

## That Guy From Alaska

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# **That Guy From Alaska**

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## Summary

Snake and Otacon haven't seen each other since Shadow Moses. That's about to change, as Nastasha welcomes the newest member of Philanthropy to the team. Will the two be able to catch up on their unfinished business?

## Introductions

Nastasha was busy greeting the newest member of their little Philanthropy group, and Hal had chosen to hide himself away in the computer room of the office they squatted in, drumming a beat against the table with his pen in anticipation. He knew nothing of the person he was about to be introduced to; Nastasha had only said that they were ‘an old friend’ and ‘someone with experience in the field’. That probably meant they’d killed people before. He repressed a shudder as best he could as memories of blood and snow bubbled to the surface.

His mind drifted as he wondered what to expect from the imminent visitor... if this new member was to be their new muscle, it would likely be some mercenary-type with all the charisma of a brick. It would be characteristic of his luck for him to have to struggle to make small talk with someone like that, after all. Hal sipped at the remainder of his coffee nervously, glancing at his watch. Any minute now- no, any second now, he would have to set aside his social insecurities and act like a normal human being for five minutes. He dreaded it.

The sound of the doorknob turning made him jump involuntarily, leaving him barely any time to swallow his fears along with the last of the bitter drink, jumping to attention. The form of Nastasha was the first to appear in the doorway, and she spoke into the room with an air of amusement.

‘Now, I believe you two are already well acquainted.’

Hal’s heart skipped a beat as the door opened the rest of the way, revealing his new ally.

Snake.

## Catching Up

As he stood there feeling utterly tongue-tied, he cursed Nastasha internally for not telling him... if he had known about this little reunion, he would at least have tried to make himself look a little more presentable! As it was, he was wearing baggy sweatpants and an equally ill-fitting tee, with the same hoodie thrown over the top he had been wearing last time they met. Feeling himself get redder in the face by the second, he tried to move his mouth to speak but no words came to mind.

Snake chuckled and took a couple of steps closer, extending his hand.

‘Sorry to keep you waiting, Otacon.’

The blushing scientist took the hand to shake it but was pulled into a hug instead, an impromptu squeak escaping the back of his throat. Nastasha, seeing how flustered he was, laughed heartily.

‘I’ll leave you two to catch up... I have matters to attend to elsewhere.’

With that, they were alone. Hal’s glasses skewed to one side as his face was still pressed against Snake’s shoulder.

The closeness didn’t help how hot he felt. His hero back on Shadow Moses had returned, a man he thought he’d never see again, a man he hadn’t been able to stop thinking about for months. To say he’d become infatuated with the Snake in his memory would be an understatement.

At last, he managed to form a sentence.

‘I’m so glad you’re okay.’

They pulled apart to look at each other. Snake was hard to read as always, and just a second of looking into those eyes was too much for Hal, who decided the floor was much easier to focus on. The low rumble of the soldier’s voice made him feel downright weak in the knees as he spoke.

‘Me? I’m glad you’re still in one piece. You had me worried for a while back there.’

‘One piece? Oh... you mean the strike. Yeah, I uh- I’m glad I’m still here too.’

He tried to laugh off the thought that he had once been faced with almost certain death, but the noise trailed off into a shaky falsetto. He suddenly remembered a factor that he’d forgotten, one that had been the source of many mixed emotions on his part, and pushed up his glasses.

‘How’s Meryl?’

‘She was fine last I saw her. That was a while ago, though.’

‘A while ago? I had the impression you two... um...’

‘She was only 18, Otacon. I was just protecting her.’

‘Wait, really?’

He’d never realised how young Meryl was, come to think of it... he’d been too busy imagining the worst case scenario between her and Snake, as if it would ever have impacted him anyway. He doubted Snake was even into men. Up until recently, he didn’t realise that he was into men himself, until one particularly lonesome evening in which he couldn’t get the supersoldier off his mind. That had taken some pretty thorough soul-searching afterwards, but now was absolutely not the time to reminisce such a thing. Snake was a good man. In the position he’d been in, in that atmosphere of charged emotions, it would have been rather easy to take control of the situation, manipulate the young teen into all sorts of horrible things. But no, he was a better person than that, a better person than... other people Hal had known.

He didn’t realise how close he was to crying until he sniffled. Snake tilted his head to one side, surprised.

‘You okay there?’

‘I... I haven’t been able to stop thinking about everything that happened. It’s just a bit much, you know?’

‘That’s understandable. You’ve been through a lot.’

He placed a gloved hand on Hal’s shoulder, causing the shorter man to look up into blue eyes. Snake watched a tear roll down his cheek.

‘You saved my life.’

‘You saved mine too, remember?’

‘Oh, Snake, I thought I’d never see you again!’

The soldier pulled Hal into a tighter hug this time, allowing him to cry freely against his jacket. The poor man had never asked to be thrown into this harsh world of war and deception, so he supposed it was still a lot for him to take in. Snake patted the back of his hoodie and grumbled quietly, as if he was embarrassed anyone else might overhear.

‘I haven’t been able to stop thinking about it either. That’s why I had to come and find you. Help you. Hm, I don’t usually grow so fond of the people I work with, but you’re a special case, I guess.’

The shorter man felt a flutter in his chest.

‘W-what do you mean? I’m just some... weird otaku guy who nearly destroyed everything.’

‘You could have run from all this. You could have left what happened behind you, but here you are, still fighting against Metal Gear, trying to make the world safer. You were so brave

on Shadow Moses too, I've seen trained soldiers who wouldn't have the balls to pull off some of the things you did. I suppose it just left an impression, huh...'

Not entirely leaving his strong grasp, Hal moved position so he could look into Snake's eyes again. The gaze was returned with unwavering intensity.

'I couldn't have done any of that if it weren't for you. I wanted to help you. I wanted to protect you. I...'

He wasn't sure where the last sentence had been going, but it trailed off anyway. Something about the face of the attractive man looking down at him was turning his brain to mush. The face that had occupied his thoughts for months. It was exactly the same as it had been then, save for the beginnings of a dark beard. Hal thought it just made him even handsomer.

'Well, I can't just leave taking down Ocelot and Metal Gear to you. I need to help you as well.'

Snake's eyes flicked down to his lips for a split second, and that was the last straw for Otacon's resolve. He could no longer think about anything else, and it was only then that he realised his shaky hands were perched on that broad chest.

'Snake...'

It was barely a whisper, but the other man still understood the meaning loud and clear.

'I want to be here, with Philanthropy, with you.'

'I...'

The soldier tilted his head again and leaned closer the slightest fraction, to test the waters. Hal matched his motion subconsciously, heart pounding in his chest. They leaned in a little more until their noses brushed together.

'Otacon...'

'You can call me Hal, i-if you want.'

'Otacon sounds so adorable, though.'

Snake closed the remainder of the gap as they both closed their eyes, and their lips fit together like they had only ever been made to do just that. It was a prolonged yet chaste kiss, and as they pulled apart Hal felt a warm sensation travel from the base of his spine up to his already-burning cheeks. Snake... Snake had just kissed him. It felt like a dream come true.

'Oh...'

That was all the thought he was capable of producing.

'Was that... okay?'

‘It was good. R-really good.’

They stared at each other silently for a couple of seconds, somehow managing to communicate the same thought to one another wordlessly before diving back in for round two. This time they were more honest with their feelings, mouths moving against each other as Hal felt a strong hand grip his back and another find its way to his messy hair. He thought he was going to explode inside when he felt Snake’s tongue hot against his lips, and pulled the soldier as close as he could.

He suddenly found himself backed up against the wall, no idea how they had travelled that far across the room. It was just like a kabedon scene from one of his manga. He didn’t have time to ponder either of these realizations, however, as Snake put a hand on his face, tilting it to the side to get access to his neck. A needy moan escaped as his neck was given all the attention, the soldier covering everywhere he could reach with sloppy, open-mouthed kisses. Fingertips skirted under the edge of his shirt before pushing it halfway up his chest. Snake gradually kissed his way back up to Hal’s jawline and found his lips once more, giving him one last taste of his tongue before pulling back.

Both of them were panting. The moment felt euphoric.

‘Hal.’

It was the sound of his name that brought the shorter man out of his glossy-eyed haze and back into the present.

‘Yeah?’

He was still breathless.

‘Are you... doing anything later?’

‘Huh?’

His brain still hadn’t quite finished processing what had just happened. Snake chuckled in amusement at the state he was in.

‘I’m staying in an apartment not far from here. Maybe we could catch up over a couple of drinks... you could show me those animes you kept talking about in Alaska.’

The implication hit like a freight train, but Hal tried to come up with a smooth response.

‘Actually, the plural o-of anime is just anime, Snake.’

‘I guess I have a lot to learn.’

‘I mean- what I’m saying is- uh, I’d like that. I’d like that a lot, actually.’

Snake stood up straight and the corner of his mouth twitched in what could potentially have been a smile. He wasn’t good at smiling, but he couldn’t help but do it now. He looked down at the man in front of him, who was still panting a little. He looked adorable.

‘I guess it’s a date, then.’

Hal nodded. He was feeling tongue-tied all over again.



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