

## few and far between

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# **few and far between**

by [SnorkleShit](#)

## Summary

[response to the prompt "I was sent here to kill you"]

Flynn and Ezekiel met one more time, between the incident in Cairo and the Crown of King Arthur.

The Ezekiel that Flynn met in Cairo was very different from the Ezekiel he met years later, in France. Flynn remembers - Ezekiel doesn't.

*[FRANCE, 2008, 6 YEARS BEFORE THE EVENTS OF THE LIBRARIANS AND THE CROWN OF KING ARTHUR]*

Flynn had been searching all of France for this warehouse, and it smelled like mold. Black mold, to be exact. But that wasn't important. He had searched forever, and now here he stood, grinning to himself as he stood alone in the dim building with his prize.

He held up the glimmering golden disk, admiring it in the light and wiping the layers of dust away. As he basked in the relief and glory of success, his guard slipped, and he didn't notice anyone approaching. That was, until the unmistakable barrel of a silenced pistol came to brush against the back of his neck. He froze, instantly fully aware of the presence of another person behind him. Someone shorter than him, based on the shadow Flynn spotted to the left. Someone pointing a gun directly at him. From the looks of the shadow's stance, they weren't an amateur, either. This was a professional.

"Put down the disk, Mr. Carsen." Came a shockingly young sounding voice, with an Australian accent.

Flynn gulped, and spread his arms out as he slowly turned to face his assailant. And when he did, he felt his jaw drop.

The man glaring him down looked like he couldn't be over 20, possibly not even 18. But he had steel in him. The steel of a man of shadows, and prose of espionage lining his body. Flynn looked him up and down, at his clothes, his stance, his expression, the dirt on his shoes and the calluses on his free hand.

"MI6, or MI7. That's who sent you." Flynn stated. The man - boy, really, - furrowed his brow for a moment in confusion.

"There is no MI7...." He said, before realizing his mistake, and cursing. Flynn smiled.

"So, MI6. Aren't you a little young to be in the secret service?" He asked, unable to help himself. Then, before the boy could answer, Flynn narrowed his eyes.

"Wait a minute...don't I know you? Yes I do! You're that thief that screwed me over at the Cairo museum a few years ago! Ezekiel Jones! Do you have any idea what you put me through?" Flynn demanded, suddenly even more enraged.

"Shut up. I'm the one asking the questions here. What is that thing? Why are you looking for it? What are you going to do with it?" Ezekiel demanded, jerking his head towards the golden disk in Flynn's hand. Which he had pointedly *not* put down, regardless of what the thief-turned-assassin had asked.

"Oh, this? Just an artifact from when Rome occupied this area. Funny story, involving Achilles and some soldiers who placed a bet. Harmless, and not even worth that much money. But I'm an anthropologist, you see, and I-" He started to say, but Ezekiel cut him off.

“You are *not* an anthropologist, and we both know it, so cut the crap.” The man with the gun huffed. Flynn clenched his jaw. It made sense they’d sent Ezekiel. If the MI6 was after Flynn, and had also somehow acquired Ezekiel as a recruit, they would probably know that the two of them had already crossed paths. But...the boy had been so much different then. Frustrating and selfish, refusing to help and leaving him to deal with the mummy, but still...he hadn’t been like *this*.

“Well, I’ve got plenty of degrees to prove it -” Flynn started to say, cracking a smile that didn’t last long.

“Oh, we know how many degrees you have,” the boy replied, “What i’m interested in is what you’re really doing with all that knowledge, and who you’re working with. I was sent here to kill you, Mr. Carsen. But I want answers first. So, you get to choose whether you die quickly or not.”

Flynn’s face fell, and he felt the hairs on the back of his neck raise. This - this *child* was staring him down with all the confidence of a trained executioner. Flynn glanced at the barrel of the silencer attached to the pistol, before swallowing and returning his attention to those dark, intense eyes.

“I really don’t know what you’re talking about...” Flynn said nervously, turning his head slightly, starting to survey the area for escape routes.

“Yes, you do! Stop wasting my time! You’ve killed people, you haven’t even covered your tracks very well! And I remember you, I remember how bonkers you are! We know you’re working with someone! Underestimating me would be a *very* big mistake.” The boy glared at him, nearly snarling. There was so much... *anger* in him.

*Anger is a secondary emotion, a direct product of either fear or sadness.* Flynn’s brain matter of factly supplied, as if that could help him whatsoever.

Or ... maybe it could!

“I haven’t killed people. I’ve stopped monsters, slain paranormal entities and power hungry mad men. But you...” Flynn adopted a serious expression, tilting his head slightly at the man standing opposite him. “You’ve killed people, haven’t you?”

“Para - what kind of question is that? Aren’t you supposed to be smart?” Ezekiel demanded, slightly flustered by the shift in conversation. Even if he was a trained killer, it seemed he wasn’t as in check with his emotions. Probably the age. More and more things started to become clear, the longer he looked at and talked to him. A picture began to form. His eyes softened, adopting an air of understanding, and sympathy.

“You used to be someone else, right? A criminal, but not a killer. Just a thief.” He asked. The boy’s eyes widened. Flynn had him now. He had a way in, he could defuse the situation. Which was always where he started to fuck up...*no pressure*.

“Let me guess, they caught wind of you after a great heist, and brought you in for extraction. It seemed so great, stealing cool stuff for the good guys? Living the dream, I bet. But it didn’t

last. Soon they made you focus more on infiltration. Then it turned into planting things. Information, incriminating evidence. And then infiltration turned into neutralizing threats. Bombs, poison, gas? And then they handed you a gun and you thought, well, might as well. I've come this far, right? And it's all for a good cause. But it's not, trust me. You don't have to -"

"SHUT UP!" The young man shouted, looking distressed, balling his free hand into a fist to keep it from shaking. There was a heat in his eyes now, a hatred that was obviously meant for himself, but that was being directed at Flynn instead. Shit. Flynn's jaw clamped shut. He could tell he'd successfully gotten under the boy's skin, but maybe not in the way he'd hoped. He swallowed, and Ezekiel seemed to be silently trying to process the situation and decide what to do with him. A tense moment passed, as Flynn kept nervously glancing at the barrel of the gun.

"Look, I think we got off on the wrong foot -" Flynn started to say, breaking the static. Ezekiel cocked his head, snapping into a sudden composure.

"Foot, huh? Thanks for the suggestion!" He said with a sarcastic smile, before it dropped instantly back into anger. Then in the flash of an eye, the angle of his outstretched arm changed, and he shot at Flynn's foot. Flynn jumped, eyes flinching shut, instinctively expecting pain. But none came. He cracked an eye open, and looked down. A shimmering sheild had coated his body, originating from the disk in his hand. That was the whole point of the thing, it was a personal shield! Of course! Everything made sense now.

Then he looked up, and his blood ran cold. The bullet had ricocheted off of him, right back at the other man. Who did *not* have a magical force field handy.

Ezekiel was staring at him in shock, a hand clutching his torso right under his ribcage. Flynn watched in horror as blood slowly started to stain his shirt and hand. They just stared at each other for a moment, as blood spread across his stomach. Flynn watched as he got paler by the second, frozen in disbelief. Then his eyes rolled back in his head, and he collapsed onto the warehouse floor. The gun clattered from his hand, coming to rest on the concrete silently.

Flynn cursed, shoving the disk into his satchel. Then he kicked the gun away, before ripping open the unconscious man's bloody button up shirt. Shit, that was bad. A hospital wouldn't be able to help him. He'd have to fix this himself, he couldn't just let him die. He was so young...maybe he could still turn things around for this guy. Upon inspecting the fresh wound, he couldn't help but notice a large amount of older scars littered across the young man's torso. Painful ones. Flynn's mind started to race to examine them, but he shoved all that away. He didn't have time to analyze this right now. He needed to focus.

He grabbed Ezekiel under the armpits, and then swept up his legs, grunting as he hoisted him up. Shit, he was heavier than he looked.

He carried the bleeding agent through the warehouse until he found a door. He did as Judson taught him, took a deep breath, and then kicked open the door. When he went through, he experienced a strong vertigo sensation, and appeared through the doors of the Annex.

“Ah, Flynn, you’re back. You’re getting better at -” Judson’s familiar voice started to say from behind a bookcase. But when the Scholar rounded the edge to see his young charge, he was greeted with the sight of Flynn sweeping everything off the table to lay a young man on it, who looked near death.

“Oh, dear...Ah, Charlene, could you go get Bathsheba’s Oil? We have a bit of a situation in here.” He called calmly, towards the door. Then he turned, walking to stand next to a blood covered Flynn.

“Bathsheba’s Oil? We have that? Will it heal him?” Flynn asked desperately. Judson nodded.

“Oh, for sure. Unless it’s a magical wound. But this just looks like a bullet wound. From a Glock 22, by the looks of it. Some sort of government lackey?” Judson asked, leaning to inspect the unconscious man.

“How could you know that? You can’t even see the bullet, and I didn’t bring the gun back!” Flynn asked, putting pressure on the wound and leveraging himself over the table.

“Ah, well, when you live as long as me...I’m assuming this incident involved the discus of Achilles?” The older man asked.

“How much does the MI6 know about the Library?” Flynn asked instead, voice lined with effort and distress.

“MI6? Ah, makes sense...they don’t know the truth, of course, but many government agencies have caught wind of our vague presence. Beyond that, they don’t know anything-”

“What did he do no- oh my god!” Charlene cut herself off with the exclamation as she entered the door, putting a hand over her mouth. Then she frowned angrily as she shuffled over to them, holding a bottle with green liquid in it.

“You’re getting blood all over the floor!” She exclaimed, shoving Flynn aside and leaning over the young man. She pulled his mouth open and poured a few glugs off the liquid into his mouth, before stepping back. Flynn was frozen in fear as he watched, waiting for what, he didn’t know. The other two knew better, and were already turning away to carry on.

Suddenly, in a flash, Ezekiel jerked awake, sitting up in a flail of confusion and shock. He took a few deep breaths to orient himself, before reaching to pull his shirt apart. The wound was completely healed, just stale blood smeared across his skin, with what appeared to be no origin. The tension left Flynn’s shoulders.

Then the boy looked over at them, and around the room, with wide eyes. Eyes full of fear. Then his eyes settled on an ancient dagger, still resting on the edge of the table where Flynn had shoved it. Before anyone could react, he lunged for it. He ripped it out of the sheath, and practically flung himself off the table, aiming directly for Judson’s chest.

Before Flynn could even think, Charlene was there, kicking his springing body while it was still in midair. Ezekiel’s trajectory was shoved off course, and he went flying into the card catalog. He landed roughly in a heap, once again knocked out. Flynn stared at him, then

whipped to stare at Charlene. The older woman straightened her jacket and brush her hair back into place. She didn't even look *winded*.

"Once a Guardian, always a Guardian, Flynn." Judson said, not seeming to be perturbed by the attempt on his life.

Flynn took that with a grain of salt, and then turned his attention to the young man.

"He tried to *kill* me, I bring him here and we save his life, and the first thing he does is try to kill you?!" Flynn exclaimed, anger coursing through him at the thought of almost losing the only father he'd ever really had. "I guess this kid really is too far gone. We need to wipe his memory and then get rid of him, he's seen too much."

And that was exactly what they did. Flynn, heart turned away from the slight idea of redemption, wiped Ezekiel's memory with the safest artifact they could find for the job. But, even then, it might have taken away anywhere from a few days of memory to a year's worth.

Staring down at the boy in the random city park in London they'd dumped him at, Flynn found he really didn't care either way.

Walking away, he put the incident from his mind, taking comfort in knowing he would probably never see the jerk again.

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*[ON THE WAY TO NEW YORK, 2014]*

The woman in his passenger seat was annoying, stubborn, and a pain in his ass. But he had to admit (even if it was only to himself) she was proving to be a valuable resource. Currently, she had a laptop out with one of those military grade universal wireless sticks stuck into it, doing research on their (*almost*) Librarians.

"So," She spoke up, after a few blissful hours of them both being silently focused on their tasks at hand. "We've got some interesting individuals. Cassandra Cillian, working in a hospital as a janitor. Dropped out of highschool. Don't they have to be smart to be invited to the Library?" Eve asked. Flynn kept his eyes on the road, but tilted his head.

"Most education systems can rarely do justice to every student. Intelligence isn't tied to grades whatsoever." He replied. Eve shrugged.

"Well, I went to a private school, so...and here we go, this guy's even weirder. Jacob Stone, IQ 190? No wonder the Library wants him...but apparently he isn't even doing anything with it. Publishing literature under fake names while working in oil rigging? Who does that?" She exclaimed, squinting down at her screen.

"I...don't have an answer for that one. Yeah. That's pretty weird." Flynn agreed, crinkling his nose.

"Not sure how to feel about this third one. Ezekiel Jones? You said you know him?" She asked. Flynn clenched his jaw.

“Not my favorite person. He’s a low life criminal who doesn’t care about anyone but himself.” Flynn huffed bitterly.

“Well, it does list his...extensive criminal record...but get this, he was also in MI6. Says here he was just an infiltration and extraction kind of agent.”

“Governments aren’t always entirely forthcoming about what their soldiers and agents are really doing.” Flynn said, before he remembered who he was talking to. Eve turned to him and raised an eyebrow, and the two of them fell back into stubborn silence.

[NEW YORK, 2014]

Fynn couldn’t stop thinking about it. Ezekiel Jones. The Library had invited *Ezekiel Jones*? Thief, low life, murderer? Possibly mentally unstable? Had tried to kill both he and Judson? He’d decided not to reveal his...*history* with the young man to Eve, for many reasons. For starters, he didn’t want her there in the first place, she didn’t need to know what she didn’t need to know. For another thing, Ezekiel didn’t remember their second meeting. Might not even remember him at all. He’d just have to wait and see.

But as he went to hand Eve the slip of paper with Ezekiel’s location, he immediately backtracked. He certainly shouldn’t send her into a situation like that blind. Once he was drawn back into thinking fully about the possible state of the young man, he forgot the two women next to him almost entirely. His eyes were fixed on that scrawled address, so many question marks clouding up his mind. Why had the Library sent a letter to *Ezekiel Jones*?

[GENEVA, 2014]

It was strange. He watched from the doorway to the farthest stairwell as the young man swaggered past the guards with that smug grin on his face. He was in casual millennial clothes, and seemed...carefree.

Here he was again, saving this ungrateful murderer’s life again. The assassin crept forward towards the turned back of the thief, and Flynn rolled his eyes as he moved forward, jabbing the prod into the man’s back right as his drawn dagger reached its arc. Electricity sizzled across the man before he collapsed, and Flynn casually slid his weapon back into his jacket. Ezekiel Jones certainly wasn’t dressed like he had been the last time they saw each other.

The young thief squinted at him, and then down at the assassin.

“Why’s that guard holding a dagger?” Ezekiel asked him, pointing to the body on the floor, and his accent was somehow thicker than the last time they’d spoke. Flynn stared him down in contempt.

“He’s not a guard. He’s here to kill you, Ezekiel Jones.” Flynn said, unable to hide the venom in his words. *How ironic.*

Ezekiel smiled at him, slyly, and then turned away to carry on with his business. He wasn’t here to kill someone, he was really here to steal a dagger? It wasn’t magical, Flynn knew that.

Maybe he'd elevated his murderers to human sacrifice, and he wanted a nicer weapon. How could he know the twisted mind of someone so far gone?

Except he wasn't acting twisted, or weighted down, or acting on the darkness in his heart that Flynn had tasted so potently last time.

"And i'm assuming you're *not* here to kill me," Ezekiel replied, turning away from Flynn and walking around the display case. He pressed a suction cup with a red lever handle up to the glass, and got to work as if Flynn and the guard was nothing more than a slight detour. Flynn felt another burst of resentment follow his confusion over the thief/murderer's behavior. "So, i'll tell you what. Watch my back for ten minutes, and i'll cut you in on ten percent." Flynn chuckled at the offer, smiling spitefully. It was then that the younger man glanced up at him, and his face started to light up in recognition.

"You...don't I know you?" He asked, somewhat nostalgically, as if they'd bumped into each other at some convention. Flynn just kept glaring at him, but it didn't seem to bother him.

"Yeah! Cairo Museum. You were that *crazy* professor who said that the crown jewels of - " Ezekiel started to recall. So he for sure didn't remember the Paris incident.

"Librarian, not professor, but yeah." Flynn corrected, interrupting him.

"Stole those jewels right out the main exhibit." Ezekiel said proudly, as he started to burn in a circle through the glass. A more smug look started to grace Flynn's features.

"Oh I know, i'm the one who had to smite the evil mummy." Flynn huffed. How strange it was, to be having this conversation twice, but with such different tones.

Flynn nodded down at the item within the display case. "And now you're going to steal this jewelled dagger." He stated.

"Oh, no no no. It's *mine*, I just left it locked in this display case on the way to work this morning. You know how that happens." Ezekiel replied, voice spilling over with sarcasm.

"Looped the video to avoid the motion detectors. Clever." Flynn observed, looking from side to side.

"You're smart enough to be my sidekick! We'll call you Kid Crime. You can wear little green shorts." Ezekiel teased, almost done with the loop he was burning in the glass. Flynn stared him down, waiting with rising satisfaction to make his final move.

"Burning through the glass full of infrared sensors?" Flynn asked, unable to hide the smugness in his tone. A smile spread across his features once more. "Not so clever."

Ezekiel slowly looked up at him, dumbstruck, as the realization hit him. Just then, as if on perfect timing from the gods, the detectors picked up the smoke and the alarms began to glare. Flashing red lights rang out across the hue of the room, and Ezekiel Jones dashed like a madman to the railing of the overlook, with Flynn following behind. Guards were pouring up the stairs, right towards them.

“My escape route’s cut off!” Ezekiel exclaimed in distress. So careless, so cocky, but so unsure...how could this be the same man Flynn had faced in Paris? Whatever his reasons for resorting back to the ways of a petty thief, Jones was pulling off the act remarkably well. Nobody who looked at him would ever think he’d be capable of cold blooded murder. Flynn had to bet that his reasons for returning to this life, even if it was an act for some nefarious or selfish reason, were serious. Serious enough to mean, that for a few days, he would not act in any such revealing matter. And if Flynn took him with him, saved his life again and took him where the others were, to the *Library*... he’d have to bet on the chance that Ezekiel wouldn’t hurt anyone, and bet on the chance that Flynn would be able to keep a close enough eye on him. It was a lot to bet on.

But, albeit a little known fact, Flynn Carsen had always been a gambling man at heart.

“Mine’s not.” Flynn announced, turning and striding in the opposite direction, towards the door he’d come from. Ezekiel began to follow him, eyeing him suspiciously. As if gauging whether or not to trust *him*. How ironic.

“What’d’ you want, mate?” Ezekiel called. Flynn, still somewhat peeved with the situation, didn’t bother to look back.

“Come to New York. Find out why people are trying to kill you.” *Taste of his own medicine, eh?*

This better not blow up in his face.

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The last time Ezekiel had been in the Annex, he had tried to kill Judson. And then probably would have killed Flynn and Charlene, if he was capable. And yet here he was, standing there in a hoodie and a pair of skinny jeans, with a grin that could win diamonds.

“Nobody stabs Ezekiel Jones in the back!”

Oh, the *irony*. Flynn hoped this whole endeavor would be wrapped up as soon as possible, before he snapped and punched the punk in the face.

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Despite how busy Flynn had been trying to track down a way to bring back the Library, he had found his thoughts often wandering to think about his new...colleagues. And his thoughts about one Mr. Jones were the most interesting of all. After everything had happened with the brotherhood and Excalibur...Ezekiel seemed to really have ... turned over a new leaf? It was hard to tell, and Flynn was still conflicted, but...there was something there. There was something about the younger man that had compelled Flynn to allow him to stay at the Library, although he still didn’t quite grasp what that *something* was. Which was insanely infuriating. But he had bigger things to worry about, so...

And now here he stood, back in the Annex, somewhat taken aback as he watched Ezekiel bring down Mr. Drake with words so easily, he could have been talking about the weather.

The tension in the room rose as Ezekiel announced Drake's true plot. The satisfaction and amazement that followed, as Drake slowly slunk away back to his pit, was astounding. Ezekiel had just scared a dragon away. A *dragon*.

And the others may not know it, but the fact that he did it with words, with his mind...it struck Flynn. In fact, so far, he hadn't seen any hint that Ezekiel had told the others about his rather violent expertise. He probably hadn't told them much about his past at all, from the looks of it. Flynn worried about whether he'd made a mistake, and put the others in danger. He worried about whether he should tell them what Ezekiel was capable of. What if Flynn was wrong, and Ezekiel was just biding his time to kill them all? Or biding his time to steal everything magical from underneath their noses? Ezekiel may not remember their second encounter, but Flynn did all too well. There had been so much anger in those eyes.

*Anger is a secondary emotion, a direct product of either fear or sadness.*

Flynn watched Ezekiel as he smugly shoved everyone out of the Annex, watched the ease and the pride in his movements as he set the Apple down on the case Jenkins had procured. Ezekiel's ability to be unaffected by the Apple of Discord was perhaps the most interesting point in this situation of all.

The others believed it was because Ezekiel was already the worst version of himself - they believed that currently, Ezekiel was the worst he could ever be. And Flynn had not bothered to correct them, because he knew better. Ezekiel was not his worst now - and that was precisely the point. Flynn's doubts began to fade. He may not know why Ezekiel had abandoned his assassin ways - hell, he didn't know how Ezekiel had gotten like that in the first place - but this whole debacle had proved one thing for certain. Ezekiel was not who he had been then. And the Library had chosen him for reason. Flynn decided he could place faith in that, and let his mind focus on the bigger issue.

Finding the Library.

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They had done it. They'd defeated Dulaque, saved the Library, saved Eve. Eve had told them about their alternate lives - and it was the news of Ezekiel's that struck him the most. Ezekiel was a Librarian instead of him in another universe. Well, there was no denying it. He belonged here. He was...different.

Flynn often found himself wondering what had brought the thief to his violent self, and he wondered even more what had brought him out of it. And it seemed like they may never know. Nonetheless, the Library had chosen him for a reason. And he had proved himself up to the task. Flynn wondered one last time, if he should tell Eve about Ezekiel, as he watched the three LITs leave with their miniature clippings books. But as he watched Ezekiel rush out to follow Cassandra with a loving smile on his face, and as he watched Jake hesitated uncertainly before following, Flynn knew. He knew that it was Ezekiel's skeleton, in Ezekiel's closet. Not Flynn's. For all intents and purposes, Flynn shouldn't even know.

And he should act as if he didn't, until a time when Ezekiel himself may want to reveal it...

...that day was probably a *long* way off.

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“You have *never* liked me!” Ezekiel exclaimed at him, and Flynn pursed his lips. Really? *Really?* After everything he’d done for this kid? Now Flynn was supposed to *like* the jerk? Oh, please. He may have decided to give him the benefit of the doubt and keep his secret, but he had never signed up to become family with the man that had tried to kill him and the only family he had ever had.

“Now’s not the time for that!”

Later, Flynn was half tempted to let Ezekiel hang on Frankenstein’s Monster’s fist just a *little* bit longer.

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FBI AGENT? *FBI Agent!* ***FBI Agent?!*** What the fuck was up with this kid? He had been a lowlife thief, then he joined the MI6. Idiot, Flynn knew now why he had been so foolish to get roped in with them. And then manipulated so easily. Twisted, tortured, mentally conditioned. And it was all because deep down, the boy had always wanted to be the *good guy*. Obviously, he’d come from rough upbringings, Flynn had known that the minute he laid eyes on him in Cairo. And he was such a film nut, so uneducated, he must have really thought that secret and unsecret agents where all badass heroes who saved the world.

Everything...made a clearer sense, now. God, that was tragic. That was just - that was just sad. That the world had taken a child and turned them into a criminal who denied love, despite a good heart. And then the world tricked that child into thinking it would change things, it could be great. And only ripped it up into pieces and turned it black with the blood of others.

“Jones, you’re no lawman.” *You don't have to wear a uniform and a badge to be the good guy.*

Ezekiel stared at him as he approached, with more open of an expression than Flynn had ever seen. His heart twisted in undeniable pity.

“You are...the stainless steel rat. The fly in the ointment.” Flynn carried on. *A unique genius, it's you against the world. Okay, maybe that was too near to an insult for this situation.*

“You’re the answer to the riddle. You’re the one who crosses all the lines and opens all the doors. The Library **invited** you in!”

Ezekiel pursed his lips, emotions and memories surfacing behind his eyes. The fake FBI badge hanging from his neck began to glow a forlorn blue, as did his eyes. Ah, so the badge was his talisman. That wasn't surprising.

After all, it was a haunting symbol of everything he would never be able to be. And everything he had overcome.

Maybe the benefit of the doubt wasn't good enough.

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Flynn smiled softly as he, Eve, and Moriarty gazed down over the Annex again. They had spent hundreds of years magically encased in stone, yet he felt more refreshed than he ever had in his life. He finally felt like his heart and his mind weren't tearing him apart.

Prospero was gone, they had time traveled - the long way round - and everyone was back together. Perhaps not in the same way as they had been - the closeness between Moriarty and Eve beside him was notable, but no longer hurt so much. Ready to ride together to the next occasion. They really were stronger together.

Flynn's eyes fell upon Ezekiel, an easy smile spread across his face. Not a grin that could win diamonds, but a happiness that was so genuine, it could surely turn lead into gold.

*What would Camelot's fate have been, Flynn wondered, If Arthur had forgiven Mordred, as opposed to forsaking him to Morgan's manipulation?*

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