

Summary: This story is the sequel to "Choices", so if you haven't read "Choices", please read it first, as "Sacrifices" contains major spoilers.

Categories: [Man From Uncle](#) Characters: Alexander Waverly, April Dancer, Ensemble, Illya Kuryakin, Illya/Napoleon, Lisa Rogers, Mark Slate, Napoleon Solo, Original

Genres: PreSlash, Slash

Warnings: Previous Warnings Apply

Challenges: None

Series: Choices

Chapters: 1 Completed: Yes Word count: 6548 Read: 190 Published: 06/25/2011 Updated: 06/25/2011

Story Notes:

I'd like to dedicate this story to everyone who wrote in LOCs. Your gracious words encouraged me to write this story, when originally I had no plans in the near future for a sequel. And as always, thanks go to Kate, for her encouragement, her patience, and her beta reading. Thank you.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by Shannon

Chapter 1 by Shannon

"Eighty-one. . . eighty-two. . . eighty-three. . ."

"Illya?"

Hearing his lover's fast approaching steps, Illya quickly changed count. "Twenty-three. . . twenty-four. . ."

"You're not fooling me, Kuryakin. How many sit-up have you really done?"

Illya looked up to see Napoleon standing in the doorframe to the spare room he used as a gym. The dark haired man had a robe casually drawn over his pyjamas.

"I'm fine, Napoleon," he gritted, unsuccessfully trying to sound and act as though he hadn't just spent the last hour and a half overworking his exhausted body.

"Pushing yourself isn't going to make Scott put you on full duty any sooner you know."

"I'll go mad if I have to spend one more day cooped up inside UNCLE headquarters."

Offering his partner a hand, Napoleon helped the smaller man to his feet. "It's not as though we haven't had any excitement lately."

Illya picked up a towel he'd slung over the nearby bench press, and wiped the sweat from his face. "If you're talking about that poor excuse for a double agent we caught last week, you're over-exaggerating. The man was so inept, a first week rookie could have caught him with his pants down around his ankles."

Napoleon chuckled. "We did catch him with his pants down. He was in the toilet."

Heading towards the kitchen, the younger man called over his shoulder, "The man was an idiot. He had no right to even call himself a spy."

"Now you're complaining about the opposition getting too easy? Let's just be grateful that Uncle's survival school is a lot more efficient than the Thrush hire-any-psychotic-off-the-street method."

Ignoring the joke, Illya filled a glass of water from the kitchen sink, and gulped the liquid down greedily.

Leaning against the wall, Napoleon took stock of his friend. It had been over three months since Illya had given birth to a baby girl, and already he'd lost most of the weight he'd gained during the pregnancy. Napoleon thought the extra weight looked good on the normally pencil-thin body, and hoped that he could persuade his lover not to lose any more.

"It's not nice to stare," the Russian commented as he refilled his glass.

"I was just looking at the black circles under your eyes. What time did you wake up this morning?"

"Early."

"How early?"

"Early enough." Illya didn't want to admit that he'd woken up just before five o'clock in a cold sweat. The nightmare was now forgotten, but a sense of dread that he couldn't shake still clung to him.

Napoleon sighed. "Don't think I don't know what's going on here. It's the same old pattern, you push yourself whenever you're hurting."

"I'm not hurting, I'm completely recovered from the operation."

"I wasn't talking about the c-section you had. I'm talking about emotionally."

Illya rolled his eyes. "Isn't it enough that I have Hurts trying to pick my brain apart?"

"You need two people prodding you to get through that thick skull of yours. Why don't you just admit it? You miss her."

"Napoleon, she made me nauseous, kept me awake at night, kicked me constantly, made my feet swell, and caused me to gain several pounds. She was a literal pain in my back. And my ribs. And my bladder. And . . ."

"You miss her."

"And I miss her," Illya finally admitted.

"Want a hug?" Napoleon offered.

"That all depends," the Russian answered, eyeing his friend suspiciously.

"Depends on what?"

"On whether or not there are any strings attached. We've got to be in at headquarters in less than an hour. We don't have time for a quickie."

"Why, Illya, I'm insulted," Napoleon answered in less than convincing hurt tones.

A small smile appeared on the blond's lips. "You insult easily, my friend." Stepping into his lover's warm embrace, Illya rested his head on strong shoulders, and allowed the other man to sway him gently.

After several long minutes, he reluctantly stepped back. "I'd better take a shower."

His eyes watching the smaller man's retreating figure, Napoleon thought about preparing breakfast, but instead called after his lover, "Can I scrub your back?" as he followed the way Illya had taken.

Walking into UNCLE headquarters, Illya and Napoleon were told almost immediately that their Chief wanted to see them ASAP. Upon hearing the request, a surge of adrenaline flooded the American's veins. "Sounds like there's trouble," he eagerly pondered.

Illya wasn't nearly as excited by the prospect. Despite his earlier complaints about not yet being field certified, he couldn't help but think that something was terribly wrong. His suspicions were confirmed when they entered Waverly's office, and the old man looked at the young agent with compassion-filled eyes.

"Take a seat, gentleman."

Shuffling the papers before him, Waverly seemed to appear uncomfortable with the news he was about to deliver. Napoleon curiously looked to his lover and then back to their boss. The tension between the two was thick.

Finally, Alexander spoke. "There was an attack on a retired UNCLE agent, and his family early this morning. . ."

Illya's heart stopped. "Abigail?" he asked in a choked voice, fear for the safety of his child paralyzing his vocal cords.

The color drained from Napoleon's face. **No. No, it can't be.** he denied. **Illya's just being paranoid.**

Waverly handed the blond Russian a piece of paper. "This was taped to the door of the house."

Illya swallowed back the impending tears as he read the note.

Napoleon was at his lover's side immediately, his own fear held at bay as he tried to give what comfort he could. Gripping his partner's shoulder, he pried the note from the Russian's clenched fist.

The note simply said, Your life for your daughter's.

Napoleon looked up. "Darren and Helen?"

Waverly's voice barely concealed the outrage he felt. "Murdered"

It had been an unspoken law that retired UNCLE and Thrush agents were off limits. Now that the rule had been broken, would retired agents and their families ever be safe again?

Illya turned a deathly white with the news. **Oh God, no! This is all my fault.**

"We'll get her back, Illya," Napoleon gently whispered.

"And will we get back Darren and Helen?" he snapped, not wanting or feeling as though he deserved the comforting his partner was trying to give.

"You couldn't have known this would happen. No one. . ."

"Has a crystal ball," Illya finished.

"Exactly. Darren and Helen were good people, but you can't do them any good beating yourself up over this. Let's just worry about your daughter. Okay?"

"Mr. Solo's right. The blame for this despicable crime lies solely with the Thrush agent who masterminded the plan. You have nothing to feel guilty about."

Illya wasn't about to be pacified so easily. "I gave up my own daughter. I dragged Darren and Helen into this mess. . ."

"You gave Darren and Helen a great joy, Illya. Scott told me that they were both crying when he first placed Abigail in Helen's arms. They loved her at first sight, and I'm sure they would have willingly given their lives protecting her."

Before Illya could rebuff the argument, Waverly's secretary briskly entered the room. "Sorry to interrupt, sir, but Illya has a phone call on line two. They wouldn't give any names, but they said it was urgent."

Illya quickly snatched up the phone, knowing that it would be pointless to try and trace the call. "Kuryakin."

Waverly efficiently hit the loud speaker switch on the phone, allowing both him and Napoleon to listen in on the conversation.

"Mr. Kuryakin. Be at the front of the building in five minutes. There'll be a taxicab waiting for you. No tricks, no tails. Your daughter's in the cab, and the car is rigged with explosives. If you so much as sneeze, or try to remove the kid from the car, your baby girl will be raining down on top of you. Understand?"

Hate and rage shone brightly in the Russians eyes, but his voice was cold and passionless. "Perfectly."

"Good. Oh, and Mr. Kuryakin? Bring your partner." With that last instruction, the phone line went dead.

Locking his gaze with his Chief, Illya slowly lowered the phone, his every breath and movement carefully controlled.

Waverly looked at one of the best field agents he had ever had under his command for a moment, before briefly patting him on the back. "You'd better get moving, Mr. Kuryakin."

"Thank you, sir." Illya was all too aware that if Waverly didn't want them walking straight into a Thrush trap, he need only hit a button, which would have the room flooded with armed enforcement agents within seconds.

Napoleon reached out and reassuringly squeezed the blond's slim shoulder. "Come on, partner."

Illya covered his lover's hand with his own, love briefly replacing grief and hate. As the two men turned to leave the room, their superior spoke to them, perhaps for the last time.

"We'll begin changing all codes and commands immediately, gentlemen. You'll have no bargaining chips to use in this affair."

"We understand, sir," Napoleon replied solemnly.

"Good luck, men, and bring your daughter back home."

Napoleon and Illya marched quickly through the UNCLE corridors, their air of seriousness and cold hard determination causing their fellow agents to quickly step to the side as they passed. By the time both men had stepped into the elevator that would lead them up to the ground floor, the rumors were already starting that something big was going down.

Waiting until the elevator doors closed, Illya grasped his partner's hand, lacing their fingers together. "I love you," he whispered.

Napoleon didn't like the hopelessness that crept into the Russian's accented voice. "Illya, we're going to get out of this alive, with Abigail. You know that, don't you?"

Illya held no such hopes. "Promise me, Napoleon, that if there's any chance you can get Abigail to safety, you'll take it."

Napoleon squeezed his lover's hand more tightly, as his free hand cupped one soft, golden cheek, and he looked deeply into desolate, dulled blue eyes. "I'm not going to let you sacrifice yourself."

"If I can cause some sort of diversion that will give you a chance to escape with Abigail, I want your word that you'll take the opportunity."

"We're a team. We go into this together, and we'll get out of this together," Napoleon persisted.

Illya angrily stepped back from his lover, breaking the contact. "Napoleon, this isn't some innocent you've picked up off the street. This is my daughter! I refuse to allow you to take any chances with her life!"

Hurt coursed through the older man. "Do you seriously think I'd gamble with Abigail's life? You may have been the one to carry her inside you for seven months, but I love her too. You're not the only one hurting here."

Napoleon's pain dampened the Russian's anger like nothing else could. "I'm sorry. I know this is affecting you too, but please don't make this any harder for me. I want your word that if it comes down to me or Abigail, you'll save our daughter."

The elevator doors opened, but neither man made a move to step out into the corridor.

"Please, Napoleon. Promise me."

The older man stared at his lover, as if trying to commit every facial feature to memory. "I love you."

An almost imperceptible smile crossed Illya's lips. "I know."

There was no more time for words of love or last minute pledges. With less than a minute to spare, the two men. . . the two fathers. . . were handing in their badges at the front desk, and walking out into Del Floria's, past the front door, and out onto the street.

As promised, a taxicab was waiting at the curb. Illya quickened his pace as the faint cry of a distressed babe emanated from the car. On the front seat, a red faced, crying infant was nestled in a blanket filled basket. Fighting every paternal instinct in his body screaming at him to rip the passenger side door off its hinges, and carry his child to safety, Illya listened to his finely tuned senses warning him of danger. He opened the back door of the taxi and climbed in, sliding along the seat to allow room for his partner. The blond muttered a soft Russian curse as he immediately

discovered a thick sheet of clear glass firmly in place between the front and back seats of the car, disallowing him to reach out and comfort the precious cargo on the front seat.

Sadistic laughter suddenly filled the air. "I'm impressed with your willpower, Mr. Kuryakin," came an overly confident voice, filtering through a small speaker in the back of the vehicle. "Of course, if you had tried to open that front door, you'd all be dead right about now."

"Now that you have us, let the child go," Illya demanded.

"And throw away the best deterrent I have to keep the two of you in line?"

"You have our word. . ."

Before Napoleon could finish the sentence, laughter once more emerged from the speaker. "What good is the word of two men trying to protect the life of a dear one?" the voice questioned. "If you both do exactly as you're instructed, I'll allow the little one to live."

"And you expect us to take YOUR word on that?" Illya spat.

"No," the voice said simply. "You can't trust me at all, can you?" That damned laughter again. "This will be fun! But as much as I'd love to toy with your emotions all day, you've got places to go, and people to meet. Solo, I want you, and you alone to get out of the car, and into the driver's seat. You'll find a map in the glove box clearly marking out your destination. You've got exactly one hour." And then, almost as an afterthought, before severing the communication, "If I were you, I'd start praying that you don't get stuck in traffic."

Not wanting to waste any valuable time, Napoleon quickly scurried out of the back of the cab, and slipped behind the steering wheel. He hurriedly took out the aforementioned map, and mentally plotted the quickest way to reach the indicated meeting spot, before turning the key sitting in the ignition and starting the engine. Before pulling out into the traffic, Napoleon lovingly placed a soothing hand on his daughter's tearful cheek. "Don't worry," he cooed, trying to calm the crying infant, "your Daddy Illya, and Daddy Napoleon will make things all better." Looking over his shoulder, the older man met pain filled, worried blue eyes. "Don't worry," he yelled, hoping his voice would carry through the thick glass, "she's okay!"

Relief flooded through the slender Russian as he slumped back in his seat, trying to bring his wildly beating heart under control. For now, all he could do was sit back and wait for whatever their tormentor had in store for them. God, how he wanted to hold his little girl, to gently cradle her in his arms and keep anything bad from ever happening to her again.

The drive seemed to go on forever, with neither man trying to speak, knowing that the cab was fitted with listening devices. It was a running joke at the New York UNCLE headquarters that the team of Solo and Kuryakin were so in-tuned with one another, that when Solo concocted one of his devilishly clever plans, Illya would start carrying out the plan before a word could pass through Napoleon's lips.

****Can you hear what I'm thinking?*** Napoleon wondered, as his eyes gazed into the rear view mirror. ****Do you know that you're the best thing that ever happened to me? Did I ever tell you that you're my life, that without you, this world would be a cold and empty place?*** With one hand on the steering wheel, Napoleon tenderly caressed the angelic face of his lover's daughter. The soothing movements of the car having lulled her into sleep. Illya's daughter. His daughter. He wanted to watch her grow up. He wanted to be there for her first steps, her first words, and her first date. And if Illya had any say in the matter, both Napoleon and Abigail would survive this day. But what of his blond haired love? ****Illya, please hear my thoughts,*** he silently begged. ****Don't you dare throw your life away on some damned heroic gesture.*****

In the back seat, Illya painfully closed his eyes, and dropped his head. **Forgive me, Napoleon.**

Making his final turnoff, Napoleon drove the car down a dirt road and finally brought the car to a halt. Both he and Illya took in their surroundings, looking for anything that could help them. There was nothing, save for the dirt road, a few sparsely dispersed trees, and a large menacing black van. The side door on the black vehicle slid open, and two men in grey business suits stepped out. One of the men was holding a small black box. A detonator device.

The man holding the detonator reached back into the van for a walkie-talkie, "Glad you could join us," his voice once again filling the confines of the yellow taxi. "I want you both to step out of the car."

As Napoleon made a move to pick up Abigail, the man's cold voice instructed, "The girl stays in the car, or the car goes up in smoke. Understand?"

This man was going to die, Napoleon vowed as he slowly exited the car, and both he and his partner walked over to their captors.

"That's a beautiful little girl you're got there, Mr. Kuryakin," the older of the two men spoke in a vile, jovial voice. "It would be a pity if she were never allow to grow up, wouldn't you agree?"

"Name your price," Illya snarled through gritted teeth, keeping the insults and punches he wanted to hurl at the smug man to himself.

"I believe I've already named my price, Illya. You don't mind if I call you Illya, do you?" he smiled. "After all, we do seem to have something in common." He gestured to the car. "We're both very important players in the life of one insignificant, illegitimate bastard child." Hatred flowed from every pore of Illya's body. The red-haired Thrush agent had just signed his own death warrant.

"My little note clearly stated my price." His soulless eyes scanned the blond Russian from head to foot. "It's a shame we don't have time to get to know one another a little better before you die. I bet you're a real firecracker in the sack."

"And I bet you're an impotent, sick son of a bitch who can't get it up unless he's threatening the lives of innocents who can't fight back," Napoleon growled.

"Ah, ah ahhhh, Mr. Solo. You seem to forget I'm holding the life of little orphan Abigail in my hands," he reminded the seething agent as he lifted his right hand holding the detonator device.

"Now, gentleman, I'd like you both to remove your guns from your holster, and hand them to my associate here."

Slowly, with no threatening gestures, both men reached into their jackets and pulled out their weapons, handing them butt first to the second man. Illya's gun was placed in the waistband of the black-haired man's slacks, while the magazine clip was pulled from Napoleon's weapon, and the bullets, bar one, were emptied from the clip. The clip was then placed back into the gun, and held out to Napoleon.

"This is the plan," the red-haired man gleefully instructed, as Napoleon reclaimed his gun. "Solo, you're going to place a bullet in your partner's chest, then the three of us will leave your partner here, bleeding to death in the dirt, while we make you comfortable in a nice Thrush interrogation room. Understand?"

"No," Napoleon rasped.

"No, you don't understand?" he asked, once again lifting up the detonator device, "or no, you won't shoot your partner?"

Calmly, Illya turned to face his lover, lifting Napoleon's right hand, and placing the barrel of the gun to his chest. "Please, Napoleon," he begged.

Napoleon silently screamed inside as he looked into his beloved's trust-filled eyes.

The red-haired Thrush agent took in the scene with all the enthusiasm of a little boy unwrapping a much-wanted gift. ****So, the rumours are true,**** he thought, as he watched Napoleon's gun hand trembling ever so slightly, while his brown eyes filled with unimaginable pain. ****They're lovers! The way they're looking at each other. . . it could only mean one thing! UNCLE's two top agents are fucking one another!****

"Lower your gun, Solo," he instructed, thinking of a new game he could play before ending the lives of his two enemies.

Napoleon willingly followed the man's order and dropped the gun to his side. The second Thrush agent gave a curious glance at his boss before taking the gun back from the UNCLE agent's relaxed grip.

"Answer me this one question, truthfully," he demanded as he reached for his own gun and leveled it at Illya's head, "and I might let Blondie here live a little while longer. Lie to me," he continued, cocking his gun, "and your partner will have an unwelcome hole in his head."

Napoleon met the man's joy-filled gaze, and knew instinctively that his answer could very well mean his partner's death.

"Tell me, Solo. . . is Illya a good lay?" he laughed, enjoying the shocked surprise on the agent's faces. "Does he make you moan?"

"You sick sadistic bas. . ." Napoleon suddenly stopped, forcing himself to hold his ground, as he looked into the man's mad crazed eyes. ****My God. No matter how many hoops he makes us jump through, he's not going to let us live. He'll kill Illya, interrogate me, and before he kills me, he'll kill Abigail; just to twist the knife even further before he kills me. He gets off on it. Illya, we don't dare play this safe. Read my mind, sweetheart. We've got to take any opening that presents itself. Please read my mind!****

"I'm waiting for your answer."

Napoleon focused his gaze on his lover. His slender Russian was holding his head high. Unashamed of what they shared.

"Yes," he whispered, never taking his eyes from his partner.

"Well, this is precious!" the man sneered. "Did you hear that, Tolley?" he asked, turning to his companion. "Napoleon Solo, ladies man, is a cock sucker!"

"Very interesting, Mr. Strone," Tolley smiled.

"Very interesting indeed. You know," he continued in a light, conversational voice, "it's been a while since I had a piece of ass as attractive as this one." Taking several steps back from the two dangerous agents, Strone handed the detonator device to his underling. "If Solo so much as takes a step forward, hit the button."

Without any further instructions, Strone pocketed his gun as he walked over, and grasped Illya's upper arm. "You and I are going to have some fun," he threatened, as he grabbed the back of Illya's black jacket, and wrenched it off. He could practically feel the hate boiling Napoleon's blood as he ordered the Russian to strip. The power he held over these two filled his entire being with excitement. It blinded him to everything else around him. He was going to take what was Solo's. He was going to make Solo watch while he used his lover's body, and then, while Kuryakin lay bleeding and torn on the ground, he was going to make Solo take his gun, and finish the job.

Without warning, the sound of a gunshot suddenly filled the air. Strone turned in time to see Tolley topple to the ground, the left side of his head blown off. Before he could draw his own gun from his holster, Illya brought both his hands up to Strone's head, and with all his strength, wrenched the neck viciously to the side until he heard the unmistakable sound of bones snapping. Strone was dead before his body hit the ground.

The energy draining from his body, Illya fell to his knees beside the dead Thrush agent.

"Illya!" Napoleon yelled as he crouched down beside his lover.

"I'm all right."

"No, you're not," Napoleon argued. "You're shaking like a leaf."

Illya brought his gaze up from the man he'd killed, and closely inspected his partner, taking in his grey pallor and erratic breathing. "You don't look so good yourself."

Placing a hand to Illya's elbow, Napoleon stood up, pulling his lover with him. "Come on, partner, let's go get your daughter."

"Our daughter," Illya corrected.

"You're just saying that so I'll help pay for her education," he half-heartedly joked.

"Damn straight," the Russian responded, as energy slowly seeped back into his limbs.

The older man pulled his friend into a quick half embrace. "Don't you dare go straight on me," he threatened.

"I wouldn't dream of it."

Turning towards the taxicab they saw a familiar figure approaching.

"Mark!"

"Are you two blokes okay?" The British agent asked as he approached the two men.

"We are now," Napoleon reassured their friend, while Illya walked over to the taxi and carefully began inspection of the driver's side door, looking for any signs of booby traps. "Illya, if the door was rigged, I'd have noticed earlier on while I was driving."

Ignoring his partner's words, the Russian agent kept up his investigation. "I'm not taking any chances!"

Intellectually Napoleon knew the door wasn't booby trapped, but even as he turned his attention back to Mark, he still had to fight down his worry for his friend and newly acquired daughter.

"How the hell did you find us?"

"Waverly placed a tracking device under Illya's collar before the two of you left. Once you were in the car, and moving, the old man contacted all available enforcement agents who were already on the road. Matthews and Jackson should be here any minute now."

"A homing device!" The idea that Waverly would do something like that without warning them rekindled his anger. "It's a damned good thing Strone didn't check us out for any electronic devices."

"Don't worry, Napoleon, if he had, he probably wouldn't have found it. It's something new the lab boys cooked up. I doesn't register under the standard Thrush equipment."

Turning his attention back to his lover, Napoleon watched as his partner carefully opened the door that he'd just been examining. "Illya?"

"It's okay," Illya reassured him. "Only the front passenger side door seems to be rigged."

Napoleon found himself holding his breath as Illya slowly climbed into the car, and after carefully checking the basket his daughter was in, lifted out the crying infant before gingerly climbing back out.

Walking away from the car Illya fiercely clutched his daughter to his chest as his once denied paternal instincts clicked into overdrive. "Shh, everything's okay," he murmured as the cries became louder. "It's all over now. Don't cry. Please don't cry. Papa's here. You're safe."

Walking over to father and child, Mark asked, "Is that who I think it is?"

"This," Napoleon explained as he took hold of one tiny little hand, needing the physical contact as much as Illya did, "is Abigail. Illya's daughter."

"Is she okay?"

Illya's forehead furrowed with worry as he gently pressed the side of his face to his daughter's scarlet cheek. "She's hot."

"Look, my car's parked further down the road. Why don't you two chaps take Abigail down to headquarters, and I'll stay here and get things cleaned up."

Napoleon gave the agent a thankful pat on the shoulder. "Thanks, Mark."

"Anything for a beautiful young lady," the British agent smiled as he gave one of Abigail's bared feet a playful tweak.

Five minutes later, Napoleon was breaking every speed limit in New York, in order to get Abigail to UNCLE headquarters and into the hands of Doctor Scott Hurts.

"She won't stop crying," Illya fretted as he held Abigail up to his shoulder and awkwardly patted her back.

"She's probably hungry," Napoleon guessed.

The nervous father was more than willing to believe that his daughter's only worry was hunger. "Do you think so?" he asked, brightening a little.

"Sure," the older man replied, in what he hoped was his most confident tone of voice.

"What do babies eat?"

"Well, they ah, . . . they eat. . . mushed up. . . stuff. Ah, hell," Napoleon man finally conceded, "I have no idea what babies eat."

Illya shot his partner a terse glance.

"My only sister hates kids," he defended. "So it's not like I've had any opportunities to play Uncle. . . No pun intended."

Not knowing what else to do, Illya cradled his daughter close to his chest, and began humming a soft lullaby.

After a few minutes Abigail quieted down and settled into sleep. Anxious as only a new parent can be, Illya watched his daughter's chest steadily rise and fall. After a few minutes, he was somewhat reassured that she was breathing normally. "Napoleon?"

"Hmmm?" Napoleon murmured, not wanting to take his eyes off the road - after all, he didn't have just one precious passenger, but two.

"I can't lose her again."

"Good, because I have no intentions of letting either one of you go."

Napoleon's tone was more than a little possessive, and although he'd never admit it, Illya loved the feelings that possession stirred inside him -- making his heart flutter, and his pulse race. "So what do we do now?" he asked, striving to keep his voice level.

Napoleon thought it over for a few seconds, before offering, "Go to a book store and buy a lot of baby books?"

"Don't be cute," the younger man snapped. "You know what I mean. You and I are at the top of Thrush's ten most wanted list. If we stay in the game, something like this is bound to happen again. They already know I have a daughter, it's only a matter of time before they find out about us too."

"Yes. It certainly didn't take Strone very long to figure it out."

"That's because it was written all over your face."

The older man gave his partner an exasperated look. "You weren't exactly your normally cool, reserved self either, you know," he pointed out.

"Life was so much easier ten months ago," Illya sighed.

Worried that his lover might be having second thoughts, Napoleon asked, "Would you go back and change it if you could?"

A smile that could put the Mona Lisa to shame lit the slender man's adoring face as he looked down into his daughter's sleeping form, nuzzling closer into his chest. The smile slowly faded as he thought of the friends they'd lost that day. Darren and Helen. "I just wish. . ."

"I know," Napoleon said quietly, reading the other man's thought. "I know."

"She's going to be okay."

"Are you sure? I don't want her to be all alone. . ."

"She won't be alone, Illya," Scott reassured the agitated father. After a thorough examination, he'd diagnosed Abigail with a mild case of dehydration, and was keeping the baby under medical observation for the next 24 hours. Now all he had to do was convince one very over-protective father to go home and get some sleep. **Make that two over-protective fathers,** Scott thought as Napoleon Solo stepped off the elevator.

Walking over to the two men, Napoleon took advantage of the fact that they were alone for the moment, and pulled Illya into a brief hug. "How's. . ."

"She's fine," Hurts quickly answered.

"Are you. . ."

"Yes."

"Well. . . as long as you're sure," Napoleon teased.

"Napoleon, do me a favor and take your partner home and make mad, passionate love to him."

Illya's fair complexion turned a deep red. "Scott!"

"Is that doctor's orders?"

"Napoleon!"

"I'll even write out a prescription."

"Would the two of you stop it! What if someone overhears you!"

"Then there'll be some very interesting gossip circulating UNCLE headquarters," Napoleon playfully surmised.

"I don't want to be gossiped about."

"Well you don't have to worry about that," the older man reassured his lover.

"Waverly accepted our resignations?"

"He wasn't too happy about it, but I think he understood."

"So, you're both leaving UNCLE?" Scott asked.

"Yes. At the risk of sounding thoroughly domesticated, we came too close to losing Abigail today to ever risk her life again simply by continuing to work for UNCLE," Illya explained.

"What will you both do now?"

Napoleon spoke up first. "My Aunt Amy has a couple of businesses she's been trying to get me involved with for years, so I've got a few different directions to choose from."

"How about you, Illya?"

"I'm not sure yet. I've always enjoyed sketching, perhaps I'll give that a try."

"You? An artist?"

Illya took immediate offence at the disbelief in the doctor's voice. "Don't I look the part?"

"Your hair's certainly long enough, but I just never figured you for having any artistic imagination. I always pictured you teaching at some prestigious university after you retired."

"Oh, believe me, Scott, Illya has one hell of an imagination. And not just when it comes to sketching."

"Would you please both get your minds out of the gutter," Illya vexed.

"Guys, take my advice. Go home and have mind-blowing sex, because believe me, once you get that little baby home, your sex life is going to become non-existent for quite a while. Then I want both of you to come in tomorrow morning, and I'll go through some things with you."

"What type of things?" Illya asked.

"Bottle feeding, diaper changing, bathing. . . everything a parent should know about raising a child."

"Scott, you're gay. What do you know about babies?" Napoleon questioned.

"I've got nine nephews and nieces. I've also got a little thing called a medical degree."

"That's not good enough," Illya objected.

"Napoleon. . ."

"I know, I know, I know. . . take him home and get him laid."

Just as Napoleon wrapped his hand around his partner's arm to lead him away, Abigail's tearful wail emerged from a near-by room. Before Scott could stop the two men, they were both in the room trying to sooth the baby girl.

****Yep,**** Scott thought as he made his way to his office, and phoned his lover to ask him to go down to the local shopping complex and buy some essential baby items. ****Number one on my list of things to discuss tomorrow. . . smothering.****

Fifteen Years Later. . .

"Napoleon!" Illya squealed, as he tried to squirm out of his lover's octopus-like hands. The two men had both played hooky for the day, each calling their secretaries and letting them know that they wouldn't be in. Instead, they'd spent almost the entire day wrapped in a blanket in each other's arms, in front of a blazing fireplace, exchanging gentle, nonsense words, and loving caresses.

"Abigail will be home any minute!" Again Illya tried to extract himself from Napoleon's strong grip, wanting nothing more than to pick up his clothes, which lay strewn throughout the living room, and get dressed.

"It's not like she hasn't seen us making out before," Napoleon reminded his lover, thinking back

to when a wide-eyed five-year-old had come running into their bedroom in the middle of the night after having a bad dream. Looking for comfort and reassurance, she'd found instead what she thought was her Daddy trying to hurt her Papa by squashing him into the bed. For almost two weeks after the embarrassing incident, the little girl had insisted that her Papa sleep with her each night.

"Yes, and I don't want a repeat performance! What if she brings friends home?"

"Then she'll ask the doorman to phone ahead as soon as she enters the building. She wasn't born yesterday you know."

"I know exactly when she was born, and I've got the stretch marks to prove it," Illya grumbled. "Napoleon, you've completely corrupted our daughter."

"Me? I wasn't the one who sat her down when she was twelve years old, and told her that all boys were evil little creatures who grew up into disgusting pigs with only one thing on their mind."

Illya rolled his eyes. "You were the one who insisted that we tail her when she went out on her first date. Two retired UNCLE agents getting caught spying on a thirteen year old. . . Waverly would be turning over in his grave."

At the sound of a code being entered into the security panel outside the front door, Illya suddenly panicked. "Napoleon, she wouldn't be expecting us both home this early!"

There was nothing like the idea of being caught in a clinch by their daughter's friends, to douse the older man's normally unstoppable libido. Both men held their breaths as they watched the front door open and their daughter, alone, race into the room, slamming the door shut behind her.

"Papa! Daddy!" she yelled excitedly as she dropped her schoolbag, and hurled herself at the two men lying on the floor in a nest of blankets. Her milk-white skin was glowing vibrantly, and her long blond hair was tied back with a ribbon.

"What's with all the excitement?" Napoleon asked as both he and Illya were enveloped in an exuberant hug.

"Straight A's," the teenager happily informed them, her large, deep-blue eyes sparkling, as she pulled out her report card.

Napoleon chest filled with pride at his daughter's accomplishment, while Illya started to fidget nervously.

"Ah, Abigail. . ."

"You promised, Papa!"

"Promised what?" Napoleon asked, noticing his lover's discomfort.

"Papa said that if I got all A's, he'd let me model one of his new designs on the catwalk this year."

Napoleon gave his partner a 'I can't believe you did that' glare. "He did, did he?"

"Yes, he did. And Kuryakins NEVER go back on their word. Do they, Papa?" she challenged.

"I thought she'd at least get an A minus in biology," Illya murmured, as he stared at the report card, hoping that if he looked hard enough he'd find a minus in there somewhere.

"Nope. All A's!" Giving both her fathers a final peck on the cheek, she got up and walked down the hall and into her bedroom to change out of her school uniform. Leaving her bedroom door opened, she yelled, "Do you want to go out to dinner and celebrate?"

Giving each other a glance for confirmation, they both yelled out, "Sure!"

"Great! I get to choose!"

Napoleon lowered his voice so only his lover could hear, "When's your next fashion show?"

The Russian screwed up his face. "Next month."

"And?"

Ilyya lowered his head into his hands. A headache fast approaching. "It's for my new line of lingerie," he whined.

"Well, my friend, you've got less than a month to design the most skin-concealing underwear that New York has ever seen."

The end.

Authors love feedback.

To send Shannon a note, click: [Shannon](#)

1

[Back to index](#)

All publicly recognizable characters and settings are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. No money is being made from this work. No copyright infringement is intended.

This story archived at <http://www.squidge.org/mufa-mpreg/viewstory.php?sid=106>