Hardly Respectable
by Sassaphrass

Summary

Napoleon Solo has never fit in. He's always been too tall, too charming, too restless for an omega, and it's gotten him into trouble.

But, working with Illya Kuryakin, and Gaby Teller for U.N.C.L.E feels like home.

Of course the C.I.A. isn't about to let that stand.

Notes

Originally a fill on the kinkmeme, original prompt here:
http://kinkfromuncle.dreamwidth.org/640.html?thread=568704#cmt568704

It was requested I archive the fill here.

Warnings: an underage Napoleon engaging in consensual, but unsafe sex, as well as the coercive nature of Napoleon working on honeypot missions for the CIA, mentions of dubious consent, plus some seriously icky abuses of power again on the part of the CIA and abortions.
Being a part of U.N.C.L.E.- part of a team that did something worthwhile- something that Napoleon was *good* at and which left him at least the illusion of independence and control- it is what Napoleon has been waiting for his whole life.

Even the (often) fraught issue of his secondary gender has been handled without the slightest awkwardness or issue.

Illya had simply sidled up next to him on the balcony in Rome where Napoleon had been smoking before they left for Turkey and said. “Can I ask question?”

Napoleon had laughed. “You're a spy, why are you asking permission?”

“Is awkward question. Could be rude.”

He'd snorted at that and tried to blow a smoke ring. “Be my guest.”

“You are omega?”

Napoleon had eyed him sidelong. “You need to ask? Did Russian intelligence not know?”

“Reports varied. Sometimes say you Beta, sometimes omega, ocassionally even alpha, but during this mission omega scent has been most...how you say?...Pervasive?”

“Hey, Peril” Napoleon had joked “don't hurt yourself with the polysyllabic words.”

“So, you are omega?”

Napoleon rolled his eyes, and patter Illya twice on his (huge) bicep. “Yeah, Illya, I just use fake pheromones to pass as beta when the mission requires inconspicuousness. You know, for a spy you are remarkably slow on the uptake.”
He walked back inside, leaving Illya to the sunset. And that, it seemed was that.

It made a wonderful change.

For most of his life Napoleon felt like he was backed into a corner. Growing up there was always that hint of desperation, the weighty knowledge of who and what he was and exactly where he would end up if he didn't do SOMETHING.

Ma worked long hours and Dad had been gone so long gone that Napoleon didn't even remember what he looked like. He supposes he must favour the man though, since his mother is small and dainty with light brown hair whereas Napoleon's always been too tall with a black Irish complexion.

He adored his mother- he did- but no matter how he tried he couldn't be good for her, because whenever he did act like he ought to- demure, lowered eyes, no sass-mouthing he'd suddenly get the feeling like the walls were closing in on him, and if he didn't do something he'd end up stuck barefoot and pregnant in the kitchen, like all the other omegas in his neighborhood (and most of the Beta women) and he just couldn't stand that. He wouldn't be able to live with himself, if that was how he ended up.

The thing about being an omega-male is that eventually you have to choose the life you want. You want kids? A mate to marry? Well, you're gonna have to make some sacrifices, boy! You want to attract an alpha you had to act a certain way- dress a certain way. You want to go to work? get a job? Fight a war? You got to make different sacrifices, look different from the omegas with their big bellies and sack-shirts. You can't have both. You just can't. In America you can be a man or you can be an omega, but you can't be both.

Most omega-boys make a choice, conscious or unconscious and gravitate to one side or the other. Some learn to throw punches and break skulls and resign themselves to a life apart, others go sweet and soft and silly over the alphas. Napoleon feels like he never had a choice. Not with his broad shoulders and chiseled brow. He didn't look like an omega, and if he acted like one he'd make himself ridiculous. Not that he really wanted to act like one, he just wanted to act like himself. Was that so wrong?
“My little Napoleon.” His mother used to say as she traced the lines of his face with a feather light touch, whenever the frustration he felt with the trap of his future became too much. “Wanting so badly to conquer the world. Don't fret, you'll get your chance.”

He'd always liked that- it was one of those disputed historical hypotheses (mainly put forward by British Historians) that Napoleon Bonaparte had been a male-omega in disguise- this supposedly indicated by his stature and all-consuming love for Josephine. If Napoleon Solo had been in the shoes of his namesake he'd have done whatever it took to get off of Corsica too, and probably tried to conquer the world while he was at it.

He wasn't sure whether it was that terrible burning frustration that was the cause or the hate he felt for the dirty narrow streets of his neighborhood and the unquestioned expectations of the people who lived there that made him act the way he did, but there was no getting around it: He was what could most politely be called promiscuous (and several other uglier names that probably would be more apt) from a young age.

Before he'd even had his first heat and long before he properly started growing into himself he was climbing onto strangers cocks in back alleys- even sometimes letting them knot him, because-...because.. because it was a release, it was something forbidden and goddamn it felt good. It was like he was stealing something from the world. And Napoleon had always liked the thrill of stealing something delicious. He'd been stuffing his pockets with candy when the cashier wasn't looking since he was old enough to walk. It wasn't so different to stuff himself full of a handsome stranger's cock surely?

Looking back Napoleon, still can't help the mixture of deep burning shame and tender nostalgia he feels for the wanton little slut he'd been. Idiotic enough not to realize he was getting a reputation as not just an easy omega, but a stupid one, yet naive and innocent enough that he didn't even realize the danger and the hatred he was inviting just by being what he was and liking what he liked.

Because Napoleon liked everyone- Alphas, Betas, even (once or twice) other omegas. Male, female. He didn't care. He just wanted to feel good. And he was young and stupid (so fucking stupid it made him cringe even now, more than a decade and a half later), so the only person who was actually surprised that Napoleon the neighbourhood slut got knocked up at fifteen was Napoleon himself. When he'd realized and told his mother even she hadn't shown the slightest bit of shock and had looked more resigned than anything else. Like she'd been expecting this day, and that had hurt.

There had never been any question of Napoleon keeping the child. The age where it was considered safe for an omega to bear a child was later in males than in females, due to the narrowness of their hips, and the later onset of puberty.
Besides, Napoleon didn't want it. He saw it as a lead weight, an alien creature sapping his strength and devouring his future, dragging him into the sort of life that would be even worse than he'd always feared.

What they had to do to get rid of it is bad enough that Napoleon vowed then and there, legs spread on the kitchen tables with blood dripping onto the floor and the pain making him grip the edges of the table so hard he was half-worried he'd break his hand, that he wasn't ever EVER going to put himself in that sort of situation again.

Afterwards, once he's limped home and lain down on the bed trying to banish the image of that bloody basin from his mind, he started cataloging all the home-remedies he knew for avoiding heats, because Napoleon hadn't even had his first proper heat yet, just a few half-strength trial rounds and by now he'd realized that if he was such a little whore that he couldn't be trusted to do what was best for himself and stay away from alphas during even a half-heat than there was no way he could trust himself to do so during a full heat, and birth control that was effective during an omega's heat was hard to come by and expensive. Not to mention that the easiest to obtain and cheapest method were condoms, and most Alpha's refused to wear them- especially if they were sharing an omega's heat.

But, there were other solutions. A very high level of physical activity could stop an omega's heats for a while. Lack of proper nutrition could also work, plus various cocktails of drugs or herbs or home-remedies.

The most reliable (and least harmful seeming) was the exercise. So, Napoleon did push up and crunches and weights until his arms shook. It doesn't work quickly enough to spare him his first heat (a miserable few days curled in the corner of his room hysterically begging his mother to keep the door locked because if he can get out he will and then he'll be pregnant again and if that happens he'll kill himself- he will).

And then, Thank God, the Japanese bomb Pearl Harbour and when the news comes he meets his mother's gaze and they both know then and there exactly what he's going to do.

He'll enlist and get to Europe where things are...well not better obviously because of the Nazis but at least different. Omega-males without attachments are allowed to enlist (beta and omega females are not, alpha females can but by all reports it's hell for them, omega-males...well at least they blend in).

And so he'd run away from the world he'd always hated and instead found one that he loved. One where he didn't have to choose. He could be more than an omega but he didn't have to give any of himself up- sometimes he just had to wear synthetic scents and suddenly his unseemly stature was an asset, because it meant he could pass as Alpha, or Beta if he wanted.
And he wanted- damn did he want to.
Of Lead and Love

Chapter Summary

Paris is the City of Love, so it shouldn't be surprising it's where Napoleon and Illya make their moves...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Illya entered Napoleon's bedroom in Argentina and proceeded to sneeze explosively four times.

Napoleon looked up from where he was mixing scented oils on the bedside table. “Gesundheit.”

Illya glares at him and rubs furiously at his nose. “What is that?” he growls.

Napoleon smiled easily and leans back in his chair. “When in Argentina my friend, do like the Argentines.”

“What?!”

Napoleon rolled his eyes. “It is considered, in this predominately Catholic country, rather uncouth to where scent blockers but equally uncouth to run about letting anyone with a decent set of nostrils know all the details of your sex life.”

Illya made a face. “This is not the Russian way.”

Napoleon nodded again, this time exasperated. “Yes, you've mentioned that...several dozen times.”

“Is unnatural. God made us smell like this, who are we to hide it?”
“I am aware of the Russian propensity for running about without even a bit of perfume. Thank you.”

Illya stared at him intently for a moment. “You should take Russian way. You smell better without all this nonsense.” he gestured to Napoleon's admittedly extensive collection of perfumes, scent blockers and fake pheremones that allowed him to pass for whatever designation he chose nearly anywhere if he just applied them correctly, though of course the mass-production of suppressants and birth control made many of these things accessories now, instead of the necessities of life they'd once been.

If Napoleon was still capable of blushing he'd have turned bright red. Illya was all Alpha- the only Alpha Napoleon had ever known that was well- among other things he was the only Alpha Napoleon had ever met since he'd reached his full height who was taller than him. Not to mention that Illya was arguably the only Alpha Napoleon had ever really known that wasn't looking to use him- for his skills, for sex, or for status.

Illya didn't like Napoleon because he was an Omega with a reputation for being easy (and he was admittedly still a bit promiscuous but it was mostly for the job and also he was liberated damn it! There was a sexual revolution on in case no one had noticed).

Illya gave all appearance of liking Napoleon simply because he was Napoleon, and Napoleon liked Illya, not for what he could get from him: a diamond, information, validation, a killer orgasm. He liked Illya because he was Illya- too serious, too angry, oddly well versed in fashion and completely obsessed with chess.

There were moments when Napoleon would catch himself considering the tall Russian, not as a spy, not as his partner, but as the sort of Alpha a much younger and less wise Napoleon would have thrown himself at with reckless abandon.

It was silly, of course, if Illya thought of anyone in that was it was Gaby, though due to his mulish adherence to Russian scent protocol, Napoleon did know Illya found him desirable.

He would act on that, when the time was right, he thought to himself with a satisfied smile.

The time became right when they were in Paris for their next mission and the three of them are sharing a single hotel room between them.
Napoleon was smoking out the window in one corner, while Illya has set up a chess game and Gaby is doing paperwork sprawled out with her feet on his lap.

The window didn't have a particularly nice view but he could see the lights on the street below and catch the faint murmur of people's voices. The mission was still really in the prep stages so he was tempted to go out and find some willing company, or he would be if he didn't know that as much as Illya would never allow him to bring a civilian back to the hotel (or as he referred to it 'Operations Base') he would equally dislike Napoleon spending a night elsewhere. And if Napoleon snuck off without telling him he'd assume the worse and start tracking him down in order to rescue him from imagined evil, or be it Nazis, or Russians or Americans- Illya didn't trust anyone, except the people in the room, and also maybe Waverly. *Maybe.*

And as much as stressing Peril out had been hilarious initially, now it was just sort of made Napoleon feel bad when Illya got himself all worked up.

So, Napoleon leaned a little further out the window and exhaled a plume of smoke into the night.

Gaby headed out to set up some of the bugs and surveillance equipment. Her accessing the building in question would be more inconspicuous.

Napoleon jumped when he felt Illya's hand on his shoulder.

“Getting rusty, Cowboy?”

“Just thinking.”

Napoleon leaned back to look up at Illya where he was leaning against the wall.

“You want to go out.” It's not a question.

“No, I don't.”

“Yes, you do. When in new city you always want to go out and see night life.”
Napoleon shrugged and smiled. “Can you blame me? I like Paris. I spent quite a bit of time here after the war.”

“Stealing stolen art, yes?”

“It’s once removed. I’m not a pirate I just dug up their treasure.”

“Is not the same.”

Napoleon grinned unrepentantly and flicked his cigarette ash out the window.

Illya followed the motion with his eyes. “You smoke too much. Bad for physical condition.”

“I suppose you'd have me never drink or smoke, like you?”

“My body is temple.”

“Mine is too, just one to Dionysus.”

Illya gave Napoleon an annoyed glare and Napoleon waved his cigarette as he explained. “God of wine, drugs, and wild orgies. Patron deity of indulgence.”

Illya made a faces, and Napoleon tried not to feel hurt at his disapproval, so he made a wry face and grinned faintly. “Honestly, Peril, I thought we were past my being able to shock you.”

“Am not shocked. Am annoyed you think of yourself so. You are good spy, very good at your specialties. You keep in top shape except for drinking and smoking.”

Napoleon fought the urge to roll his eyes at Peril's intense seriousness. It had been a joke. “And the sex don't forget the sex.” he reminded him glibly.

“Is nothing wrong with the sex.”
“Oh, come now Peril, I thought we were past lying to one another.” Napoleon sneered. If there was one thing he knew, it was that Illya disapproved of Napoleon's active and adventurous sex life.

Illya's hand darted out, snagged Napoleon's cigarette, and stubbed it out into the ashtray. “I disapprove of smoking, and drinking and way you sometimes push yourself to limit with your exercise. Sex? Well, you are liberated omega. I do not have right for opinion.”

“Oh really?” Napoleon tried to bite back the grin that splits his face but he failed. He'd had that problem with Illya lately.

“Really. I do have question though.”

Napoleon was looking for his packet of cigarettes which he swore he'd left in the jacket on the back of his chair. “Hmm?” He found the cigarettes stuck one between his lips and fumbled in his pocket for a lighter.

“Yes. You want to go out. But you don't. Why?”

Napoleon smiled smoothly around his cigarette and flicked the lighter as he inhaled deeply. It was a smooth practiced motion that he'd spent ages perfecting back in the army.

“Why? S'cause I knew you wouldn't like it Peril.” he muttered around the cigarette.

“I would never say-” Illya protested.

Napoleon smiled and tilted his head back to exhale the smoke out through his nostrils. “Of course not, you're a professional, but it would bother you to have me out of your sight before a mission. So, I'm staying right here.”

Illya looked completely shocked as though the notion Napoleon would do something as simple not disappear into a strange city as a courtesy to him is completely foreign.
Napoleon glanced at Illya petulantly, annoyed at his surprise. “What? I’m just being sensitive to your feelings on the subject I-”

Illya snatched the second cigarette from Napoleon's fingers and stubbed it out next to the other one.

Napoleon mock scowled at him but refrained from lighting another- with anyone else he would, just to get a rise out of them, but he doesn't seek Illya's annoyance, at least not anymore- it's far too easy.

Illya shuffled a bit closer. “I did not think you cared what I thought.” he says hesitantly.

Napoleon sighed, looked out the window and then met Illya's gaze. “Of course I do, you're a good agent, an excellent partner, and...probably the best Alpha I've ever known, so if it's all the same to you I consider you a friend. I respect you. And all that-” he wiggled his fingers and scrunched his face. “It's just sex. It's nice, don't get me wrong but for you? Anything.”

Illya waggled the ashtray at him. “Quit smoking?”


Illya put the ashtray down. “Is something I would like to do. If you do not like just say and we never speak of this again?”

Napoleon narrowed his eyes suspiciously. “That's a deal but if this is about chess you should know-”

He's cut off by the gentle press of Illya's lips to his. He gasped and drew back to meet Illya's eyes. He knew Illya wanted him at least a little, but he'd never thought the man would act on it. He thought he preferred pretty little female-beta's like Gaby. He definitely loved her in a way that he didn't love Napoleon, but that was alright, plenty of Alpha's treated their relationships with omega's as different entities than their betan love affairs.

Hell, in at least 4 states polygamy was legal so long as you only had one beta wife, and the rest were omegas.
Omegas didn't tend to count the same way for some Alphas. Good for fucking, not for loving.

Of course, with the w-omega lib people all over were starting to fight that sort of thinking, and the pill meant that omega-men in particularly could do practically whatever they wanted in the public arena. Women of all kinds tended to encounter more barriers.

But, damn it. Illya was smiling at him, and he was the sort of Alpha Napoleon hadn't gone near since he was a stupid teenage still short enough to climb someone like a tree.

Illya was tall strong, and completely masculine. That sort of Alpha rarely needed or wanted to have anything to do with omega's who were tall even for beta's and who looked like they could out benchpress just about anyone.

Napoleon thought Illya and Gaby were adorable together and he didn't want to mess that up, but he also really wanted to have sex with someone tonight and Illya in particular.

So he leaned in and kissed him back, sliding his hand along Illya's chest and down his stomach before shoving it into his pants.

Illya jumped back like he'd been electrocuted. “What are you doing? You think I am that sort of Alpha?”

Napoleon narrowed his eyes at him. “Was this some of test?” he said exaperatedly. He'd thought they were past that sort of posturing.

“No! But, I am decent well-brought up Alpha. I would not take advantage..not so soon after declaring my intentions!”

Napoleon gaped at him. “You aren't serious.” he deadpanned. Was Illya's only exposure to romantic relationships Tolstoy novels- wait actually that would explain a few things...

Unrealistic romantic ideals or not, Illya appeared resolute.

Napoleon groaned and rubbed his hands across his face. “Illya!” He explained slowly and very
clearly. “I am a grown man who's happily slept with Nazis- knowing they were Nazis mind you! You really think you are even capably of taking advantage of me?”

Illya opened and closed his mouth a few times as he considered that. “Good point.”

Napoleon smiled and stood up, throwing his arms around Illya's neck. “Besides, if anyone's taking advantage here it's me- a known seducer enticing a poor innocent Alpha into my web.” He grinned and stole a kiss. “Especially considering Gaby.”

“Wait. What?” It was Illya's turn to look confused.

Napoleon leaned in for another kiss. “What with her being your fiance and all.”

“We are not undercover this mission. It is-”

Napoleon cut him off with another kiss. “Stop talking I don't care. If you want to get in me, which I'm assuming you do- than we need to get moving, Gaby will be back soon.”

Illya looked like he was about to choke on his fond exasperation. It was a look he seemed to be wearing a lot lately. Napoleon liked it. “C'mon Peril.” He teased. “Live a little.”

Napoleon has had sex with a lot of people in his time. He considers himself something of an expert on the subject.

But, it was never like it was with Illya. Not that Illya was particularly skilled, but he had an intensity to him, and he was probably the only person Napoleon had ever been with that actually knew Napoleon. Really knew him- his personality, his name, his likes, his dislikes, could read the slightest hint of pleasure, pain or pretense in his face and respond accordingly.

Illya used a condom for which Napoleon was grateful, he was on the pill and even if he wasn't as a male-omega off his heat his chances of conception would have been low (but not impossible), but the real issue was well, they were spies and their was no telling where either of them had been or what they might have picked up in their travels (though Napoleon had been given a clean bill of health at U.N.C.L.E. HQ back before they were sent out for the mission before last.)
Illya's automatic use of birth control staved off that unpleasant mood-killing conversation for which Napoleon might be willing to thank the god which he did not believe in. Napoleon liked Illya far too much to let him take a risk like that.

Napoleon was not sure if he was grateful or disappointed that Illya all but bolted from the room once they'd finished.

Gaby came back to find Napoleon smoking at the window once more wearing his button up shirt and nothing else.

She held back a very unladylike snort. “And here I thought it would never happen!”

Napoleon glanced at her disinterestedly.

“Pardon dear lady?”

She rolled her eyes. “You and Illya.”

Napoleon rolled his shoulders so he'd be loose just in case Gaby got it into her head to slap him. “Listen Gaby, I'm not trying to come between you two or anything-”

Gaby looked like she was considering throwing the chessboard at him.


“Oh, please- I saw the way you looked at him in Rome!”

“That's because I like all the parts of him that are not Alpha. I love him dearly- as a friend.”

Napoleon stared at her in complete confusion. “I'm not sure I'm familiar with this concept you're describing.”
Gaby groaned in exasperation and did throw a pillow at him this time.

“And it is as Illya's friend that I am talking to you now.” she bit out after he had smoothly caught the flying piece of bedding.

Napoleon sat up straight and looked attentive. It didn't do to antagonize Gaby when she was in this sort of mood.

“Illya doesn't do things like this the way you or I might. He'd never sleep with you to scratch an itch or to see if he could. Illya is in this and if you're not interested you need to let him down gently. Don't you dare laugh.”

Napoleon gritted his jaw. Gaby thought so little of him? He'd never laugh at love offered so freely, even if he wasn't sure he was man enough to accept it.

He was saved from answering by Illya bursting back into the room looking rather flushed in what Napoleon couldn't help but notice was a rather aesthetically pleasing way. The three of them stared at each other awkwardly before Gabby inched past Illya with a “Go get him Peril.” and left the two of them alone together once again.

“Here.” Peril stepped forward and pressed something into Napoleon's hand. “Nothing was open. I will get something better soon.”

Napoleon gaped at the tiny (lead) Eiffel tower on a key chain that stood in the center of his palm. He looked up at Illya. “What is this? Illya?”

Illya straightened himself up to parade rest and puffed out his chest. “Is courting gift. I know it cheap nothing but, is best I could find. I will find something better and then you can throw it out, but I would not want you to think I was not serious.”

Napoleon felt his throat close up and tried to remember how to blink properly. Courting gifts were given by Alphas to Omegas (and sometimes to or between betas as well) to signal their desire to pursue a serious relationship. If the suit was accepted more gifts would follow as the couple reached relationship milestones and greater degrees of intimacy with the greatest most lavish gift given before or immediately following the shared heat (and implied loss of virginity) and prior to the marriage.
Some omegas would receive gifts from dozens of Alphas and entertain several suits before making a choice.

Napoleon had never before received a single courting gift, but that didn't mean he couldn't recognize a genuine one, and for all Illya's dismissals this cheap trinket is precisely the sort of thing the alpha's used to give their sweethearts back in school.

Suddenly he felt sixteen again, older and wiser than before (certainly more cautious in his sex life) and watching all the other omega-boys and girls coo and fuss over their gifts. One girl, a recent arrival from out of town, had once asked Napoleon what sort of gifts he'd received, but one of the other omega-boys had swooped over and warned her away from Napoleon. Nobody bothered with gifts for damaged goods, he'd explained with a significant glance. Her eyes had widened in shock and disgust. She'd never tried to strike up a friendly conversation with Napoleon again.

Illya shifted in worry, perhaps smelling Napoleon's distress even if he couldn't read it on his face.

He reached out to take it back. “Look Cowboy, if I insult you: give it back and I will get better one tomorrow.”

Napoleon flinched away and held the keychain out of Illya's reach. It wasn't that he hadn't received gifts before- he had, but they weren't true courting gifts. They didn't have a weight of feeling and promised future behind them, rather they were the opposite-gifts from Alpha's to buy him off, send him on his way without a fuss, to bribe their guilt so they could remain good Alphas even though they had fucking an unmated omega with no thought of family approval, or long term relationship.

Napoleon called them kiss-off gifts, and he's received the full selection: diamonds, bespoke suits, art, wine, food, and even, on one memorable occasion, a new Ferrari (which he still had hidden away in storage in France and out of the hands of the CIA).

They'd never meant anything to the Alpha giving them and they'd never meant anything to Napoleon.

But, Illya means it what he's promising with this little trinket.

“Don't you dare. I've never gotten one before. No mulligans in the court of love!” Napoleon teased.
“Mulligan? What is- oh never mind. You really like it?” Illya seemed relieved to hear it.

Napoleon stared down at the little model, with a sad smile. “It’s perfect. Alphas back home used to give their sweethearts out ones from the Empire State Building.”

Illya’s face softened in a smile. “Good.” Suddenly he seemed trouble. “How have you not gotten one before? You have many lovers...”

Napoleon rolled his eyes as he tossed the tower into the air and caught it with a grin. “Not those kind of lovers Peril.”

“But, I don't under-”

Napoleon cut off his old-world-gentleman bluster with a kiss.

“It's perfect Peril. Really.”

Chapter End Notes

Oh look, people are happy-that probably won't last very long....
That Time in Idaho

Chapter Summary

An undercover mission in Idaho goes wrong. Napoleon has a great time with this, Illya is perturbed.

Chapter Notes

Triggeer Warning: For Discussion of Dubcon situation involving Napoleon in heat and some fellow agents in the CIA.

The saddest thing about the incident was that Napoleon couldn’t blame it on Nazis. Instead he’d gone off suppressants (and worn a truly hideous outfit which was the second saddest thing about the incident) in order to infiltrate a white-supremacist-religious extremist group operating out of Idaho (third saddest thing about the incident is that they had to go to Idaho).

As the sole native-English speaker it was down to Napoleon to infiltrate the cult which entailed terrible dressing, not bathing regularly and going off his suppressants (due to having no timelimit on infiltration and recon it was better safe than sorry when it came to hanging out with anti-birth control religious nutjobs).

So, two weeks into his undercover gig and a blissful hour and a half into the search and destroy mission headed by Illy and supported by Gaby based on Napoleon's intel it was one of those Murphy's Law that Napoleon would feel his first heat in a few years begin to hit.

Which meant that Napoleon had to either jeopardize the mission by accompanying Illya and attracting any stray Alpha cult members who might be hanging around, not to mention Illya himself, or he had to jeopardize the mission by removing himself and possibly leaving Illya without the necessary info to complete it.

No one ever accused Napoleon of being brave, so he got himself to a supply closet that he'd noted as a possible hiding spot should their team be detected, had Illya lock him in with keys Napoleon lifted on his first day and sent him off with firm instructions to finish off as quick as he could so he could come back there and deal with Napoleon's inconvenient biology.

Napoleon spent the first couple hours of his heat locked in a supply closet barking into a radio to try and get Peril to listen damn it, and then, once the heat haze set in, he spent the second hour
moaning into the radio begging Peril to get back here and fuck him. Which Illy obligingly did by
the third hour.

In another example of Napoleon's unfailing comedic timing, Illya had just popped his knot, on
which Napoleon was happily fucking himself on it when Waverly sent in the extraction team.

Illya ended up having to carry a horny, handsy and pouting Napoleon to the helicopter still locked
together. Then Gaby got shot in the leg by a cultist who'd apparently noticed the helicopter on the
lawn and drawn some appropriate conclusions.

So, all in all, the entire debacle was probably the most disastrous mission ever run under
U.N.C.L.E.'s banner. The only person happy was Napoleon, high on hormones, and stuffed with
Alpha knot during his heat for the first time in years.

The remaining days of his heat were somewhat foggy, but what he could remember was satisfying
and enjoyable.

He woke up to Illya gently stroking his hair.

“Ah.” The Russian said seeing Napoleon's eyes clear and focused for the first time in days. “You
are back.”

Napoleon hummed and leaned into Illya's touch. “Did I go somewhere?”

Illya looked distressed and leaned down to kiss the side of Napoleon's head. “Da, Cowboy. You
were...I was frightened something had gone wrong in your head.”

Napoleon shrugged. “It's just the heat haze. It happens”

Illya frowned. “You were not yourself.”

Napoleon laughed and propped himself up on an elbow. “You ever shared an omega's heat
before?”
Illya nodded sharply. “Once. It was not like this.”

Napoleon grinned. “It hit me hard because this is my first full heat in nearly three years and before that I used to keep my heats weak and irregular, Plus, biological clock is ticking.”

Illya still looked distressed. Napoleon put on his listening face. “What Illya?”

“Is just, you are alright? You were so far gone it seemed wrong to do what you asked. Like you had been drugged or were too drunk to stand. You couldn’t even talk for a while.”

Napoleon grimaced in embarrassment. This heat was unusually bad. He usually didn’t lose time. He snuggled up close to Illya. “Don’t worry Peril. I was in heat, that means I wanted it. Hell, last full heat I had, before suppressants came out in ’60, I fucked half the CIA.” He laughed thinking of it. Never let it be said that Napoleon Solo’s sexual history was anything less than adventurous.

Illya went absolutely still and Napoleon's eye caught on the Russian's fingers drumming against his leg. “Illya...?”

“You were like that? Not even talking and they-?”

Napoleon shook his head with a snort. “Nah. Not nearly so bad as that. I was doing my best to keep the heats weak back then- smoking like a chimney, drinking like a fish, exercising like an Olympian, and sleeping around like the whore of Babylon. I gave critiques of their sexual performances the entire time, as I recall.”

Illya muttered darkly in Russian. Napoleon didn’t know what to do so he kept talking. “This one was so strong probably ’cause it’s the first time I’ve been sleeping with an Alpha for more than a month or two. Having a regular sexual partner and a committed emotional relationship can amp these things up I hear...not to mention going off suppressants.”

Illya reached out and grabbed his wrist. Napoleon stilled and looked up into Peril's murderous face.

“Did they ever do anything else?” he asked

Napoleon frowned. “Who the CIA guys?”

Illya nodded.
“No. I'd never be interested outside of heat, and outside of heat they'd never tangle with me. No one wants to have to own to getting beat up by an omega.”

Illya's face was stony. Napoleon cupped his cheek. “It's alright Illya- I was in heat, I liked it, they're Alphas, they're not rapists.”

“Could you have said no?” Illya barked through gritted teeth.

Napoleon rolled his eyes and stood to hop out of bed. His legs felt rubbery from disuse.

“I didn't want to. That's the point: I was in heat. As much as they're pitiful examples of Alpha-hood, they were better than stoically suffering through my heat celibate.”

“But, if you-” Illya pressed.

“DROP IT ILLYA!!” Napoleon snapped with his lips curved in a snarl. If there was one thing he'd never learn to stand it was Alpha's thinking they knew what was good for him better than he did himself.

Illya relented and held his hands up in defeat.

Napoleon propped himself up against the wall and surveyed the room. It was smallish, nice-ish and generally impersonal. They could be anywhere. “Where are we, anyway?”


Napoleon nodded looking around. “Look's pretty nice. When are we leaving?”

Illya shrugged still looking grumpy. “Who knows? The team is benched until the last mission is reviewed.”
Napoleon winced. That seemed inevitable and incredibly unfair. It hadn't been the team's call for Napoleon to go off suppressants to infiltrate that had been a suggestion from above.

Illya was still regarding Napoleon darkly.

Napoleon rolled his eyes, there was only one way of dealing with Peril when he got like this.

He sauntered over to the giant Russian and with a cat-like grin threw a leg over to straddle him. “C'mon Peril, either turn that frown upside down and put your concentration into something more productive.” He purred grinding down, and smiling as he felt little-Illya rise to attention.

Napoleon was still loose from his heat, so Illya slid in easily as he lowered himself onto the man's cock. Illya's face had softened. He smiled indulgently at Napoleon. “You're impossible.”

Napoleon rocked forward and since he was there anyway, swooped in for a kiss. “You love it.” he whispered.

Illya shook his head and grabbed Napoleon's hips to angle him better. “Da. I do, Cowboy. I really do.”
Chapter Summary

With Illya on a solo mission, and Gaby in training, Napoleon heads to the CIA headquarters to update his files.

Chapter Notes

TRIGGER WARNING AT BOTTOM TO AVOID SPOILERS!

However this is the heaviest chapter in this fic and a lot of very not nice things happen to Napoleon so if you're at all concerned check out the warning before proceeding.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After the Idaho debacle- and really there was no other word for it, the team ended up grounded.

First while the mission's failure was reviewed through bureaucratic channels and then while Illya was loaned to the CIA to investigate a weapons smuggling ring run by the Russian Mob out of Chicago, which prompted Gaby to take the opportunity to work on her language courses, leaving Napoleon sadly adrift in a sea of half-finished mission reports with a slightly irate Mr.Waverly.

Napoleon's not sure whether to be relieved or upset by this state of affairs. On the one hand he's bored and alone and Illya's probably going to get shot by the Russian Bratva, on the other he's increasingly certain he's pregnant and he is exactly 0% sure what to do about it and Gaby and Illya's absence makes his losing his cool in a panic and blabbing about it 100% less likely. So, you win some you lose some.

And as terrifying as it is, the more Napoleon thinks about it the more he's sure that this is a win.

This is Illya's baby and even if they don't last Napoleon wants it. He wants it so fiercely he's terrified already that something will happen.

That doesn't stop him daydreaming about it though.
Obviously he wouldn't be allowed to keep a child with him, not with their way of life, and he has 5 years left on his sentence anyway, but 5 years isn't so long? Is it?

And Waverly is sympathetic and understanding, he'd let Napoleon take time to have the kid, and maybe would even help him arrange to have the child (and he's already hoping for a girl, beta preferably, he feels he'd mess a little girl up less than a boy of any stripe) sent to live with his mother until the sentence is done.

He hasn't ever had much of a future, he's spent most of his live jumping from one risky venture to the next, living in the moment, with his only concession the cushion of wealth he squirrelled away against the abstract idea of a time when he'd make a blunder and need to stop.

He's never been tempted to daydream before. The future was something to ward against, not something to invite. At least it had been.

He pictures himself cutting his usual swathe through Europe only in this future, his sticky fingers collect perfect lace trimmed frocks, and Fabrege wind-up Merry-go-rounds, and pretty little china dolls which he'd send back to the little girl in New York, along with money for his mother of course.

And then when the sentence was up he'd go home for the first time in so long, and he'd do whatever his mother thought best. He'd use some of his nest egg to buy a brownstone or he'll get a spacious airy French-style villa on the Mediterranean...

He can already picture it: French doors open to let in the wind off the sea, the sound of his daughter playing on the lawn, looking up to meet the familiar indulgent gaze of his dear mother.

He, usually even in his daydreams, isn't so...optimistic as to imagine Illya there with them. He knows abstractly that Illya cares about him, but the specifics of it have always been left unsaid, and caring for Napoleon wouldn't necessarily translate into caring for the unexpected and unplanned child that resulted from a disastrous mid-mission heat.

Not to mention that Napoleon can't bet that Illya would ever choose him over his beloved mother land, and even if he would whether he'd ever be able to wiggle free from the clutches of the KGB.

But, sometimes...he gets indulgent and he pictures Illya joining them, and they'd have more children. Another beta, this time a boy, and then an Alpha as the youngest boy or girl. They'd all
take after Illya with strawberry blond hair, sweet faces and bright blue eyes. They'd have Napoleon's charm, of course, but their Alpha father's kindness so they'd never be as....selfish and terrible as Napoleon knows he could be.

And Illya would be there and he'd smile, and...

Napoleon should know better than to dream like this but he can't help it. He's bored and alone and has been strictly forbidden from stealing anything.

U.N.C.L.E. Medical has even sent him a note requesting he not sleep with anyone until he came in for a check-up, because Illya, the dirty traitor, has tattled on him about the heat delirium.

It's a bit surprising that no one followed up on the possibility of pregnancy, after all it's very likely with an unprotected heat, and practically a certainty with an unprotected heat severe enough to cause delirium. But, then again, Napoleon isn't really treated like an omega by U.N.C.L.E. And he certainly doesn't look much like one with his height and muscle tone, but still this would be the first time anyone had actually forgotten.

Napoleon has, it goes without saying, been dodging the requested medical check-up since he got back and suspected he might be pregnant. He's not sure he's ready to hand U.N.C.L.E. that kind of power over him,- or rather he'd do it if it were just power over him, but this would give them something to use against Illya and well, Napoleon's the idiot who didn't take a morning after pill. He's the one who went off suppressants. Besides, it wouldn't be right for Mr. Waverly to know before Illya did.

Illya is the father after all.

Napoleon starts showing early, and it makes him curse his previously obsessive fitness regime, because he's so svelte that even the slightest change seems glaringly obvious. His face is starting to look puffy too, and he's nervous enough about hurting the baby that he can't just work it off like he'd like. He's given up drinking too, and has...cut back on smoking at least?

He's trying to give it up. He is. He wants to surprise Illya with it when he gets back since of all Napoleon's many vices it's the tobacco that the Russian can't stand. Though Illya's been gone long enough that he'll probably get another much bigger surprise at this rate.
It's just over 3 months since the heat when Napoleon is summoned to the CIA headquarters in Virginia. Waverly usually does his damnedest to keep the brass away from Napoleon but apparently they've been hounding him about updating Napoleon's contacts in Europe for ages, and at this point Napoleon himself is half eager to go if only for the change of scenery.

So, he packs off to Virginia with his heart in his throat hoping it will be in, out, enjoy the fall colours Mr. Solo, and no one will think twice that he's not quite the finest physical male-omega specimen he once was.

When he arrives at headquarters he's not sent down to the dingy file library like he expects but is instead sent upstairs to the nice offices. This isn't just above Napoleon's paygrade- it's above Saunders'.

Sanders is waiting for him in the office, along with another man Napoleon has vague recollections of who acts as a manager for the assets that were acquired through non-traditional means- Criminals, defectors, and double agents.

They don't stand when he enters.

“Ah, Mr. Solo. Please sit.” Says the director.

There isn't an empty chair drawn up in front his desk. It's sitting off to the side. Napoleon tamps down the urge to roll his eyes. It's a childish power-play. He moves the chair and sits down in it.

Sanders is lounging against the director's desk, he looks Napoleon up and down speculatively.

“U.N.C.L.E must be treating you well. You're going soft. Used to be I could bounce a quarter off that ass.”

Napoleon clenches his jaw and smiles at the director.

“Pardon me sir, but what's this about? I was under the impression I'd be updating the files of my European contacts.”
The director sets the file he'd been reading down open on his desk. It's Napoleon's file. He recognizes it.

“You are aware, Mr. Solo that you are only on loan to U.N.C.L.E?”

Napoleon nods.

“Were you also aware that a term of that loan was U.N.C.L.E. keeping us up to date on your health and general status of your mission?”

Napoleon's stomach drops, but—... it doesn't make sense. He's avoided the doctor since his heat. It wouldn't be in his file. There's no way they could know.

“There's a note that you shared your heat with your partner- the Russian, Kurakin?”

“Kuryakin.” Napoleon corrects automatically.

That earns him a sharp look but nothing more.

“Yes, I went off suppressants to infiltrate a cult and my heat was unexpectedly triggered.”

“We received a medical update that you experienced heat delirium during this heat. Is that correct?”

“Yes, sir.”

The director looks at Sanders, who asks Napoleon smugly. “I'm assuming, what with the cult infiltration and unexpected heat you weren't taking your usual precautions?”

Napoleon gapes. “I'm not sure I understan—”
“Shut it Solo. You'd been whoring yourself around for years before we ever got a hold of you, and you'd never been knocked up as far as we can know, so did you take your usual precautions this time?”

Napoleon can't let himself show his panic. “No, sir. Our handler was shot during the mission and between being under cover and the subsequent confusion it...wasn't taken care of.”

Sanders sucks his teeth. “S'pretty rare for a heat intense enough to cause delirium to end in anything other than a pregnancy if precautions aren't being taken.”

Napoleon keeps his face a mask of pleasant indifference. “Can't say I have experience enough to speak on that sir.”

Sanders doesn't look impressed.

“You only serve the Russian on your heat or did he let some other agents take a turn?”

Napoleon has always known Sanders liked to put him in his place but this is extreme.

“As far as I know he didn't. But, then again—” he inclines his heat slightly towards the file with a wry little smile. “Heat delirium.”

The director makes a noise of annoyance in the back of his throat. “So are you in the family way?”

Napoleon doesn't blink. “Haven't a clue.”

Sanders pokes him in the jaw. “You're certainly looking a bit puffy if you're not.”

Napoleon gulps, and feels like he's going to be sick. Morning sickness hasn't been too bad, but it has definitely been there.

He swallows back the bile. Their going to find out eventually. One way or another.
He hesitates then nods slowly. “I'm nearly certain.”

The director and Sanders share a look, and Sanders shrugs. “It was bound to happen eventually. He turns to Napoleon. “Don't worry. I'll take you to the doctor make sure it's nipped in the bud.”

Napoleon leans forward. “If it's all the same to you, I'd like to keep it. I'll send it to stay with my mother until my sentence is up and then-”

Sanders laughs. The director turns a page on Napoleon's file. “I don't think you understand the situation here, Napoleon.” he remarks mildly.

“I do, sir. I- I understand that continuing the pregnancy to term might impede my ability to perform as an agent in the field, but I'm not asking for time off, and it could.”

“Do you understand your legal relationship to the CIA, Napoleon?” the director interrupts, sounding more than a little irritated.

Napoleon gulps and nods, staring at his lap. “As an unmated omega with criminal tendencies I am under the guardianship of the Central Intelligence Agency..”

“Which means?” the director prompts condescendingly.

“Which means that having proven myself incapable of living in a decent law abiding fashion the Central Intelligence Agency has legal guardianship over me. In the eyes of the law I am incapable of making my own decisions. So it is up to you to determine what is best for me. Basically the Central Intelligence Agency has over me the same rights as a mated and married Alpha to their omega spouse.” Napoleon parrots, eyes burning with the humiliation of it all.

“Yes. We're your Alpha Napoleon. We and no one else determine how you use your body. And your body is most useful to us firm and fuckable. You're our best honeypot Napoleon- hell you even brought the Russian around and he's...what did you call him? Barely human? If we wanted you to be having babies, believe me you would be.” The director continues.

“But-”
The director looks up sharply. “Do I need to have you go over your legal rights again?” he glances at Sanders whose looking smug. “When you said he was an uppity little bitch I—”

Sanders spreads his hands. “Napoleon requires no exaggeration.” he smirks.

Napoleon glances between the two of them and the agent at the door who hasn't moved or said a word since Napoleon walked in. He's suddenly reminded of Victoria's office, and realizing his drink was drugged.

Napoleon has never been one to panic when his back is against the wall. He doesn't worry about what other people will do when he has no way of affecting the outcome. He simply does everything he can to make the outcome as positive for him as possible.

He can't fight his way out. He can only hope to give them enough of what he wants.

He slides off his chair onto his knees, head bent at the traditional angle of submission. It's an archaic and old fashioned display. One that's fallen out of use in all but the most oppressive and conservative circles, but given where they put the chair he can't help but think this is what they wanted all along. After all everything about this situation is archaic.

Napoleon has never done this honestly before. He's done it as part of a con, or as a bedroom play-act, but never in a situation where he was genuinely acknowledging, and literally bowing to the power of an Alpha over him.

“Please. Alpha, let me have the baby.” he begs softly.

Sanders grins in satisfactions. “And why would we agree to a fool thing like that?”

Napoleon lowers his head even further. “Because the Russian is an old-world Alpha. My having his child would make him more protective of me, more open to defection.”

He doesn't look up but there's a pause.
For a second, just a second, he allows himself to hope, and then the director sighs and he knows it's over.

“Napoleon, son, I think you're failing to realize just what your situation is. This is not a negotiation. I understand you're an omega so this might be hard for you to understand, but your partner Kuryakin? He's playing you as much as you're playing him. You're convenient to his use, nothing more.”

The director closes Napoleon's file and taps it against the desk to neaten up the edges.

“There are two ways this ends. Either, the agent at the door calls to have his colleagues join him, they forcibly escort you to the medical center where your pregnancy will be terminated even if they have to carry you there kicking and screaming and hold you down during the procedure, and you know, they might just forget the pain killers if it's that much of a fight, or, you accept your situation. You calmly follow that agent to the medical center under your own power, you get sedated with the good drugs and that is that. It all depends on how much pain you're looking for boy.”

He actually seems to look at Napoleon for the first time.

“So, which will it be?”

Napoleon doesn't look up but he can feel Sanders' leer.

Napoleon takes a deep breath, tries to ignore the burning in his eyes and throat, and says very softly: “The second.”

“Good.”

“But, I just have one request.” Napoleon adds.

“And what is that?” Sanders barks. Napoleon can tell he's on thin ice. Sanders never liked it when he got uppity.

“A stiff drink. Or two.” he says eyeing the drinks cabinet against the wall.
The director laughs, and then picks up the phone. “Marlene, would you be a dear and bring in a glass with some ice and some that cheap whiskey? Thank you.” He smiles blandly at Sanders. “Wouldn't want to waste the good stuff on an omega like him.”

The director glances at Napoleon with disdain. “Get up.”

“Though you do look good on your knees.” Sanders smirks.

Napoleon gingerly rises and sits back in his chair. He thinks about that house on the Mediterranean with the french doors and the little girl. It's not a hope anymore, just another dream that won't come true.

“Now, Napoleon,” The director continues in a bland voice as though the last five minutes hadn't happened. “You're to continue your relationship with the Russian, get as close to him as possible, and don't say anything about this...hiccup. That understood?”

Napoleon nods, without looking up.

He jerks his head up in surprise when the secretary comes in. She's a female omega. Napoleon is impressed. If it's hard for a male-omega to make his way in the world, it's worse for female-beta's and practically impossible for female-omega's. He meets her alarmed gaze as she hands him the tumbler and the bottle. She must be a tough lady to have made it this far, especially working under the sort of man the director has shown himself to be. If it were any other moment he'd want to get to know her better. As it is she can't leave quickly enough for Napoleon. The fewer people see him like this the better.

He pours himself a glass and drains the entire tumbler. The whiskey burns unpleasantly, and tastes disgusting. It really is cheap stuff. It goes straight to his head. He pours himself another and pretends it's the cheap liquor making his hands shake.

He downs the second, and then nods to the director, who jerks his head at an agent waiting by the door. He grabs Napoleon's arm and leads him none too gently from the office. Sanders follows and when they reach the elevator two more agents join them.

They aren't taking any chances. Smart.
Napoleon stares at his shoes, keeping his head bowed in submission. There's no use fighting, he
doesn't want this to be any worse than it has to be. Just like Victoria's office. He couldn't do
anything to stop her strapping him to an electric chair and having Uncle Rudy play with electricity-
all he could do was keep from cracking his head open on the floor.

Minimize the damage it is in your power to prevent and just accept the rest.

It feels like that now. He can't save himself or his baby from what's about to happen, but he can
save himself from being roughed up and messed with by surly FBI agents.

It's lucky, he thinks grimly, that he's been superstitious enough not to want to tell anyone so soon in
his pregnancy. Bad luck. He'd been planning to tell everyone as soon as Illya got back. He'd
wanted Illya to be the first to know.

It's not like before, when he was still half-a-child. This is a clean medical room with a doctor. The
examination is brief. His pregnancy is confirmed. He's helped into the stirrups (the alcohol is
starting to hit his head and make him dizzy), he asks for a sedative or stronger.

The doctor nods and injects something into his arm, and things start to float away.

It hurts but not much. Between the drugs and the booze he's barely able to feel anything.

“Jesus Christ.” one of the agents says, bringing Napoleon back to the moment. He's looking
Napoleon's face. It's only then he realizes he's sobbing.

Chapter End Notes

Trigger Warning for: Unplanned Pregnancy, Casual Sexism, Abuse of Authority,
Power Plays, Emotional Manipulation, Verbal Abuse and Forced Abortion
Chapter Summary

Napoleon tries to recover from what he's lost. Illya comes back from Chicago. Gaby's worried.

They keep him in Virginia for the rest of the week, observation to watch for infection, and they do actually need him to update his files of European contacts.

It's surprisingly difficult to put on his usual face for the other agents. They all know what's happened anyway, or they've heard.

“Solo got knocked up and then lost his head over some Russian mark. S'not like him, usually he's sensible enough you forget he's actually omega, but then again he is so it must have been inevitable”.

He's in the cafeteria staring at nothing and thinking about the little Eiffel Tower in his pocket when he hears someone clear their throat. He turns and is surprised to find the little omega-woman who'd brought the whiskey in holding a tray and looking determined.

“May I sit with you?” she asks.

“Of course darling.” he says with a practiced grin. It's easier to put his face on for her for some reason.

She middle aged and not too pretty, but Napoleon's tickled she wants to sit with him anyway. He hasn't had any omega friends since he became too wild at 13 for the other respectable omegas to want to be seen with.

She sits down primly and sniffs delicately.

Napoleon is bemused. He grew up with women like this, but it's been ages since he's actually talked to one.

He's reminded of his mother and her friends. Faultlessly proper women for whom etiquette and good manners were the life-blood of the world. His mother had once remarked that Alpha's who didn't give their seats up for women and omegas ought to be put to death.
There aren't too many women like that in the European high-life.

“How are you dear?” she asks.

He blinks and suddenly the faint trickle of joy he'd felt at her presence evaporates. He picks at his food and doesn't answer.

She looks at him sharply. “I'm sorry I couldn't help you.” She shakes her head. “It's not decent the way they treat you.”

Napoleon swallows around the lump in his throat. “No.” he manages to croak. “It's not.”

“I wasn't sure what was happening,” she continues gently. “What happened? You smelled pregnant before and now you...don't?”

Napoleon looks up sharply and meets her tender gaze before returning his attention to his meal.

“That's a sharp nose you got there.”

“Yes.” She preens a bit, and then becomes more serious. She considers him. “So, what happened?”

Napoleon shrugs. “I was inconveniently pregnant by a Russian spy. Now I'm not.”

She hums in understanding. “It's a terrible business we're in isn't it?” she finally remarks.

“Yes.”

She considers him for a moment. “You're looking quite rough.” she softly remarks. “Have you had this sort of thing happen before?”
“You mean an abortion? Yes. When I was 15. Not nearly so clean and safe though.”

She looks shocked, and grabs his arm. “Please tell me you parents weren't so foolish as to arrange a mating for you at that age! I can tell just by looking you're too much a Napoleon for that.”

Napoleon smiles ruefully and shakes his head. “My mother used to call me her Napoleon, actually.”

The secretary smiles wide. “Really? Well, I could tell right away that was the sort of omega you were. I always used to be so jealous of the boy-omegas who got to go out and do exciting things.”

Napoleon tries to smile but it comes out rather watery.

The secretary reaches over and holds his hand. “It will be alright. You'll see....Is there anything I can do for you?”

For a moment he considers asking her to post a letter to his mother. He's not supposed to have contact with her but occasionally he sneaks a letter- more so now that he's with U.N.C.L.E. whose attitude is more relaxed.

But, the risk of this kindly woman turning on him to his superiors is too great. So he shakes his head and puts on the mask he's worn so often.

“No, thank you. Time heals all wounds... right?”

She squeezes his hand. “Right.”

He stands abruptly. “Excuse me, I have to get back to my work.”

He dumps his mostly uneaten lunch in the trash on the way out.
Illya had been looking forward to seeing his cowboy again. This was their longest separation since becoming partners, and it was their first separation at all since their relationship had changed from friendly professionalism to partners in more than just their missions.

He comes in to U.N.C.L.E. HQ a little late and a little ahead of schedule, so he's only a little disappointed not to find Napoleon grinning and naked in his bed as the American had jokingly promised Illya he would be. It’s not surprising- they have never shared a bed for any reason other than sex or the necessity of tight quarters on missions.

Illya carefully deposits his suitcase and then eagerly goes in search of his American. It occurred to him about a month ago what the usual consequences of an unprotected shared heat were, and he was eager to see if his suspicions were correct.

To his surprise he finds Napoleon curled up asleep on a couch in a common area of the agent dormitories.

All it takes is one look and Illya is resolved not ask about his suspicions.

Napoleon, even in sleep, looks drawn, pale and thinner than that Illya remembered. He's unperfumed, his hair unstyled, and he's tucked up under the ragged housecoat he wore in Rome which due to that time the luggage caught fire, is looking a little worse for wear.

Illya sits down on the floor next to Napoleon and leans in to breathe in his scent. It's a rare treat to be able to breathe in the American's natural scent unimpeded by the fake pheromones, or masking perfumes that make Illya's nose itch. Illya has always found Napoleon's true scent alluring and intoxicating though he'd been working with the man for months before he ever smelt it, but there's a tang of something unfamiliar this time.

Napoleon stirs and turns to look at him. He forces a smile, and puts a hand on Illya's cheek.

“Howdy Peril, when did you roll back into town?” despite his words his voice holds none of his usual flippancy.

“Just now. I came to find you right away. You made promise remember?”

Napoleon stills. “Oh. Right, I'd forgotten.” He sits up slowly, and then tilts his head at the angle Illya has only just learned is the American posture of omega submission. Illya twists his mouth into a smile expecting Napoleon to tease him for being a demanding Alpha.
Napoleon glances up at him through his lashes. “My room or yours?”

Illya gapes. It’s not like Napoleon to agree to anything Illya suggests without arguing or teasing or putting up a token protest. Even when Illya is clearly right and he knows that Napoleon knows it—Napoleon always argues.

“I was kidding, Cowboy.” Illya drawls. “You are sleeping.”

Napoleon lifts his head and stares at Illya in seeming confusion. “Oh.” he repeats. “Well, warn a guy. How was I to know you’d spontaneously developed a sense of humour?”

Illya watches in amusement as Napoleon lies back down on the couch.

“How was your mission?” Napoleon asks, his voice already muddled with sleep.

“Irritating. Boring. They did not need me for job. I think CIA just wanted to mess with U.N.C.L.E.”

Illya pauses as he feels Napoleon tense against his back, makes a small noise of surprise.

Illya frowns and turns to look at him.

Napoleon’s eyes are open and alert. “I went to CIA headquarters while you were gone. Be careful with them.”

It’s clearly meant as a warning for Illya, but it makes Illya’s heart skip a beat to think of Napoleon alone with his old handlers. He sits up alert.

“What!? But, Waverly shouldn't have allowed that!”

Napoleon looks at him for a long moment and for a minute he looks like he might cry. Then he blinks a few times and looks away. “My working with U.N.C.L.E is just a loan. They know about us by the way. Congratulated me on seducing the top KGB man in UNCLE.”
Illya can't help but bristle, though he knows, if nothing else, that if Napoleon really had seduced him under orders he'd never breathe a word to Illya about it.

Napoleon catches that and hurt flickers across his face. “Relax, Peril. They think you're using me as much as they think I'm using you.”

Illya wants to protest, but what is there to say? He can't put a name to what he has with Napoleon, or put his feelings into words. He just leans back against the couch.

“I missed you Cowboy.” he admits.

There a soft sharp intake of breath from Napoleon and he feels the other man lean against his shoulder. “Missed you too Peril.”

That night finds Napoleon cautiously creeping into Illya's room once he'd gone to sleep. Illya wraps his arms comforted by the familiar scent, and wrinkling his nose at that new persistent undercurrent.

Their next mission is troubling for Illya. Not because of the mission itself which, for once, goes off without a hitch, but because of Napoleon. In the field he's the same as ever, confident, suave, and unflappable, but in their downtime as they listen to the wires and watch the doors, Illya's noticing he seems more and more off.

Napoleon's still too thin, and too pale. He's smoking like a chimney, but actually turned down a drink when Gaby offered which was a first. Half the time he leaves his hair undone letting it curl widely around his ears. It makes him look younger. Worst is he seems suddenly unsure of himself around them. He concedes points he normally would fight, shows respect and deference where before he'd tease and joke and annoy and hardly seems to speak at all unless spoke to.

Illya's gotten sick of that American omega-head duck. Napoleon had never used it before he went away but now it seemed like whenever Illya got the least bit riled Napoleon puts his head down and won't meet his eye. They haven't had sex since Illya's been back.

In other circumstances Illya might interpret this as Napoleon getting bored of him, but whenever there's a lull and Illya is occupying himself playing chess Napoleon will silently curl up next to him and lean against his shoulder, and he creeps into bed with Illya almost every night, though
they never do more than hold one another. Not to mention that Illya often catches him toying with the little Eiffel Tower Illya bought him as their first courting gift.

Despite having bought his Cowboy several other, more appropriate courting gifts, he knows that the Eiffel tower is Napoleon's favourite, for some strange inscrutable reason.

All in all Illya's beginning to worry, and judging by the increasingly emphatic looks Gaby is sending him she is too.

The mission succeeds. They are extracted. Illya spends the entirety of the drive studying Napoleon, who is curled in on himself resting his head against the glass of the window. He looks small, and vulnerable, something that should be impossible for a man of Napoleon's size. He is a tall man and a giant for a person of his designation.

He has never before this mission seemed really unsure of himself. He was unruffled by electric torture, unsurprised at Illya's advances,-always the consummate example of cool, calm and collected.

Seeing him uncertain makes something twist painfully in Illya's chest.

He turns back to the front, to find Gaby watching him watch Napoleon as she drives. She quirks the corner of her mouth in way that seems more sad than anything else. The acknowledgment of something lost.

“You know, the night he got me out of East Berlin he cooked me risotto with truffles. It was delicious. I told him it smelled like feet.” Gaby says in only slightly shaky Russian.

“Really?” Illya is eager for this story. He flatters himself by thinking he knows Napoleon best of anyone alive, but he knows so little about the details of his life before they met beyond what was written in his file. He had heard Napoleon could cook but has not really ever experienced it.

“Yes.” Gaby replies with a nod. “The handlers teased him about it. Said he wasn't a domestic specimen, and also something about how they didn't pay him enough for him to be wasting truffles on the likes of me.”

Illya watches in the rear-view mirror as Napoleon shifts. “I wonder why he did that?” he murmurs.
“Who can say, with Napoleon?” Gaby glances at him from the corner of her eye, something sharp in her gaze. “I took language courses while you were away, and worked on my English by talking to people in New York.”

Illya hums in acknowledgment, not really listening- too busy with his intent observation of Napoleon.

“I learned that in America Napoleon is slang for a particular type of male-omega.”

That gets Illya's attention quickly. “What?”

She nods with her eyes still on the road. “I was surprised too.”

“What sort of omega?” Illya already has his fists clenched.

“They had trouble explaining, it seems to come from the British propaganda saying that Napoleon Bonaparte was an omega in hiding—”

“He was not!” Illya protests scandalized.

“I know, it was just lies, but they say that certain male-omega's are Napoleon's. Not ones to be content with the ordinary omega lot in life. Omega-boys who aren't very omega.”

That makes Illya unclench his fists. Napoleon is exactly that sort of omega. When you first meet him, what with his scent maskers and perfume, it's impossible to know whether he's a particularly brazen omega, a degenerate Alpha, or a flamboyant beta. In the end he rarely acts like anything other than himself- a confident, and shamelessly flirtatious omega, who's more physically imposing than most Alphas. He doesn't fit the stereotypes for any designation, so he can pass for all of them.

Illya thinks back to the boutique in Rome and how Napoleon hadn't even glanced at the discrete corner with omega-men's fashion. Napoleon wore beta clothing mostly, though often as not on closer inspection the fabric, or the cut or the detailing was more omega style than beta.
“They are very strange about male-omegas in America.” Illya remarks, it's something he'd noticed while undercover. “They seem to have such complicated roles to play. I wonder if it has been hard for him?”

Gaby smiles at the road. “Perhaps that's where our Napoleon learned to be such a fine actor.”

“I'm worried.” Illya confesses. “He has not been the Cowboy I first courted all those months ago.”

“I had noticed he was not himself, but I wasn't sure. I'm not so good at telling when he's playing a part as you. Talk to him.” Gaby suggests.

Illya glances behind only to find himself meeting Napoleon's gaze as strong and steady as a sledgehammer.

After a moment Napoleon looks away and curls up closer under his blanket. “Only my mother calls me Napoleon.” he murmurs.
Inescapable Reality

Chapter Summary

Napoleon faces the reality of his situation. Illya is confused and hurt. Gaby is worried.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

They stop for the night at a hotel and take separate rooms if only for the novelty of space to breathe, though it annoys Illya since it's less secure.

He's contemplating playing chess against himself when there's a knock on his door. He checks his pistol and opens it to find Napoleon smiling at him blithely. He looks more like his old self than he has in days- his hair is done and he's well dressed.

Illya steps out of the doorway to let Napoleon in.

Napoleon's got the familiar set to his shoulders that Illya has come to associate with deep exasperation. It's something of a relief, more in line with the man Illya believes he knows than the wan and quiet ghost of him it feels like he's been sharing space with.

Napoleon's eyes flicker to Illya's face and he notes Illya's approval. Something cold and impersonal drops over the omega's features. It's not something Illya's ever had directed at him before.

Napoleon sets a box on Illya's bed, and straightens. “I think we need to set things straight between us Peril.”

Illya smiles at him. “Oh?”

Napoleon smiles back but it's cold impersonal. It's the amused detachment Napoleon wore when he went for the metaphorical jugular in their first conversation. It's a smile Illya has seen more recently when Napoleon was playing a mark in Argentina. It makes his blood curdle. He has seen this smile a dozen times if he's seen is at all. It's not a smile he's directed at Illya since they began courting.
“Yes. Things can't go on like this.”

Illya sighs in relief. So, Napoleon is the one bringing up the strangeness of the last mission- good. Maybe Illya will get an explanation.

“You're right Cowboy.” Illya agrees.

Napoleon nods, cool charm still firmly in place.

“So, I'm returning your courting gifts. I care about you but.. this?” he gestures between them. “We were being ridiculous. It can't continue.”

“Cowboy-” Illya tries to protests but his hands are shaking, and he needs- he can't. “What- why are you doing this?”

Napoleon's eyes are glued to Illya's shaking hands. He looks up to meet Illya's gaze and then immediately looks away, and stares at the floor.

It makes Illya's blood boil. He doesn't understand what is happening or why Napoleon is being so strange.

“Maybe it's different in Russia-” Napoleon murmurs, voice soft and small. “But, where I come from it's bad manners to accept gifts if your not planning to-” he cuts himself off and wraps his arms around himself. “We can't ever get married or be mates for real Peril. You'd never defect and neither would I.”

“That is future! We are together now-” Illya steps forward to grab Napoleon, to touch him, to convince him, but Napoleon shies away from him, eyes still glued to the floor.

“Not to mention one of these days the mission is going to need me to do what I do best- it's not right to accept gifts from an Alpha if you're still planning on sleeping around.” There's the familiar detached flippancy that Illya has heard a thousand times before, but always sarcastic never- like this, never when it mattered. Never cruel.
He clenches his jaw to keep from growling. Good Alphas do not growl at their omega's no matter how infuriating they are.

“You are planning to be unfaithful?” There's a roaring in Illya's ears and he knows he's shouting but he can't not.

Napoleon looks up at him and grins. It's the grin Illya has seen him use to charm information out of people practically every day since they met in Rome.

“I wasn't planning to.” He looks significantly at the box of gifts. “That's why I'm ending things.”

“You can say no! If U.N.C.L.E. asks....” Illya protests though he knows it's not what this is about, not really. His first instinct had been right- Napoleon is just tired of him.

Napoleon's smile shades to indulgent and it's all Illya can do to keep himself from grabbing the infuriating man and shaking him silly. He starts tapping his rhythms onto his forearm to try and calm his growing anger.

Napoleon is tuned to these things though and he immediately zeroes in on that. He looks a little frightened.

“This is for the best Illya. Really, you'll see.”

He takes a step back and then after a seconds hesitation dips his head into that familiar infuriating bow of submission.

Illya's rage boils over and he grabs Napoleon's jaw forcing him to meet Illya's gaze. “Please, Cowboy-” he starts to plead, but a mask of fury falls over the omega's face and with a sharp crack he jerks his head forward and sends Illya reeling back clutching his nose.

“Don't you EVER do that again Kuryakin!” Napoleon roars throwing the door practically off his hinges as he slams it open.

Illya tries to protest and follow him but Napoleon clearly doesn't want Illya anywhere near him.
Gaby sticks her head out of her room as Napoleon passes and then turns and takes in Illya standing in the hallway holding his bloody nose.

She sighs heavily. “When I told you talk to him this wasn't what I meant!” She snaps at him in Russian before turning and running after Napoleon calling for him to wait.

Behind her she hears a crash presumably and a roar as Illya throws something against the wall.

She finds Napoleon outside tucked into an alcove by the door. In some ways he's looking better than he has been- his hair is styled, his clothing is back to it's usual immaculate state of smooth fashion- but he's pale, and looks worn out and hopeless.

He sees her and tries to pull a cigarette from his pack- he's been smoking a lot lately, it used to be Gaby had suspected he smoked at least half for show, because he knew he looked good doing it, but lately it seems she can hardly turn around without seeing him frantically dragging on, lighting, or stubbing out a cigarette- but his hands are shaking too hard and he throws the pack across the doorway in frustration with a muttered 'Fuck'.

Gaby stoops and picks them up. Napoleon won't look at her. Come to think of it he's hardly really talked to her at all this mission, and he's barely even looked at Illya.

“Napoleon, whatever Illya said: he didn't mean it, you know his English is good but sometimes-”

“Illya didn't say anything.” he cuts her off coldly.

“Oh.” is all she can think to say. She hands him his pack of cigarettes which he takes without looking at her. “What happened then? He said he was going to talk to you. We've both noticed you're a little...off this trip.”

Something strange happens to Napoleon's face- one moment he looks tired, miserable and lonely, the next his expression is a mask of affable but detached interest. “Yes,” he says with a smooth non-committal smile. “I heard you talking in the car.” He fishes a cigarette out of the packet this time. His hands aren't shaking anymore. Now, they're as steady as rocks.
He lights the cigarette with the familiar theatrical flourish that Gaby hasn't seen much lately. After a drag he says, still without looking at her. “I ended things with Illya. That's what happened.”

“Why?!”

Gaby can't understand it, as much as Napoleon dissembles, and plays his part with glee, she's never doubted his feelings for Illya were genuine. The omega adores the Russian, anyone could see it and during the last mission you couldn't miss Napoleon's reliance on Illya's quiet support.

Apparently her shock, confusion, and okay, hurt and outrage on Illya's behalf are enough to shock him out of the public persona he wears so seamlessly.

He looks at her with eyes wide and wet and oh so impossibly blue, and he looks like she's slapped him and he didn't see it coming and he wants to know what he did wrong.

“I thought.” he says slowly in a very small voice, picking his words carefully, “I thought you would understand.” He hunches in on himself and stares at his feet. “You're not an omega but you're a female-beta and I thought....I know it's not the same but-”

He stares at his feet and to Gaby's horror she can see him blinking away tears. She steps closer. “I will. I promise...just explain it to me Napoleon.” she begs “Please? Just, tell me why you ended things when I know he means the world to you.”

Napoleon hunches even more and hugs himself around his middle. He takes a deep breath. “What Illya and I have...it will never be real. I'm an omega with a criminal record and a history of promiscuous behaviour. I'm under guardianship, legally I couldn't agree to marry him even if there were no other obstacles-.”

Gaby bit her lip at that. She knew that guardianship of omega's was still practiced in many places, for many reasons, but it was was unbalancing to think of Napoleon- smooth, smart, fast talking Napoleon who can walk through a room and come out with a pocketful of stolen jewelry and exactly the information he needed- as someone who was legally considered unable to make choices in his own life.

Between the man's confidence, competence, and unusual height it was easy to forget that he wasn't entirely what he pretended to be.
“-and there are other obstacles Gaby. Illya would never defect from Russia, and I'd never last 5
minutes there. So, no future, and now? I can't even promise to be faithful, because sleeping with
people- seducing them? It's what I'm good at. It's what I contribute, and I can't say no because...the
CIA owns me, as much as if they'd paid my father 2 cows so I'd a secondary omega-wife.” He
glances up at her and meets her gaze for the briefest of moments. Then he looks away again, head
still bowed. “That's all nothing to me, as far as I'm concerned sex is just physical,- it means
absolutely nothing, but” he glances up at her and away again quickly. “we both know Illya doesn't
see it that way.”

He rubbed the red spot on his forehead where he'd done his best to break Illya's nose. “If I stayed
with him, he'd act the way he did tonight and ruin the mission.”

Gaby stares at Napoleon opening and closing her mouth trying to find the words that would pull
apart everything he'd just said- that would let him stay with Illya, but she couldn't. There wasn't
anything to say.

As a beta-woman Gaby's rights were limited, as were her opportunities. As an omega-man
Napoleon had more opportunities but if anything the law offered him even less protection than it
afforded beta and omega women.

If he really was under the guardianship of the CIA then there really wasn't anything for it. They did
own him and they could do what they liked with him. By leaving Illya now Napoleon was, in all
likelihood, sparing them considerable pain down the road.

She reached out and took Napoleon's hand, and held it between her own. His hands are so much
larger than hers. She wonders why she'd let that convince her he could protect himself.

She kisses his knuckles. “I do understand. But, what brought this on?...what happened?”

He meets her gaze this time. “The CIA reminded me of my situation while Illya was away.” He lets
out a harsh breath through his nostrils, and blinks a few times. “ And I don't make the same
mistakes twice.”

He takes his hand back and walks inside.

Gaby watches him.
Upstairs, in his destroyed hotel room Illya pawed through the box of treasures that Napoleon had returned. *It had to be here.* There were the cuff-links with pearl inlay from Istanbul, the enamel handled throwing knives from Argentina, and the silk ties, scarf and shirt that Illya had bought in Paris, but he didn't see the damn Eiffel Tower he'd gotten that first night.

Illya threw the box against the wall and covered his face with his hands. His eyes burned but he couldn't cry. The tears wouldn't come.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry about this guys...
Going Home

Chapter Summary

Napoleon's state of mind hasn't gone unnoticed. Sometimes, Mother really does know best.

Upstairs, in his destroyed hotel room Illya pawed through the box of treasures that Napoleon had returned. *It had to be here.* There were the cuff-links with pearl inlay from Istanbul, the enamel handled throwing knives from Argentina, and the silk ties, scarf and shirt that Illya had bought in Paris, but he didn't see the damn Eiffel Tower he'd gotten that first night.

Illya threw the box against the wall and covered his face with his hands. His eyes burned but he couldn't cry. The tears wouldn't come.

Napoleon isn't the least bit surprised to find himself in Waverly's office when they return to New York. He in no way jeopardized the mission but UNCLE wasn't the CIA by any stretch of the imagination. The organization wasn't about to run him into the ground or risk a future mission if their were signs of instability now.

He doesn't actually mind being here. He respects Waverly. The beta-man wears authority innately and effortlessly, in a way that most Alpha's would give an arm to achieve.

That being said Napoleon's not sure he *likes* Waverly. They're too professional with each other for one, and he also has the strangest and most uncomfortable feeling of being seen, behind all the pretense, acts, cons and masks-really seen and if not approved of then at least not judged either, whenever he's in the presence of the soft spoken brit.

He sits at attention trying to seem keen and alert and all the other positive qualities that a handler looks for in an agent fresh from the field.

Waverly looks at him with weary resignation over the top of a file. “Both of your team members noted and expressed concern over your mental state during the last mission.”
“It didn't affect my mission.” Napoleon counters.

Waverly's expression doesn't change and he leafs through the files, presumable looking at the reports. “No. But, Mr. Kuryakin has made a number of colourful allegations against your superiors in the CIA and Ms. Teller also mentions concerns in that area, given your recent stay at the CIA headquarters, which makes me concerned.”

Napoleon sighs.

Waverly raises his eyebrows. “I can't protect you if I don't know there's a threat Napoleon.”

Napoleon swallows and looks at his hands. “Agent Kuryakin and I shared a heat after the Idaho mission, if you recall?”

Waverly frowns at what seems to be a non-sequiteur. “How could I forget?”

Napoleon took a deep breath.

“My handlers at the Central Intelligence Agency received that information as part of your agreement that keeps them apprised of my missions and my health. They came to the correct conclusion that this would result in pregnancy. I believe their request for the use of Agent Kuryakin was a ruse to separate him from me and keep him from learning of the pregnancy. The briefing they requested me for was no more than a pretense to have the pregnancy terminated- regardless of my wishes.”

He takes another deep breath. It was surprisingly easy to tell Waverly, considering the idea of even hinting to Gaby what had happened turned Napoleon's stomach and the idea of telling Illya practically made him break out in hives.

Waverly gapes at him.

“I trust this information will not leave this room.” Napoleon adds.

Waverly takes a deep shakey breath. “It's a wonder you can trust me at all considering what I delivered you to.”
He stood and looked out the window, before going over and calling out to his secretary for some tea and cookies.

Napoleon blinks. “Of course, Waverly. You've always been...that is-” he bites his lip as he tries to put to words why he had so easily told the British beta this dark secret. He felt at ease with Waverly, who had an investment in Napoleon's well-being, yet no emotional ties to him, and most of all it was that he felt Waverly projected nothing of himself onto Napoleon, there was no admiration, no jealousy or desire, nor disappointment. To Waverly Napoleon's status as omega had been as relevant as his hair colour.

“So what, Mr. Solo, do you want to do now?” Waverly asks.

“I beg your pardon?”

“You've undergone a traumatic experience which, unlike your previous traumas, has clearly affected you mental and physical well-being in the long term. At this juncture you have a number of options.”

Napoleon gapes at Waverly who takes in his silence, hands him a cup of tea and a biscuit, and then continues talking.

“You could request a transfer from your current team, you could tell them, you could have me tell them, you could continue to keep these events a secret while continuing to work with them, you could be reallocated to a position as consultant helping to organize and create missions from HQ rather than continuing to be in the field. You could request medical leave. In short, I will do whatever I can to help you recover from this. You need only say the word.”

Napoleon stared at Waverly and tried not to cry. In the end he couldn't help but say the words that had been pushing against his teeth since this had happened. “I want to see my mother. I-” his voice breaks and he stares down at his hands folded in his lap.

Waverly makes a noise of surprise. “Your mother?”

Napoleon swallows to try and get his voice back. “Yes, I haven't seen her in more than 10 years. The CIA does not allow active assets contact with their original identities.”
Waverly considers him, and Napoleon looks back at him blankly.

Waverly turns a page in Napoleon's file and looks at Napoleon again. “She still resides in New York?” he asks mildly.

Napoleon nods. “As far as I know. It would only need to be a few days. It's just I-” he needs her is what he can't say. He needs his mother right now because she'll look after him and he won't have to put on the brave face that Illya and Gaby made clear they preferred. Because he's not feeling brave and bold right now, he's feeling fragile and tired.

Waverly doesn't force him to finish the sentence. He just nods, and closes the file. “Very well. Take three days. Go and have a visit. What would you like me to tell your team?”

Napoleon shrugs and stands to leave. “Whatever you think they'll be most likely to believe.”

Waverly nods and Napoleon stands to leave.

“You'll be staying with your team when you return though?” Waverly calls after him.

Napoleon nods. “Whatever you think best, sir.”

The neighborhood looks smaller than Napoleon remembers, unsurprising since he'd been a fresh eighteen last time he was here. It's a long time ago now.

He passes a group of working class alphas on the street corner. He recognizes most of them, men he'd either grown up with or fucked, or in a few cases, both.

They gape at him. It's clear they recognize him. He's always been a difficult man to forget, and now he's returned from a way, having in the meantime sent his mother enough money to buy a new, much nicer apartment, wearing clothes most of these men have only seen in magazines and looking less like a man who'd left to go to war and more like someone whose European Grand Tour had taken an unexpectedly long time.
Napoleon waves at them as he passes, suitcase in hand, heading towards the building his mother had moved into used Napoleon's ill-gotten, art theivery gains.

She opens the door and, to her credit, only gapes in shock and joy for a moment, before she schools her face into one of studied disinterest. “And where have you been?” she snaps.

Napoleon smiles, already feeling like she's shouldering some of the weight off his shoulders. He didn't expect a warm welcome. He's been away too long with too little contact and his mother is too difficult for that. It's where Napoleon get it from- Though he doesn't take after her physically, growing instead into the shadow of a man he doesn't even remember, he's always been so much like his Mama in other ways.

He sighs. Let's the masks slip. Let's the walls come down. Mother has only ever hurt him to help him.

“I got myself in trouble, again. Like you always said I would. I'm working for some...unpleasant people. They keep me on a short leash.”

His mother opens the door wider and takes a step back.

“And what changed?” she demands.

Napoleon sighs and finally let's his heart break. It's safe here. His mother has him.

“They did something bad to me, but they don't want to clean up the mess.”

It's his mother's turn to sigh. She steps forward and holds his face to hers. “Oh, my beautiful beautiful boy. You don't just attract the wrong sort, you go looking for them don't you?”

He let's himself relax, leans on her and nods.

She sighs. Her long suffering sigh of love and exasperation whose absence Napoleon hadn't realized had been a hole in his heart until now. It's the sigh from when he was 8 and punched an alpha-boy at school, it's the sigh from when he was 11 and asked her why she'd lied to him about
God, it was the sigh from when he was fifteen and came home pregnant, and it was the sigh from when he was 22 and handed her a pocketful of stolen gems.

He starts weeping on her shoulder and she guides him inside and shuts the door.

A strong drink, several only slightly stale cookies, and the whole sordid story later. Napoleon's mother looks rather stricken. She stares out the window her eyes slightly glassy. “Oh, Napoleon, this never would have happened if you'd come home after the war like I wanted.” she murmurs.

Napoleon rests his head in his hands. “I know.”

“But, I know you'd have been unhappy, even if you'd have been safe.” she continues.

Napoleon scoffs. “How many children does Noel have now? 5? 6? And his Alpha sleeps around on him. Doesn't seem safe to me.”

“Noel's Alpha adores him.”

“You and Father loved one another too, at first. Marrying him didn't make you safe.”

Mrs. Solo reaches out and runs a hand through Napoleon's hair. “Restless little conqueror.” she says, not unfondly. She kisses his forehead. Then she slaps the table and stands up.

“You haven't lived that sort of life so you can't know but the fact of the matter is: women and omega's sometimes lose babies, one way or another. It's difficult but, there's nothing to do but try and pick yourself up and move on.”

“I tried, Mother. I'm just--” He groans into his hands. “I'm not up for putting on a brave face to the Alpha and Beta I work with right now, and they...don't want me when I'm like this.”

Mother sighs, puts a hand on her hip and brings the finger up to wag. “Of course not. You've never been traditional, or... in a proper relationship.” as miserable as Napoleon feels he can help the smile at the familiar jab. “It's an omega's place to be a point of brightness. Smile, keep the house clean, look lovely. We don't bring our troubles to the Alpha. The Alpha brings his trouble to us.”
Napoleon gives up and lays his head on the table. “I know, I just...I didn't think Illya was like that.” he admits.

Mrs. Solo sighs, this time in sadness. “It's the fate of our designation to be disappointed in the those we've given ourselves to, but, to be fair to this Russian.” she says the word Russian in the same way she might have said 'cockroach' “he didn't know what had happened to you. I think you should tell him. If only so he understands better why you ended things. It sound like he was a decen- well, he doesn't sound like the decent sort at all really, and you never wanted the decent sort anyway, but he sounds like he loves you as best he can, and that's nothing to sneeze at take it from a lonely old lady who knows.”

“What is the point? He didn't ever know I was pregnant.” Napoleon groans. “It'll just hurt him to find out.”

His mother kisses the top of his head. “Sometimes the knowing helps. I'm not saying you should take up with him again, but, just explain it. It would be a kindness.”

Napoleon huffs a little and lifts his head (just a bit). “I've missed you.”

His mother smiles and kisses him on the cheek this time. “I've missed you too, my Napoleon.”

He sits back up. She studies him, and for a moment her face is filled with grief and worry, but after a moment she forces a smiled and bustles towards the stove. “I think I've got some left over cake in the icebox.”

“Fridge, Mother. It's a fridge.”

She waves her hand dismissively. “Call it whatever you please! There's some chocolate cake in there and if there isn't I'll make one.”

Illya is disturbed by Cowboy's dissapearance, and by Waverly's dismissal of his concerns with the explanation that in light of their concerns Agent Solo had been given some leave to spend as he saw fit.
Illya passed his own free time wandering around New York, a city that despite his frequent visits he is still largely unfamiliar with. For some reason he didn't expect it to be so different from Europe. Scent blockers rather than perfume are the norm here, and it makes Illya's nose itch not to be able to tell people's designations.

Illya can only pick the odd omega-man out of the crowd when they're pregnant. Often with children in tow. Some of them look awfully young to have so many children.

He tries to imagine Napoleon in that life. An omega-house husband with children underfoot as well as trying manage the house and stay beautiful always.

It leaves a bitter taste in his mouth to think of Napoleon living that life. Diminished and wrong like a beast whose bones grow crooked when it's kept in a too small cage. It would have driven the man to murder within a month to live like that.

Napoleon reappears as suddenly and silently as he had disappeared. One day he's simply back with little enough explanation, and little enough visible sign of his previous distress.

They go back to the field quickly and it doesn't take long for Illya to start finding the cracks. The moments when Napoleon let's his guard drop and he looks tired or sad or is studying Illya in an uncharacteristically thoughtful way. But, whenever Napoleon catches Illya looked the mask returns smooth, charming and impenetrable- a version of himself he plays for show, like the housewife in make-up, heels, and pearls to clean the house.

One day in Bucharest Napoleon pulls Illya aside. “Listen Peril, I've been thinking-” and Illya's traitorous heart leaps in the hope that Napoleon has changed his mind and wants Illya back. “and I realized I was unfair not to tell you why I ended things. I-”

“You were clear Cowboy. No need to soothe my wounded pride. Russian Alphas are not so fragile as American ones.” Illya sneers.

A flash of hurt flickers across Napoleon's impassive features, there and gone again so suddenly that for a moment Illya thinks he imagined it.
Napoleon looks away. “I was going to tell you in the hopes of saving our working relationship, but if there's no hope of that- then tell me now and I'll take Waverly up on his offer of a transfer.” he snarls.

Illya raises his hands and eyebrows waiting for an explanation. “By all means Cowboy, explain things.”

Napoleon sighs and stares at the floor. It's enough like the stupid omega-head duck that it sets Illya's teeth on edge, but then Napoleon scowls and meets Illya gaze with a stare like a sledgehammer.

“I became pregnant after our shared heat. The CIA forced me to terminate the pregnancy throwing our lack of future into stark relief. So.” He steps back. “Now you know why I've been... the way I've been.”

Illya reaches out. “Napoleon—” he wants to apologize, to reconcile, but mostly he wants to comfort the omega. Because Napoleon was in pain- is in pain over this loss and Illya didn't know and through not knowing he made things worse, and he cannot stand that.

But Napoleon just blinks furiously and turns away. “I hope to stay your friend and partner, but I can't go through that again Peril. Not even for love.”

Illya nods to Napoleon's retreating back. “I understand.”

Napoleon looks over his shoulder, and it's that mischievous smile. The real one. “Good Peril. Thanks you for understanding.”
The team struggles to move past what's happened.

Chapter Notes

Before anyone freaks out, this is not the end- there's at least two chapters after this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

For a time it seems as if Illya's breathing exercises and the rhythms that he taps to try and stave off his episodes become constant. Napoleon is in the field, so if he notices he doesn't show it, but Gaby is running support with Illya and she doesn't bother to dissemble.

She threatens to dance/wrestle him again if he fights her (as if he'd even try, he's learned resistance is futile when it comes to Gaby), and drags him away from the earphones for a minute.

“What is it?” she snaps. “You're doing your rhythms constantly. I'm half afraid you're going to have a complete psychotic break and rip the head off the guy who brings us room service.”

Illya crosses his arms and looks away with a huff. It's bad but not THAT bad. Not yet.

Napoleon hadn't specifically told him not to tell Gaby but, well, Napoleon doesn't tell anyone anything about himself at all ever so Illya's guessing that the omega would prefer Illya keep the news to himself.

“Nothing.” Illya grumbles, pouting a little. “Is just break-up with Cowboy.”

“That was months ago!” Gaby snaps “and you were fine until about a week ago!”

Illya bites his lip.
Gaby steps close. “Do you want to wrestle?” she threatens jokingly.

Illya shakes his head and steps back. She's joking, mostly. But he's been riding the edge of his anger for long enough that he doesn't know whether he'd stay in control enough to pull his punch if she slapped him.

“Then spill, Illya.” Gaby demands softly, switching to Russian.

Illya stares at the ceiling and swallows around the lump in his throat.

“Napoleon got pregnant on the Idaho mission. The CIA forced him to-...”

“Get rid of it.” Gaby finishes for him when it becomes clear he won't manage to say it.

Illya clenches his fist but he can't, he can't... He punches the wall and screams.

Gaby grabs him, steadies him as he sinks to the floor. He tries to relax.

“And that's why he left you.” Gaby guesses.

Illya nods.

“Oh, Illya, when did you learn this?”

Illya shrugs. “When I started doing my rhythms.” He grits his teeth. “I want to kill them. I want to kill them all the time.”

Gaby sits down next to him. “Well, that won't do.”
Illya shoots her a look of exasperation clenching and unclenching his fists.

Gaby rests her head on his shoulder. “I don't suppose you've talked to Napoleon about this?”

Illya shakes his head. “He's been...better, lately, don't you thing? I don't want to make it...hurt again. I think, I hurt him before when I didn't know and I was-I said the wrong thing.” he admits.

Gaby laughs. “Well, that’s hardly new.”

Illya scowls at her.

She sighs and looks at him for a long moment. “You can't kill the deputy director of the CIA, or whoever it was that made the call about Napoleon...but...you might be able to kill that prick Sanders.”

There's a long pause, before she adds. “I'd help.”

Illya takes a deep deep breath, before he nods. “That might make me feel better. He is a little man with soft bones. I'm sure it wouldn't be too difficult.”

Gaby grins. “Alright then.”

Napoleon seduces his mark on that mission. Gaby calmly steps back and to the side when Illya flips the desk after hearing it happen over the bugs he'd planted.

She glares at Napoleon when he comes back that night. Napoleon meets her gaze defiant and unapologetic. He doesn't say anything to Illya, just collapses elegantly onto the bed with a quip about having the information necessary to proceed.

Her initially offhand comment about killing Sanders seems to be slowly transforming into a promise. At first it was speculative conversation with Illya while Napoleon was out. Then it became detailed hypothetical.
Now they've begun doing actual research on how they'd accomplish it. It's not a healthy way of dealing with loss and heartbreak. But it's something.

No one wants to admit it, but the team is floundering. Since Illya's undercover mission with the CIA things have been...off. Actions that were once natural suddenly seem awkward. They're all constantly misjudging one another's reactions, they're making mistakes.

And the strain is starting to show.

Gaby has to believe they can work through this. That it will get better once her partners aren't the emotional equivalent of bleeding out. She needs to believe they can work through it. Illya is her best friend- the best friend she's ever had really, and Napoleon is...infuriating actually, but she loves that man anyway.

Napoleon finds their plans one day when he's lounging in her room at UNCLE HQ between missions, and casually and unabashedly rifling through her belongings.

“What the fuck is this?” He asks, but from his tone he already knows.

Gaby gives him a flat look. “Plans.”

“For?!” Napoleon's voice is cool and amused as he leafs through the folder, a sure sign he's probably going to break some heads if he doesn't like the answer.

“Ever since the two of you...parted ways, whenever Illya thinks he's really going to lose his temper, and the breathing exercises don't work or the little finger tapping thing, than we work on our plan to kill Sanders.” Gaby explains with a shrug.

Napoleon's face goes tight, for a moment before he visibly forces himself to relax.

“Well,” he says pleasantly. “Obviously I've been misinformed about how well Illya has been dealing with things.”

He stands and drops the folder onto Gaby's bed in disgust. “This ends now.” he commands with a
pointed finger as he leaves the room.

Gaby rolls her eyes.

Napoleon is always so dramatic.

Napoleon quietly seethes over Illya and Gaby's little revenge scheme. As if he needed avenging. As if he was some goddamn damsel in an old time movie.

Obviously things couldn't continue on the way they had been.

After another disastrous mission that only succeeded by the skin of their teeth and Napoleon's ability to talk just about anyone into bed (he's been smug about it too, which had not helped Illya).

Illya comes across Napoleon in his room in UNCLE HQ carefully folding his clothing to arrange it neatly in his case. He was arranging pocket squares by colour.

“Cowboy, what are you doing?”

Napoleon gives Illya a look like he's trying to assess whether that jump into their escape boat damaged Illya's brain.

“Packing...”he responds as though talking to a small child.

“We just returned Cowboy. No need to plan so far a head.”

Napoleon smiles like he's laughing at Illya's ignorance. “You're staying here. I'm leaving.”

“What?”
“I'm going to work for the CIA again.” He holds up two ties. “Which one's better for traveling do you think?” He drapes them over his arm and stares at them against the fabric of his suit. “The paisley, I think?”

Illya can't breathe. Napoleon can't go back to the CIA. He can't.

Napoleon didn't expect that Illya would take the news well, but neither was he expecting him to throw Napoleon's dresser across the room.

Napoleon is not impressed.

“How CAN YOU DO THIS?!” Illya roars.

Napoleon sighs and puts down the ties. “It's becoming clear that our professional partnership is not going to recover- I'm just beating UNCLE and the CIA to the punch.”

“They HURT YOU!!! THEY KILLED OUR CHILD! AND YOU JUST GO SCAMPERING BACK TO THEM?!”

Napoleon freezes and glares at Illya.

“It wasn't a child yet.” his tone is icy.

Illya looks like he might cry. He drops to his knees pulling at his hair. “Please, Cowboy. Don't go with them. They think you're disposable. Something to use and throw away.”

Napoleon sighs, and looks down at Illya dispassionately. “I will never understand you.”

He sits down next to Illya and lightly smacks his cheek. “Stop playing the innocent. You and I both know the KGB and the CIA have done far worse things to far nicer people, than what happened to me...”

He stands up and grins at Illya and the Russian can't tell if it's real or not.
“What about me? About Gaby?” Illya asks. “Don't we matter?”

“Oh, honestly Illya!” Napoleon barks. “We're spies- we do what it takes to survive. It's always been that way. You need to accept that, but I'm tired of trying to make you accept it. I'm tired of how hard it is to work with you when every time I have sex with a mark I have to worry you're going to lose your mind, and I'm tired of you looking at me like I'm wounded. Gaby will look after you when I'm gone. I think you'll find it easier to manage things.”

“Even then, you don't have to go! We can protect you! Waverly will-” Illya protests.

“I've seen your plans Peril,” Napoleon snaps. “and quite frankly, it's a little insulting that you don't believe I could kill Sanders on my own if I wanted him dead- the man's been my handler for nearly 10 years for God's sake, it's not like I haven't had means, motive and oppurtunity.” he mutters darkly to himself.

“Maybe I want him dead for what he's done.” Illya counters.

“Maybe you just enjoy killing people.” Napoleon snaps back picking up his suitcase.

“Napoleon, don't!” Illya begs.

Napoleon takes a deep breath and turns around. “It was always going to end this way Peril. It was only a matter of time until the CIA wanted me back. And this is a good assignment. If I manage to dodge this mission, I can guarantee the next one wouldn't be.

Face the facts Peril: It's the end. I know this hurts you but, in our line of work it's every man for himself.”

Napoleon turns and leaves. He goes back to Sanders. He doesn't say the words “Goodbye”.

Illya has an episode after that. A bad one. He tears the room apart and himself with it. Gaby can't talk him down. He has to be sedated.

When he wakes up his hands are bandaged and Waverly is sitting by his bed.
“Cowboy?” Illya asks.

Waverly smiles weakly and pats his hand. “Long gone I'm afraid. I have been unable to change Agent Solo's legal status in relation to the CIA which means they can unceremoniously demand his return, which they've now done....I'm planning on keeping you and Agent Teller together on missions even without him, if it's any consolation. Though the nature of your assignments may have to change now, but don't worry Agent Kuryakin. Your talents will be put to good use.”

Gaby comes in with a bouquet of flowers and kisses him on the cheek sympathetically.

And just like that the best part of Illya Kuryakin's life is over, and he never saw it coming.

Chapter End Notes

More sadness. There will be one more chapter of sadness after this and then we get to the happier parts. I apologize in advance guys.
That Time in Argentina

Chapter Summary

Illya finds himself on a mission to track down a rogue CIA agent. But, nothing goes as he expects it to.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Illya continues to work for UNCLE but it isn't the same. He sometimes thinks he catches a glimpse of Napoleon across crowded hotel dining rooms, or turning a corner in a fashionable district, but he must be wrong.

It disturbs him greatly to think of his beloved omega, though he'd never been his, not really, and what they had shared hadn't been limited by their designations- once more in the hands of the people who had hurt him so terribly, but what is there to do? Napoleon is gone, and had left Illya long before he'd disappeared from the Russian's life.

Illya wrecks countless hotel rooms as he tries to regain control of his rages. Breaks thousands of bones as they cut a swathe across Europe. Gaby watches with her sharp dark eyes, but she doesn't say anything.

Illya is grateful. What is there to say anyway?

Eventually it gets better. The pain dulls to memory. The wounds heal. Or at least begin to.

It becomes obvious that Napoleon isn't going to come back.

Unless Illya gets lucky, he'll never see the omega again. He abandons his plans to kill Sanders. There just doesn't seem to be a point to any of it anymore.

One day UNCLE receives a request from the CIA to borrow Agent Kuryakin for a mission. Illya bristles at the idea, but ultimately relents. There's no point burning bridges, and surely if there was ever a moment where he'd meet Napoleon Solo again it would be on a mission with the CIA?
He's never been so right in all his life. The mission is to find and recover Agent Solo, who has disappeared during an undercover mission. Napoleon had been poised to marry an Arab Sheikh, when he'd vanished just over 6 months ago.

They'd given Napoleon too long a lead and he had slipped it. Maybe they thought they'd finally broke him to the bridle, but Illya could have saved them some trouble: Napoleon could never be lead. He would always be who he was. Nothing could change that, not really.

Due to his formerly close relationship with Napoleon it is assumed that Illya might have some insight into where he would have run to- if he had even run at all. There are worries his identity as a spy was revealed. If that's the case he is most likely dead.

At first it seems like a waste of time. The trail has gone cold before Illya takes up the chase. It's only when he goes to Paris on a hunch and in a fit of self-destructive nostalgia drops by the hotel where they'd first consummated their relationship, and Illya had run out afterwards determined not to be one of THOSE Alphas and to return with a cheap trinket of the Eiffel tower, that something occurs to him.

Illya double checks the file, feeling an odd sense of vertigo seeing Napoleon's birth name: 'David O'Malley'. As he suspected there's no sign of anyone checking on his mother. They'd put her under surveillance briefly after Napoleon's disappearance but after a few weeks they'd pulled it off, because all as far as they knew she'd not seen him in 15 years. But, Illya remembered Napoleon's leave, and unlike the attack dogs from the CIA he knows that Napoleon always plays the long game, no matter how foolish he seemed.

He heads to the apartment in New York City, the nicest one in a not so nice neighborhood and as he suspected (as he hoped because the alternatives are painful to even contemplate) in the weeks since the CIA ceased their surveillance Mrs. Solo has also disappeared.

That's all the confirmation Illya needs: Napoleon is alive and well enough for him to get his mother out of the country without tipping off the CIA.

Illya is heading down the stairs after having combed the apartment fruitlessly for clues when a pale freckled face peaks out of an apartment to look at him.

“Excuse me, sir?” the man hesitantly calls. Illya turns to face him and he immediately ducks into the omega pose of deference, stepping out from the behind the door with his hands folded over his
swollen belly.

“Dah?” Illya barks in annoyance.

“Are you...ummm...Mr. Peril?”

Illya growls and rolled his eyes. “My name is Illya Kuryakin, boy.”

The omega seems to shrink in on himself and somewhere in his apartment a baby begins to cry.

“Never mind.” he says in a very small voice, stepping back behind his door.

Illya's heart twists with guilt. “Wait, I'm sorry, umm, what is name?”

“Noel Fisher. I'm a friend of-” he jerked his head up the way Illya had came. “Mrs. O'Malley, before she left for her trip she said a Russian named Mr. Peril that looked like you might be coming by looking for her, and to give him a message if he did.”

Illya laughs, even though he wants to cry. “Napoleon called me Peril. Short for Red Peril, because I am Russian. I used to call him 'Cowboy' because he was American and reckless.”

“Oh.” Noel glances up to meet Illya's gaze and then away just as quickly. “I thought only Mrs. O'Malley called him 'Napoleon'...He's always been- like that...” The baby is still crying.

“What was message?” Illya asks gently.

Noel ducks into the apartment and hands Illya an envelope. “She said you shouldn't come if you weren't sure, but if you did love him than you'd better show up.”

Illya takes it with a bow and a hat tip that makes the omega blush before he darts back into his apartment and locks the door.
He opens the envelope.

“Mr. Peril,

If you truly love my son, and are the alpha he claims you to be, know you will find him in Argentina and be welcomed. I'd tell you more but he hasn't given me any other information (knowing my son it will probably be Rio).

I hope one day we can meet,

Mrs. O'Malley (alias 'Solo').”

Illya scowls. It annoys him that this woman has betrayed the trust her son put in her by betraying his location like this.

Illya simply doesn't have it in him to purposefully botch the mission, and he is annoyed, to say the least, that Napoleon would disappear without a word to anyone at UNCLE. The CIA was beginning to investigate the possibility he'd been murdered by the Alpha he'd been seducing for Christ sake!

If Napoleon needed help so badly he should have come to Illya, or Gaby, or Waverly or anyone at UNCLE.

Which leads Illya to believe that Napoleon hadn't needed help: the CIA had simply been careless. They'd put Napoleon on too long a lead, near too great a temptation, and he'd absconded with his false-fiance's money at the first opportunity.

The American had always been greedy.

It's not, initially, particularly easy to track Napoleon. Particularly since Illya doesn't even know what designation the man is traveling under. Beta is a good bet. Beta's are more forgettable. Particularly, if you're an omega who looks like Napoleon.
It takes surprisingly little time showing Napoleon's picture to hotels in Buenos Aires, gradually working his way from high-end to low-rent before Illya catches the omega's trail.

It's at a mundane and completely forgettable mid-rent hotel that Illya finally gets a bite.

“Yeah.” says a distracted Alpha concierge. “I remember him- American Accent, but good Spanish. Paid in cash, gave nice tips, real polite, stayed for almost two weeks until his mother showed up.”

“Did he say where he was going?”

The Alpha shrugs. “ Mentioned he wanted to find a place in the country to stay with his mother. He left the day after an older omega lady showed up, with her.”

Armed with images of both Napoleon and his mother Illya makes a canvas of the train stations and car dealerships.

It's a pretty beta car saleswoman who finally provides the answer. She smiles when she sees the picture.

“I remember him, he wanted to know about a nice scenic place he could rent a house with his mother. He wanted somewhere by the sea, said she was sick in the city air.”

Illya smiles. “What did you tell him?”

After that, it seems to take next to no time until he's pulling up to a nice house in the hills two hours drive from the city. There's a very nice car in the drive, the very one sold to him by the pretty beta.

Obviously Napoleon had banked on CIA incompetance and had not considered his mother might leave a hint, because once in Argentina the man had not bothered to cover his tracks.
A light goes on at the sound of his car, and the door opens before Illya can knock.

He expects to see Napoleon, unrepentant, perfectly pressed and self-satisfied at his own cleverness for slipping the CIA for so long.

Instead, he's looking down at a face he's only seen in photographs. Mrs. Moira O'Malley, mother of David O'Malley alias, Napoleon Solo.

To his surprise she beams up at him. “You must be Illya! I told Napoleon you'd come, he said I was being a foolish romantic, but I told him- Napoleon!”

She grabs his arm and pulls him inside. The house is smaller than Illya had guessed. There's a kitchen to the right, a narrow staircase in front of him, and then he is dragged into a sitting room with French windows, the gauzy curtains billowing in the breeze coming down from the mountains.

Napoleon is sitting in a chair and his head whips around at his mother's voice. When he sees Illya his face is a mask of shock, and then, to Illya's horror, his face breaks into an enormous smile. He hauls himself to his feet and steadies himself against the wall.

It's then that Illya sees Napoleon is pregnant. Not quite in danger of giving birth at any moment, but far along there's no mistaking it and he's moving awkwardly.

Napoleon reaches out for him and takes a step forward whispering “Peril you-” but then he must read something in the set of Illya's shoulders, or the expression on his face, because both his hand and expression drop.

“They sent you.” Napoleon says hollowly, and then his mother is turning on Illya with a look of rage and betrayal. Napoleon starts pulling at his hair. “Of course they would send you to find me!”

He's starting to cry and Illya doesn't know what to do. A fairly elementary knowledge of biology tells him that the child in the omega's belly belongs to the mark the CIA had put him undercover with, and Illya doesn't understand what is happening.
“Yes,” Illya admits. “CIA sent me to find you, and bring you in.”

Napoleon points a finger at him. “I'm not going back!”

Illya sighs and shakes his head. “Is over Cowboy, I've found you, U.N.C.L.E. will look after you, but you're coming home.” He takes a step towards the man that, now that he sees him again, there is no denying Illya loves, and can barely hold back a whimper as the omega edges away from him with tears streaming down his face.

“I won't Illya.” Napoleon sobs.

A gun cocks behind him and Illya whirs to find Mrs. Solo brandishing a shotgun, with a surprisingly steady aim. “I'll shoot you, you commie bastard! Don't think I won't!” she screams.

Illys steps forward and has grabbed the gun out of her hands in less than a second when he feels the cold metal of a revolver against the back of his head. “Drop the gun Peril and get on your knees.” Napoleon's voice is cold and steady. “I'll shoot you. Don't think I won't.”

Illya has no doubt of Napoleon's sincerity. He'd never been a man for idle threats, or undue violence. Unlike Illya.

Slowly, Illya drops the gun, raises his hands and sinks to his knees. “Cowboy...” he starts to say.

But Mrs. Solo slaps him across the face- hard. “You shouldn't be speaking like that to him! Filthy Animal.”

“Ma?” Napoleon says softly. “There are handcuffs in the hall table, bring them here.”

They cuff him to the radiator, and Napoleon's gun hand doesn't waver the entire time.

As Mrs. Solo bundles their cases into the car, Napoleon hesitates as he passes Illya, seeing his chance Illya calls to him.
“Napoleon! You left a trail for me didn't you?!”

Napoleon freezes and stares at Illya looking stricken. “I thought you might try and find me when you heard I went missing.” He smiles completely without humour. “Guess I was right.”

“You thought I-”

“Well,” Napoleon snaps bitterly. “After Mother told me what she'd done, I...considered it a possibility.”

“You did this for the child?”

Napoleon doesn't answer. Just glares at Illya and turns to leave.

“But...why? Is just a mistake from mission, I know you! You care nothing for the man they sent you to, why would you want to carry his child?”

Napoleon whirls on his heel and stalks over to where Illya crouches awkwardly handcuffed to the radiator. “Because, Illya Kuryakinn” and Napoleon spits the name like it's filth. “I want it, and that's all the reason I need. Just like, I thought I wanted you, but you've shown what sort of Alpha you really are. If I see your face again, I really will shoot you.”

He fumbles in his pocket and throws something at Illya that bounces under the radiator with a tinkle and a clank.

With that he turns and storms out.

“NAPOLEON! WAIT!” Illya screams straing against the cuffs, and his own verbal limitations. He has so much he wants to say, to explain, but he can't find the words and Napoleon doesn't look back. Soon there's the sound of the car starting and driving away and Illya is alone in the dark empty house by the sea.

Blindly, Illya gropes under the radiator until he manages to retrieve the little lead Eiffel Tower he'd bought Napoleon so long ago.
He wonders if he'll ever see Napoleon again. He doubts it.

Chapter End Notes

So, this is the last of the sad chapters. From here on out we'll be working towards the happy ending and they'll be lots of cuteness. Okay?
At Least it's Not Ottawa

Chapter Summary

Napoleon gets on with his life. Illya has regrets. Somehow, things work themselves out.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Napoleon stands in his paper gown leaning against the glass and watching two small forms wriggle in their respective pink and blue blankets.

“They're pretty cute, aren't they?” he remarks.

His mother sighs and looks up at him, her face still lined with worry. It had been a difficult birth. He was considerably older than most omega-men were when they had their first child and he'd been having twins. It had been dicey there for a minute.

“You don't have to do this, dear.” she reminds him.

Napoleon manages to drag his eyes away from his children to frown at her in incomprehension.

“The man you love isn't their Father- and you're on the run. You could give them up.” she suggests softly.

“No.”

“Napoleon-”

“I'm not doing that! How can you even suggest-?”
She smiles at him and pats his cheek to cut him off. “I just wanted to know you were sure. It will be hard, doing it on your own.”

“When am I not sure? Besides, I won't be alone-” he slings an arm over her shoulder and kisses the side of her head. “You'll be with me.”

“They still need names though.” she reminds him.

“Well…”

“If you name that little girl Josephine so help me-”

Napoleon knows he's not a great parent. It's not something that comes easily. He's too selfish, and too vain, but he tries and his mother helps.

He loves his twins. He promises he'll never lie to them, since they'll be lying for him as soon as they can talk. He doesn't want them to discover nasty secrets later in life. It's not how he wants to live.

However, 'Not Lying' is several steps removed from 'Telling them the Truth'.

He rents a house in Greece with the proceeds of stolen diamonds. His mother helps with the babies (and everyone who ever knew him would laugh if they could see him now- up to his ears in dirty diapers, and baby vomit, he looks like hell and worse than that he doesn't even care).

He names his daughter Gabriela, because he figures with a namesake like Gaby she'll be able to walk off whatever damage his parenting does to her.

He names his son Felix, because any omega-boy child of his will need all the luck he can get.

He settles down, pretends to be a grieving widow, and lives quietly.
Felix is playing in the garden with his sister when he sees the giant at their gate. The man turns to look at them, and there's an awkward scramble as he and Gabriela both try and hide behind their twin. It's a pretty evenly matched fight but Gabriela's fiestier, if not, apparently, braver, so she ends up shoving her brother in front of her like a human shield.

The man is tan, fair haired and taller than any person either of them had ever seen, with a face like thunder.

He crouches down and waves at them. “No need to be frightened. Do you live here?” he asks in truly terrible French.

He points to their house.

Felix stares at him wide eyed, not sure what to do. Papa had always told them never ever to answer any questions about their home or family that strangers might ask.

The man smiles and suddenly he didn't seem so frightening. “I'm looking for a friend and I'd hate to knock on the wrong door and bother your mama if she's not who I'm looking for. “

“We don't have a mama.” Gabriella pipes up in English. “Just a Papa.”

The nice giant raises his eyebrows. “You speak English?” he asks in the same language.

Felix nods and points down the road. “We go to the International school. Papa fixed it. We just have to pretend he's a staunch Orthodox widow.”

The giant grins at that, and Felix comes a bit closed. “Who are you looking for?”
Napoleon was just starting on supper— they ate early now that the twins were in school, when he caught a familiar scent through the open kitchen window, and found himself diving for the gun he kept hidden in the pantry.

He races towards the door with his heart in his throat. The twins are only in their first year of school. They're still practically toddlers! It would be so easy for someone to-

Everyone jumps when the front door bangs open.

“Darlings!’ Napoleon calls from the front step. “Please come inside.”

Reluctantly the children leave the interesting Russian giant, and scramble inside. “Go help Nana, please?”

“Yes, papa.” the twins chorus sprinting past him.

Illya watches them scamper inside, and it makes his heart twist in his chest. The children favour their omega-father with glossy dark hair and statuesque features, but their complexions and eyes hearken back to their Middle-Eastern Alpha-Father.

Twins, one even named after their little chop shop girl, and Napoleon looking happy and domestic, and sad and furious.

It was as though he'd taken a wrong turn somewhere and missed this life. He bit his lip imagining what he might be enjoying if he'd actually followed Napoleon's trail as a lover and a friend instead of an attack dog.

Napoleon stares at him from the porch, his posture loose in a way that can only mean he's got a weapon on him.

“Illya. I told you if you came after me again I really would shoot you. Don't think I didn't mean it.”
“You cannot think I would--”

“I was willing to kill for them before they were even born, you want to test me on this Mr. Kuryakin?”

“Cowboy...please?” Illya holds his hands up and takes a step back from the gate.

Napoleon sighs and leans against the door frame. “Why are you here? Surely the CIA doesn't still have you on a mission to find me? It's been years.”

“I wanted to see you. It just took long time to find you.”

Napoleon scowls at him and bares his teeth. “Well, I didn't leave you any bread crumbs this time.”

Illya nods. “I know. I deserved that.”

They stare at each other in silence.

“You named her after Gaby.” Illya finally says when he realizes that Napoleon will not relent. Not on this.

“Yes.”

“Have you seen her?” Illya asks.

“No. I sent her a note and a picture. How did you find us? Did she talk?”

Illya shakes his head. “Your mother sends letters and things to her friends in New York, sometimes.”
Napoleon narrows his eyes. “How do you know, that?”

Illya shrugs again. “After...everything. I became friends with the omega-house husband in her building- the one she left the note with: Noel Fisher.”

If anything Napoleon rage and hurt becomes more incandescent. “The last thing that poor man needs in his life is you!”

Illya shrugs. “He needed someone, Cowboy, after your mother left. Besides, he wanted to know how things ended up between us after acting as messenger and all.”

Napoleon's sighs and leans his head against the doorframe for a moment. “At least tell me she didn't put a return address on the letters?”

Illya smiles and shakes his head. “She is not that silly. I tracked you down in village. Not many omegas like you around.”

“And what, exactly, are you expecting now? Have you gotten your mother out of Russia? Left the KGB?” Napoleon asks.

Illya shakes his head.

“Than what, for God's sake, are you looking for here? I can't take up with you and put my children in danger. You'd lead the CIA right to my door! Or worse, the KGB! For the love of Christ Illya, why did you come here?”

“I needed to apologize.”

That pulls Napoleon up short.

“I loved you. Will always love you, and you never knew. I acted so you ended not thinking you could trust me, and you were right. I betrayed you when I agreed to work for CIA to find you. I lie awake at night and it...” he takes a deep shuddering breath. “It tears at me that I hurt you like that, that you had to do all those hard things alone, because I was too...stupid to help. What the CIA did
to you, what they used you for- I should have comforted you, supported you, but I didn't. Forgive me, please Cowboy? If you can?"

Napoleon takes a deep shuddering breath. “We'll have to leave here, now, because you found us. You put us in danger for an apology. Why not write a letter?”

Illya laughed. “You would have burned it.”

Napoleon can't help but crack a smile, he looks away- he would have burned it.

“I'm still with UNCLE. I got Gaby to cover for me there. No one will know I was here.” Illya insists.

Napoleon meets Illya's gaze finally, and the Russian sees hurt and anger there, yes, but also understanding, and maybe something more. Something like regret, and maybe love.

“I will forgive you, but, you need to go Illya.” Napoleon pleads. “Unless you're ready to abandon your mother, and your country and your life. You need to go.”

Illya nods. Napoleon is right. Coming here was destructive and foolish but also had been necessary to Illya. He had needed to do this. He'd needed to see that Napoleon was well, and safe and he'd needed to apologize because he had hurt the man and betrayed him.

He puts a little lead model of the Eiffle Tower on the gate post and turns away, watching Napoleon and the house over his shoulder for as long as he can. Napoleon walks to the gate and stands watching him, probably to make sure he wasn't going to double back the minute the omega went inside.

Illya doesn't see Napoleon's hand close over the well worn figurine. Doesn't see him pocket it.

Napoleon goes and finds his mother sitting in her rocker with both children squeezed onto her lap.
“Who was at the door?” she asks without looking up from the book she's reading to her grandchildren.

“Illya Kuryakin.” Napoleon replies, already exhausted as he considers the task ahead of them.

That brings her head up sharply.

“We leave tomorrow.” Napoleon declares, and she nods once. Now that Illya had found him, they'll need to disappear, change their names, and move somewhere new, no matter his reassurances of secrecy.

He'll call the children's school tomorrow, take them out of it. She'll start packing. He has another set of identities prepared. Switzerland is a possibility though he's never been one for mountains, but it would give him easy access to the money.

It's also exactly where someone would think to look for him.

That decides it then, Canada it is. He grits his teeth at the thought. Boring, cold, and distressingly close to the people he's so desperately afraid of, but also, the last place anyone would ever think dashing debonair Napoleon Solo would choose to hide.

As a farewell to the house that the twins have loved Napoleon builds his children a very large blanket fort and camps out in it with them that night.

He's told the twins their leaving. They aren't happy to hear it.

Gabriela frowns at him solemnly. “Papa.” she singsongs. “Was that our father today?”

Napoleon smiles. “No, darling. He was a friend a long time ago, who did a bad thing to me by accident. He wanted to apologize.”
Gabriella looks thoughtful and then nods. “Okay.”

Napoleon catches Felix's eye, but Felix doesn't say anything just looks fretful and crawls to cuddle up against him.

“Papa.” he whispers after a moment. Napoleon wraps his arms around him.

“Yes, Lucky?”

“Why do we have to move? Is it because of the giant today?”

Napoleon bites his tongue. He's decided a long time ago not to lie to his children.

“A little bit because of him.” he admits softly, watching Gabriela who has fallen asleep clutching a stuffed horse.

“Is he a bad person?” Felix asks.

Napoleon kisses his son's head. “No sweet thing. He's not bad at all.”

Felix grew up thinking certain things were normal. It was normal that Papa changed his names every few years, and Nana called him 'Napoleon' even though that was never his actual name.

When he'd asked about it his Papa had grinned wickedly and whispered that it was his one real name, because he gave it to himself. He says that one day, if Felix wants he can name himself too and that will be his real name. For some reason the idea terrifies Felix.

His childhood is a blur of different schools and different countries. 'Adventures' his Papa had called them. It had taken him a while to start seeing the obvious differences between him and other kids. Other kids had two parents, and stayed in one place. Most of them had a Mother and Father, and the ones who had omega-fathers, well- their fathers didn't look like his Papa who was tall and
strong and dressed so nice but was older than the other omega-fathers.

They move to Toronto when Felix is 10 and that's the first time they really settle down. Their passports have Greek last names now, and their Papa gets a job appraising art, though he likes to tell Gaby and Felix about how the Canadian art market is pathetic.

A very pretty lady who dresses like Jackie Onassis comes to visit Papa, she gives them expensive gifts but doesn't talk to them and spends the entire visit locked with Papa in his office. Nana disapproves, and grumbles and snaps for weeks afterwards, but Papa is happy in a way they've never seen before.

As he got older Felix couldn't help but slowly put together a rather uncomfortable picture of who his Alpha-Father must be: his Papa's fear, their constant moving, and the instructions of exactly what they should do if anyone asked certain questions or if their Papa simply disappeared one day.

He's fourteen when he finally asks. Gabriela refuses to back him up. She says he's being stupid. That if he's right they're better off not knowing and if he's wrong they may end up with more questions than ever.

But he asks anyway. His father pauses at the sink and thinks about it for a long time without saying anything. He doesn't lie to his children, Felix knows that, but he doesn't always tell the whole truth either.

After a minute his father swaggers over to the cupboards and pulls a pack of cigarettes from the top shelf that only he can reach.

Felix wrinkles his nose. His father had quit two years ago. He had thought there weren't any cigarettes in the house.

Napoleon taps one out and eyes it. “I want you to think long and hard about whether this is really important you know that.”

Felix nods mutely. “I already have.”

His father sighs and lights the cigarettes with a dramatic flourish, as though he's used to doing it for show. Like his behaviour when Auntie Gaby visited, it's one more glimpse of the man his father
once was that Felix is trying to desperately to put together.

Napoleon eyes his son as he takes a long drag.

“Your father was an Arab Sheikh living in Texas.” he says “He was sweet and kind and funny and viewed the acquisition of a handsome American omega-husband in much the same way as he viewed the importation of a German sports car- it was a necessary trapping of the lifestyle he pursued. But he was kind and sweet.”

“I was in trouble with some very bad people.” his father says after a long moment, and sometimes Felix is baffled by the incomplete picture of that his life that his father paints. What on earth had he been doing that meant he could spot a faked Old-Master at fifty feet, lit his cigarettes like a pin-up omega and was in trouble with 'bad people'?

“They wanted me to spy on your father. I was afraid of them. Afraid to do something wrong, afraid your father would find out the truth....So one day I took everything I could carry, ran like hell and called my mother from a payphone in Laredo. You father never knew about you.”

It's not the answer Felix was expecting, or the one he was hoping for and Gabriela was right- it leaves him with more achingly unanswered questions than ever.

They meet the Sheikh eventually though Papa gives them a very particular story they are to tell him. He's kind like Napoleon had said, and welcomes them but he lives far away with his wife and legitimate children and it becomes clear he will never be a father to them.

Gabriela refrains from telling Felix she told him so, though she had.

He's fifteen now and his father is worries about him constantly though he pretends he doesn't.

Gabriela breaks a boy's nose at school when he call their Papa a whore.

Felix is in awe of his older sister for that, and a little jealous. Papa doesn't worry about her.

Felix tells his father what had caused the fight and seeing him freeze for a long moment, before he
goes and retrieves the packet of cigarettes from the top of the cupboards where only he can reach it.

Felix swallows nervously. His father only smokes when the conversation is going to hurt.

His father lights it with a flourish and takes a long drag as he appraises his son with all the detached and ruthless judgment Felix has seen him level at a well-forged canvas.

“There are some things you should know Lucky.” His Father begins. Felix's heart sinks to his boots. This is not a promising opening line.

Napoleon doesn't really want to tell his son about his past. But the boy is fifteen and while in almost every way he's nothing like Napoleon was: Sweet and gentle and kind. Good looking in a conventional omega way. He's also Napoleon's son and Napoleon knows what the kid could be capable of if he was given the wrong sort of push.

He doesn't want the kid making the same sort of disastrous mistakes Napoleon did.

So he does tell him. Mostly. Sort of. An entirely true though heavily edited version of the events that have lead them to this juncture.

And an explanation of how the label of 'whore', while insulting, is not entirely inaccurate in his case (depending on how you define the term), so for future reference the pair of them should refrain from defending his honour.

Felix gapes at him and then leaves looking a little sick.

Napoleon watches him go. He'd needed to tell him who he'd been. Felix is an omega-boy who's growing up to be better looking than Napoleon ever was, and he needs to know what he might be up against in life.

Gabriela comes in. Napoleon doesn't need to tell her anything- she was born knowing the monsters she'd have to fight- more like him than Felix will ever be. She leans against the counter next to him. “He'll be okay Dad.” she offers, and he turns to smile at her. He wonders if she was eavesdropping outside, but doubts it. She's never shown the slightest interest in his past or her own origins. He's come to believe she honestly doesn't care. It's remarkable.
“I told him some things about how we ended up here and who I was before I became your father. I can tell you too, if you want.” He offers.

She bites her lip and shakes her head, before pausing and looking at him impishly from the corner of her eye. “There is one thing I'd like to know~” she begins.

“Ask, and I shall answer.”

“Who was that giant that came to see us in Greece? Really?”

Napoleon groans dramatically. “Only the star crossed love of my wasted life.” he admits.

She grins at him and stands on tiptoe to kiss his cheek before flitting out of the room. “Thought so.”

Illya has just gotten the news; his mother is dead. He paces back and forth in front of Gaby.

“Do you think I should?” he asks her again for the umpteenth time.

She's lying on her bed flipping through a magazine. “You can't pretend that you don't want to officially defect. And there's nothing to stop you now.”

He flops down next to her feeling fifteen rather than almost forty-five. “But if I do, I would have no excuse not to go see him.”

Gaby rolls her eyes and turns a page. “You should go see him either way. He'd like to see you. He said so.”
Illya rolls onto his front and covers his face with his hands. “But what if he was just being polite?”

Gaby smacks him on top of the head with her rolled up magazine. “You're defection should not be hinging on whether or not doing so will win you- or rather re-win you since it was your own damn stupidity that lost you it in the first place- the love of a certain American!”

Illya rolls back onto his back and stares at the ceiling. “So I'm defecting.”

Gaby leans over and kisses his forehead. “Good choice.”

Illya swallows around the sudden lump in his throat at the idea of Soviet Russia, the motherland, closed forever to him. The ideology of it- communism, comrades, and the party has dominated his life and his mind for as long as he can remember, and even after all these long years in the West his ties have never been severed, despite Waverly's many rather round-about offers- he had had his mother to think of after all. If he defected what would happen to her?

He's been reporting back to the KGB for his entire adult life.

The idea of living without that is terrifying.

He thinks perhaps, he should write to Napoleon about it. Or rather to send letters addressed to a Constantine Dukas- a kindly Canadian widow of a Greek shipping magnate- to a particular post-office box technically registered to a company that doesn't exist.

The summer is sweltering and Napoleon spends more time than he'd like to think about trying to convince Felix that no, he cannot get married at eighteen, no, not even if he thinks he's in love thank you. Yes, I do mean that. Besides, you're barely sixteen now, who's to say you'd still love him by then? Would you like another recitation of my life story as a lesson on why you shouldn't do that sort of thing too young?

His mother is in the hospital. He's seen Gaby three times in the last five years. He hasn't seen Illya in nearly a decade.
He's walking down the steps at the Art Gallery of Ontario when he sees a familiar figure climbing up towards him (and it is achingly familiar no matter how long it's been).

Illya stops in front of him. “My mother died.” he says without preamble as though this is explanation enough for his presence.

Napoleon just blinks at him in shock.

“I have defected, as you know. Russia is not...things are not how they were.” Illya continues. His Russian has gotten better, Napoelon thinks distantly.

His words have deserted him and it's not fair because no matter how much he's denied it to himself (and to his mother, and to Gaby and to Gabriela)- he's been waiting for Illya all these years. Not that he's been a monk (he's had more flings than he can count) but he can honestly say he's never loved another.

Not like Illya.

He still has that little lead Eiffel tower on his bedside table, for Christ's sake.

He grabs Illya's face and kisses him.

“It won't be the same.” he warns him as he pulls away, studying his lover's face, the lines that didn't used to be there, the way the skin sags a bit at his jaw and the way the clear cold certainty of his blue eyes has been clouded into something tireder, softer and kinder.

“I know.” Illya says. “But it feels like I've spent my whole life missing you.”

Napoleon smiles a little bit. Something more subtle than the ones he used to throw around on missions. Maybe he's learned subtlety sometime in the last almost twenty years.

“Well, I was right here waiting.”
Illya leans up and kisses him.

They walk home hand in hand, and Napoleon resolves to see how he can use this new development to drive the twins crazy and/or convince Felix that marrying his highschool sweetheart is a bad idea.

Illya grins wider, because he recognizes that look. That look means trouble of the best kind and Illya's life has been bleak without it.

He leans over and kisses Napoleon on the cheek just because he can.

The American is right. Things aren't ever going to be how they were. They're not Cowboy and Peril anymore. But, he can't help but think this possibility before them of ordinary days and long lives is better than the thrill of their old adventures.

Napoleon meets his eye and smiles back.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so this is the original ending for this story. I would like to get a little epilogue written about Illya integrating with the family that Napoleon has already made for himself, but I make no promises and as a rule I try and stay off the internet during christmas vay-cay. So I have no idea when/if that might be up.

Also, the title for the chapter is a dumb Canadian joke, because Ottawa is sort of considered the lamest city in Canada. Though many of the Canadian 'cities' probably don't even rate as cities in other countries, so, there's that.

Thanks for the support for this fic, it is now my most kudos-ed fic on this site which is kind of exciting (third highest in hits!). I hope everyone enjoyed this ridiculous yarn and is satisfied with this conclusions. Thanks again. :}

Epilogue: An Awkward Dinner Party

Chapter Summary

Felix's plan to introduce his boyfriend to his Father is unexpectedly derailed by the unexplained presence of a large Russian.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Felix nervously adjusted Colin's tie one more time.

“Just, show no weakness. My father can smell fear-” he warns, yet again. Colin smiles and laughs it off, yet again.

“I don't know why you're so concerned. Some parents would consider this a good thing.”

Felix sighs and shakes his head. “You don't understand my family.” is all he says. And how could Colin? Felix's family was insane. No Alpha father even mentioned until they were practically grown, raised by two omegas, with an omega-father acting as breadwinner, and his grandmother acting as head of the family? It was beyond unconventional.

Colin's family was as traditionally conventional as they came. He had half-a-dozen siblings, an Alpha-Father who ruled the family, an omega-mother and a scattering of relations.

It was that normalcy which drew Felix to him, for all that Gabriela couldn't understand the appeal, and his father seemed to be in denial about the whole thing.

They walk into the house to see Napoleon bustling behind the half-wall of the galley kitchen.

He looks at the pair of them, nervous and carefully dressed and does nothing to acknowledge them.

Colin glances nervously at Felix, realising finally, just what he'd got himself into for the evening.

There's a rustle from the living room and they turn to see a very large man reading a newspaper, his
long legs stretched out in front of him. He flips down a corner of the paper, apparently sensing their stares, and gives them a long assessing look, before snorting in contempt and folding it back up.

He yells something in a foreign language, that is neither French, Spanish or Italian to Felix's father who responds in kind, leaving the stranger chuckling darkly into in paper.

After a moment seeing them still standing awkwardly by the coffee table, he sighs folds his paper, and gestures to the seats.

“You need invitation to sit in your own home?” he demands sharply in a Russian accent.

They sit.

He's studying them without any pretense and the makes a tsking sound and shakes his head.

“It's no good you know.” he tells them with only slightly accented English. “Napoleon will never change his mind. Though why the son of my dear Amer- that is, how any son of Napoleon should choose this...” he waves at Colin “sort of Alpha specimen is beyond me.”

He glances between the two of them and then shrugs with a mutter of: “Rebellion I suppose.”

Felix looks up in relief as his father bustles into the room, in top form, hair spotless, suit cut like a knife, frilly apron Felix had made in home economics at 11 years of age proudly in place.

He smiles warmly at the stranger and Felix, and then turns a far colder one on Colin.

“So have you introduced yourself?” he asks with his hand on the Russians shoulder. The Russian shakes his head. “I thought I'd leave it to you, since you do so love dramatics.”

This makes Napoleon snort as he stifles a laugh.

“Sure, Peril, I'm the dramatic one, whatever you say.”
He turns to his son. “This is Illya Kuryakin. An old dear friend of mine from my wild youth.”

Illya mutters something Felix doesn't quite catch about Napoleon's wild youth being something far wilder than what he'd witnessed.

“He's just defected from the Soviet Bloc so we're having a little celebration!” Napoleon finishes with a smile. He leans down to peck the Russian on the cheek making the tall man blush and Felix nearly swallow his own tongue.

He'd known in an off hand abstract sort of way that his father was rarely without a lover of some kind. He had vague memories of tall, rich Alphas coming and going. Sometimes they'd bring him and Gaby a present. Occasionally he'd know that his father was seeing more than one at once.

His Grandmother never approved of any of them, and none had ever been formerly introduced to the twins.

Felix had never seen his father so much as hold an Alpha's hand in front of him.

Colin makes a small confused sound. “I thought we were having dinner so the two of us could get to know one another?” he asks.

Illya smiles up at Napoleon. “He is better Alpha than any of the ones you were going with at that age.”

Napoleon makes a face. “At that age, I wasn't going with Alpha's of any kind. I had better things to focus on.” It's a not so subtle jab at Felix, one that makes him wince. He knows his Father hates the idea of Felix getting married young and living a traditional omega life.

Illya stifles a grin. “Of course. Were you a criminal yet? Or did that only start after the War?”

Napoleon smiled indulgently down at the Russian. “You're only a criminal if you get caught Darling, so, no.”

He flounces out of the room, and Illya watches him go with an expression of schoolboy besottment.
Colin looks at Felix in disbelief who shrugs in confusion and mouths “Show no weakness” at his boyfriend.

Illya turns back to the boys on the couch. “You should give up trying to convince So-...” he cuts himself off and cleared his throat awkwardly. “-...Your father of whatever it is you're trying to convince him. He never changes his mind about people.”

Felix grabs Colin's hand. “He can't stop us.”

Illya shrugs again. “Maybe not, but he won't change his mind. He'll wait twenty years to say 'I told you so'.” He gestured to himself. “Look at me! It took more than 15 years of solid work to get him to accept my apology! And he liked me rather a lot to begin with. This one...” he points to Colin ”I can already tells he hates.”

“How did you meet?” Colin blurts out, desperately floundering for a more comfortable area of small talk.

Illya shrugs. “East Berlin, 1963. I tried to kill him, he was helping an important asset defect to the West.” His face goes soft with misty nostalgia.

“Next time I saw him I tried to strangle him in West German public bathroom and then he made me so angry I threw a cafe table into a lake.” he chuckles like it's a private joke. He leans over and calls into the kitchen. “Hey! Do you remember that Cowboy?!”

Napoleon pops his head out with a smirk. “How could I forget? You nearly ruined a bespoke suit!”

“Ah, to be young again!” Illya cries after him as Napoleon returns, laughing, to the kitchen.

Colin shoots Felix a look of complete panic.

Felix shrugs. He's just as confused.
Gabriela comes in, takes in Felix and Colin with a single raised eyebrow of judgement, and then saunters over to sit on the arm of the Russian's chair.

“How are you Illya?” she asks. “Have your papers come through yet?”

He smiles up at her. “Just got them today- is why we're celebrating.”

Gabriela looks at Colin and Felix. “Papa totally forgot he told Felix to bring his Alpha over today, didn't he?” Felix can hear the repressed laughter in her voice.

“Is likely.” Is Illya's deadpan reply.

Gabriela laughs as Felix's expression. “Don't look at me that way Fifi.” She trills smugly. “If you had anything in your head except that Alpha you're courting, you'd know all about this.”

She smiles like razor wire, and then flounces off to the kitchen where Felix hears her being greeted with great joy and exuberance by their Father.

Illya Kuryakin gives Felix a sympathetic look and then reopens his paper with a flick.

Colin leans over and whispers. “You're family is weird.”

Felix grits his teeth and whispers back. “You don't know the half of it.”

Chapter End Notes

So, here we are at the end, with Napoleon using his newly reunited love of his life to torture his dumb teenage son. As you do.

I want to say a big thank you to everyone who read, subscribed and commented on this
fic. It's now my most popular story on this site (which is never going to stop being surprising). So, Thanks, everyone. I'm glad you liked this little piece of insanity.

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