Recovery

by mickeysixx

Summary

He felt each shot as it left the gun - one, two, three, four, five - his sight never straying from the target.

Notes

Two things: I've never shot a gun and I've never been in the Marines. I don't know how either one works so please forgive me if I've got something wrong. Constructive criticism is always welcome if you find something weird with my writing.

I'm also aware that there's still a lot of questions unanswered, they will be explored in coming fics and I've already plotted them out. I just need to find the time to write them!

Prompt #08 - Breathe
recommending him to senior officers, pegging him as one to watch. Eggsy shifted his aim, shot two rounds into the target’s head, ignored the pain of his ribs grinding together and the fact that his aim was way off. He might have done well there had his responsibilities not lead him back home again. With a gusty sigh Eggsy lowered the gun and punched the button to bring the paper target in, pushing his ear defenders off.

"I heard you were awake."

Eggsy turned, saw Roxy standing just outside the booth taking her own ear defenders off, and grinned. “Well look who it is! I wondered when I was going to get a visit from you.”

Roxy placed her defenders back on the hook, “I would have stopped by sooner but I was caught up in Prague. Weapons smuggling.”

“Nice.”

She made a face, “If you can call being groped by sweaty Bulgarian men nice.” She shook her head then levelled him with a look, “And you, you’re not supposed to be out of the Infirmary.”

It was Eggsy’s turn to make a face, leaning back against the booth ledge and fighting the wince that came from jostling his back, “Yeah, well. Thought it was time I had a change of scenery.” He sighed when she continued to look at him, knew he hadn’t been able to cover the wince quick enough, and busied himself with pulling the plastic goggles from his face, “Leave off it, Rox. I’ve been poked and prodded enough, thanks, I wanted some fucking peace.”

He’d been there three days and they still hadn’t told him what the hell happened to him. One of the nurses had given him a brief overview: two cracked ribs and a mess of blood and bruising, but nothing he wouldn’t survive. “Seen worse,” she’d said. Merlin had been in once or twice, apparently, but only when he was sleeping. Otherwise he’d been left in the hands of the medical team who seemed like they were great at their job but Eggsy had had enough of being the curious specimen under their microscope. He needed out.

Roxy stepped forward. “I saw what happened when you woke up the first time,” she said, keeping her voice low even though there was no-one else but them on the range. She looked up at him, eyes sharp and searching, “Are you ok?”

The thing with him and Roxy was that it wasn’t a thing and never would be. They went through hell and back and each depended on the other to keep them sane in this crazy world they’d fallen into; that forged bond went way beyond some casual fuck and a see-ya-later. She was more to him than that.

So Eggsy let his guard down and instead of the bollocks he was ready to spew about being fan-fucking-tastic he shrugged. “Honestly? I don’t fuckin’ know anymore. They won’t tell me nothing. I ain’t even been properly debriefed.”

Roxy frowned, “Nor me. The day after we got back with you I was sent out on the Prague mission, and since then...”

Her eyes widened then as what she’d said registered, but Eggsy was quick to reassure her when he caught her reaction, “’s fine.” He tapped his temple with two fingers, “Neural Inhibitors. Means I don’t remember a fucking thing since last tuesday. I’m not gonna go mental again if you talk about it, if that’s what you’re worried about.”

She calmed at that, nodded once even as she stayed on alert, waiting for any kind of reaction.
“Merlin won’t tell me anything either, and he’s been very secretive. The other Kingsman agents are meeting with the new Arthur so—”

“Hang on,” Eggsy straightened quickly, hissed when pain shot through his chest, “What new Arthur?”

The girl blinked, then frowned, “You mean you don’t know?”

“Of course I don’t fucking know, that’s why I’m asking you!” Eggsy’s mind raced, making connections and letting the nausea of what it could mean wash through him. A lead weight settled in his stomach, “Oh fuck. That’s it, then, innit?”

He pushed passed Roxy and headed towards the exit, unconsciously wrapping his arm around his ribs as he walked. Roxy hurried to follow, “What’s what? Eggsy?”

“It’s fuckin’ obvious, Rox.” He spat, the pain in his sides making his voice harsher than intended. He turned, anger flaring hot and bright, “I mean, Merlin hasn’t seen me since I woke up, right? And now he’s not fucking telling me about a new fucking Arthur? What the fuck do you think that means, eh? Cause it fuckin’ don’t mean I’m his favourite.”

“You’ve been in the Infirmary, he’s probably just—”

“I’ve been awake for three days and he’s dropped by in the middle of the fucking night like... like... some fucking twat.” He shook his head violently, made to leave again, “No, if they want to chuck me out they fuckin’ do it to my face.”

“Oh for fuck’s sake, grow up.” Roxy threw at his back, and the swear in her plummy accent made him pause, “He’s not chucking you out, idiot. He’s trying to run the entire organisation and figure out what the hell went wrong on your mission. I might not be privy to what’s going on yet but there’s been a lot of movement lately, with Kingsman agents, with missions. I only learned about Arthur through Percival anyway, Merlin hasn’t even told me yet.” She took a breath, collected herself, “So for god’s sake, aim your anger somewhere else.”

“I fucked up the mission,” Eggsy found himself saying, half to the door and half to the floor, and shit, why the hell was this still bothering him? “It was my fault.”

Roxy heaved a quiet sigh, “And you’re probably going to fuck up a few more. Just like I am. We’re not perfect; no Kingsman is perfect. Mistakes happen and that’s that. Stop blaming yourself for it, especially now you can’t even remember what happened.”

Eggsy looked over his shoulder, watched Roxy move towards him with that look on her face, the one that said you know I’m right stop arguing already and accept it. His lips curved into a small smile and he looked down again, sheepish, bumping shoulders with her when she reached him.

“Thanks.”

She smiled and bumped him back, “You’re welcome.”

“If you’re both done shouting your feelings at one another I’d like a word with Roxy,” came that dry Scottish brogue through the intercom system. Eggsy closed his eyes guiltily, “If you’d meet me in the Dining Room of the shop in 15 minutes, I will debrief you on the matter at hand.”

Eggsy looked up suddenly, “Hang on, what abou—”

“You, Eggsy, will get yourself back to the Infirmary and let those bloody ribs heal properly. You are on sick leave until my say so, understood?”
Eggsy huffed out a frustrated breath, but answered, “Yes, Merlin.” If he sounded like a petulant child, well, who could blame him? He felt like one.

“Then run along.” Roxy squeezed his arm in support and fell into step beside him.

“Oh, and Eggsy. The next time you want to call me a twat, you come here and you say it to my face.”

Eggsy swore under his breath, told Roxy to shut up when she sniggered behind her hand.

End Notes

Got thoughts? Tell me! :D

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