you present.” That seemed to get her attention as she huffed softly and stepped forward. Shaking his right hand playfully, he did the same with the left as she got close enough. Taking a moment, she tapped his left hand and he opened it to reveal nothing which earned him another huff. Opening his right hand, he gently took hers and slid a new ring onto her slim finger.

“Heh. Pump the brakes, my Russian friend. We might be engaged, but I’m my own woman.” She said that as if he did not already know that. “Besides, I wouldn’t be wearing my engagement ring. Remember? It’s only just been stolen.” And she was back to hating him. He was much more equipped to dealing with this version of Gaby than the one he had encountered last night. How much did she remember of what happened, he wondered idly.

Illya stopped her hand from grabbing the door handle, “Your intended would have gone out first thing in the morning to replace it.” Sliding the ring, once again, onto her finger, he watched her expression shift from annoyance to contempt. “Now we are engaged.” He stated, “Again.” Opening the cab door for her, “After you, alpha.” Perhaps he had earned those slaps he received last night. Once she was in, he followed suit.

‘Alexander Vinciguerra’ could be heard over the speaker system of Napoleon approached the party entrance in his favorite grey suit. He had no invitation but his swagger gave nothing away. Pointedly, he collided with a man wearing a pair of sunglasses and slid his hand into his pocket to borrow the invitation he had viewed being put there a moment ago and voila! He was a valued guest of the Vinciguerras.

“Uhh!” The man complained, turning as Napoleon continued on his way with a polite ‘beg your pardon’. He took a moment, as he walked, to slip the lifted invite into his chest pocket before he was waltzing through the kitchen set up and up a set of carpeted stairs that brought him into the life of the party.

Immediately, he spotted his target through a very chic art piece that did nothing to hide her beauty. He simply had to make his way over to her with a very impressive stunt, which he already had in mind. Meandering casually over to where the photographs were placed, he saw several that were already known to him thanks to Sanders and a few that were new. Taking careful notice of each for later, the alpha ventured over to the scale model before a man was approaching him from behind.


“Of course.” He patted himself down, as if checking his pockets despite the fact that he knew exactly where “his” was. Tilting his head, he pointed playfully at the man working him over. “I wonder, did I leave it in the Jag?”

“Could you please come with me?” Taking a second look at the man, he spotted a truly dreadful
mustache. What Napoleon wouldn’t give to shave it off then and there. “I’m sure we can clear this up.” How polite of the good ole chap! No.

Leaning in, Napoleon spoke gently in Italian to his new friend, “I am neither a goat, nor your sister, so… get your hands off me.” He glanced up and saw that he was being watched by none other than Victoria Vinciguerra. Perfect. Patting the alpha’s beloved family jewels, he prepared himself for the punch he was planning on receiving for his unwanted advance.

As luck would have it, he was decked with a quite spectacular hand to the face which conveniently knocked him off his feet where he stumbled gracelessly into a waiter who tumbled to the ground with him. “What are you doing?” And indignant beta woman demanded of the bouncer, “Why on earth would you do that?” She seemed to be vying for Napoleon’s honor! How charming!

“He doesn’t have an invitation!” The man attempted to defend himself for his action.

Napoleon picked that moment to pull his invitation out to fan himself as a stunning woman, again an omega, dropped onto her knees and touched his shoulder, “Are you okay?” He did love woman on her knees.

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“Thank you. Thank you.” He had enough in him to look sheepish as Victoria approached and glared off the man who had had the gall to hit him.

“I wonder what they do to people without invitations.” Napoleon mused as he continued to fan himself, a glass of champagne having conveniently found its way into his hand to revive him.

“I’m Victoria Vinciguerra. I do believe an apology is in order.” Now that she was this close to him, he felt his heart quite possible skip a beat. She was powerful, beautiful, smart, and an alpha, which he tended to be partial to. Call him odd but he enjoyed strong partners, which was part of his appeal to Illya. “I’ll take it from here.” She was dismissing the omega like she was nothing, which bothered him slightly but it would give them time together.

“Thank you.” He accepted her hand to haul him up, surprised by the strength he found there but not so much so that he was unable to undo the clasp to her watch and pocket it. She was not a woman he would enjoy fighting but if he had to, he would. Maybe a tumbler between the sheets was in order, first. “Oh!” Acting as if he were dizzy, Napoleon leaned into Victoria who seemed shocked at his contact. Did not many people lay a hand on her? Most likely not, considering her position. Her shock allowed him to easily slip one of her necklaces off to join the other lifted item. “I’m okay… I think.” Okay indeed, he had taken much worse in the past week than he had just then.

“Is this beautiful woman I hardly recognize my favorite niece?” Illya watched as Gaby’s Uncle opened the door and offered her a hand to get out of the cab. That was his job. Prickling slightly, he realized that he already did not like this man. The two embraced as Rudi sighed her name out softly, as if it were a secret between the two of them.

He picked that moment to step up as she was held at arms length from her relative, “It’s been too long.” She insisted and he rolled his eyes slightly.

Rudi was turning to him then, crossing his arms over his puny chest, “You are a miracle worker, sir. I want to hear all about how you managed to get her out.” The man gently put his hand on Gaby’s shoulder to usher her along but Illya did not miss him leaning over to scent him before he was sneering. He clearly had some very old-fashioned opinions about omegas.

Victoria said to a woman in peach; Napoleon thought quite the opposite as they kissed each other’s cheeks.
Diet indeed, he thought. Oh what a travesty. How ever did she survive such hardship? Was this woman serious? Napoleon had survived on military rations for his entire duration in the armed forces, now that had been hell. She questioned as she eyed him over predatorily. Not in your life, lady, he thought to himself as he put on a warm smile.

Offering his hand, he took hers and leaned in to kiss her glove while carefully clipping her bracelet off her wrist without her noticing as he spoke sweet nothings in Italian.

“Yes, please.” She breathed, clearly charmed by him as she butchered the English words. He found himself thinking of Illya’s charming accent at that moment but brushed those thoughts away. Mission.

Illya peered through his camera, snapping off a photo at random as Rudi spoke, “Tell me, how does a Russian omega meet a German car mechanic in East Berlin?” Ah, their story was already being tested. He took pride in the fact that the alpha was looking up at him, especially after that sneer he had gotten earlier.

He looked to Gaby, his eyes warm, “It started when I was brought out to make improvements on nine kilometers of the Wall.”

“Mm.” Rudi wasn’t listening to him one bit but he continued as if unaware.

“And one morning, I was coming home—“

“He rear ended a tank.” Gaby was smiling at him as Rudi put caviar on a toast point.

“That is when I met the most expensive mechanic in East Germany.” Gently, he put his arm around her to convey the affection of an intended couple. He was careful to place himself submissively, or his version of submission.

“And did they make you build the Wall as well as design it?” The pretentious alpha was focusing on his food as he spoke, missing the flash across Illya’s face as he held his tongue back. “Rather large for an omega, no? You’re shaped like a powerlifter, not an architect.” Again, Illya took savage satisfaction in making the man look up to meet his eyes.

Pausing for a moment, letting the man think on what he had just said, “I like to jog.”

Victoria was speaking at that point, "How did you get the invitation to my party?"

“Before we get there, allow me.” He stepped away from her side and gingerly look the hideously orange table cloth in his hand. Giving it one good, hard yank, he removed it from under the cutlery with little more than a clink of glass as disturbance. Leaning in, Napoleon gently touched her cheek with the material, “Contessa’s a little heavy with the lipstick.” Some had remained on her cheek from the brief interaction and it was bothering him quite a bit.

“And you’re a little light with your fingers.” So she had noticed it! He knew she had. She was proving to be every bit the threat he had hoped she would be.

“Well, I doubt she’ll miss it.” He admitted as he pulled the golden bracelet from his pocket and fastened it around Victoria’s fine wrist. She was smirking slightly as her newly acquired work when he removed, from another pocket, her necklace, “Etruscan, isn’t it?” Touching at her throat, she recognized that it was missing. “May I?” He requested, as if she’d deny him. Returning the chain to her throat, he was glad she had chosen an up hair style for the party.

“If you don’t, there could be trouble.” Victoria lifted her hand and most likely found it feeling light,
the alpha turning her head slightly to regard Napoleon who remained behind her, “What about my watch?” Less accusing and more fascinated, he found her tone.

“Are we in a rush?” He questioned her playfully

“No, I don’t suppose we are.” She agreed, giving him an obvious glance over as she scented him.

Rudi was grilling them. Was he suspicious of them already? “Now, tell me, when did this happy accident occur?”

“Two years ago.” Gaby said over Illya, touching his broad chest lightly to make it clear that she was speaking. She had to appear in control over him or there would be even more questions from her old fashioned alpha uncle. His head snapped up at that.

“Two years ago?” He demanded, seeming upset.

“Yes.”

“You never wrote your Uncle Rudi a word about it.” His attentions were off Illya now, focused solely on Gaby. He was wounded, or he played the part of wounded. Something about the alpha was off. Familiar. But off.

“I wanted to make sure it was serious.”

“Or were you, perhaps, ashamed of taking such an unconventional omega?”

Illya beat Gaby to the response but she put her hand back on his chest, a point to ground himself he realized, “Why would she be ashamed?”

“I know that the equity of aristocratic blood is not appreciated by most communists.” Illya’s hand clenched into a fist, “But a good German girl knows never to mix the blood of a racehorse with that of a carthorse. Or to take a Russian bitch as a mate.”

This time, Gaby jumped in. No words were forming on Illya’s tongue which was a sure sign of him losing his composure. “Uncle Rudi! That’s not a very nice thing to say.” Her tone was chastising but not angry.

“Don’t be so protective. I’m sure our weightlifter omega can defend himself.” If looks could kill, Rudi would be dead. Illya was glaring him down, watching the suddenly profane alpha pop a lavish treat in his mouth.

“Excuse me.” He needed to remove himself from the situation and managed to get a word out that wasn’t cursing the alpha before he exited.

If Illya were still in ear shot, there would have been a fight at that.

Gaby, ever the one to capitalize on a situation, looked to her uncle with a sly expression.

“So you’re a thief.” Victoria clarified as they walked amongst her prized collection of statues.

“I like to call myself a specialist in complicated acquisitions.” Napoleon, ever the word smith, dropped his head and tilted his chin slightly to the side so he was showing his neck to her. It worked like a charm, her eyes narrowing in on the exposed flesh as they walked.

“I hope you wear a mask.”
“Sometimes.” He quirked a grin, “Just never when I’m stealing things.” If that wasn’t a vulgar allusion, he didn’t know what was. They stepped up to the edge of the tent where racers flashed past them.

“What is it exactly that you think you can do for me, Mr. Jack?” A strong woman who got to the point. You know, it really was a shame she was a villain.

“Let’s just say I fill gaps,” In more ways than one, the alpha thought to himself, “in important collections.” The last bit was an afterthought, though he knew where her mind was going with it. Exactly where he had planned it to end up. “Those one or two special pieces that are impossible to acquire without the… without the requisite skill set.”

Rudi watched Gaby closely as they spoke, trying to see if she had an ulterior motive but her face was of nothing but concern for her father.

She pushed gently, hands holding her bag up against her abdomen.

But.

Illya was not in a good place. Rudi rubbed him in just the wrong way, as any entitled alpha bastard would. He stormed down the designating carpet, past signs, and to the door of the men’s room. He needed to calm himself down before he did something that would jeopardize the mission and he needed to do it now. When he stepped in, three alphas were leaned up against the sinks as they enjoyed a gentle yare. Looking down at his shaking hands, he cursed his rage—not for the first time.

“Victoria, this is my Gaby.” Rudi smiled winningly at the alphas who approached.

“The famous niece.” Victoria added, leaning in to kiss her on the cheek.

“Hello.” Gaby seemed cold.

The men were still speaking, not taking notice of him as he stood there awkwardly in the small space while he deliberated at what to do. Taking action, he went to step up to the sink only to be blocked by the bastard in the hideously mauve suit. “I need to use the sink.” Illya requested evenly, staring them down.

“So use the ladies.” The door was gestured to. Not happening.

“Go ahead.” Illya tilted his head, almost willing to let it slide, “You are a bitch, after all.”

“What brings you to Rome, Mr. Deveny?” It was Rudi who asked, the alpha speaking over Gaby which was probably a good move. She was better at this than he had anticipated

“Just here to see the sight.” He declared grandly with a winning smile.

“Rudi!” Someone called before stepping up, “Nice to see you.”

“Oh, Waverly.” Waverly? This was the same man Napoleon had borrowed the invitation from. Oh my. This could possibly turn ugly if the man had figured out where his invite had gone missing. “Waverly runs the shipping department at British Oil.” Most likely in on the gig, then, Napoleon decided.

“Excuse me, I said I need to use the sink.” Illya repeated sharply, getting ready to simply picked one of the small alphas up to move them out of his way.
“What?” Had he been speaking to the Iron Curtain? Was this man deaf, dumb, or possibly simple?

“I am sorry I’m so late, Rudi.” Waverly apologized, glancing at Napoleon. “I stupidly seem to have lost my invitation.” Rudi chuckled, seeming to enjoy the deprecation at another’s expense.

Napoleon picked that moment to reach out and introduce himself, “Jack Deveny.”

“Yes. Yes, I think we bumped into each other outside.”

“I do apologize.”

“No, not at all. I noticed you’re very good with your hands.”

“Excuse me?”

The mauve clad alpha turned and gesticulated at Illya with his overused comb, “He said, use the ladies room.”

“I witnessed your trick with the tablecloth! That’s brilliant. Were you a waiter or…?”

The three men, unaware of what was to come, jeered at him in Italian as he turned and walked away. “Bye-bye, omega!” Illya closed the door, careful not to make any noise, before he slid the lock into place. They were taunting him, which did not bode well for any of them. Removing his camera from around his neck, they fell silent. One cleared his throat as they realized that something not so fun was coming. He was a large man, always had been, and he took a moment to set his camera down before-

Alexander was clearly displeased as he shouted over the roar of the engine, The beta had removed his helmet and tossed it at one of his pit crew who managed to catch it, barely.

His sock was being removed, revealing slightly patted down hair and a wonderfully timed mustache.

“Have the jets been cleansed and totally rechecked for size and flow?” Gaby questioned, gaining the attention of both men in a moment.

“Oh, really? You want to fix it?” The pitman seemed displeased at a woman speaking up against him.

Removing her sunglasses, Gaby shrugged slightly. “I’d be delighted.” Stepping up, she caught Alexander viewing her long legs appreciatively. “So I just need the wrench.”

An ever so slightly disheveled Illya emerged from the bathroom, closing the door behind him with a gentle click to muffle the sounds of pain coming from the rest room. He had, in the end, been able to wash his hands and the fight, if you could call it that, had gotten his upset out of his system. Therapy, he would joke with someone he were familiar with. Camera back around his neck, he buttoned up his jacket and made a smooth get away.

“I’d better give the Contessa back her bracelet.” Victoria was already in process of removing the piece from her wrist as she continued, “Why don’t you pop into the office tomorrow morning? We can talk more about filling in my gaps.” Napoleon couldn’t keep the smile off her face as she referenced his earlier word choice.

“I’ll try not to disappoint.” He promised, knowing that a roll around would most likely occur.
“You see,” Alexander started, “each one of us has a destiny. And I believe I can help you with yours.”

“You can see the future?” Gaby quipped, fingering her sunglasses as the beta made an obvious attempt to woo her.

“I can see us having lunch tomorrow.” Well. That was simple enough. “Alone.”

Illya walked up at that point, the omega eager to leave the party before anyone found the mess he had left in the bathroom. “Darling, time to go. Sorry.” He rested his hand on his lower back and he spoke, Rudi taking notice of them.

“Darling, I’ll be a minute.” She was getting somewhere with the Vinciquerra beta.

“Now.” Illya insisted, taking her hand to put on his arm.

“What are you doing?” Gaby demanded as he pulled her away.

“Another time, perhaps?” He shot the beta a look of cold fury over his shoulder as Rudi asked them if they were really leaving so soon.

“Illya isn’t feeling very well.” More like he had done what he promised not to do and didn’t know how to warn her.

“Ah. Omegas. Always a temperamental bunch.”

Ignoring the jibe at him, Gaby continued, “But we’ve had a wonderful time. Thank you, Uncle Rudi.” Illya was pulling her from the scene anxiously.

Napoleon walked in on Gaby in one of his personal favorite positions: feet up on the coffee table, lounging in an overstuffed arm chair, with a newspaper in both hands. But he had more pressing matters than her comfort. “Where’s Peril?”

“He’s been in there half an hour.” She declared, looking back to her paper rather than at the door where the occasional rustling could be heard. Napoleon closed the door to the hallway before he strode across the room and knocked lightly on the rich mahogany.

“You’ve been spending a lot of times in bathrooms recently.” Busted. Napoleon knew. Everyone knew! “Apparently, you put someone called Count Lippi in a hospital.”

“He had soft bones.” Came from the other side of the door. Napoleon shook his head with a small smile. That was his Peril. “And don’t question my methods.” If anything could have made him laugh, it was that.

“What’s he done?” Gaby asked, never one to be left out of the loop.

“Super omega here had some fun with three young Italian boys in the men’s room.” He knew how he worded it and had done it on purpose to annoy the Russian.

“They had it coming.” Illya declared. Everyone had it coming in Illya’s books but still, he had been putting forth an effort not to beat everyone up who looked at him wrong. Gaby had told him what Rudi had said to him and he was almost impressed at the omega’s control.

“You need to control your temper.” Gaby interjected from her luxurious position in the chair Napoleon would like to claim as his own.
“Your new boyfriend is a Nazi.” He most certainly wasn’t pulling any blows for Gaby’s sake. What had happened last night? They were far too familiar for his tastes and, well, he felt left out.

“How did you find Alexander Vinciguerra?” Napoleon questioned because, as much as he enjoyed Illya’s muffle voice, he had his own mission to complete.

“I think he’s an athletic, good-looking beta gazillionaire who’s offered me a job and made advances towards me.” Ah. That was why Peril was so pissy.

“Still a Nazi.”

“I quite like him.” Gaby stated, perhaps to upset Illya further. Did they both enjoy poking the bull? Dangerous.

“Yes, but is he up to no good?” Napoleon found himself leaning up against the wall as he waited for Illya to come out from the bathroom.

“If you mean by “no good”, is he trying to steal me away from my intended? The answer is yes.” She flourished her paper playfully, the both of them sharing a look before Illya was complaining again.

“That’s not happening.” What was more likely to happen was Napoleon stealing Illya away from Gaby but neither of them need to know that until they needed to know that.

“I don’t know what you’re upset about. You’re not even my fiancé!” It was the principle of the matter, the alpha figured.

The door creaked open, revealing a red light that illuminated half of Illya’s face. Yes, still beyond attractive, Napoleon was lost on him. Completely lost. “As far as he is concerned, I am.” Illya was not pleased with Alexander Vinciguerra, that much was evident. “And for the purpose of the mission, I am. So, like I said, it’s not happening.” Had they struck yet another of Peril’s nerves? The door was slammed, which proved that to be true. A moment later, Illya emerged with a photograph that he showed to Napoleon rather than Gaby, “Look at this.” He gave the other a moment to view it, “This film I’m using has been treated to be sensitive to gamma radiation. These blurred lines means they’ve been in close proximity to radioactive material in the last 24 hours which means they have succeed in enriching the uranium. We need to move quicker.” That was an understatement. Wait, was Illya wearing a tie? He could have sworn he had been wearing a bowtie before. Yes, he had even commented on it. Had Illya taken fashion advice from him? Fascinating. And this had to be the closest they’d stood without arguing since they met. They were making great steps forward today!

“Tell you what. I’m gonna go sleep on this.” Illya opened his mouth as if to retort but he closed it a moment later as Napoleon retreated. Back to the dark room he went, closing the doors behind him heavily.

Napoleon’s little motor boat was near silent as he cruised along the wall of the harbor, the alpha hooking his getaway method to a sturdy hook before he was pulling himself gracefully up the water slicked cement with a rope. He passed, unnoticed, behind two men shooting the shit in a car with no top. They were occupied, lighting a cigar that would be passed between the two of them. Clambering nimbly over a railing, he dropped lightly onto his feet half a story below and crept up on the fence as he pulled a pair of special issue wire cutters from his pocket. Everything was going exactly as plan until he looked to his right. Peril crouched low behind the cover of the same truck he was using, the lights cutting out. Funny, he hadn’t arranged that. Rather convenient.

“Is that what you call sleeping on it?” Illya grumbled from his crouch, one knee pressing into the
cement while the other remained cocked up. It gave Napoleon a wonderful view of just how muscular the Russian’s thigh was but that was beside the point.

“I supposed you’re responsible for the lights.” That much was evident and he cursed himself for not thinking of it himself. What better way to move than in the dark?

“You’re welcome.” He hadn’t been thanking him, and knew was aware the Illya knew that. Their relationship, for lack of a better word, was built on them bickering and pushing the other to near breaking.

“The thing is,” Napoleon started as he crouched down to his partner’s level, “I work better alone.”

“I work better alone, too.” Of course the omega said that. He was incredibly stubbornly as well as bull headed, which was why they had run into each other at the same point, at the same time, on the same day, at the same place. They were brilliant in all the same ways, as well. All together a little too similar for Napoleon’s taste.

“I’m not leaving.” The sound of dogs barking had them both looking to the right, Illya rustling around in his chest pocket for something unknown. Perhaps there would be handcuffs. Kinky!

“We have approximately ten minutes before the power comes back on.” Ten minutes was not a huge window of time and they had already wasted several arguing with each other. “Want to sit around and talk about it-“

“Okay. I’ll let your tag along. But it’s in and out, no mess, so nobody knows we’ve been here. And we both forget about it in the morning.” Napoleon wondered, with that sentiment, if Illya was the kind to stay overnight with his sexual partners or did he hit it and leave so there was no awkward morning interaction? Hm. He’d absolutely love to find that out either way.

“Okay.” Illya was staring at the fence or maybe through it for a moment so Napoleon went to work snapping the fence open. “What is that?” It was so hard to read Peril’s angry Russian accent that he had no idea if there was awe or mirth under his tone.

“Super-hardened boron, sharpened with a CO2 laser.” Napoleon didn’t look at his attractive partner as he worked on opening a hole big enough for them to slip through. On that note, he figured a few extra snips wouldn’t hurt with the omega’s broad shoulders and tall stature.

“Mm.” Was he picking up verbal habits from Gaby already? Oh dear. The sound of a high-pitched whirring caught Napoleon’s attention and he stopped what he was doing to look at fence that was breaking apart with little to no effort.

“CO2 laser.” Of course it was. Illya loved one upping him with gadgets but the skill behind it took little, Napoleon enjoyed thinking that to himself as the other carved their way through the fence for them in a quarter of the time it was taking the alpha. “Coming?”

The two darted, equally graceful, across the open space to the door they were planning on intruding through. “I take top.” He knew it!

“I’ll take the bottom.” He made sure to layer his words with innuendo so heavily that Illya glanced at him with something akin to pure frustration. Sexual frustration, he hoped. Both men reached the door at the same moment and stopped for a second; Napoleon watched as Illya regarded both locks before he was dropping to his knees. “That’s a good omega.” That earned him a sharp jab to the ribs from below before they went to work. Having pulled his lock pick set, the alpha was taken aback when his partner was removing an ear piece. What in the devil was that for? Shrugging, trying to ignore the
pain blooming in his side for his snarky comment, he easily stroked through the tumblers until he felt a give and was able to turn his lock only to find that Illya was struggling with such a simple task. Venturing out carefully, he spoke, “Problem?” He glanced around as he heard several men speaking, their voices getting progressively louder. “Is there anything I can do to help?” Napoleon’s palms were starting to sweat and the last thing they needed were the guards being alerted to his pheromones.

“Yes.” Illya hissed softly, “Be quiet.” The guards were getting closer!

“Just let me do it.” Napoleon put his hip into the omega’s shoulder to get him out of the way, dropping down onto his knee where he quickly managed to remove Illya’s device in favor of his trusty old lock pick. Not a moment too soon, they were closing the door with a soft click as the guards walked past and tested the handle. Phew. “Shall we?” He questioned, gesturing grandly to the dark expanse of unknown room. They both had a moment of glorious triumph and dismal failure over the other, making them even. Illya was wrapping a wire around his useless toy as Napoleon started walking but not without a rude, “Loving your work, Peril.” The omega grumbled something most likely offensive in Russian before he was following suit.

Despite his better instinct to keep close to his point of affection, Napoleon decided to split them up. “You do the labs, I’ll take the floor.” He watched as Illya unzipped his jacket and removed a gorgeous hand piece with a silencer that was far better than his own, “Meet me on the gantry in five minutes. Try not to get lost.” Instead of removing a gun, as his partner had, he took a handheld Geiger Counter out of his jacket that crackled to life encouragingly.

Both men followed their role, ending up meeting on a top floor as they had planned to. Napoleon opened his arms as if he were saying it all in just a gesture, the alpha not saying anything. “I didn’t find anything.” Obviously, Peril.

A radio clicked the life around the corner, alerting them to another presence that they needed to handle immediately before making their escape. Illya watched as Napoleon went the glance around the corner to get a good look at him before his eyes widened and he was immediately backtracking. This brought a grin to his face, one that the alpha did not get to see.

They crowded into a dark corner, Napoleon’s back against the wall with Illya’s shoulder to his chest. The spacing was relatively intimate for them despite the gun being held at attention and Napoleon’s mind started to drift as the warehouse employee chattered into his radio. The man turned, not having seen them, and started his retreat but not without Illya following him like a damn menace. “Wait.” Napoleon hissed, closing his eyes tightly for a moment before he watched in vain as Illya squared up behind the man. What in the devil was he doing?! Illya shuffled his feet for a second, getting into his stance for… something. The man remained unaware of his impending doom as Illya brought his left hand up maybe six inches from his face. The other hand took a mocked-up swing, then another before SMACK!

Napoleon winced, waiting for a yelp but a gentle grunt came as Illya caught the man’s head and… nothing? Illya bent and checked the man’s wrist for something, maybe a pulse? No! He was looking at the man’s damn watch! “Why?” Was all he could ask as he strode up to the Russian who he feared a tad bit more after that display.

“I thought that was my father’s watch. Make mistake.” What wouldn’t he do to get that back, the alpha wondered.

“And, uh, what exactly did you do to him?” He stayed back as he regarded Illya with a newfound respect, his hands clasped in front of him.
“At KGB, we call it “the kiss”. It takes years to master. Although he’s standing upright, he’s completely unconscious.” That much was evident and Napoleon hoped that would never be used on him. It did not look the least bit enjoyable. “He’ll be like this for twenty minutes. Can’t touch.” Illya’s accent, in the moment, seemed heavier and he wished he could find a way to call him on it but there was nothing. It was utterly charming to him.

The lights whirred back to life along with the rest of the warehouse, “Generator’s back on.” Thank you, Illya. He never would have figured that out by himself. “Why do you think they have radiation tools and suit in a satellite factory?” If there was a witty retort for that question, Napoleon found none. He simply watched, still in awe, as the omega leaned into the large locker and uncovered a switch with a red option and a green option. “Next to hidden button.” The green was pressed to reveal a hidden panel that moved out from the floor to reveal a very modern staircase. Someone had gone to quite the extremes to hide it, meaning it had to have something good at the end of the tunnel. Illya opened his mouth and Napoleon knew it was about to be sass. “We wouldn’t have found that without my father’s watch.” Yes, he was right. As always.

With haste, they approached a large safe door that looked completely imposing from where they stood. Solo let out a sigh and turned to Illya, “Want to have a go?” After his display with the basic lock, he didn’t have much hope that his partner was a safe code cracker.

“Be my guest.”

“Hold this.” Napoleon put his Geiger counter in Illya’s unwilling hand. “And these.” He produced his inferior wire cutters from his back pocket that ended up being taken with a snatching motion. “Uh, open these.” Yes, he was enjoying himself as he used Illya as little more than a large Russian table. That time, he got a look of suffering in silence before he did as was told. Nearly making another scathing mark on the man’s dynamic, he opted to explain what he was doing as his ribs were still a tad bit sore. “This is a Swiss-built Vortbinder-Lanszmann 7010 model.” Suctioning on his device on over one of the dials, he slipped his ear piece in, “It has dual combination locks, triple return rotators, and synchronized cylinders.” A glance over his shoulder told him that Illya had long since stopped listening but he continued talking through his vast knowledge. “The earlier models had a design flaw.” As much as he enjoyed Illya, he didn’t want his hands all over his sensitive tools to he turned and took the omega’s mitt in his own. He wanted to keep holding it despite how cold his touch was but he let go immediately to avoid yet another conflict between them. “It’s a flaw that I intend to exploit.” Two more pieces were added to the cold metal of the thickly made door, “Still,” Napoleon couldn’t help but add, “very difficult to open.” He handed Illya a piece of pried off metal that could have easily gone on the floor. “But it’s not.“ A soft mechanical whirr was followed by a beeping, “impossible. And the flaw was: people who designed this model are not very good at stealing things. I, however… am.” Having enjoyed his monologue, he turned the handle and pulled the unlocked door wide open for Illya’s surely amazed eyes to behold.

Looking to his partner, expecting something close to awe, he found an unimpressed look on his face. What did it take to please this man? “Did you deactivate alarm?” What a naïve question.

“Model 7010 doesn’t have an alarm.” Napoleon assured him as he reclaimed his Geiger to check the room. As it clicked to life, the alarm went off. He was about to say something about Illya remaining silent but Illya was letting out a long huff that puffed his cheeks out.

“Loving your work, cowboy.” Illya was too much sometimes and he would have to make sure he was aware of that one of these days. Darting into the previously blocked off room, he looked around to find absolutely nothing! Not a single-wait a minute. “Let’s go!” The other was ordering him and a chill ran down his spine, the alpha taking a moment to gather himself before he was snatching something the look interesting off the floor so he could leave with it.
Both men bolted back down the hallway, taking the stairs several at a time before they were bursting out of the locker room to find themselves already facing guards. Illya, in front, immediately turned the other way and was running with too much ease for a man being shot at as Napoleon followed. Naturally, with their unending amount of luck, they were being fired at with machine guns. Multiple!

Chase was laid way as the spies rushed through the somewhat familiar facility; down a set of stairs only to go up another set, stop to shoot while the other ran and vice versa. Both let themselves trust in their partner as they ran, coming to a stop behind a large electrical box to try and figure a way out that would get them both removed alive. “Does this mean anything to you?” Napoleon was shouting over the raining gunfire, trying to get Illya’s attention as the omega daringly popped out and aimed a well-placed shot that had the guards yelling.

“It’s part of centrifuge for refined uranium!” In the same breath, “I am not staying here!” No, really?

“Where are you gonna go?!” Napoleon didn’t like where things were going as Illya looked out the large glass pane.

“Swimming!” Illya strut forward with intention from their cover, firing off two silenced rounds into the glass before it shattered to let him leap through. To say he did so gracefully would be a heinous lie because, even over the gunfire, Napoleon could hear a loud thud followed by Illya groaning loudly enough that he smirked. Served him right for punching him earlier.

Napoleon, seeing no other way out, followed suit. It would be another lie to say he managed the fall better, the alpha dropping like a sack of very handsome potatoes who groaned as he rolled onto his back. Luckily, Illya had already recovered and was revving a boat to life as he crossed the correct wires together. They had half a second where Napoleon ran and jumped onto the boat as Illya tore away from the dock to avoid getting turned into swiss cheese by the guards who had caught up to their escape through the window.

Alarms screamed as the doors to the harbor began to close too fast for them to slip through them, Illya whipping left when he saw that the opportunity was gone. Already there was a boat following them, again with those damn machine guns that never seemed to run out or jam like they had in the war. “We’ve got three exits and two of them are closed!” Illya was shouting to be heard, Napoleon still barely managing to hear over the roar of wind in his ears.

“I would recommend turning before you hit that wall!” Napoleon had an eye on their six as well as their twelve and, well, he didn’t like either sight very much.

“The last thing I need is your help!” There they went again, bickering like they had been mated for sixty years.

“We’re not gonna make it!”

“Just shut up and watch me work!” The last exit closed and Illya cut too hard to the left, flinging Napoleon clean out of the boat and into the water. Surfacing quickly, he gasped and whipped the water out of his hair before he glanced around and realized that the boat hadn’t seen him. Perfect. Setting out for the ladder, he didn’t hear as Illya spoke to where he thought the alpha crouched. “Hold on, cowboy!” Too little, too late, he would have said in retort.

Soaking wet and utterly miserable in his ruined shoes, Napoleon got to the top of the sea wall and jogged across the pavement to a supply truck that was left unattended. He had a lovely view of Peril’s attempts to not be captured, the alpha removing his gloves with a heavy sigh. What had he gotten into with this mission? Dropping the visor hopefully, the keys landed in his open hand which he put to immediate use. Whoever drove the truck had atrocious taste in music but, before he
changed from the offensive station, he turned the heat up to get the chill from his bones. Pushing first the far left button which put the game on, then the one next to it which blared out dance hall music, he finally settled on the left one once more which put out a lovely soothing tune. Turning it up to further enjoy it, he noticed a basket. Could he have found a hidden treasure? Removing the newspaper from the top, he flourished the napkin and used it to wipe his face off before a bottle of quite fine wine caught his attention. It was, by no means cheap. Most excellent. Removing the cork with his teeth, as any gentleman would, he spit it into the leg space of the passenger side before he poured himself a generous glass of the fragrant treat. Smelling it, he caught a nice undertone of blueberries. To the taste, the pallet was exactly what he would have picked for himself to enjoy with a good meal. Maybe, if he were lucky, there would be-ah! Tucking his napkin into his shirt collar unnecessarily, he unwrapped a sandwich that he took a luxurious bite from before he glanced in the rearview mirror. Somehow, Illya was still at it with his daring escape with no actual way to escape.

Taking another bite, his eyebrows shot up into his hairline as the boat he had previously been on caught fire and burst into flames. Did he care?

…Yes. The answer was yes, he did care. But was it enough to get him to intervene? Seemed like a lot of work for a hot lay.

Pushing the stick into the proper gear, Napoleon started to pull away but stopped after a moment. No, he couldn’t do this to Illya. Whipping around, he gunned it off the sea wall and parked conveniently on top of the boat that had been valiantly chasing his partner around for the better part of ten minutes to no avail.

Quickly rolling his open window up, he let out a suffering sigh as the car sank. Pointedly keeping the headlights on, he frowned. Was Illya actually hurt?! He saw him, suspended in the water with no sign of movement. His alpha instincts flared up at seeing his omega in danger. Rolling the window down, he flooded the cab after taking a deep breath and pushed the door open. It was shocking hard to get out of the vehicle but he managed as it went down; reaching Illya was easy but getting him up to the surface proved harder than removing himself from the truck.

Wrapping his arm around the thick chest of his partner, Napoleon kicked hard to bring their combined weight up and, for a moment, he thought he might not be able to but a surge of adrenaline gave him the strength and they broke the surface… Oh god. Illya wasn’t breathing. CPR. Heimlich. Something! Thinking fast, he tilted Illya’s head back against his shoulder and all but gutted him hard once, twice, a third time. On the third near vicious attempt to get the water out of his lungs, Illya coughed hard and gasped for breath, “Keep quiet.” He managed to growl before he was tugging them back to the ladder he had used before. Illya owed him one, the omega sputtering and coughing as the last of the sea water came up from his lungs.

Getting Illya up the ladder proved easier than he expected, the omega hauling himself up in between greedy breaths of air that must burn at his lungs. Reaching the top himself, he found Illya standing there waiting for him, “Thank you.” The Russian said softly before they were working their way through the loading bay.

Now to return to Rome before anyone noticed they were missing.

Back in the hotel, Gaby was answering the phone. Rudi.
Gaby let him bid her a good night without answer before she was dialing another number, “Room 304, please. The meeting is confirmed.”

Illya, holding onto Napoleon loosely as they road back into Rome on a red moped, glanced around the corner of a side street to make sure they were clear. After their run with death, both were a little easier on the other. They were being paranoid but something told them each to do so and it went rewarded. Victoria Vinciguerra, unknown to either of them, was catching on. She had called Napoleon’s room and found no answer; she was a smart woman capable of putting two and two together so she ventured a guess and was following up on it. Victoria was after “Jack”. They backed up quickly, in tandem, then made a run for the back entrance of the hotel. There was so little time and no room for error here.

Already at the front desk, they heard the manager speaking to her after he put the phone down. “Sorry, Mrs. Vinciguerra, there’s no answer.” Well, fuck.

“Key.” She ordered, holding her hand out. While her back was turned, the two men bolted for the stairs and started to sprint up them to get to their respective floors. Illya stopped on the seventh floor while Napoleon continued on to the eighth.

“What’s going on?” Gaby asked as a still sodden Illya burst in and immediately dropped to the ground to pull something out from under her bed.

“Where’s my case?” He demanded anxiously, hands reaching blindly for his things.

The hallway was dark as Victoria approached room 807, the alpha slipping her key into the lock to open the door. Napoleon heard her heels against the wood and he pointedly took a second before flushing the toilet. Stepping out of the bathroom, toothbrush hanging from his mouth, he paused and regarded her, “Hello, Victoria.” He had the good sense about him to look startled but pleasantly surprised at the presence of a beautiful woman calling upon him this late at night. “Grape?” Playing along, as he knew she was, she took one and went to close the door while whispering to her little rats to run away.

“You bugged him?” Gaby was not impressed with him in that moment, so he quickly went to cover himself as he walked into the living space of their hotel room.

“He tried to bug me.” Tried to, being the key word. Illya had actually succeeded in hiding a few well enough that they weren’t found by the American. Turning the dial obsessively until he caught the frequency just right, he was caught off guard by a feminine moan. Uh? That was immediately followed by the jingle of their crystal chandelier and, well, he didn’t want to hear more.

“He doesn’t sound like he needs your help.” Illya was finding himself to be conflicted in that moment. Why did he not want Napoleon having sex with someone? A second, more aggressive bang came from their ceiling and he let out a frustrated sigh as he switched off the device. He knew what was happening already.

The next morning, Napoleon joined the two lovers in their room. His smelled a tad too much like sex for decent company and, well, he never kissed and told. “You sure Victoria believed you?” Was Peril questioning his love making skills?

“I gave it everything I had. Knot and all.” He took a moment of delight as Illya flushed a light pink as such crass talk being said to him by his partner. “Believe me.” Glancing up, Napoleon noticed that Illya’s pacing grew agitated, “I also got another meeting with her later today.”

“So, what, we just let Gaby go with Uncle Rudi?” Illya was gesturing accusingly at him as if were
his fault the mission wasn’t going exactly as planned.

“If there’s a chance he’ll lead us to her father, do we have a choice?” Napoleon was working over one of his “travel” cases, tapping the centrifuge he had managed to hold on to even throughout the entire ordeal of last night.

“This could be like leading lamb to slaughter.” Was Illya under the impression that Gaby couldn’t take care of herself? She was incredibly resourceful, as he had come to know her.

“Going soft, Peril?” He questioned, arching eyebrow as he sat back in his chair.

“What you talking about?” Ah, there was the thickening of his accent Napoleon associated with agitation. As the alpha was about to explain himself, the door opened to reveal Gaby who greeted them politely. She was scared, he could smell it on her.

“Morning. Your tracker’s not sending a signal. Have you turned it on?” He wanted her safe just as much as Illya did.

“I think so?” Gaby was suddenly stepping up on the coffee table and ruffling the hem of her dress at him, giving on that she was fully aware of what happened last night. “Or do you want to check it?” He watched as Illya bristled slightly: curiourer and curiourer.

“Be my guest.” He offered to their perilous Russian partner.

“It’s… It’s your tracker.” Had he caught Illya stuttering? Was he to take this to mean that Illya was not a proverbial lady killer back in Russia?

“You’re the expert, I’ll be on the balcony.” Napoleon was smirking as he exited to his disclosed location decidedly away from the engaged couple.

Illya rubbed his hands together for a solid ten seconds before he approached Gaby, who remained standing on the coffee table for lack of a better place to be with two tall men in her vicinity. He gently touched above her knee and she gasped, the omega immediately tugging his hand back as if he had hurt her. “They’re still cold.” She complained, which meant he could resume what he was after.

“Sorry.”

“What are you doing down there?” Could she not give him a moment to… to…do what he was assigned?!

“Trying not to get lost.” He was flustered and unused to touching people so as he worked his cold hand up her thigh, he finally located her garter that held the tracker. Flipping it on was easy but when he went to drop his hand, Illya frowned. “You’re trembling.”

“That’s because I’m scared.”

In that moment, he was an unmated omega who understood her feelings. “It’s going to be okay.” There were many times when he was scared but he faced it, knowing that there were no other options for him. Slowly, he had gotten used to the sensation of fear and now he could use it to his benefit. His senses would sharpen, adrenaline would pump through his body, and his decision making would be all the better for it. Surely, she would one day learn this if she remained in this game.

They made eye contact for a moment before she whispered, “How do you know?”
“I’ll be-“ He looked to her lips for a moment and stopped himself, “I’ll be close by.” It was a promise more than anything. He wouldn’t leave her to be that lamb in the slaughter. If he wasn’t mistaken, she was leaning down and their lips-

“All turned on now?” Napoleon questioned and Illya swore internally. What bad timing they seemed to have. But… what did he really want? “Uncle Rudi’s car has arrived. Are you ready?” She would have to be. It was time to get the show on the road.

Illya heard it all, driving close enough behind the car that his reader was able to pick up everything said into Gaby’s bug. When they arrived at the Vinciguerra estate, he parked as close as he could without rousing suspicions and watched thought a set of binoculars as they stepped from the car and moved up the steps.

Napoleon arrived at Victoria’s office in a cab, ever the on-time gentleman for their arranged appointment.

Having moved into the grounds of the lavish estate, Illya frowned. The chatter was coming through unclear; he had to get closer in order to assure that Gaby was still safe. Checking a few dials, he caught Alexander’s voice. “So your Uncle Rudi thinks we should have a little chat.”

“I know my father is here.” His little chop shop girl never beat around the bush. “And that he works for you.”

“And how is that?”

“Simple.” Illya was focusing on his delicate equipment as Gaby spoke, trusting her to play her part as she was instructed. What he did not expect was a complete and utter betrayal. “My intended is a KGB agent.” He looked up, eyes wide with something akin to what he would call shock. “And the American your mate has been entertaining is with the CIA.” She ratted not only him out but Solo as well?!? “The Russians and Americans thought they were using me but I was using them to get to you. I’m sure he’ll tell you everything; if you can catch him.” He let out a sharp grown before he was grabbing his bag and bolting, not wasting any more time listening to the treacherous alpha.

“I think I need to make a telephone call.” Solo was in trouble.

“Perhaps you’ve come to us at a fortuitous time, Ms. Teller. Your father’s work ethic has been, as of late, somewhat lacking. Your presence will provide the necessary motivation.”

“You leave my father to me.” Gaby! How could he have been such an idiot to trust he? Never trust an alpha!

Napoleon watched as Victoria spoke of the phone, her perfectly painted fingers wrapping around the handle very similarly to how they had previously wrapped around his cock.

“Madame Vinciguerra will be with you shortly.” Oh, she was speaking to him. Yes. “She would like it if you make yourself comfortable.”

Unaware of the dangers this posed, Napoleon thanked her and leaned over to regard his latest conquest. “Help yourself to a drink.” Who was he to turn down such a lovely request? Pouring two
fingers of scotch for himself, he strode into the office and took in the view as he tasted the amber liquid.

Illya was running, sprinting actually, as the chase was given. He was upset, hurt, and angry all at the same time so the familiar burn of his muscles working in over time was comforting. There was also very good motivation to go fast: as there were dogs after him. Tossing his equipment clean over the barb wired fence, he jumped onto it in time to avoid getting his leg shredded but he did not have the time to carefully pick his way over the barbs. They cut into his thigh and he pushed himself over and kept running despite blood running fresh down his thighs.

“So sorry to keep you waiting.” Victoria said as she set the phone back on the hook. “You don’t look like you slept much last night, Mr. Deveny.”

“Funny you should say that, Madame Vinciguerra.” He took a pause, his head feeling light for only having had a sip. “Don’t think this Scotch is helping either.” It was too little too late that he realized it was drugged. Setting his glass in the hand of a statue, “If I were a suspicious man, I would say you put something in my drink.”

“It’s much easier to trust a drink you fixed yourself.” She had quite a bit of wit but there was little bite to it which left Napoleon wondering why he was so hung up on Illya yet again.

“But how did you know I was gonna drink the Scotch?” His tongue felt heavy in his mouth as he tried to speak with his usual eloquence, failing slightly as the drugs started to settle into his head.

“I didn’t.” Would he get the villain to monologue? “I laced all the drinks. I don’t like to leave much to chance.” She was dressed beautifully in a black and white cut dress that flowed over his body like water. “Mr. Solo.” What a travesty this was, he’de been caught.

“I thought I was doing so well.” He was running through his slowing mind every interaction they had had, not seeing where he had slipped up.

“Oh, don’t be so hard on yourself. You were doing fantastically well.” He zoned in on a photo of a young lad, most likely Alexander, with who he assumed was his father. “The fault doesn’t lie in your performance. However, you couldn’t control the loyalty of young Gaby.” Napoleon bent to pick up a plush pillow that he set on the couch, his mind only being able to focus on one task in the given moment. “She gave you up like an unwanted kitten.” Victoria was monologuing and he was barely conscious to enjoy it, how sad.

“Really?” He questioned as he fluffed is chosen pillow absently, “She seemed so innocent.”

“You’re not the first man to have fallen for the charms of a pretty, young woman… regardless of dynamic.” Victoria paused as she watched the alpha move sluggishly. “What are you doing?”

“I’ve been here before and last time, I fell rather badly and hurt my head.” Picking that moment, as he felt himself slipping, Napoleon got himself comfortable on the couch with his head resting on the pillow he had so carefully worked up to his satisfaction.

“I’m afraid that isn’t going to stop you getting hurt. Sleep well, Napoleon.”

“Only my mother calls me Napoleon.” One last quip.

Coming to slowly, the alpha found himself strapped down to a chair. And not the fun kind. Victoria stood before him with a very large syringe that seen a heeb as well as a jeeb down his spine. “Mummy says hello.” What? Oh, yes… his last second mouthy act before he blacked out on her couch. “You may have heard of the Dark Angel of Ravensberg, the Butcher of Belsen, and my
personal favorite: the Fifth Horseman, Doctor of the Apocalypse. What history has failed to relate is that this was not three individuals but the tireless work of a single artist. And today, you have the privilege of experiencing his work firsthand.” As she poured his coffee, he realized that he wasn’t too keen on the villain monologue after all.

Uncle Rudi stepped into his line of vision, putting a hand up in greeting, “Hello again, Mr. Solo.” He watched as the man put his foot on a peddle, the alpha preparing for the worst but... nothing. Was this supposed to make him talk? Arching an eyebrow against his restraints, Napoleon watched as Rudi attempted the switch several more times to no avail. “My apologies, there’s a short in the wiring.” No, no, take your time good sir. “I thought I’d located it.”

“I keep telling the maestro to modernize, but alas, he’s a hopeless sentimental—“ Napoleon was almost lulled into a sense of security that the electric chair wouldn’t work when a switch was thrown and bolts of energy went coursing through his entire body. ‘Oh! We have contact!’

When the current let up, he gasped, having been clenching his jaw to avoid biting his tongue. “My apologies.” Rudi stated again, the alpha shooting him a scathing glare, “Won’t happen again.” Victoria was leaning in and he strained against the buckles holding him but there was no give.

“So sorry I can’t stay to finish you off myself.” There was a joke to be made there somewhere. “Rudi’s never in a rush, but sadly, I am… and I want it to be slow.” Breathing was hard, his chest heaving as his heart pounded painfully in his chest, “I’ll send your regards to little Gaby.” At this moment, he could bring himself to care about her betrayal. He needed to think of himself, as he often did. Rudi stepped forward and swung the unlit lightbulb around his head before an eerie silence fell between them. Was he... he was setting a stage light, wasn’t he? Vein bastard.

“Once upon a time there was a little boy. You wouldn’t describe him as a particularly special little boy.” Oh lord, now the real villain here was actually getting to monologue and he was utterly over it. “He was neither tall nor handsome,” Illya... “charismatic or amusing or even very alpha like. In fact, he appeared to be exceedingly dull. Because of this boy’s apparent shortcomings, he was bullied mercilessly and relentlessly by the other children. Year merged with miserable year as life continued to be a living hell.” Cry him a river, “But what the other boys didn’t understand about their victim was that he didn’t see them as enemies.” This ought to be good. “He saw them as instruments of learning. A priceless lesson was gleaned from his tormentors.” If Rudi really thought he was being vague or cryptic, he was daft in the brain. This ‘sad’ little boy’s story was his story. “Man... has only two masters in this world and their names are Pain and Fear. The boy found he had quite a talent for eliciting these feelings in others. So on the principle of playing to your strengths, he decided to make their cultivation his life’s work. Fortunately for this boy, history gave him an unprecedented opportunity: a world war. The canvas, Mr. Solo, on which he would produce his greatest work.”

Photo after disturbing phot was shown to him and he watched with a sort of sick fascination. Would this happen to him? Would he become just another photo in this mad man’s picture book? Rudi was smiling as he turned to a blank page, “You will go here, Mr. Solo.” What, not even a center fold spread of his very own? “A whole page just for you.” Joy. “And not in black and white like the others. No. Kodachrome! The colors are so real you can almost taste them... Ready?” Could he ever be ready for however many volts were about to be sent through his body?

Closing his eyes, Napoleon made his peace with God.

Victoria descended the stairs to her boat, the one that would take her to her much more impressive island. She was confident in her neutralization of her biggest threat that she thought little of the omega fiancé she had met with Gaby: the so-called KGB agent. Ha!

Illya watched the blip on his screen get closer, his sights set on rescue as he drove like a maniac
down the deserted road. Please let him be in time.

A thin trickle of blood ran from Napoleon’s perfectly set nose, the alpha aware that-pun intended—he was smoking. Every fiber of his body ached, his muscles screaming at him for a reprieve that would only be second but it was enough for his to catch his breath and unclench his jaw for a moment. He would survive this, somehow. Perhaps in pieces but his legacy would long live on as… something. Not again, “There are two kinds of torture, Mr. Solo. One is for the extraction of information.” Was he seeing things? Guards didn’t just fall over of their own volition.

Perhaps he was going crazy already because, through the glass pane in the door, he could swear that ugly cap and hideous turtleneck looked familiar.

“The other, is for its own sake.” Hm? Much to Napoleon’s delight, the longer he focused on the figure the more it looked like Illya. Rudi stepped on the peddle once more and, again, performance issues. Not that he knew anything about those. “I must admit this does get frustrating.” Peril, for it was his Russian, turned and watched through the window to assess the situation for a moment before a single finger brushed against his lips. That damn bastard! How did he know?! “Ah! But fortunately, I’m in an old-fashioned mood.” The door opened silently, the hinges having been oiled recently, to allow his partner—who he had never been more thankful to see—to step in. Illya was too big for the room, Napoleon mused; the alpha suddenly very thankful he had launched his daring rescue back in the ocean because he was getting paid back now. A life for a life. “I think I’ll start with the pliers.”

“I never thought I’d say this,” Napoleon’s voice was weak, the alpha having been tortured for god only knew how long, “I’m actually quite pleased to see you.” Rudi’s face was the picture of confusion before the pathetic, sniveling alpha turned and had to look up, and up, and up.

“You doing okay, cowboy?” Illya questioned, his arms crossed over his sinfully thick chest as both alphas watched him, one in awe and one in relief.

Both men worked in perfect harmony, Napoleon having been freed from the chair but the piece of work didn’t remain empty for long. Illya, being the more abled body of the two for the moment, man handled his least favorite alpha into the chair while his partner worked on strapping him down. “I thought I found all your trackers.

“You did. Just not the ones in your shoes.” Napoleon couldn’t find it in himself to be upset at the omega for being better than him in this one instance. He was tightening a strap when Illya, ever the curious one, stepped on the peddle. Rudi’s immediately scream startled the Russian enough that he took his weight off of it.

“Do you mind?” He had caught a bit of the shock himself and, well, he didn’t want to experience any more after his earlier treatment.

“You don’t have to do things to me to make me talk. I’ll tell you everything I know! You won’t be able to stop me.” What a coward. Rudi looked between the both of them with a nervous smile on his face before he settled on Illya, attempting to appeal to his “softer” side.

“What about Gaby?” Illya was still in utter disbelief that it had happened, Napoleon? A little less so.

“She betrayed you. I will testify!” Not liking that answer, Illya stomped on the peddle he was controlling.

“Don’t kick yourself,” Napoleon said softly, “She fooled me, too.”
“It’s not the same!” Illya protested, putting his toe back down on the peddle only for it to not make Rudi scream. Trying it again for good measure, he huffed.

“They have a glitch.”

“Then I’ll fix it.” Illya was most certainly out for blood and still, Napoleon was oddly turned on by him.

“Wait, please, wait!”

“Do you still have Teller?” Rather than watch the alpha who had already wet himself in fear, he focused on Illya who was rutting around with the wires as he attempted to find the faulty one.

“Yes!”

“Has he succeeded in enriching the uranium?” So Illya was still with him, then.

“Oh, we’re already way beyond that. There’s already a bomb, a nuclear warhead.” Rudi really did seem to want to have a little chat with them, not that that stopped Illya from his meticulous check of every wire. “The Reichsmarschall will take delivery tomorrow morning at 8:00.” Oh. Well. That was certainly useful information. “They’re sending a submarine. Between that time and now, it’s being held on Vinciguerra Island, the family’s private retreat. I’ll appear in court. I’ll inform on anyone. I don’t even need to know them! I’m yours to command.” While Napoleon enjoyed dominating strong alphas, he had little interest in this worm.

“Will you give us a moment?” Napoleon questioned, knowing that Rudi had no choice in the matter as Illya stood and stepped out of the room with him. “Don’t go anywhere.”

“I’ll be right here.”

Once the door closed, Napoleon looked up to Illya, “What should we do?”

“We have to get to that island.”

“What should we do with him?” Rudi was still a very real threat to them should he get free.

The screams from inside the room fell on two sets of deaf ears as Illya spoke, “It’s your call… You’re the one he’s been having fun with.”

“On the one hand, we need him. He’s a world of information. But on the other hand, I know exactly what will happen with him. He’ll strike a deal and struggle out of it. He’s prepared to sell his ass on this, and for that, they’ll give him his freedom. He’ll be out within months. Or worse,” Napoleon’s nose scrunched as he imagined that, “They’ll offer him a job. An alpha with that skill set’s never wanting for employment.”

“So what do you think we should do?”

“Just give me a minute.” He looked over Illya, noticing that he was glowing. Wait, Illya was glowing? That couldn’t be right. At the same time, both men turned to look at what had become of dear Uncle Rudi.

“Huh.” Was Illya’s brilliant response. “He fixed the glitch.”

“Damn. I left my jacket in there.” Oh.

The helicopter landed easily atop the building, someone opening Gaby’s door as she stared down the
man set in a white suit that was waiting for them. Her father. Alexander spoke as she removed her sunglasses, “I’ll let you two get reacquainted.”

“Okay.” Illya did not fit well into the delivery car they were borrowing and that thoroughly entertained Napoleon as the omega spoke on the phone, “Thank you.” The phone was put back on the center consul before attentions were turned back to him, “That got their attention. They’ll have chopper waiting for us at airport.”

Dr. Teller, Gaby’s biological father, was saying softly as she stood and glanced around in distraught. “Gaby.” He started again, Was it just him or did Illya look unsettled? Was it what he being told? He’d never seen such an expression on his Russian friend’s face.

“It is vital you retrieve Dr. Teller and the computer disk. They are the key to the US of A winning the arms race. Kill the Russian if necessary.” Kill… Illya? The thought had crossed his mind a dozen times in the past few days but now that it was actually part of the plan he was cowing.

Kill Napoleon. He had been considering it since East Berlin but he had slowly come to get used to the alpha’s ways and almost found him charming in a sense but orders were orders.

“Gentlemen, can you hear me?” Waverly, sensing the tension between them, got started on their brief. “Well, now if the Nazis are due to take delivery of this bomb at 0800 that gives us—” Napoleon watched Illya glance at his wrist to check the time only to remember that his prized possession was gone. “a luxurious fourteen hours in which to seize the island, secure the warhead, and winkle out poor Professor Teller. There is also, of course, the, uh… small matter of retrieving my agent.” Was there another agent in play here that they were unaware of? Figured! About to speak up, Illya grabbed his mouth piece and moved it closer to do it for him.

“You have British agent in this?”

“Well, she’s not British.” He had a bad feeling about this.

“She.” Illya repeated immediately, having not missed that.

“Here we go.” Napoleon complained as he rolled his head back against the wall of the helicopter. “I’m starting to smell the irony.” The two agents shared a look, “Gaby’s working for you, isn’t she?”


Gaby instructed as they walked across the roof,

That definitely complicated her mission but she could handle it.

She promised, putting her trust in this man she had only just met now. The Vinciguerras were approaching, best to put on the act as best as possible now. They embraced for a moment before Gaby was pulling away, “My father has been unwell. That and the stress let to self-doubt. He’s ready, now, to resume his work.”

“A daughter’s touch.” Alexander commented with a small grin, the playboy playing right into her hands.

“Gaby has agreed to assist me.” Her father, a simple beta, was a genius but with people he seemed to fall flat. He would never make this happen on his own. “To assure I finish on time.” That brought a smile to Victoria’s face, one that sent a chill down Gaby’s spine.
“Now that is a good idea.”

“You’re wrong.” Illya was upset, that much was evident to even someone who had just met him. But he was always upset, so it wasn’t much of a difference.

“The thing is, Kuryakin, when Professor Teller disappeared we assumed his Nazi colleagues would come knocking at his daughter’s door so we recruited her, and waited.” The damn genius. Gaby had been playing them from the moment he stepped into her auto shop and he hadn’t had a clue. “And what we got, of course, was you two. I’ve been meaning to thank you very much for nearly fouling up two years of my work.”

“You’re wrong.” The omega insisted before he explained himself, “I saw her betrays us at Vinciguerra.” So it was ‘us’, now. Was it? Mh.

“Yes,” Waverly pacified him, “I told her to.” The two alphas watched as the blond’s jaw clenched tightly. It had all been a game to her. Everything. “You were about to be exposed, Kuryakin, it was the only way she could stay in the game. She knew the ring you gave her was bugged and that you’d be listening to every word she said. That would give even the average Russian agent plenty of time to escape; And you are not average, are you, Kuryakin? You’re special.” At least Waverly had that right, Napoleon agreed with him most whole heartedly.

“Let me translate this into English.” He interjected, having remained relatively silent for him. “You told Gaby to drop us in it, so you could find her father first.” Clarifying was something that helped him process so he continued on, “But now you’ve lost her, so you need us to help find her and finish the job.” Typical Brits, not willing to get their toes wet.

“Well, that is a very poor translation, Solo, but, uh… well, in a nutshell, yes, please, thank you very much.” Waverly has a very appealing accent but no way with words, as Napoleon did. And he found it rather bothered him, the consistent paused throughout his speech. Illya spoke smoothly, even if his word choice was odd and he left certain small words out. “I think it’s rather nice. We’re obviously all very fond of Gaby and now we have a chance to save her so–”

The fasten seat belt sign was buzzing and lighting up.

“Terrific. We’re a little early.” Define terrific.

“What is that?” Illya demanded as he glanced out the window, Napoleon craned his neck to try and get a good look at what had his omega so upset.

“It’s an aircraft carrier, Kuryakin.” He didn’t like the way Waverly pronounced Illya’s name, either. He didn’t like Waverly, to chalk it all up. The alpha was too sure of himself despite having lost Gaby to the Vinciguerras. Illya was looking out the window again, “For a special agent, you’re not having a very special day, are you?” That was simply rude. Illya had managed to evade capture, remove Napoleon from his torture, and get them out of the vicinity safely. He had done marvelously.

Vinciguerra Island had a stunning manor placed along the Cliffside and this is where the two Tellers were working. “Reflector lens.” The requested piece was handed over to the elder two of them, their plan about to go into action.

“So what does that do?” Gaby requested of the alpha hand that had been assigned to her father.

“Well, it’s known as a coupler. It sends a signal which enables another missile to lock onto this one for double the impact.” The man flicked a switch which lit up and the corresponding missile did the same. “It’s left over from when this was a warhead that contained conventional explosives. Now that
we are converting it to nuclear, it’s redundant.” Gaby carefully nudged a tool pail over and stumbled slightly as it crashed to the floor, immediately gathering the hand’s attention.

“I’m sorry.” She said softly, allowing her father to switch out the lenses as the unnamed alpha bent over to gather everything from the floor. The false lens was slipped into place and tightened carefully.

“We’re nearly done, Victoria.” Her father was a meek man but he was handling the pressure of the situation quite well.

“Those are the words we’ve been waiting to hear.” Victoria’s personal guards continued past their mark and grabbed Gaby’s slender arms, the alpha bristling at the mistreatment. “Let’s both stop playing games, shall we?” She didn’t like where this was going. “Put her in a cell. If you don’t hear from me in twenty minutes? Kill her.” Gaby was removed from the warhead room. This wasn’t going as according to her and Waverly’s carefully laid out plan. “That’s how long you have to finish this.” Victoria walked past the man, “You can start by putting back the correct lens, professor.” Well… Shit.

Having landed skillfully on the carrier, Waverly leaned over a marvelously detailed aerial photograph. “So Vinciguerra island. The plot is, and stop me if I get it wrong, Jockelson, a stealth attack on the island from the sea. We shall go in through the front door here at the harbor. Jockelson,” A stout alpha in a beret nodded slightly, indicating that he was the man in question, “and his men will get you in there and keep the enemy entertained.” A diversion. “The rest is up to you.”

Four identical motorized rafts cut through the water, each one carrying the alphas, betas, and one omega to the island in the dark. The moon was full that night, making their passage easier as they approached the harbor on a long run while trying to sneak in unnoticed so as not to alert the Vinciguerras that they were coming for them.

“It’s done.” The professor said as the cover was screwed into place by a few technicians

“And,” Victoria glanced at her watch, “with three minutes to spare!” Never an alpha to miss a chance at doting her i’s and crossing her t’s, “The computer disk with your research on it. Where is it?” The warheads were being wheeled away as he went into his personal safe and removed a blue disk that was set in her hand, “And the back up.” She insisted, watching as he pulled it out from behind a photo of him with his daughter.

“What about Gaby?” He asked softly as the disk was handed over.

“She’ll be joining you shortly.” Victoria promised, leveling a gun to the alpha’s head and firing a single round between his eyes. The body dropped, immediately lifeless. Handing one of the disks to her mate, she turned to make her exit.

A spotter and a sniper lay in the shadows they created, waiting for the proper moment when-yes. It was now. A single silenced round was fired and one of the guards on duty dropped. The timing was key, allowing them just the allotted amount to drop all the men necessary. The second went down, followed by the third. They were clearing the way for Solo and Kuryakin to make their bold advance with as little folly as possible.

Landing silently, the four rafts beached and everything was set into motion. The stage was set. The spies darted forward in fully black tactical gear as they followed Jockelson who got his men to blow a chunk out of the cement wall that would gain them access to the mansion but not without
announcing they were there. Illya, his long legs carrying him forward, reached the breach before Napoleon but they moved together. A team. Opposition was met almost immediately but their back up was there to handle that strife. Both rushed forward and took off down a hallway that only got more heavily guarded which was a good sign that they were headed in the right direction. Up a set of stairs: drop bodies. Across the roof: more bodies dropped. Clearing their access point to the labs, they were down the ramp with the efficient speed of trained killers. In that moment, Illya wasn’t an omega and Napoleon wasn’t an alpha. They were simply partners looking for their friend in the winding passages of the Vinciguerra manner.

Illya spotted the body first, the man moving forward as Napoleon piqued up, “Looks like we found Dr. Teller.” He stated dryly, knowing he had failed his mission on that point.

“The bomb was here.” Illya’s Geiger counter was crackling as he ran it over a properly sized set of metal ribs. Dropping the Geiger with little regard for the miraculous device, Illya was grabbing his automatic in favor of continuing. A heavy thud sounded from where he had disappeared, Napoleon following suit. A trail of breadcrumbs was left for him, if you counted bodies as breadcrumbs so he took a moment to cover their tracks. Good thing he did because three guards came running, the alpha open firing into them before something shiny caught his eye. Was that… No.

“Hmm.” Napoleon hummed softly, a plan appearing in his very beautiful head.

Illya pushed on, checking each door until one pushed open and… Gaby’s bag. He recognized it and it most certainly carried her scent on it. She had been here not too long ago.

Napoleon, trusting his partner on his own, went and located the controls room where a panel caught his eye. A very angry Alexander was hauling Gaby along behind him roughly to an outfitted Jeep. “Illya, come in.”

“I’m here.” Illya radioed back.

“Alexander has Gaby and the bomb. They’re at the entrance.”

Illya reached the top of the garage steps as the Jeep tore away down the tunnel, the omega swearing colorfully in Russian before he was dashing down the case. He took the first bit of machinery he could find an was off after them.

Napoleon, having a further distance to travel, reached a garage devoid of human life. For a moment, panic set into his chest as he imagined Illya chasing after their bad guy alone but he shoved that aside in favor of ripping a tarp off what appeared to be-yes-a doom buggy. That would do but wait, there was a bigger, better version that really caught his eye. Yes, that would do just fine. Moments later, he was storming through the tunnel like a bat out of hell.

Goggles donned, the alpha decided to blaze his own path and he took the road not yet traveled.

Bouncing as he went, Napoleon gunned it across the rocky terrain until he was landing hard on open road but that would never do! He was too far behind! Shifting gears, he jumped his wheels up into the still yet rougher terrain and pushed on. Gaby. Wheel yanking this way and that, it was all he could do to keep going forward in the proper direction but still he was gaining great time up the edge of the mountain. Would it be enough, though? With a blast of speed, he burst forth and cut the wheel hard before he was hot on their tail. Alexander was a skilled driver from his time on the strip and Napoleon damned him more for it.

The lake was a huge obstacle, the alpha recognizing that his intake was too low, so he gunned it in reverse. He had to find another way as Gaby was driven through the middle of the water with the
warhead. Whipping around dangerously, his wheels spit up mud until he located a shallower spot to cross. Water flew up around his wheels, utterly soaking his tac gear but he’d made it yet again! Finally, he was able to almost touch the jeep as he pushed his buggy for all it was worth.

Out of seeming nowhere, Illya burst out of the tree line and landed hard in front of their target’s vehicle on a motorcycle. The omega, brilliant soul that he was, pulled out a hand gun and fell back so he could blow one of the jeep’s tires. For his efforts, Alexander mercilessly slammed into him with the side of his truck. “Illya!” Gaby screamed, tugging at her restraints as he was forced off the road and down the side of the mountain.

Napoleon uttered a sole gasp as he watched the Russian get launched clean into the air off his bike a moment before the death trap was flying after him but there was no chance to stop. His chest felt tight, he was beginning to panic. There was no way for him to know if his omega was even alive but he had to press on. He had to, for Gaby. Pushing hard to level with them, he mouthed ‘hold on’ before he pulled the same dirty trick on Alexander that he had on Illya. Difference was, they had a cage to protect them and Illya had nothing.

Gaby’s scream made him flinch as the jeep bounced off its roof and rolled over several times before it settled.

He pried the door open with some difficulty, the alpha’s body screaming for him to attend to Illya but he didn’t even know if there was anything left to help so he made the logical decision and went to Gaby. She was cuffed to the car but with a hard tug or two, he freed her and dragged her, whimpering, from the car.

Alexander was unscathed from the accident and was already on them, the beta swinging viciously at Napoleon with a tire iron he had produced. He pulled a gun but was too slow, his wrist almost snapping as the iron ripped across bone. “Solo!” Gaby shouted as the alpha stumbled back, losing his footing as a heavy boot cracked into his side. Before he had a chance to recover, Alexander whipped him across the face with the weapon, beating him until he barely even saw beyond the blood streaming down his face into his eyes. The beta stopped, momentarily thrown off by the weight of Gaby throwing herself onto his back but she was tossed aside like an unwanted rag doll. Finding himself face to face with his own gun, Napoleon, for the second time in the past twenty-four, made his peace with God.

A downright terrifying growl came from behind Alexander, Napoleon’s vision swimming as he tried to get himself off the ground. Where his eyes failed him, his nose did not. Around the blood and adrenaline, he knew the scent anywhere: it was Illya.

Illya, barely able to stand himself, had pushed through his own pain and come to their rescue. No one knew when it had started to rain but Illya, the inhumanly strong devil, fully body threw his ruined motorcycle atop Alexander who collapsed with a yelp but managed to avoid the brunt of the weight by rolling aside. The beta scrambled through the mud, desperately as the sound of metal being unsheathed tore through the muddled air; the sole gun was snatched off the ground but before it could even get leveled with the omega, Illya slid his knife home into the man’s chest.

For a seemingly unending moment, the two stared at each other before the lifeless body of Alexander Vinciguerra crumpled to the ground. It was over. It was done. Illya stumbled under the weight of his injuries, the omega dropping onto his knees as he tried to catch his breath while the adrenaline ran from his body.

Napoleon, ever the keen eyed alpha, reached out and grabbed for the familiar blue disk that he pocketed before anyone else had a chance at it. “Cowboy?” Was Illya up already? Looking up
through the rain that assaulted his eyes, Napoleon smiled weakly and put his hand up.

“I’ll be okay, Peril.” With the assurance that Napoleon wasn’t dead or dying, Illya moved to Gaby’s side. She had a gash across her arm and was shivering as shock set in on her body. With the gentleness of a new parent, Illya took her in his arms and whispered a gentle ‘it’s okay’. He gently touched her face and, not for the first time, he felt conflicted.

The chopper landed on a flat part of the mountain to rescue them, not that they needed it after that miraculous display. Gaby was taken by the medical officer and bandaged up, both men insisting that she be tended to first before they would even be looked at. Speaking of looks… they both looked horrible. Illya was caked from head to toe in mud and had several brilliantly dark bruises already blooming across his exposed skin from where he had been near crushed to death by the death trap he’d been riding. Napoleon was faring no better, a deep gash slashing across his forehead that had been stitched up when he allowed himself to be looked after. He complained about it ruining his good looks, which had gotten a teasing ‘nothing to ruin’ from the omega who was going to have to be watched closely for a concussion as well as internal bleeding. It was a miracle any of them had made it out of there alive.

While Gaby was being looked at, the two of them leaned up against each other on the side of the chopper. Both were in pain but Napoleon reached over and put his hand on Illya’s knee. Neither pushed it away, their bodies seeking comfort after the ordeal they had just been through. Napoleon was a tad bit traumatized from thinking Illya was dead and, even though the omega limped, he was alive. Illya, having nearly died, understood things better between them now.

All sitting with the chopper, they tried to recover as a small pack when Waverly walked up. “Well done, chaps.” He didn’t sound too impressed with their rescue and recovery. “Just one small snag.” Napoleon looked up as Illya growled at the alpha, immediately bristling at this sound. “Wrong warhead.” The two men stared, a look of utter dismay on each’s face that neither had seen on the other before in their time together. It wasn’t over.

“So it’s a decoy.” Napoleon gathered, the three of them loaded back on the chopper to complete their mission again. If it were up to him, Illya would be on his way to the hospital for close observation under medical professionals but that was his alpha talking. They all needed a good few days in a hospital after their ordeal but there was still business to finish.

“No, no, no, it’s a real bomb. Quite a nasty one too. But, uh, it’s not nuclearized. There’s no uranium in it.” How the hell did they miss that?

“There was a second warhead in the lab.” Gaby, having found her voice again, spoke up. She was wrapped in a thick wool blanket and her shivering has stopped for the time, the color returned to her cheeks.

Returning to the aircraft carrier, Waverly was the first to get things into motion. “Did you check everything I asked, captain?”

“Radar, sonar, aerial patrols; all report no other vehicles have left this island since last night. That includes submarines.” The man seemed utterly certain that there was no way for the Vinciguerra alpha to have escaped with the nuclear warhead. For that matter, how had she?

“What about fishing boats leaving the mainland?” Illya, you brilliant, brilliant man!

Back in the deck where the three spies were warming up and drying off a bit, “The boats go out every morning at dawn.” If ever a man looked like he captained a sea baring vessel, it was the man speaking to them at that moment.
“I saw them.” Illya was certainly on to something and Napoleon allowed him to do his bit because, well, he still felt a little foggy after getting hit with a tire iron across the face. “How many of them are there?”

“Almost a hundred.” Damn their luck. “They are spread out over a sixty-kilometer radius by now.” Damn their luck!

“And that radius is expanding every minute.” Okay, who had they all managed to piss off to warrant this kind of luck? But… one moment. Napoleon limped over to the papers as their good craft captain spoke. “We don’t even know which boat we’re looking for.” Picking up the list of boats that were faring the sea, he started scanning.

In Victoria’s office, he had seen a rare photograph of a young Alexander with his father… the letters “dema” having been present behind them on a boat. At the party, before his affair with Mrs. Vinciguerra, there had been another… a boat emblazoned with “dia”… Could it be the same boat?

Running down the list carefully, he was searching for any sign of those letters arranged together or separately until…“The submarine surfaces at 0800 hours. Gives us twenty minutes, gentlemen.”

“Diadema.” He had confirmed his suspicions before speaking them out loud. “That’s Sergio Vinciguerra’s old fishing boat. I suggest we start there.” Waverly, watching Napoleon work his magic, said nothing. The silence was welcome compared to his snark. “Can you get them on the radio?”

“You can get a bearing from a radio signal, yes?”

“If we keep them broadcasting for long enough.”

Gaby, having remained silent for the most part, spoke up then, “I have an idea which might make things quicker.” What would they ever do without her?

This was repeated several times over until they finally, finally made a match.

Everyone visibly relaxed when the message was finally answered.

The man was lying through his teeth.

“Ten minutes and counting,” Came the warning from their captain.

“Mr. Solo, this is your cue. Thank you.” Waverly was looking to him with a small smirk; one alpha with a loud mouth, coming right up. Holding his hand out for the radio, he waited for a moment before he spoke into it.

“Diadema, this is Napoleon Solo. Hello, Victoria. I suspect that you’re already listening so I’ll give you this message directly. Earlier today, I killed your mate.” Well, Illya had done that but she didn’t need to know that. Gave a little more oomf to his story if he said he had done it and, knowing Victoria, he could goad into talking with this. Nothing. Glancing over at Illya and Gaby, he found that the omega’s expression was hard to read.

“We’re wasting our time, this isn’t working.” Could they give him a single moment to work his magic? If there was one thing he was good at beyond measure, it was getting under people’s skin.

“If you could just shut up, thank you very much.” Maybe Waverly wasn’t that bad. “Ramp it up,
“I’d like to report that he died honorably, courageously, and selflessly… but he didn’t. Instead, it was a rather pitiful affair involving tears, begging, and offers to trade anything and, indeed, anyone so that I would spare his life.”

“Napoleon.” Bingo. “I appreciate your message and now I hope you’ll appreciate mine: any blood relative of yours still living will be dead within the year. They will die slowly and painfully. And you know, from personal experience, this is an area in which we excel.”

“All yours, captain. Thank you.” Waverly, ever the polite seeming man.

Now it was his turn to keep her talking, not that it took much. “Won’t you have to inform your organization to achieve that?”

“After we deliver the warhead you so desperately sought, it will be the first item on my agenda. And you will die, Solo, knowing you failed completely. We have the professor’s disk. We can build as many bombs as we need.”

“Ready.” Was this happening?

“Yes, proceed, please, captain.” It was happening!

“I see one flaw in that plan.” Napoleon pointed out with a small grin.

“Entertain me.” Victoria, it’s been fun.

“While you’ve been telling me how dangerous you are, we’ve been locking on to your radio signal. Now we have your general location.”

“It won’t help you much. I’ll be gone in five minutes.”

“I haven’t finished.” He wasn’t finished until he said so. “The coupling device that you so considerately left us on your decoy warhead is accurate to ten feet.” He let that sink in, “That warhead, although not nuclear, shouldn’t have any trouble obliterating a medium-size fishing boat. The aforementioned warhead launched forty-five second ago, giving you about thirty seconds until impact. It won’t trigger the nuclear warhead as that requires fission So, if you do want to make good on your vow, I suggest you abandon ship immediately. How’s that for entertainment?”

No response.

“Very good.” Waverly said, eyes glued to a pair of binoculars that were watching in the direction of the Diadema. “Well done, Solo.” Yes, it had been him on that one.

Back on dry land, under much more civilized company, Gaby was strutting through the hotel room, “All packed? The bellboy is on his way up.”

Illya was still in process of packing, having save it until the last possible moment as bending over still put a severe ache through his body. “It’s time to go home. How about you?”

“I’m not going back to East Germany.” No one expected her to, she performed brilliantly on her
mission.

“No,” He agreed as he glanced over her way, “that is probably not a good idea for a British spy.”

For a moment, he was certain she wouldn’t reply to that. There was no witty quip for such a situation. “I’m sorry.” Well, that worked well enough. “I really wanted to tell you, but…”

Illya listened to her trail off and left her hanging for a moment before he tsked, “It’s okay. I would have done exactly the same thing in your position.” They shared a look before he hummed softly, “I’m sorry about your father.” If anyone understood the pain of a lost father, it was him.

“I lost him a long time ago.”

“Cowboy’s invited us for a drunk up in his room, if you’d like.” He wanted to spend more time with her and, honestly, being alone with Napoleon made him more nervous than he would admit to.

“I have to see Waverly.” Was… this planned? Gaby went to leave before she was doubling back, removing her ring and holding it up, “In case we don’t see each other again.”

“No.” He said softly, the ring resting heavy in his broad hand. “You should keep it.” Gently taking her hand back in his, he slid the ring back on her engagement finger. “As souvenir… that way I can keep track of you.” Their faces were close together, as they had been not too long ago. Neither of them spoke as Gaby leaned up and lightly-

The bell boy. Of course the bell boy would walk in at that exact moment!

They each took a respective step back before the phone was ringing and Illya, thankfully, moved to answer it, “Hello?” Oleg was on the other line. Bidding him a moment while Gaby exited the room, he waited.

Illya stared forward with unseeing eyes, trying to wrap his head around the fact that he had actually failed his mission, The line went dead.

Rage like never before bubbled up in his chest, each word etching itself into his mind as he leaned over and rested his hands on his knees. A single finger tapped the joint as red started to take over his vision. Before he could even set reason in on himself, his hand was whipping the glass vase of flowers across the room. Wheeling around one the ball of his foot, he grabbed the coffee table and flipped it with all of his strength, sending to the ground with a heavy crash. Punching the lamp came next before he foot was through the television screen but that was not enough, he hauled the heavy set up onto his shoulder and smashed it into the ground. Grabbing the mirror, he slammed it repeatedly into the ground until nothing but splinters and shards remained then, and only then, did he remove his gun from his waist band and click the safety off. Recklessly, the omega shoved it back into place before he tore from room 707 with intention. He would not bring shame to his name. He would not!

Before he knew what was happening, he was standing before room 807: Solo’s room. His hand, held up to push the door open, was shaking but through sheer force of will, he steadied it and knocked. The door opened for him without much notice, “Come in. Just finishing things up.” Illya stepped in silently, his muscles coiled tight as he tried to restrain himself. “Fix us up a couple of drinks. I think we’ve earned them.” Napoleon, with his gashed forehead and Illya, bruises covering most of his body, did deserve them but he was not here to drink. “I guess it’s business as usual now.”
Illya walked to the glass canisters containing differently hued liquids, the omega managing to uncork one and start pouring two drinks as Napoleon continued, “Back to how things were.” Glancing after the alpha, he spotted the disk and stopped as the other spoke, “Politics being what they are.”

Napoleon leaned back around the wall, viewing Illya as he still held the bottle of liquor in both hands. He knew. They both knew. And they knew each other knew. How the next moment played out was very important for their future.

Carefully, the alpha removed his gun from the suitcase, fully aware that Illya was armed. “You… feeling okay?” Napoleon questioned, doubled over as he feigned at packing his case. Turning to face his no-longer-partner, he watched as Illya nodded and turned back to retrieve his accessible gun. The tension was thick enough to cut with a knife. “So, what now?” No need to play games, they were both adults. Watching Illya turn to him from the vanity mirror, he almost flinched. It was happening. They were turning on each other. “Mission accomplished?” The Russian was reaching behind for where he knew the gun was kept. Still, he kept talking. “Head back to Russia?”

“Something like this.” So he did speak. But it was strained… Illya didn’t want this. “Yes.” For a moment, a sadness crossed over the alpha. Illya didn’t want this and neither did he. “You?”

“New York.” He was going for his gun. Grabbing his, he hesitated and grabbed for something else. “Almost forgot.” Turning with a bright smile that spoke nothing of what was about to happen, “Got something for you.” Tossing a small item across the room with impeccable aim, he let Illya catch it. This wasn’t a ploy to catch him unaware, it was Napoleon making a choice.

Illya easily grabbed it out of the air, his fist closing around the item and pulling it to him before he checked what it was. Shock appeared on his face as he turned it over and quickly looked up before back at the watch. His watch. Pushing his sleeve up, he fastened it back where it belonged. “You know what my mission is?”

“Same as mine was… Kill me if necessary. To get that.” Pulling his dress pants up to reveal the disk that he hadn’t hidden very well, he gave Illya a small, devilish smile.

The next moment was one of pure terror for Napoleon. Illya was crossing the expanse between them with too much speed and he reached back for his gun but a strong hand caught him before his fingers could wrap around the cold metal. “Don’t trust me, cowboy?” Any possible retort caught in Napoleon’s throat as he looked up and saw Illya’s eyes focused solely on him. The intensity of that gaze was enough to send a shiver down his spine as they watched each other for a long second. Did… did he move? Pull away and make a joke about the situation or did he go with his gut? Dithering as their chests remained close enough to almost touch, Illya took it upon himself to initiate.

They kissed.

Napoleon closed his eyes as Illya’s soft lips pressed against his own, the two of them slowly relaxing into each other as their lips moved against each other. He was keeping control in the omega’s court, knowing that he knew what to do but unsure about his partner. The hand holding his wrist moved to rest on his hip, gently holding him in place as they got to know each other this way. Illya was gentle and sweet as they kissed, Napoleon loving this side of his Russian but he wanted more. Hell, he wanted everything.

Pulling back slightly, he realized they were pressed up against each other and he couldn’t help but smile, “Peril,” Napoleon started but was cut off almost as soon as he had said it.

“I take top.” He recalled the last time he had heard that and was about to point out that Illya had ended up on the bottom but, for once, he kept his trap shut and simply nodded. They both wanted
this and he didn’t want to muck it up and scare off the skittish omega. Reaching forward, he took Illya’s hand and lead them to his luxurious bed where he sat down on the edge and looked up. His face was taken in both of the other’s hands before they were kissing again, Illya getting a knee up on the bed so there were at the proper height for each other.

When the other knee came up so that Illya was straddling him, Napoleon groaned softly. He had been here a hundred times before but never had he wanted it this bad. Biting his lip, he looked up and realized that it was happening, it was really happening. “Illya…” It just sounded so nice rolling off his tongue. The omega in question let out an appreciative growl, gently pressing Napoleon back into the soft bedding. This meant that Illya was stretched out on top of him, the alpha settling his hands on the other’s lips as they continued to make out like teenagers having just discovered the act.

What never even crossed his mind was that Illya was serious about taking the top. He thought that it was just going to be them making out for hours on end but no. The omega rolled his hips down and pressed their erections together, drawing a low groan from Napoleon. “You’re sure you want this?” Having to be absolutely positive about the situation earned him a nip against his throat that had him gasping and thrusting up slightly to find friction.

“Da.” Arousal was evident in Illya’s voice, the alpha unable to see his partner’s face as his throat was assaulted skillfully by lips, tongue, and teeth. Nimble fingers worked skillfully at his tie, pulling the knot apart without faltering before it was tossed carelessly off the side of the bed. The hand returned to his chest where Illya worked open the buttons on his shirt, lips following suit as more skin was revealed to him. He really knew what he was doing, Napoleon thought as the omega’s tongue ran over his nipple until it hardened.

Traveling down slowly, the alpha was left squirming and panting in anticipation but Illya stopped at his slacks. It was clear from the obscene bulge in Napoleon’s pants that he wanted this but the look in Illya’s eyes… Oh. Before he knew it, his belt was on the floor and the zipper to his pants was in between Illya’s perfect teeth. Oh god, he wasn’t going to survive this, he knew it. This was going to be what killed him.

Completely disrobed, Napoleon’s thick alpha cock rested against his belly with a smear of precome shining against his skin. Illya had yet to focus on any one part of him but what frustrated the alpha the most was that he had yet to remove a single article of clothing. “Can I?” He asked softly as he took the lapel of Illya’s jacket in his hand. For a moment, he thought the other would say no but he got a slight nod so he sat up and gently removed the article of clothing that he tossed to the floor haphazardly. Would he get to find out why the omega always covered his neck? Even now, the man wore a dark turtleneck that covered where he wanted to be at the moment so his fingers dropped to the hem of the soft shirt. He gave the other a moment to think, to turn back, but nothing came so he started to slide it up the omega’s abdomen.

Illya was beautifully built, a true marvel for Napoleon to unwrap. He felt special, like very few people got to see this so he took his time. Arms lifted for him and he pulled the garment off fully to reveal scars upon scars but he didn’t focus on them. Instead, he pulled the other in for a long kiss where their tongues mingled lightly together until neither wanted to wait any longer. Standing from the bed, the omega undid his belt and dropped his pants and boxers to reveal a perfect cock. Napoleon’s mouth must have dropped because when he looked up, Illya was smirking at him. “Not bad for omega.” Not bad at all, he agreed. Most omegas he had been with were not well endowed but Illya was, well, a little intimidating. His cock matched his stature, if that helped the illusion.

Licking his lips, Napoleon looked between Illya and his cock, “Can I?” He asked thickly, the alpha getting a nod rather than and answer so he carefully got off the bed and dropped to his knees before his omega. His. Taking the omega into his mouth, mindful of his teeth, he felt a hand slide through
his dark hair. He closed his eyes at that moment and laved his tongue around the head of his partner which earned him a low groan of appreciation. The sound went straight to Napoleon’s cock, the alpha determined to give Illya everything he deserved. Starting to slowly bob his head, he took as much as he could down his throat while the rest was worked over by his sure hand.

Illya fucked his throat gently, the both of them unsure of how much the other was willing to take so everything was careful and calculated to a point. Napoleon found himself getting pulled up and pushed back onto the bed, “Hands and knees, alpha.” The command in the omega’s tone was utterly intoxicating, the alpha in question doing exactly as he was told. It wasn’t long before he heard a cap pop off a bottle of lubricant he had stashed in the top drawer of his bedside table, the alpha shivering in anticipation as he presented for the other.

A long finger lightly circled his hole, spreading the cool liquid around before it was pressing into him slowly. A low groan slipped from Napoleon as he dropped his head onto his forearms, “Illya, I’m not gonna break.” He promised after he had been fucked for several long minutes with only a single digit; he wanted more. Understanding, a second finger was added and quickly a third before he found himself to be a panting mess. Illya knew just how to curve his fingers at the right moment to send bolts of pleasure through his body and he had to know if the other had done this before. “You’ve… you’re…” He was utterly incoherent which earned a throaty laugh from the omega behind him. Glancing over his shoulder, he found that Illya was flushed across his chest and up his neck to his face and wow did he wear aroused well. Biting his lip, he groaned as his prostate was stroked teasing. “Now.” It was his own attempt at an order but it was barely more than a begged whisper.

“Not so mouthy now, I see.” Illya was playing with him and he knew it but he didn’t have it in him to argue, not when he was so beyond ready to get fucked by that fat cock he’d been lusting after since East Berlin. He was tempted to try and use his alpha voice on the other but, somehow, he didn’t think it would affect him. Groaning, he pressed his hips back on the hand fucking him to try and get more or at least get the point across that he wanted more.

Illya was obliging at that moment, the omega sliding his hand from Napoleon in favor of lubing up his own cock. Shifting closer, he felt a hand rest tenderly on his hip while the other was used to guide his cock into the waiting alpha who huffed. For a moment, he felt only pressure before the omega pushed into him with a low groan of appreciation.

God, he was bigger than he expected. Napoleon winced slightly and, seeming to feel it, Illya stilled. “I’m okay, keep going.” The alpha insisted, loving it as he felt the other slide all the way into him. Their bodies pressed together and he shifted anxiously. “Illya, c’mon.” He had it in him to complain which earned him a swat on his behind that had him yelping lightly, “Hey!”

“You want to act like whore? You get treated like whore.” Napoleon had to look over his shoulder to make sure it was still Illya behind him, the alpha having never expected to hear such vulgarity come from his omega. When he confirmed it was still the right person, he barked out a laugh and shook his head.

“If I’m your whore,” He was getting his mouth back at that moment, “then fuck me like I am.”

“I think I can oblige.” It worked like a charm, goading the omega into thinking he was getting challenged. Napoleon was grasping at the bedding as Illya started to fuck him earnestly, the both of them pressing against each other with such vigor that the headboard was bagging comically against the wall.

Illya held onto his hips as they fucked, the omega eager to prove himself as they went at it like a newly mated couple that were desperate for each other. Realizing he was just along for the ride,
Napoleon fisted his cock in time with the trusting that had him whining softly into the bedding. The combine pleasure from both ends had him quickly getting to the point where his knot swelled and as he was about to utter a warning that he was close, the hands on his sturdy hip were pushing hard. Letting out a yelp as he was shoved over, the alpha landing on his back where he found him face to face with his partner. Illya was the picture of beauty as he rested his forearms on either side of Napoleon’s head, his hips rolling forward gracefully as his face screwed up concentration. Sweat beaded off his forehead as their bodies slapped together and, for a moment, the alpha forgot about himself.

The new position was easier and, when Illya shifted his hips, it brought him intense pleasure that he had seldom felt before with other partners. Tossing his head back, Napoleon let out a wanton moan before he was hitching his thick thighs up around Illya’s waist. Reaching up, he scratched at Illya’s back which earned him a gasp followed by a soft little moan that could have had him coming then and there. “Illya.” He groaned, about to reach between them but the other’s hand was wrapping deftly around him. About to protest, he let out a loud growl as Illya teased at his knot that was swelling quickly, “Fuck!”

“Language, cowboy.” Illya warned playfully, the both of them laughing breathlessly before he felt Illya’s hips start to stutter.

“I’m close.” Napoleon whispered, almost begging as Illya’s hand continued to work over him with a slight twist of the wrist that was driving him mad.

“I am, too.” He could tell. The swipe across the head of his cock was enough to push him over the edge, Napoleon letting out a shout as Illya got him off most spectacularly. He tightened up all over and shuddered through the best orgasm of his life before he could feel Illya thrust hard once more into him followed by a low growl…

Both men sipped their drinks luxuriously around a small fire. That fire being the tape from the disk. The view from Solo’s balcony was spectacular and they were both enjoying the weather. Together. Letting out a sigh, “Absolutely hated working with you, Peril.” He was teasing gently, the two of them having amended all differences when they were-ahem.

“You’re a terrible spy, cowboy.” Illya was using the same light tone as he sipped his drink, the two of them touching rims before indulging once more.

“Good evening gentlemen.” Waverly. What a buzzkill. “Rather a touching scene.” If only the man knew what had almost happened because of this small roll of film. “Nice view, glass of whiskey, and a little bonfire to keep you warm. Rather a good idea.” But? “So I have news.” Of course he did. “A fresh little unpleasantness has arisen. I’ve spoken to your superiors and now that we’re all such good friends, they’ve kindly agreed to let me keep the team together for a while.” What? “We leave in one hour.”

“Where are we going?” Illya was accusing, a tone that was painfully obvious with his accent.

“Istanbul, Kuryakin. You’ll need your curly-wurly shoes. Oh, and you have a new code name.”

“Code name?” Napoleon questioned as he watched the alpha leave, not near done with him yet.

“Yes, rather a good one: U.N.C.L.E.”

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