You Work for Me

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Summary

Illya did not notice them at the first time. Then U.N.C.L.E happened and his line of view toward those fingers were obscured by the pocket pants. Since then, Illya had seen more of those fingers in various situation. For a moment he wondered how they would feel if they were to touch and caress his skin.

“I know you are watching.” Napoleon said one day.

Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters or the movie. This is purely fan work, from for and by fan.

This is a prompt fill for my darling Naaja who had requested massage fill. But since I fail to write the massage scene since I have never enjoyed massage. So I wrote the second best thing that is still somewhat related to massage, hand kink. Happy belated birthday, darling~ Hope you enjoy this piece.

Warning: unbetaed and spell checked by Microsoft Office 365.

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See the end of the work for more notes

Illya did not notice them at the first time. After all he was busy grappling then stragglng him on the men’s room floor. However, he noticed the ring on the pinky. Why a man would want to have a ring on his pinky, he could not fathom and frankly at that time he was busy to pin the man down.
The second time, Illya was unfortunately partnered with him and was getting the front row seat to watch the thief practiced his skill in thievery.

In a dim light, he could see the thief deftly worked the safe door’s open. Long fingers covered by black leather gloves moved lightly and precisely. They skillfully handled the array of tools, steadily cracking the safe open. A stark evidence of a proficient thief, not a mere title in dossier.

For a moment he was enraptured by the performance. A moment that was soon shattered as the alarm rang and then what followed was gunfire and adrenaline rush.

The third time was even blurrier. One second he was racing and freaking over his lost passenger then the next second he was drowning. He dimly remembered that he could not move his limbs then there was a force that held him up and pounded on his chest.

He coughed up and took a rattled breath. There was a hand covering his mouth and a low hiss that demanded him to be quiet.

After that he only remembered the race, the rush of adrenaline, the dread and finally relief as Illya watched the ship where Vinciguera was, was destroyed by their own bomb, the irony. Then later on, he remembered little of his violent rage caused by his handler’s goading. He was drown by his rage and his helplessness regarding the situation. The red mist had only dissipated when he felt the reassuring weight of his father’s watch on his left wrist.

Then U.N.C.L.E happened and his line of view toward those fingers were obscured by the pocket pants.

Since Istanbul, Illya had seen more of those fingers in various situation.

There was this one time when they were all laying low on a backwater village somewhere in Portugal, which led enough time for the American to stroll around the market, conversed lightly with the ladies who sold goods there, bought some fresh food, went back home to their current safehouse and prepared a delicious meal for the three of them.

Illya remembered the sight of the fingers kneaded at the dough firmly and expertly, the arm muscles flexed and stretched along graciously as the host continued on with apron over his casual shirt which sleeves were rolled and did nothing but accentuated the cords of muscle. He also remembered how he stood there and transfixed.

Luckily enough the cowboy misinterpreted his fixation as a shock. He had only teased Illya a little about shocking and impressing him with his cooking skill rather than his professional skill when the three of them all sat and ate the sweet Portuguese bread, baked fresh cod and a bowl of Kale soup which was stated as the traditional comfort soup. A teasing that had made Illya flushed and mumbled something in his defense as he kept eating the meal, a meal that he had grudgingly acknowledged as the most delicious meal he had ever tasted ever since his mother’s cooking back when he was little kid.

There was another occasion when both of them was partnered together to make contact with the
mark since Gaby as female was banned from the underground club which the contact had frequently conducted his business. Illya acted as the American’s bodyguard which was easily accepted given that the ex-CIA agent’s cover was as a notorious gem collector who was rich as a trust fund baby.

During that time, Illya saw how the blue green eyes lit up as the gems, the bright gaudy pieces of jewelry put upon display for him. He watched those fingers clad in elegant white gloves stroke each pieces reverently. Long fingers danced and stroke the gems lovingly. For a moment he wondered how they would feel if they were to touch and caress his skin.

The next one was quite a tough mission. It was a simple extraction but went awry since there was another party whose intention was to kill than taking hostage. They were outnumbered, 2 to twenties. They had run around Czechoslovakia streets, by car and later by foot, ducking the fired bullets, skidding around the corners to kick or punch some of their pursuers. The chase had lasted quite a time and had resulted in Illya spraining his ankle when he dodged another shower of bullets whilst dragging the frantic professor in tow and shoved him into the car waiting for them. Gaby did not hesitate to put her foot on the gas pedal and accelerated.

Aftermath, Illya found himself to be seated on the bed, pants rolled up and his foot was cradled by those long fingers, lithe, firm, some calluses from no doubt during the time of his service in the army but still softer than his.

Illya’s hands were rough and hardened by years of work, struggling against poverty, cold, jeers and taunts, then the harsh field work when he was a mere of lower grunt. Even now when he was one of the best KGB agents, he did not mellow. He kept his severe workout as a mean to discipline his mind and endurance.

But a well-put pressure on his sole had made him almost moaned out loud. A moan he could not let to slip. He quickly bit his lips. He leaned back on his arms as the suave thief kept on massaging his foot.

The sprain had been iced then now the American had persuaded him to let him did his trick on his foot, claiming that it would definitely improve the sprain quicker. What he had missed was that the said massage had needed the skin to skin contact and now he couldn’t not appreciate those fingers steadily rubbed, kneaded and put pressure on the right spot where after few moments passed, Illya could not help not to groan.

He almost missed the quiet slither of those fingers up to his calf and started massaging it. He had protested but alas, the cowboy as usually infuriatingly never listened to him. The man only offered a cheeky grin and started to massage the cramped muscle until it went pliant under the gracefully ministration.

So Illya endured and savored the moment. He only hoped the cowboy would not notice his cock which was starting to harden beneath his pants. Thank Mother Russia that he had never favored tailored pants which would definitely fail to hide the beginning of his erection.

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“I know you are watching.”

Napoleon said one day.

It was a post mission night which adrenaline had run high. Now that mission was accomplished, Gaby went to report to U.N.C.L.E regional HQ and delivered the said information. She was being
escorted by other U.N.C.L.E agents she had her eyes on for weeks, so both of them, or more like Napoleon grabbed on Illya’s arm tightly and steered him away, had offered to stay back and relax.

Now they were relaxing on their currently lodging. A nice apartment, cozy and conveniently furnished. The refrigerator was stocked up and there was a nice bottle of wine on the shelves among other liquors. Napoleon had whipped up a quick but still hearty dinner then after dinner, he had offered a nightcap to the stoic Russian. He opened the wine and poured some for his partner.

“Mmm?”

Seeing the Russian now, Napoleon smiled secretly behind his glass. It seemed that Peril seemed to have low tolerance and now the long limbs were all loose and relaxed. He sat comfortably on the single sofa, back on the wall and facing him.

“My fingers, Peril.”

Napoleon smiled. He twirled on his glass, slowly caressed the smooth surface of the glass. He kept his stare on the communist and true to his hypothesis, he could see the blue eyes intently followed the said motion.

His partner was silent for a moment then gruffly said, “What about them?”

Napoleon could see the adorable blush even from where he was standing. Peril might have a stoic face but the tips of his ears were pink and the small motion of averting his eyes was cute, like a tough silent kid trying not to squirm on his seat before the headmaster, ready to defend himself even though he knew he was caught upon stealing from the cookie jar.

"I know you like to watch my fingers."

Now, Napoleon had to hold back from smirking. His Russian compatriot, the tough and hard as nail man, was flushing prominently. He pointedly avoided Napoleon's amused stare.

Illya took a chance to glance up. But when he saw the infuriating man and his raised his eyebrow as well as the smug expression, he wanted to wipe the smirk out. He blustered and smirked back.

"They are graceful. I like them."

Illya took a sip from his wine, acting nonchalant like he was just talking about weather not about confessing his secret fetish. He drawled out his voice like he was bored, "Something you want to say, cowboy?"

Illya decided to turn the table. He shifted on his seat, sprawled more loosely, spread his thighs opened whilst maintained his arrogant stance, inviting but at the same time intimidating.

Napoleon was surprised by the sudden change on Peril's body language. But one would not back down, not when one was an expert in this game. He smiled almost predatorily. He twirled the glass and gazed at the Russian seductively.

"I would like to offer you a private show."

Illya had almost sucked his breath in anticipation. But he kept his demeanor cool. He did not offer any sort of response but a mimicry of the cowboy’s respond. He raised his eyebrow questioningly but not backing down.

“"I can show you how much skillful my fingers are, Peril.”
Napoleon stepped forward and boldly sat on the vacant arm. He turned and faced the sitting Russian. He leaned closer and whispered, “An exclusive show.”

Napoleon lowered his voice, making it temptingly breathless, “A show just for you, Peril.”

Napoleon lifted his hand and lightly caressed the lips of the now frowning Russian. Inside, he was actually jumping with glee, seeing that he had succeeded to tease the hot-headed Russian and raised the game up a notch.

“What do you say?”

Illya kept still as he looked up, keeping his gaze steadily on those blue green orbs. He carefully pressed his lips together as so not to voice any sound that might betray his blasé exterior. He grabbed on the wrist and lowered the hand. He absently took another sip to cover up his anticipation whilst letting the silence fell between them.

Illya lowered the glass then he raised the lax palm to his lips, so close that they brushed against each other when he spoke.

“How about a show?”

Napoleon shivered at the Russian’s challenge and taunting smirk. It was sexy as hell and he had always been difficult to resist the accent, combined it with a burst of confidence and the smirk, he never bothered to say no.

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For his best show, Napoleon did not really remember when they had moved to the bedroom. He knew he had exhibitionist streak as wide as one suspected of him. He never shied away from showing his pleasure to his partners. He reveled on his ability to capture his audience attention completely to him, transfixed them on what he did to his body. And right now, he really wanted Illya’s eyes on him, focused the blue orbs only at him, watching his movement like he was mesmerizing. He felt sexy, he felt like a sex god.

Napoleon had stripped down. Pants discarded carelessly on the floor before the bed along with the underwear and the socks. His shirt was opened and hang loose with the tie undone but left around his neck. The shirt sleeves, however, was kept neat; French cuffs were still done with the cufflinks intact.

It created a contrast, a frame to the prize as he felt no doubt the Russian was feasting on his sight, naked from waist down, knees folded and spread apart. Fingers wrapped on the hard cock, stroking it slowly, steadily built the pressure. He occasionally let the fingers fanned out and caressed the hard length, teasing the head with his index, tracing the vein then swiped on the head and plunged into the slit which had caused him groaned out loud.

Napoleon kept stroking his erection slowly when he brought the other hand to his lips and started to lick on the fingers. He wetted them then he sucked on the index and middle fingers. He wrapped his lips around the digits, bobbing up and down then he pulled out in a pop. He moved to suck on his ring finger. He sucked like he imagined to suck on those callused fingers of his Russian comrade, on his cock which he hoped that was hard by now.

Napoleon had unexpectedly closed his eyes. He opened his eyes whilst making a show on licking a wide stripe on both index and middle finger. He looked straight to his exclusive audience and what he saw had made his breath hitched. He gripped on his shaft hard causing him to groan out messily.
Illya did not dare to blink. He was hypnotized by the show the thief had put for him. Entranced by those fingers slowly fondled and caressed his half hard cock, stirred it to harden then stroke it steadily. He saw the little twist of the wrist that made the American gasped. He saw the gentle tracing that made his comrade sighed. He saw the teasing on the slit with the pinky, which adorned by the ever present gold ring. It had made the bearer hitched. It had made him gulped down his wine.

When the ex-CIA started to play with his fingers, Illya felt his already hard cock twitched. When the man had oh so wantonly sucked on those fingers, he wanted to pull those fingers away and shoved his erection into the inviting lips and thrust. He clenched his jaw and swallowed his own groan. His grip on the glass had tightened and he cared less should his grip broke the glass.

Napoleon had smirked on the telltale sign that the Russian was not as cool as he appeared to be. He decided to up the game. He trailed the wet fingers down. He stilled his grasp on his cock whilst the other hand kept moving down passing his balls. It stopped on the perineum and massaged the spot there lightly, building an anticipation of the direct stimulation that soon would follow. He kept his thumb there and the other fingers circled on the rim of his tight hole.

As if on cue, there was a sharp intake of breath, Napoleon plunged in. One finger pushed through the ring of muscle. It was a bit dry, it hurt but not so much, it made him moaned. He wriggled the finger slowly, loosening up his channel so he could move on to the next in his agenda. He started to stroke his erection slowly, to distract his body from the pain. He moved again, starting to finger himself in and out, thrusting in shallowly then out again.

Napoleon pulled out the finger then brought it to his mouth once again. Sucking on them and wetted them with his saliva before he moved back to his hole. His other hand now was holding the balls, giving his lone spectator an unobscured view to his hole. He thrust the first finger. It slipped in easily, after few seconds, he added the second one. He moaned.

Illya cracked. He slammed down the glass on top the table then with his long stride he crossed the room to the dresser beside the bed. He pulled the drawer out noisily then he tossed the lube to the man on the bed.

“Use the lube.”

Napoleon turned to see the taller man who was suddenly in front of him. He raised his eyebrow then he smiled his winning smile whenever he wanted to argue and aggravate the KGB agent at the same time.

“Peril, you see that my hands are currently occupied right now. Perhaps a little help?”

Slightly breathless, Napoleon punctuated his sentence by wriggling his fingers deeper. He accidentally brushed against his prostate which caused him to gasp out loud.

“Peril!”

Illya gulped. His hand shook. He took the said lube, he opened it without breaking his stare at Napoleon. He brought the lube right above the cock and he squeezed.

Dollops of the lube dropped onto the erection. It was a cold and Napoleon hissed. His hand quickly stroke on the now slick erection, spreading the wetness. He moaned in pleasure.

Illya stopped squeezing. He recapped it and dropped it on the bed.

“Go on, show me. Open yourself with your fingers.”
Napoleon shuddered at the command. He pulled out his fingers from his channel. He started to stroke the erection whilst the other hand gathered on the lube. He coated his fingers carefully then brought the now-slicked fingers to his hole. It clenched and unclenched in anticipation. Seconds passed as he teased himself, he repositioned, spreading his legs wider and leaning back further on the pillow.

Illya sat on the dresser’s chair now. Eyes still focused on the details spread out before him.

Napoleon thrust in two fingers at once. They slide easier, gliding inside smoothly. He moaned whilst moving his fingers in and out. He kept it shallow at first. He timed it with his stroke on his own erection which now was dripping drops of precome. But he got impatient soon and he started to thrust in deeper, scissoring his fingers to loosen the channel.

Napoleon licked his lips in anticipation as he dared to curl his finger upward inside the channel, boldly brushing his prostate. He gasped loudly and his hips jolted on the sharp pleasure he felt. He almost lost his control himself for not thrusting against that spot, body instinctively tried to chase after the pleasure. But he take a breath, skirting about the spot then he stroked again. He crooked his fingers again to press on the spot. This time the gasp was cut short as if strangled. He had tightened his grip on the erection almost bordering painful which only made the blood rushed as his body shuddered.

Illya longed to undo his pants and let his now fully erect cock free but he rather like the confinement and the pressure. It made him grasped on his tethered sense, otherwise he was already on the bed, pulling out his cock, pulling out the fingers and forcefully thrust his cock into that teasing hole. He wondered if the cowboy would arched up beautifully, toes curled as he gasped on Illya’s name breathlessly.

Napoleon who had wanted to tease and show the Russian of his impeccable demeanor, now earnestly began to pleasure himself. He felt hot. He knew he was flushing by now. But he could not stop. His eyes fluttered close as his fingers bent to stimulate on his spot steadily. He felt his balls drawn tight. He felt his climax was looming. He quickly tightened his grip on the base of his erection.

It was intoxicating. The sight before him, Napoleon Solo, the suave man whose honeyed voice was usually grating his nerve, now was reduced as simple moan, groan and gasp, almost breathless and most of the time broken by the pleasure built hotter and hotter. He was no longer irritatingly neat and impeccable but flushed, messy and sexy. He seduced Illya so potent that made his hand twitched, for once not because of anger but of the irresistible urge to touch him.

Illya wanted to knock away those fingers and replaced it with his rougher and harder fingers. He wanted to mark the unblemished skin. He wanted to grab and twist the erection, he wanted the man to mewl and moan under his ministration. He wanted bit on the neck, the bared collarbone. And what more was he wanted to make the man come, screaming his name, helpless in his disarray, defeated by the lust, the passion and by Illya.

It made Illya shivered. He clenched his hands hard. He moved.

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Napoleon did not realize he had closed his eyes. He did not see the Russian giant moved, so lost he was in his own haze of pleasure. He panted. His wrist was tiring, his fingers was lagging behind but he was desperate, he wanted to come but it was not enough. He needed more. And so when the bed dipped suddenly, he was startled. As startled as there were soon two lube coated fingers thrust into his hole without warning.
“Peril!”

Illya, prepared of this reaction, quickly and effectively subdued Napoleon’s trashing. He pinned the down. His fingers were not idle, they started to thrust in deeper, shoving the other two digits which were already there over. He did not hesitate to thrust against the prostate repeatedly.

Napoleon gasped from the sudden fullness. It was tight and full. It was new and it made him shivered. The sudden assault on his prostate did nothing but making his head spin further to ecstasy. His strokes was faltering. He knew he had arched up and his toes curled.

“Call me Illya and keep stroking, cowboy.”

Napoleon groaned on the order, spoken so close and he could even felt the row on teeth scraping on the side of his neck, leaving gentle and teasing bites. He furrowed and concentrated his brain to keep stroking. It was difficult to concentrate as the fingers, longer than him, more callused than him, plunged deeper, screw him further, attacking against his spot over and over, leaving him none the break or time to even breath. The thrust was fast and it was dizzying, blood rushed and heart beat pounded in his ears. He knew the climax was nearing. His balls were drawn tight. He panted breathlessly.

“Illya illya illya, please, I want–!”

A well placed thrust cut him and the rest of the sentence broke to a gasp. His stroke stuttered.

“Come for me, Napoleon.”

The husky voice, the Russian accent curled around his name’s vowels and the sudden bite high on his neck, sharply in time with one hard thrust against his prostate had made him gone. Napoleon came hard.

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When he came online, Napoleon distantly realized that now he was leaning against the Russian’s bulk. The second thing he realized was that his hands were flopped down on top of his stomach and the other on his thigh. But something moved inside his channel which pushed against his prostate. He shuddered and moaned weakly. His softening erection valiantly spurted the last drop’s come. He shifted, tried to dislodge the foreign fingers out from him but his muscles certainly did not cooperate as they only clenched and unclenched tiredly.

Illya growled and quickly tightened his grip on the squirming man. He kept his fingers inside, enjoying the way the rim fluttered against his digits but could not do much to expel the intrusion. He liked it. He liked the body pressed onto him docile and pliant.

Illya brought Napoleon’s hand which was covered by his own come mixed with the lube. He brought it to his lips and took a taste.

Napoleon shuddered and again he squirmed. A sudden jab on his abuse spot inside his channel had made him gasp out loud. It was a warning to keep still whilst the Russian’s mouth was otherwise occupied by licking and sucking his fingers, tasting the salty cum.

Illya hummed. He licked the fingers clean. The cum tasted salty and a bit weird but not repugnant. He traced the fingers that he had obsessively lusted over slowly and lazily. He traced the joints, tasted the skin, and scraped his teeth lightly on each digits, bit into each pad teasingly. He felt he was the conqueror and this was his prize. He felt content even with the constant hardness that pressed into his pants. He reasoned after all his cowboy deserved his respite.
Napoleon sighed when he felt his fingers was being licked and lapped like the Russian was one giant kitten, more like tiger, strong and deadly. He gasped lowly whenever his pad was bitten. He shifted and there it was, digging into his ass, just above his cleft, the hidden erection.

Napoleon licked his lips then experimentally he rolled his hips, ground his ass into the clothed erection. That had earned him a sharp nip on his finger and another hard thrust against his spot. He jolted and gasped.

“Cowboy is ready for round two, yes?”

Napoleon flushed. He turned his head up to look at taller companion. He saw the almost predatory smile on his comrade. He shivered in anticipation and no little of desire. He raised his eyebrow and smiled his patented smile.

“So you do like my fingers. You know they are skillful. I wonder, how about yours? Perhaps a demonstration?”

Challenge accepted, Illya pulled out his finger causing the man to groan. He rolled and pushed the American down. He smiled down at the pinned male beneath him.

“I’ll show you what they can do, cowboy.”

They tumbled onto the bed and began the second round.

-End-

End Notes

Yes, I am a bastard to end this here *flees*

Food Reference: Sweet Bread, Baked Fish, Kale Soup

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