Shot to the heart (and you’re to blame)

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Summary

Written for this prompt sent by Perilous Cowboy in tumblr: Can you do a fic where Illya takes a bullet for either Solo or Gaby? :-)

Illya is shot. Napoleon doesn’t notice at first. It will get worse before it gets better.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

The bullets should have hit him, by all means he should have been already dead. Napoleon thought a short goodbye to the few loved ones he had left and prepared himself for the inevitable.

Then there was a shadow in front of him, and he heard two guns go off, four shots.

Miraculously, none of them hit him, although one passed close to his head.

The criminal fell on the ground, with two bullets in his chest. Which meant a bullet was unaccounted for. The shadow that appeared in between his unarmed self and the shooter had taken the last bullet. Illya.

The Russian looked at him, apparently unshaken. Maybe the bullet had missed him, maybe they had been lucky.

“’We need to hide.’”

The weren’t any more words needed. Illya handed him one of his guns so he wouldn't be unarmed and Napoleon lead the way to a small store two streets down. There they would be able to rest for a bit and rethink the plan, maybe With no lights and no sound, in an alleyway as small as that, they would be okay for a few hours, enough for Minkowicz’s men to get tired and disband. They’d had
another chance tomorrow, maybe one where he didn't almost die.

The store was just were he left it and both him and Peril entered in silence and closed it tightly, closing every shutter and anything that gave the exterior a view inside. A perfect place, just as he'd thought.

“Ok, so what is the plan now?”

Was it the lighting or Kuryakin was marginally paler than before? Did he seem to be swaying a bit?

“Peril?”

Before the Russian's knees buckled completely, Napoleon caught him and set him gently on the floor. And there was a stain on his black sweater, on the top left of his chest. Shit. It may had hit a lung or something. And he'd been running all the way from where they were to the shop without saying anything. That idiot.

Napoleon didn't know what should he do, so he made a sort of pillow with his jacket and put it under his partner's head. Remember your training Solo. Do not remove the bullet because it could be corking up a blood vessel. Stop the bleeding. Keep the injured responsive as long as possible. Remember. Act quick. Act properly. Illya's life os on the line. He made some bandages with his shirt and put some pressure on the wound, eliciting a gasp from the Russian.

“Sorry, sorry. I'm just trying to stop the bleeding.”

Napoleon bandaged practically the whole left shoulder and a good part of his chest with the remnants of his shirt, tight as he could.

“There. Now we only have to wait until Gaby sees we don't appear at the meeting and tells Waverly, who will in turn send her, probably with someone else, to check out the location we're in. I know I probably have half of those Russian made bugs of yours around from the first time we met, right? It's going to be ok, you'll see.”

Peril's eyes were bright and he seemed to have trouble breathing. Maybe Napoleon should go look for something that might be of help on the store, but it was a cheese store, which limited the possibilities of finding something useful. So he just kept applying pressure to the wound, hoping to be helping, hoping to be doing something.

But after a couple of minutes in which the Russian had become even more pale, the blue eyes started closing.

“No, no, no. Hey, look at me. Come on, giving up already? I though you Russian were tougher than this!”

“I am... tough.” The blue eyes were focused on him again, which was a relief.

“I don't know – this seems a pussy's reaction to a gunshot wound...”

No reaction. That alone scared Napoleon incredibly. But his voice had kept awake, maybe it would again.

“This is your first bullet? Probably not, right? You've probably tasted a lot of metal in your home country – you don't get to be KGB’s top without some scars, right?”

“...Hurts.” Illya said, and it broke Solo's heart because it was clear that he hadn't meant to say it, that
his usual composed Red Peril would have never said something like that. He was dying, right there on the floor of that store.

He couldn't just wait for someone who may or may not come while his friend kept getting weaker. He had to do something. And so Napoleon gathered all his strength and took the Russian in his arms, using the adrenaline surge the thought of losing his partner had provided. He didn't care about criminals, didn't care about not being seen. Napoleon ran like hell until he found car, and nearly ripped the door off its hinges trying to open it.

He put his friend who was completely unconscious by now in the passenger seat, started the car in a matter of seconds and drove like a bat out of hell trying to find a hospital.

“You're not dying on me, Illya Kuryakin. Not today, not ever.”

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They spent five days (and four nights) on his bedside. The doctor's told them that it could go either way, that despite the severity of his injuries the surgery had gone well. Still, the damage had been extensive and his state was still critical.

Collapsed lung. Internal bleeding.

All of that because Napoleon had been defenseless in front of a thug. Gaby kept telling him not to blame himself, but it was difficult. Even if he made Illya made it out, even if he didn't have lasting damage, there was always the pain, He'd been shot on the chest to protect him. That idiot.

On the fifth night there was a noise, and the Russian finally woke up to a very disheveled Gaby and Napoleon. All the guilt, all the anxiety and the dark thought didn't matter anymore. They could solve it – for the first time in almost a week, Napoleon felt that things were going to be all right.

“What happened?”

“You made it.”

End Notes

Whumpfest! Hope you enjoyed :)

If you one something like this send them to my tumblr, Claracivry!

Feedback is love ;)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!