

At 9:00 pm, Napoleon Solo entered the outer room to his office and very softly wrapped his knuckles twice on the desk in greeting as he passed by his assistant. Raena Erickson looked up at him and the two made the briefest of eye contact before Solo answered a chirping communicator and disappeared into his office. Raena wasted no time in picking up the phone, speaking briefly, then hanging up and heading towards her bosses' door.

Inside Solo's office, the agent leaned against his desk, focused and intense while speaking to one of his Section Two agents, Ofsol Karir, in Brussels. Raena moved to the credenza and in one efficient motion, poured a single malt scotch and slipped it down on the desk beside Napoleon. She placed one hand on Napoleon's shoulder and guided him gently towards his desk chair, then skillfully moved him to be seated without the least bit of intrusiveness. Raena exited the room and re-entered not 15 seconds later with Dr. Elizabeth Ray, UNCLE's Medical Chief, in tow.

Raena rested her hand on the CEA's arm and mouthed the word "where?" Napoleon looked up briefly, removed his double breasted navy suit jacket and motioned to his back. The two women moved behind him and immediately saw bright, red blood soaking the upper left quadrant of Solo's shirt. As Napoleon continued to speak to Ofsol, the two women unbuttoned his shirt and carefully slipped it off. Dr. Ray grabbed some shears in her bag and sliced through Solo's bloody undershirt while Raena carefully peeled the cloth off of a nasty, jagged, 6 inch cut that had not yet stopped bleeding. Raena gently pushed the shirtless agent's chest down onto the desk as Dr. Ray turned a desk lamp around, focusing light on the wound she now attended.

Napoleon grimaced as he continued the overseas relay but did not interfere with the ministrations of the two women. Dr. Ray withdrew a syringe from her bag and injected a local anesthetic ignoring Solo's wince.

Inside the room, two very separate operations were going on at once.

"There's some metal flakes in there. We need to admit him to get it properly cleaned out."

"No way that's going to happen. I'll help you clean it here and let's get him stitched up. He'll be staying here tonight if you need to run some antibiotics."

"Listen, Ofsol. You need to make your way to Saint-Gilles...it's southwest of the city centre and we can get you to a safe spot there...look for the 94 Tram."

"Cotton swabs."

"Go south to Trinity Square... it's Antoine Street out of the Brussels South Station.

"Easy, easy..... hold that gauze on until we get the bleeding stopped."

“One block off the station, you can drop down and follow the river. That will give you some cover for about 8 blocks.”

“Let’s clean it. Call upstairs for a tetanus.....”

“He’s current. Two years ago September.”

“Ofsol, there’s a cathedral on the far side of Trinity Square. Go to the northwest door at the back of the building. Ask for Charles Picque. Don’t speak to anyone but him.”

“Maybe 20 stitches. Hand me the suture kit and keep him as still as you can.”

“Use my name with Picque. Trust me on this; he’s one of the good guys.”

“That’s got it. Grab me that antibiotic ointment then we’ll bandage.”

“Right. Just rest easy tonight, Ofsol. You’re safe. We’ll see how things look in the morning.”

Napoleon disconnected his communicator and rested his forehead on the desk. His face had paled considerably while on overseas relay, and the hair on the back of his neck was soaked in perspiration. Raena and Dr. Ray slipped a clean sweatshirt on him and guided the surprisingly wobbly agent to a day bed in the corner of Solo’s office. They eased Napoleon face down.

Raena crossed the room and brought a portable IV stand out of a closet while Dr. Ray expertly tapped a vein and started some antibiotics. Napoleon once again caught Raena’s eye, winked, and smiled weakly in appreciation and thanks. His eyes fluttered two or three times and he drifted off.

Dr. Ray looked at Raena and smiled slyly.

“Ok, give it up...he never would have gone off to sleep like that without a little intervention and it sure didn’t come from me!” She laughed. “What’s your secret?”

Any pretense of innocence fell away within seconds.

“Well,” she said coyly. “I do have access to all the tools of the trade!”

Dr. Elizabeth Ray feigned shock.

“You drugged his scotch!”

“Guilty as charged, doctor.” Raena smothered a laugh.

“No wonder you knew he’d be staying here tonight! Brilliant! Raena, I don’t know how you do it, but I admire how you handle him.” said Dr. Ray while putting her hand on Raena’s arm. “He’s damn lucky to have you. Come on up to Medical sometime and give my staff some pointers, will you?”

Dr. Ray grabbed her medical bag and headed out the door. Raena went back to Napoleon, spread a blanket over him and planted a kiss on his cheek before she turned out the light.

“Right...just rest easy tonight, Napoleon. You’re safe. We’ll see how things look in the morning.”