The Shape of You

by CQueen

Summary

With the recent death of their old alpha the King’s pack are testing packmates eager to ascend to the position of Kingsman when an intruder shows up on their land. An intruder, they soon find out, who is actually the son of a former pack member. And this new young wolf is not only very much Kingsman material...but has the bloodlines to challenge Chester King for the position of new alpha.

And that's just the start of Eggsy's problems.
I'll Give It a Chance

He was sitting in a comfortable chair with a perfectly prepared martini in hand, surrounded by pack, and with a fire burning brightly nearby to keep him pleasantly warm. Ergo, Harry should have felt quite content and at ease with his lot at the moment. Some of the others around him were a great deal more unsettled, but they were the ones who still had a nominee in the running. Which Harry did not. Not that he would have cared if…what was his name again…Crispin? Cecil? Something British and pretentious starting with a C, anyway, were participating.

There hadn't been anyone he wanted to nominate, and Bors had asked to use his nomination so that the other man could nominate both his son and the son of a friend of his. From what Merlin had told him both lads were dead useless, so Harry hadn't felt he needed to worry about recommending either. His nominee hadn't passed the water test, and the other had failed already as well.

If Harry could have he'd have skipped this, it wasn't like he hadn't seen it a few times before. In fact the last time they'd had to hold trials his nominee had been the best of the bunch, coming closer to beating his own record than anyone else. Lee Unwin had had it all, and he'd been proud of him. Lee would and should have become a high ranking member of Kingsman.

But life, as was too often the case, was rarely so fair.

Lee Unwin position in the pack had been…fraught with problems. The man's mother had been a King by birth, and therefore the boy should have been born into privilege and high status. Would have been if not for the fact that he'd been born a bastard, his hardly more than a teenager mother refusing to name the father, though rumors had certainly abounded. Her behavior and the existence of the child had led to her disownment, the girl forced to take on her maternal grandmother's last name since that was the only one the family would let her have. She and Lee had lived on the outskirts of the pack, the King patriarch unwilling to leave the two packless and without funds, but otherwise the former alpha had wanted nothing to do with them. The boy hadn't helped matters by choosing to take as his mate a human woman, either. But Lee had been a great man and wolf, so much obvious potential, and when the opportunity had arisen Harry had nominated the man to give him a chance to realize that potential.

Only Lee had died as a result, leaving behind a widow and a child. A little boy who would never remember the man who'd spoken of him with such love and pride. Who'd accepted his offer of nomination for the boy's sake, really. To give his Eggsy the life he deserved.

Fate was so often a bitch.

So here Harry was, doing his best to ignore the conversations around him as he watched the current crop of nominees attempt to shave some time off their records for the obstacle course. The images were being broadcast onto the multiple screens mounted on the wall in front of them, Merlin using his electronic magic to make several of the screens all one picture as they followed the candidates through the course along with the security cameras in place.

The pups, for they were hardly more than that, had been testing themselves against the course long enough that they could all beat it, Harry observed. They wouldn't still be in the running if they hadn't managed that much. But their times overall performances on the course were less than stellar from where Harry was sitting. Percival and the alpha's candidates were the best of the bunch, with the former showing the most potential in Harry's opinion. Something their alpha was no doubt silently...
seething over, and not just because he wanted his candidate to win.

The man was not pleased at the idea of there being a female Kingsman.

They were all part of the King pack, of course, but only those with the highest status within their pack were referred to as a Kingsman. The best of the best. In theory.

Deliberately not looking in the direction of their current leader, who temporarily held the position because of bloodlines rather than worthiness, Harry reminded himself that starting something tonight would only lead to more headaches later. He needed to just watch the bloody screens and pretend he was paying attention.

So that's what he did right up until a hint of movement had him leaning forward in his chair.

"Did anyone else see that?"

"See what?" Percival asked with a frown, as his daughter was on the course currently.

"Movement. I think I saw something move in those bushes there, on the slight hill where the sandpit starts. Any members of the pack observing?"

"No." Pointing one of his electronic doohickeys at the screens and bringing up an enlarged look at the area mentioned, Merlin rewound the recording as everyone leaned in and saw, as Harry had, the shifting of something too large to be a rabbit or expected creature amongst the bushes. A shape that was much more in line with one of their kind in wolf form.

"Merlin, have Giles investigate whoever disobeyed orders to stay away from the course tonight."

"We don't know for sure this wolf is one of ours, Alpha."

"You're thinking he's an intruder? This deep into our territory? Preposterous. There aren't any packs nearby, least of all any stupid enough to think they could get away with trespassing on our land."

"Might I suggest calling an end to the exercise? Leave the area. See what he or she does." Harry wasn't ruling out their intruder could be female as King most likely was.

It would be mad for a wolf from another pack to trespass on their territory without permission, but not impossible. There were plenty of packs that would love to take them down, after all, and there was no shortage of stupid or foolhardy idiots in the world. There was also the possibility that this was a lone wolf, seeking to join them or driven mad because he or she had lost their pack somehow. Or a wolf that was plain suicidal…though really, there were much better, more humane was to die. Particularly with Chester King running the show.

"Fine. Do it."

In short order the obstacle course was shut down and the trainees ran off with their instructor back into the night. Per Merlin's orders they would be led a short distance away, be briefed on the situation, and then depending on said situation would be given a chance to show their skills in apprehending the intruder.

Harry had no doubt they'd be as thrilled as pups at Christmas over it.

The wait was about twenty minutes, the intruder wasn't quite the fool his or her actions suggested,
but eventually the shadows and shapes moved on the screen, and a large, four legged animal slipped out of the bushes and cautiously made its way towards the start of the course.

Young and underfed were the first words to come to Harry's mind. Either packless or in one that didn't deserve to be called pack if this was an example of how they took care of their young. But not mad or suicidal, he didn't think. Not when their intruder was showing so much skill and caution in the way he moved and kept alert of his surroundings. The pup was good, and had at least some training.

"What's he doing?" That was Tristan.

"And if he's a spy why would the trainees and an obstacle course interest him?" Bors.

"How sure are we that that area of our territory has been marked and patrolled regularly?" Harry wanted to know, a thought having occurred to him. "It is on the outer reaches, no one really goes that way. If he isn’t from around here he could have just wandered in. Smelled the trainees and curiosity got the best of him."

"Be the death of him." Their alpha muttered, everyone's ears sharp enough that they heard it.

And then their attention went back to the screen as they watched the wolf shift into man.

A young man, as Harry had thought, doing his best to estimate height, weight and such. And he couldn't help but admire the man's ass since it was right there and all as he…why on earth was he…

"Is he doing what I think he's doing?" Lancelot laughed in delight.

"He is. He's setting up the course to run it." Percival chuckled. "Why that cheeky little sod."

"Nice cheeks." Lancelot observed with considerable cheek of his own.

Merlin was also looking a tad amused by this unexpected turn of events. "Well let's see how he does then."

Shifting back the unidentified wolf was wiggling like the pup he was as he ran over to the starting point once more. And then his movements stilled, suggesting the boy had the sense to get his head in the game, and was perhaps running it through his head one last time as he looked over the tunnel, the posts he'd have to zig zag between and the netting to crawl under. And so many other fun things meant to impede and slow him down.

After a minute or two of contemplation he was off.

Fast. Fucking fast.

Disciplined. Trained. Observant as well, to have learned so much simply by observing. No fear.

The boy was taking the course with more speed, skill, and sheer guts than any of the other trainees who'd cared more about finishing correctly than screwing up in Harry's opinion. Even Miss. Morton was too worried about doing things the right way, failing to look outside the box. Which was usually always a mistake. You often learned more from failing in training than playing it safe while you were in a reasonably safe environment to begin with. You had to trust your gut, risk it all, and push yourself always if you wanted to be the best.

And Harry had absolutely no qualms or reservations about clapping in appreciation when the boy cleared the course and leapt up in the air to sink his teeth into the dangling fake rabbit that was the
'prize' to finish.

Merlin whistled. "Well the lad just showed all the trainees up. And on his first try no less."

"Got more balls than the lot of them, at least." Gawain acknowledged with a nasty smirk.

That set off a barrage of protests and statements about beginners luck, Harry ignoring them all for a couple minutes of study before pointing out that the boy was going back around to do it all again, so why didn't they just watch and they'd all know soon enough how much luck had to do with it.

Not a bloody bit, as it turned out.

The cheeky little sod cleared the course every single time of the five runs he took at it. Which wasn't to say their intruder did it perfectly or improved on his time every time, because he didn't, but their uninvited guest threw himself mind, body, and soul into conquering it with a fierce determination that made him riveting to watch. This wasn't a game or a test to the pup, but a battle. An enemy to be defeated and left in the dust. And the boy was obviously determined to remain until he was satisfied.

That he'd bested the times of every man in the room save for Harry's on the fourth run wasn't sitting well with a number of them either, and King's order that Merlin send in the trainees to bring the intruder in meant there would be no sixth attempt.

Or element of surprise, since the boy obviously heard them coming.

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Eggsy would have asked himself how he got into these situations, but that was as dumb a question as the situation he found himself in. And one he very much knew the answer to. He was an idiot. And a soon to be dead idiot if he didn't get his arse and gear and run for his bloody life. Cause he recognized enough of the scents to know that the posh twats from earlier were back, along with the lone bird who'd been the best of the lot from what he'd seen. Which meant it was five again one, and that was only if the instructor and anyone else wasn't coming along for the chase.

Of course at least three of the trainees weren't worth worrying about. They didn't have the speed to catch him. The big one though, the obvious leader of the males, he might just be up to it in terms of endurance. Something Eggsy wasn't sure he had enough of at the moment. And then there was the girl.

The fact that he didn't know the terrain none wasn't helping him a bit neither as he ran away in the direction he'd come from. He was an urban man who didn't really know shit about forests and such. This was a treat for him and his wolf, not somethin he got ta do more than once in a blue moon, if that. Hell, it was the sheer novelty of it all that had drawn him deeper into the wood than he meant to go in the first place.

All the smells!

He'd had no fucking idea there could be so many in such a small space. Plus all the living things ta find even at night. Rabbits and badgers and…well frankly he didn't even know what a tenth of the things he smelled was just cause it weren't like you'd find them in his neck of the woods. Not to mention it wasn't exactly safe ta be walkin around as a wolf in his territory. Urban jungle more like it.

And fuck, incoming.

It was the girl who caught up to him first as he just narrowly avoided getting his foot caught in a sodding rabbit's hole. She wasn’t on him yet, but she was close enough that there was no question
she'd be closing in soon enough.

'Stop running.' Came a voice inside his head, as posh and proper as could be. 'You're only going to make this harder on yourself.'

'Ta, Luv. But I've heard that before and listenin never ended well. For me.'

'Well really, what did you think would happen when you decided to trespass on our territory?'

'I didn't bloody well know it was your territory, now did I? Not like you lot posted signs or nothin. I was in these woods a good two hours before I scented ya, and I just came over ta see what ya was up to. No harm meant. I didn't do nothin ta your precious territory.'

Well technically he'd killed and eaten a couple rabbits, but that was cause he'd wanted to hunt, and killin things just for sport or fun was wrong. And he'd been hungry…but it wasn't like they'd miss them. Right? They were every bloody where.

'You running isn't going to help convince the Alpha or the Kingsmen that you're just an innocent victim of circumstances.'

'Yeah?' Eggsy snorted at that. 'Well can ya give me your word I ain't gonna be harmed if I stop and let your lot take me ta your leader?'

Her silence spoke volumes, which was just as well as the majority of his attention was now on the rather large male wolf that thought he was oh so sneakily coming up to bookend him. And in this case Eggsy was willing to bet his life, since it wasn't like he had any money, that this one would relish the opportunity to make him bleed before turning him in.

'Look, Luv, I appreciate that you're only doin your duty, and it's pretty fucking obvious you're the brains of this operation, but I ain't goin down without a fight. And I ain't the sort ta hit a girl, even ones that can hit just as hard as I can. And…well…sorry bout this.'

And with that Eggsy dug his claws into the ground and flopped onto his belly, the brainless prat who'd been about ta body slam him into the girl sailing over him and crashin into her with a very loud thud. And that was followed by a great deal of cursing from the male and thrashing about, as the two had rolled right into some thicket of spiky stuff that Eggsy didn't know the name of…but figured was not FUN to be rolling around in.

Ouch.

But there was no time to be dwelling on that, there were the three stooges still out there after all and if he kept lying around like a sittin duck they'd get him for sure.

Bouncing up to his feet Eggsy leapt forward and ran as fast as his four legs could carry him.

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They'd already placed their bets, Tristan would bet on just about anything, and now they were waiting to hear back from the instructor in charge of the trainees. Harry, Merlin and Gawain had bet on the boy getting away, while the rest had picked who they thought would bring the intruder in, how long the boy would be able to allude the trainees, and the likelihood that the boy was a spy or really just stupid enough to have wandered into their lands without a clue.

Ergo everyone came to attention when Merlin re-entered the room.
And then went still when rather than just announce what had happened, as it was obvious they were all eager to hear, Merlin walked over in the direction of Percival and Lancelot, who'd been sitting together on a sofa but now as one rose to their feet, a horrible combination of denial and knowledge in both their eyes. Their baby girl had been hurt.

"The lass took a hard hit, but she should be fine. From the sounds of it she and Hesketh collided when they went after the boy, and she bashed her head pretty good on a rock. The boy got away as a result. Roxy needed medical attention and Hesketh stayed with her. The other three he sent to track the unknown wolf, but they lost his scent. I've sent more experienced trackers out to see if they can't pick it up again."

"Where is she now?" Percival demanded to know.

"She's on her way in. ETA is ten minutes. Rachel is standing by."

"So we know nothing about the boy?" Arthur demanded to know, completely unconcerned about Roxy's condition. Which was just one of the million reasons why he was unsuited for the position of alpha in Harry's opinion. In anyone with a brain's opinion as far as he was concerned.

"Hopefully Roxy will be able to tell us more. She actually talked to him according to Hesketh."
Start Up A Conversation

It was about three in the afternoon when Merlin got the call from his mate giving him permission to come and speak to the Miss. Morton about what had happened the night before. Rachel had barred everyone from going near her patient if they weren't immediate family, and the woman's word was law. Even the Alpha knew better than to cross her. Though word had gotten around that he had tried to push Merlin's mate on the issue, arguing that Percival and Lancelot's daughter might have valuable information about their possible enemy. But Miss. Morton had been in and out of consciousness when they'd brought her in as it was, and then Rachel had put her into a healing sleep as there had been damage to her ribs as well as her skull. Rachel was the only one who could bring her out of healing sleep, and she wasn't doing that until she was good and ready.

Harry did love the woman.

He of course had all but haunted Merlin's office all day in anticipation of the fact that the other man would be the first outside the Morton family to know when Miss. Morton was up to being questioned about the oh so intriguing guest he was very much looking forward to meeting in person.

Because thus far the mysterious lad seemed a study in contradictions. He'd managed to escape and hide his trail like a seasoned dominant, and yet didn't know how to hunt worth a damn. According to the trackers they'd found the remains of two rabbits the unknown wolf had killed and eaten, and both men had said the boy had made a complete mess of it. Not to mention the trackers had reported back that they'd found signs that the boy had been all over the place, getting into everything from the looks of his tracks and where he'd left his scent. Acting like a pupp was how Benson had put it.

The trackers had also gone over that part of their territory and discovered that the sentries assigned to that area had been slacking. Big time. They'd reported back that there would have been nothing to warn the boy he was trespassing on claimed land until he was a mile or so from the obstacle course.

Not that Harry anticipated that stopping King from ordering the lad's death just on principle.

"Did Rachel say what Miss. Morton knew about the boy?"

"Not that she passed along to me. We'll know soon enough. And then the real trouble begins."
Shaking his head, Merlin's eyes were tired behind his glasses. "This is a clusterfuck, Harry."

"We can't let him kill him. Not unless it's deserved."

"And you think he's going to listen to us? Especially if Lancelot and Percival are calling for his blood as well? The lass took a hard hit."

Since they didn't know what had happened, Harry didn't trust for a moment Hesketh's account, he couldn't exactly argue in the boy's defense there. Or that King had even been wrong to send the trainees after the intruder. Hell, the fact that the five of them had failed so epically was just sad.

Like he'd read Harry's mind Merlin muttered that he couldn't believe not one of them had come close to catching the little bugger.

As he was in total agreement Harry didn't argue with that, either. And so they spent the rest of the walk to the infirmary in resigned silence.
Miss. Morton was the only packmate currently making use of one of the infirmary beds when they entered, both her parents present and standing on either side of her bed with expressions that made it quite clear they’d go for Merlin and Harry's throats if they upset or strained their little girl in the slightest. The mortified look their daughter was wearing made it clear she was aware of that and was embarrassed as hell.

Giving her a sympathetic look Harry stated that it was good to see her awake.

"Thank you, Sir. It was really-I'm fine."

"The competition won't continue until you're back on your feet and Rachel's cleared you." Merlin stated in his no nonsense tone. "Are you up to telling us what happened and what you know about the intruder?"

Nodding and then wincing right afterwards as she was painfully reminded that head movements weren't her friend at the moment, Miss Morton sat up a little straighter to compensate. "I don't think he meant to trespass on our land, Sir. Or at least that's what he said, and he sounded sincere. I believed him. I told him to stop but he was afraid of what we'd do to him if he did, and it wasn't like I could give him my word no harm would come to him. Charlie slammed into me before I could make my move."

She hid it well, but Harry was willing to bet inside Miss. Morton was seething over that fact. And who could blame her?

"He slammed into you?" Merlin's brows furrowed.

"He meant to body slam the intruder, I think, and would have taken me with him if he'd succeeded. But Charlie's body language must have betrayed his intent somehow. The intruder dug his claws in and hit the ground so that Charlie went right over him."

All four men shook their head over that bit of stupidity, though there were definite hints of fury in her parents' eyes as well. They were all thinking that Hesketh had probably seen this as a chance to kill two birds with one stone. Take down the intruder AND possibly injure his biggest competition in the process.

"So he didn't give you a name or any hint what pack he might belong to?"

"No pack. Or at least I don't think so. It was hard because his scent...was wrong. Not in a sick or rabid sort of way, but wrong. And he definitely isn't getting enough to eat." The look on the girl's face could only be called sympathy. "He's about my age, I think. He sounded young. He apologized just before he ducked."

"English?"

Her gaze immediately dropped down to her lap. His fingers laced together and her knuckles white.

"Roxanne." Percival's voice was gentle but firm.

"Yes. From...I'd look for him at the council estates."

"The estates? No wolf would willingly live there. There'd be no..." Trailing off Merlin turned his head and met Harry's gaze.

"Fuck."
He'd made it clear seventeen years ago that Michelle Unwin was to contact him if her and Lee's son showed signs of being wolf. Had told her stories of what had happened to other wolves that hadn't had pack around at First Change or to teach them to become one with their wolves. She'd promised him that she understood.

She hadn't contacted him once.

But the age and gender were right, and it was fact that Lee's wife had grown up in council estate housing, and had been living in one of their buildings when last they'd spoken. She and Eggsy had had to move back there after Lee's death.

"You know who he is?" Miss. Morton asked, breaking the silence that had descended on the room.

Percival and Lancelot both shoot them questioning looks too.

Lancelot owed Lee Unwin his life, and Percival the life of his mate. And both were good men, men Harry trusted, but not enough in this case. Not enough to risk the boy.

"Possibly. I'll go look into it."

Merlin nodded. "Go."

Inclining his head in the direction of the other three Harry spun on his heels and took off, leaving Merlin to deal with the questions being hurled in his direction.

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Fuck it was pouring out. And he couldn't even enjoy it, Eggsy thought bitterly, as he did his best to keep his highly agitated wolf under control. No easy thing when both sides of him were expecting other fucking wolves to show up any minute and drag him off somewhere to see to it that he ended up very dead. Daisy possibly with him, which was a thought that had him seeing red and scared the fuck out of him.

Looking down at the baby currently crying her little eyes out within the confines of his partially open jacket, Eggsy cursed the fact that there was fuck all he could do for her at the moment. Poor mite was teething something awful, which was why Dean had kicked them both out for the night. Bastard.

Thank Christ his body was always hotter than most people's, so she was at least warm enough where she was. But that didn't fucking change the fact that they was outside, shoved back in the corner made by two concrete slabs that acted as railing. And made it more difficult for people to do themselves in when life round here got to be too much.

Not that Eggsy was thinkin of doin himself in or none, but one tended ta think dark when their lives were as far up shit creek as his was. Not to mention the fact that it would be a more humane death than being torn apart by wolves.

Leaning his head back while absently humming a tune that didn't soothe Daisy or his poor ears in the slightest, Eggsy wished with all his heart to be somewhere else. Anywhere else.

And that Daisy's teeth would hurry the fuck up and come in already.

Exhausted, stressed, and so fucking hungry his stomach would be growling louder than her cryin if being hungry weren't his normal state of being at this point, Eggsy gave up singing and tried to concentrate on his breathing, hoping that the rain at least had washed away some of the worst smells clinging to this old dump. That's why he liked rain. Which was a good thing since really, it was a
wonder British people hadn't developed webbed feet at this point.

Snorting at the idea of a web footed wolf, Eggsy tried to imagine it, entertaining himself with it right up until the knowing shiver ran up his spine. The one that said a new predator had entered his territory.

Getting to his feet, his left arm remaining curled across his stomach to keep Daisy in place, Eggsy got to his feet and turned to face the length of the building. And saw him.


Those were the first three thoughts that crossed Eggsy mind, followed by the obvious conclusion that this posh wolf was here for him. And that spelt death for him.

His usual escape routes would be slippery with the rain. And while he'd risk his own neck in a bid to save it he'd never risk Daisy's. And the man had at least a couple decades on him but Eggsy wasn't about to assume he could take the other wolf. Nor could he be sure his sister wouldn't be used against him if they were to fight. And this man knew where he lived. Would be able to follow Eggsy's scent right to the right door. There was no point in running.

So he did the only thing he could do. He unzipped his jacket more and retrieved his whimpering sister from the makeshift pouch he'd made for her. "She's only a baby. Let me take her in ta our mum and then I'll go with you. On my word."

Still walking towards him like he had all the time in the fucking world, the older man smiled softly at him. "I have no intention of harming either of you, Eggsy. Is she alright? I could hear her the whole way up here."

"You know my name." Fuck. That wasn't good.

"I do. We even know each other, as it happens, though it's been quite some time since then. Your mother remarried then?"

"No. Dean ain't the marryin sort. He'll move on eventually." He hoped. "How would I know ya? I ain't exactly spent much time in your neck of the woods. Well cept for last night, and that was an accident. Not that you're likely ta believe it."

"Actually, I do. And I'll explain the rest after you tell me what's wrong with the baby. Something is, and it's rubbing my wolf's fur the wrong way. I'm a maternal dominant."

"A wot?"

"Eggsy."

Rolling his eyes, though he rather liked the sound of his name on this bloke's lips, Eggsy stated that she was teething.

"Ah. No, fun, that. And to answer your other questions I'm going to come closer so that we're actually close enough to have a proper conversation. Some topics aren't meant to be public knowledge after all."

Eggsy nodded, but stated with dead seriousness that he wasn't to make a move towards Daisy or he'd rip his throat out.

"I'm sure you'd try." Was the amused response he got.
The man moved in closer with no hint of hesitation or aggression, and Eggsy couldn't help but smirk a little over the three piece suit, fancy looking umbrella, and the sheer nerve of the man to come round here looking like that. Though since he was a wolf Eggsy didn't doubt he could handle himself. His car if he'd driven here on the other hand…

Once he was close enough the man held out his hand to Eggsy. "I'm Harry Hart."

Taking it after a moment Eggsy shook it. "That name don't mean nothin ta me."

"Sadly that's no surprise. Though you of course remain the only Eggsy I've ever met." The smile that crossed Harry's face was rather adorable, even though Eggsy's felt stupid thinking it. "And as for your questions, the last time we met you were only a child. About five. And a maternal dominant is a wolf who is both dominant and capable of bearing children. Miss. Morton from last night is also a maternal dominant, while Mr. Hesketh is simply referred to as a dominant."

"Oh." Eggsy didn't know what to say to that. Well…not that would be polite to say or ask, anyway.

And then he was tempted to smack himself upside the head as the obvious occurred to him. "If we met before…did you know my dad? Is that why you're here? You was a mate of his or…does the land I was on belong to his pack? I didn't think before, cause the wolves were all posh and my dad wasn't, but mum's never told me nothing bout his. She didn't even tell me he was a wolf till I changed meself."

The look on the man's face, well cold fury was the best description for it. Scary as hell, even if instincts said that anger wasn't aimed towards him.

"I'm so very sorry you went through all that without a pack, Eggsy. Your mother…well I suppose I should have anticipated her refusing to contact us even when your nature became apparent. She blamed us, and rightly so, for your father's death. I should have ignored her wishes and come by to check on you when the time came. I can't apologize enough."

For years he'd been asking how his father had died, and his mother had always refused to tell him. "How did he die? Tell me."

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This wasn't just a clusterfuck, it was a FUBAR of epic proportions. Not only had it been Lee's son they’d caught running around their territory last night, but now that he'd gotten a look at the boy he knew exactly who Lee biological father was. The boy was the spitting image of the man. A fact that had definite pros and cons, but either way this was the worst possible time for it to be discovered that Lee's son was in fact a wolf as well.

"You ain't gonna tell me neither?" The boy glared at him.

"Sorry. It's just…not important. Well important, but not…you want to know how your father died." And didn't that say something about the situation they were in, that he'd rather think about that then the trouble they’d soon be in. "He was applying to become a Kingsman. It's the highest ranking position one can achieve in our pack aside from becoming Alpha. The trainees you saw last night are doing the same thing."

"Them? Seriously? I mean the bird seemed alright, but the rest…a little too much inbreeding, Bruv, if that's the best of the litter?"

"I wish I could argue with you about that. And don't call me Bruv. Harry is fine."
That earned him a small smile.

"It was down to two choices. Your father and Miss. Morton's maternal, actually. There was a situation with another pack, an intruder on our lands, ironically enough, and they were both brought it to observe and learn a thing or two. No one realized the bastard had an explosive device on him. No one but your father. He sacrificed himself to save the rest of us."

Quiet as the boy considered this.

"He died a hero then."

"He did. You can be very proud of him."

Ducking his head the boy looked away, the grip he had on his little sister apparently tightening, as she squawked in protest. And she looked at him with her tear stained face and badly swollen cheeks, so obviously miserable that Harry couldn't help himself anymore and after hooking his umbrella on his arm neatly pulled her out of her brother's arms to press her against his own chest.

And brought up his other hand to catch the punch Eggsy threw at him in response.

"I'm not going to hurt her. What I am going to do is take the two of you home with me. It's not safe for you here, Eggsy. I'm assuming she's going where you are at the moment."

"Along the way I'll call a friend of mine who's a doctor. She'll be able to contact a chemist for me or at least give me some idea of what we can get Daisy to help her with her gums. And you need to be fed."

"Look, Harry, I-"

"Eggsy. Come."

Leaving it at that Harry let go of Eggsy's hand, pushing enough that Eggsy stumbled back a little. And then he turned around and started walking back the way he'd come with Daisy still in his arms, knowing that Eggsy would of course follow.
Conversation With Just Me

This was not how Eggsy had seen his night going. Remotely. But no matter how hard he pinched himself Eggsy still found himself sitting in the front passenger seat of a luxury vehicle that probably costed more than he was likely to make in his lifetime. One with a pricy leather interior that still smelled new to Eggsy's sensitive nose, not to mention the heated seats and all sorts of features that Eggsy was just itching to try out for himself. Cause nothin he'd ever gone for a little joyride in came close to this baby.

And Harry had left him alone in it with Daisy.

Glancing out the rain streaked window in the direction of the chemist's, Eggsy was still confused as fuck about Harry's decision to let him stay in the car without him. I mean sure the man had taken the keys with him, but Eggsy had yet to meet a car he couldn't hot wire if he set his mind to it. Stealing this would be like taking candy from a baby.

Though the memory of the two bodies and other bloke limping away from the vehicle earlier had Eggsy's itchy fingers stilling.

Not that that two on the ground had been dead, thank Christ. Just knocked out according to Harry. Some sort of security feature on the car that zapped the hell out of potential car thieves. Like no fucking security system Eggsy had ever come across, that's for sure. Sick, obviously, but fucking scary as well since he was sorta at the mercy of the car's owner.

"We sure as fuck ain't in Kansas, Flower. But fuck if your big bruv knows what the fuck is going on here."

No response came, but then Eggsy was fairly sure that this was just one of the lulls before the next storm. They'd been through this enough that he was pretty sure Daisy was just too worn out to cry at the moment. Once she got some down time or the pain increased she'd be back ta screaming form, and then Harry would be right sorry he'd snatched her up and insisted that she and Eggsy was coming with him.

And hadn't that been seriously fucking weird. That he hadn't gone for Harry's throat aside from that reflexive punch. His wolf trusted Harry, though fuck if he knew why. But his wolf was usually a pretty fucking good judge of character, which was why he was still in the car. He was warm and dry, and if Harry was to be believed they were gonna have a roof over their heads and medicine for Daisy soon enough. That was a hell of a lot better off than they'd been before Harry showed up.

Exhausted, he hadn't gotten any sleep the night before, Eggsy allowed his eyes to close and rest for a minute or two. Though they snapped open and he came to attention as soon as Harry's door opened and the man in question slid back behind the wheel.

"Hold this a moment, please."

Taking the bag held out to him Eggsy did as Harry asked, reining in his curiosity as Harry buckled himself into the driver's seat once more. Then handed it back to Harry when he was done, watching as Harry's hand went rummaging around before pulling out a plastic thing shaped like a frog. Sorta.

"Let her chew on that. It will be more to her liking once it's spent some time in the freezer, but that should help. And here's something to rub into her gums."
"Oh. Thanks." Eggsy thought about pointing out that he had no way of paying Harry back for this, well at least not with cash, but decided to keep that to himself. If Harry demanded something later, well then he was just out of luck.

But Harry didn't ask for anything as he twisted around to toss the bag into the backseat.

In fact Harry said nothing at all as the once again slid smoothly into traffic while Eggsy rubbed the gel stuff onto Daisy's gums and then stuck the frog thingie against her lips, the little ankle biter gnawing on it half-heartedly before grabbing hold of it and biting down with a bit more energy.

While drooling all over herself. And him. Joy.

"Eggsy?"

Looking over Eggsy couldn't get a read on the man's face. "Yeah?"

"How much DO you know about our kind, exactly?"

Like most everyone Eggsy hated to admit ignorance about anything, but in this case he was aware enough to know that being ignorant in this case might save his skin. So he opted for straight honesty.

"Not a lot. I remembered me dad as a wolf, ya see. Not well or anything, and Mum told me they was just dreams when I was a sprog, but when I changed the first time…well once I got over the shock and stopped wondering stupid things like if someone had slipped me somethin-well it helped and kept me from doin something stupid that night. Mum, she told me what she knew after that, and I ran into a couple of wolves a couple years ago, and they told me some stuff too. Even invited me ta try out for their pack and offered ta sponsor me or whatever. But it weren't like we could just up and move ta France, and I…I had plans that meant stickin round here."

A pause. "Have you killed anyone?"

"Wot?!"

"I'm not judging you, Eggsy. A young lone wolf without pack is a very dangerous, sometimes feral beast. And you would have had no one to teach you to control it. To understand the two sides of you." Harry glanced away from the road for a moment to look in Eggsy's direction. "I wouldn't blame you. I'm just asking what will be asked later."

Hunching his shoulders defensively, Eggsy's mind went to all the close calls he'd had since that first change. But he could honestly say that he had never killed or even badly mauled someone, which was what he told Harry. While leaving out the many instances he used his superior strength to his advantage in fights and such. And maybe, possibly, bit a couple because instinct had overwhelmed him. But he couldn't make werewolves or anything, so Harry didn't need ta know about none of that neither.

"Good. I thought as much, we do keep our ears to the ground, so to speak, for any attacks or unusual happenings in the city, but you are smart enough to cover your tracks. Some of the time."

"Thanks." Sorta.

Silence descended between them for a few minutes, and it was surprisingly comfortable given that Eggsy hardly knew anything about the other wolf or what his intentions were.

"Aside from your mother and the other two wolves you mentioned meeting, who else knows what you truly are?"
"Aside from you? No one. Well Daisy does in the sense that I talk ta her about it and shit, but it ain't like she knows what the hell I'm talkin bout. Never told no one else. Didn't figure it was safe. Dean would fucking sell me." Eggsy muttered to himself, though of course Harry heard him anyway.

"I have a feeling I'm not going to like Daisy's father, am I?"

"No one does."

"I suppose I'll see for myself, later."

Eggsy was tempted to ask Harry about the man's own family, like if he had kids seeing as he'd said he was a maternal dominant. Which he hadn't even known was a thing, and Eggsy figured it was pretty fucking important to find out if he was one of those too. Gettin up the duff wasn't somethin he was lookin ta do, especially since he couldn't for the life of him figure out how that would work. And thinking about it just made his head hurt.

"Harry? Before, when you was tellin' me bout ya being a maternal dominant…how do ya know when ya are one?"

A low chuckle that Eggsy liked the sound of. "No, Eggsy. You aren't a maternal dominant. That's not something you need to worry about. Just a dominant. Potentially a very powerful one."

"Powerful?"

"You sound surprised. You don't realize how impressive you are, Eggsy. You've never had a pack, but you've not only held onto your sanity, but your humanity as well. You mastered your wolf and the change without help, and with your bloodlines…well it stands to reason that we can expect great things from you. Lee would be proud."

It was stupid. Eggsy knew that. But to hear someone, someone like Harry, another wolf, say that he was impressive. That he was capable of great things and that his dad would be proud of him. Well it lit him up inside, and made him beam with happiness.

The weather was dark and miserable, but it was hard for Harry to remember that as a human sun lit up the car's interior. Eggsy's smile was just that bright and blinding. And beautiful. He had to smile back even as Harry reminded himself that he needed to pay attention to the road. The last thing they needed was to get into an accident. Particularly since Daisy's body wasn't nearly as durable as his and Eggsy's.

Speaking of which…"She seems better."

"For the moment, yeah. She'll start up again soon enough."

"Babies do do that."

"Ya got any sprogs of your own?"

A familiar pang, he was a maternal after all. But ignoring it Harry just shook his head.
"Unfortunately, no. I never found a mate. Highly dominant wolves often have that problem when submissives don't appeal to them. A pairing of two dominants is often a complicated business. At least in my experience. As you'll learn as well, depending on your preferences."

"My preferences." Eggsy shot him an amused look. "Ya mean mine or me wolf's? Cause he's a lot
pickier than me."

Intrigued, Harry asked what he meant by that.

"Well he, the wolf, he ain't never cared for anyone that way. Back before I had a handle on him, he was growlin away in the back of my mind any time I was lookin ta get lucky. Had to be fuckin celibate for a few months, fraid I'd maul someone in the throes cause he didn't like em."

That was just odd. "Normally new wolves are rather the opposite. He's never shown interest in someone?"

Eggsy shook his head.

"I suppose he could only be interested in his own kind. We'll have to see what happens when you get the chance to interact with other members of the pack."

"If they're all posh like you they ain't gonna want much ta do with me, Bruv. Least not out in the open like."

"The ones who'll think that aren't worth your notice."

The look Eggsy shot in his direction said he thought that was pure bollocks. And Harry couldn't blame him for thinking that either, since it went without saying that more than a few of his packmates would have a problem with the idea of Eggsy joining their pack. If that was what happened. Things were very much still up in the air there.

Turning to drive up the street leading to his home, Harry informed Eggsy that they'd arrived.

"This is your place? Sick."

It took a moment for Harry to remember that that meant Eggsy liked the look of his place. Kids and their slang. "Thank you. It's been in my family for a few generations at this point."

His attention obviously on the house Eggsy didn't speak up again until they were both out of the car and Eggsy was using his umbrella to shield Daisy from the rain and Harry was putting up with being a little wet as he retrieved the bags before joining the two on his front doorstep.

"So how come ya don't live in a pack? Don't wolves like us do that?" Eggsy asked as Harry unlocked the door and pushed it open for them.

"I didn't and don't like the previous and current alpha. I've also always been a bit of a lone wolf. A family trait. I love being around my pack, but I prefer in small doses unless they're close friends or children. But yes, it's fairly normal for packs to live together." Setting the bags aside once they were inside, Harry shrugged out of his coat and hung it up, removing his oxfords as well since lord only knew what crap he'd be tracking around his house after where they'd been.

That done Harry offered to hold Daisy while Eggsy did the same.

"Thanks."

Smiling at the exhausted little girl in his arms Harry was glad she was no longer crying, though she was still not looking her best. A good night's sleep without her poor little gums hurting would hopefully fix that.

"So how do ya tell the...what ya call a certain wolf? How many types are there, anyway?"
Turning his attention back to Eggsy, who was undoing his trainers and showing off his arse under those ugly clothes, Harry took a moment to think of how to break it down for the boy after reminding himself sternly that the boy was hardly more than a pup.

"There are four main designations. Dominant and maternal dominant, and then submissive or healer. You aren't a healer, your sister's condition earlier would have driven your wolf insane if that were the case. You hold my gaze and my dominance doesn't seem to affect you in the slightest, so submissive is out. Though a word of advice?" Harry waited for Eggsy to nod. "Don't think of submissives in human terms. To us that means that they prefer to be led rather than lead, and aren't fighters by nature. There are plenty of submissives that could rip a man's throat out with ease to protect their families or packmates."

"Got it."

"Good. As for the difference between a maternal and a regular dominant aside from the ability to bear young, there is the vibe we get from one another, for lack of a better description."

"Huh?"

"Hold Daisy a moment."

When Eggsy took her back Harry undid his cufflinks, pocketed them, and then rolled back his shirt sleeve before holding his wrist out in Eggsy's direction. "Breath in my scent."

Brows furrowed, Eggsy asked why.

"You'll see in a moment."

Shrugging his shoulders Eggsy shuffled Daisy around a little so that she was pressed comfortably against his chest and then the young dominant leaned in and brushing his nose against the sensitive skin of Harry's inner wrist to inhale his scent.

Watching Eggsy's lashes descend to hide his eyes from him Harry couldn't have said why, the boy was far too young for him, but his stomach clenched at their closeness and the odd…intimacy of the moment. Like they were doing something far more intimate than a simple sharing of scent.

Not that he could really smell the boy over the unpleasant scents that clung to those hideous clothes and Eggsy's skin. And that was on top of the other scents that weren't a part of Eggsy's actual scent, but which made it clear that Eggsy resided in a world that smelled of fear, sadness, and hopelessness.

"Alright. I got ya." Straightening back up Eggsy's smile suggested that he was quite pleased with himself, though his eyes were hooded, their expression still hidden.

"You got me?"

"How ya tell the difference between the two types of dominants."

"Care to tell me?" Because he was confused as to how the boy could have figured it out just from his scent, especially since Eggsy was woefully ignorant about their kind.

"Well it's an evolution thing, ain't it? I mean what would be the point in two regular dominants or two maternal ones finding each other attractive? No kids that way, and animals are all about reproducing. Ya smell so fucking good and shit cause you're a maternal and I'm a dominant, right? If ya was just a dominant my wolf wouldn't like your scent so sodding much. Guess that's why my wolf wasn't interested in the other two? I mean they were both birds, but I guess my wolf just likes
maternal dominants?" Eggsy frowned a little. "Though I would have thought Evie was one. She sure
as fuck wasn't a submissive sort."

Understanding having dawned, Harry found himself torn between being stunned and flattered as
fuck that Eggsy found him sexually attractive given that he was older than the boy's parents and
definitely on the shelf, as his mother was fond of phrasing it.

"No, Eggsy. The way you can tell the difference is the way you instinctually react to my scent. If I
were a regular dominant in my human form you would have felt aggressive and challenged by my
presence. It's natural, our two wolves feeling each other out to assert which is the more dominant of
the two. With me though…maternal dominants don't do that. Because we can bear young it's
instinctual for dominants to want to protect us. To preserve our bloodlines, as it were. There are other
indicators, of course, but those are only apparent in X-rays or in our wolf forms. Though there are
exceptions when it comes to the latter, as I am considered abnormally large for a maternal dominant
in both my forms."

Ducking his head so that he could hide behind the bill of his cap, Eggsy actually shuffled his socked
foot a little, which Harry couldn't help but find incredibly adorable.

"Oh."

"From the sound of it I am the first male maternal dominant you've met. That's likely it." And to
spare them both further discomfort or the asking of embarrassing questions Harry opted to direct the
conversation towards a topic that was guaranteed to distract and hold the attention of a young wolf,
particularly given Eggsy's age and the time of day.

"But enough about that. Shall we retire to the kitchen and get you something to eat?"

Eggsy's beaming smile was all the answer Harry needed.
Harry did not consider himself a violent man. No, that wasn't right. He wasn't a violent wolf, Harry
silently corrected himself. His maternal side was much stronger as a wolf, and frankly if he was
fighting an enemy in wolf form his goal was to kill as quickly and relatively painlessly as possible.
His predator didn't really get the concept of letting one's prey live. By contrast his human side, like
those who were themselves purely human, was much more inclined to injure, maim, and general
scare the shit out of anyone who thought to cross him or did something he found abhorrent or wrong.
He couldn't just kill them in most cases, and so out of that frustration and instinct he usually made
dead sure his enemies respected the fact that he could kill them…and was choosing not to. For the
time being.

Unfortunately killing or maiming Eggsey's mother wouldn't change the damage she'd done to her pup.
And he didn't actually want to physically hurt the woman, Harry reluctantly acknowledged,
especially since he'd gleaned from what Eggsey wasn't saying that physical violence was Michelle
Unwin's normal. But it was proving rather difficult to feel badly for her though, knowing that she
was well aware of the fact that ALL she would have had to do was contact him at any time over the
years and he would have quite happily ripped out this Dean person's throat for them and taken Eggsey
under his wing, so to speak.

Eggsey hadn't had to live a life without pack. Without the bare necessities of life like a safe roof over
his head and food. God. The food alone.

Young wolves were ravenous in all things. A hungry wolf was dangerous, particularly when that
hunger was a constant, gnawing thing. Hunger made a wolf irritable, feral, and inclined to draw
blood of those not wolf out of frustration or for something to eat. Every day Eggsey had gone hungry
around humans…well the fact that he hadn't shifted and tried to eat someone was a testament to the
boy's basic nature and his incredible strength of will and character.

Shuddering at the thought of Eggsey being forced to become a cannibal to satisfy his wolf's needs,
Harry wondered if things had been different if he'd mentioned that possibility to her after Lee's death.
But how could he have known it would come to this? He felt like he somehow should have known
and yet it went against his very nature to believe it of any mother. He wasn't a mother, that was not in
his cards, sadly, but he was a maternal and therefore by his very nature would do anything for his
children if he had them.

He knew something about the abuse cycle, what it did to its victims and how it warped their thinking
and sense of self. Just because they were wolf didn't change the fact that they had a human side that
was capable of such abhorrent behavior. He understood on an intellectual level, or as much as
someone who had never been abused could, and yet he couldn't understand someone being so beaten
down by their circumstances that they'd let their child suffer when they could alleviate it with a
phone call. Eggsey's mother had had a support system that could have taken on anything Daisy's
father might try to throw their way. But she'd refused to use it.

"Ya all right?"

Pulling him out of his dark thoughts with some effort Harry stopped staring into space and focused
on Eggsey, who appeared to finishing up his third sandwich.

Had been so surprised when Harry had told him to make six thick sandwiches and that four of them
would be for him.

"My apologies. Just thinking."

Glancing down at Daisy, who he'd been absentmindedly feeding formula to, Harry had to smile a little to see just how single-minded she was about sucking every last drop from the bottle. Or at least he smiled until it occurred to him that she was as focused on her dinner as her brother for the same reason. She probably didn't get enough to eat or drink either.

"If you would like more to eat, please help yourself to the fridge."

"Cheers. But I'm decent, thanks."

Which probably meant the boy had room to eat more, but didn't want to impose. What he'd eaten and had yet to finish would satisfy a healthy wolf, but not a half starved one.

Small meals, Harry decided. With as much meat as possible.

"You're really good with her."

Since Eggsy had been watching him like the most feral of maternals since he'd grudgingly handed Daisy over to him so that the pup could put together his sandwiches and then eat them, Harry took that as a compliment and thanked him. In truth he overjoyed his wolf to have a baby to fuss and tend to in his space. Not that Daisy was his, Harry reminded himself sternly. Pretending it was otherwise would only come back to bite him in the arse later.

But there was no harm in enjoying her company while she was there. However long that would be. Which reminded him…

"After you finished eating I'm going to make a couple of phone calls. While I do that you can draw a bath for yourself if that suits you. When I'm done my calls I'll hunt up a basin of some sort and give Daisy one as well." She needed one almost as badly as her brother.

Eggsy's eyes went wide. "A bath?"

Telling the boy he stunk would be incredibly rude, so Harry stated that he thought the boy would enjoy a good soak and left it at that.

"Seriously?"

"Seriously." Harry didn't understand the boy's reaction until he belatedly realized that Eggsy had probably had to make do with showers for most of his life. Which was a terrible thought, as he himself loved a good bath.

Eggsy bit down on his bottom lip as he mulled that over, calling Harry's attention to the fact that pup had a hint of honey mustard smeared just under his bottom lip on the left side.

Saying Eggsy's name softly to get his attention, Harry pointed to the spot on his own mouth, amused at the flush that brought to the pup's cheek right up until the boy's tongue came swiping out to lick the faint bit of yellow off his skin. Then it wasn't so much a smiling situation as…no. Not going there. Not thinking that. Not the least because Eggsy would be able to smell it and he had just suggested the boy get naked in his house.

"It's pretty good. That mustard stuff."
"I like it as well. I picked it up last time I was in Ontario for business. That's in Canada, in case you were wondering. Our kind loves their woods." A random fact fluttered across Harry's mind, his lips curling ruefully. "Ironically that mustard is sometimes called 'funeral mustard', as it's often served after a funeral service over there."

An uncertain look.
Oh. Oops.

"That wasn't dark humor on my part. Well at least not in a 'warning you about your impeding death' sort of way. I'm fairly sure that at least in the short term I can prevent that from happening." It was the long-term preservation of Eggsy's life he was worried about.

"Whatcha mean, long term?"

Might as well get into it, Harry silently acknowledged, knowing there was nothing he could do to shield Eggsy from what was coming. So instead he shifted Daisy in his arms to make her more comfortable and then met Eggsy's gaze squarely.

"Because of your bloodlines I'm fairly confident that I'll be able to get you off for the trespassing and such from last night. Unfortunately those same bloodlines are going to make King very eager to have you killed before next month."

"Why? He and me dad dinna get along or somethin?"

"King is your great uncle. Only there's nothing great about him." To say the least. "Basically earlier this month our Alpha, your great grandfather, died. He was not mourned by Chester King, his son, who has been waiting in the wing for decades now to take over his father's spot in the hierarchy. Because of the traditions in this pack he is our temporary Alpha until next month when three Alphas from neighboring packs come to witness the official ceremony making King our permanent leader. That is unless someone else with the proper bloodlines steps up and challenges him for the position. Before we knew you were wolf the only one with the bloodlines and ability to challenge him was William, his son. And as much as he knows his father is wrong for the role William loves his father. He won't Challenge."

Harry paused for emphasis. "You are not only a King on your paternal grandmother's side, but now that I've seen you in person I know exactly who your previously unknown grandfather is. And with those two bloodlines running through your veins, as well as your obvious strength and dominance… you would be a strong contender if you wished to Challenge. Which means King will want you dead."

Watching his words sink in Harry gave the pup a minute or two to take in what he'd said. It was quite a lot to put on the boy's shoulders after all.

"So…if ya know my granddad on me dad's side…does he still have all his hair?"

"What?" What the hell?

"Does he have all his hair?" Eggsy repeated, like it was the most normal question to ask at the moment. "Me mum's dad bought it a few years back from cancer. Went quick, he did. But see from what he told me before that, he started ta lose his hair when he was about thirty somethin awful. And before the chemo crap he had one of the worst fucking comb overs I've ever fuckin seen. Gave that Trump bloke a run for his money, he did. So I've always been worried bout losin the hair too. Though I'd say fuck it and shave it all off cause I wouldn't look 'orrible that way. So I'm wonderin
what my DNA is like on the other side."

"I just told you that the most powerful wolf in the region is going to want to kill you, and you're worried about your hair?"

Eggsy actually grinned at him. "Well I don't plan ta fuckin challenge him, now do I? I'll tell him meself or you can, and then he'll leave me the fuck alone. So the hair's more important."

"One, NO, he won't. He wouldn't believe you no matter what you said, and even if he did he hates your grandfather and would kill you just to hurt him. And two...yes, Eggsy, he still has all his hair. So we need to focus on insuring you don't end up disemboweled or buried in the woods soon."

"Oh. Well shit."

"Exactly."

) Sitting in Harry's bathtub some forty minutes later Eggsy supposed to wasn't surprising that his first bath in forever would be marred by the fact that he now knew he might be very dead within a month. He hadn't even been able to finish his fourth sandwich, and Harry had ended up wrapping it up for him and putting it in the fridge for later. And he NEVER left food on his plate willingly. Or had an even close to being full belly, which he did have at the moment.

Some sodding consolation prize.

Looking towards the door Eggsy wondered when Harry and Daisy would come back. Harry had shooed him off to start his bath, stating that he had those calls to make and then would bring Daisy in for her bath too. Which he still couldn't believe he'd let happen, as he was normally distrustful of strangers on the best of days when it came to his own wellbeing, much less his flower's. But there was just something about Harry that said any child, human or wolf, would be safe in his care. That he was meant to care for them on some deep, biological level. Which, given that the man was a maternal dominant, made sense.

Plus he was pretty sure Daisy was already half in love with Harry. And who could blame her?

Thinking about how good looking and sexy Harry was served as a nice distraction from his possible impending death for a couple minutes. Then what common sense and survival instincts he had kicked in.

According to Harry this King bloke had a fuck ton of reasons to hate Eggsy and want him dead. First and foremost was the fact that his father's mum had apparently brought great shame on the family name, gettin up the duff as she had. Eggsy was a living reminder of that 'shame', and fuck him, seriously. Then there was the fact that King had never gotten along with his grandfather, who Harry said had always been jealous of his grandad's looks, popularity, and skills as a fighter. Apparently his grandad was a fuckin badarse who came from a long line of badarses who were respected and feared by their race all over the frickin world. Which would have been something for Eggsy to crow over if not for the fact that Harry had stated right after that that King's jealousy had turned to outright hatred when rumors had started to circulate that King's mate and Eggsy's grandfather had had an affair. Harry didn't believe it, he thought Eggsy's grandfather had better taste than that, but the rumors had been the final straw for the prig. And now that King was going to find out it was Taron Egerton who'd knocked up his younger sister...

Harry hadn't said outloud what he thought would happen when that happened, but Eggsy had got a
pretty good clue from the other man's expression.

He would be seriously fucked.

Of course he'd tried to argue that everything would be okay so long as Harry didn't turn him in. It was the obvious solution, right? But that wasn't an option since according to Harry King was many things, but stupid wasn't one of them. He'd find out that the intruder was from the estates, Miss. Morton wouldn't lie to her Alpha when he questioned her, and that alone would point King in the right direction. Eggsy would be a sitting duck if he went back to the estates, and while Harry was willing to shelter him his house would be the next place King would look for him.

And finally it would have made the rounds in the pack that Harry was on the trail of the intruder. Harry never returned emptyhanded.

Right now all he had to hold onto was the fact that Harry was determined to keep him safe and was sure that once his grandfather and great uncle on that side knew of his existence, they'd join Harry in keeping Eggsy's safe. Harry thought that he knew a few more members of Kingsman who might help as well on account of the fact that Eggsy's dad had saved them before too.

Fuck. What a mess.

Slouching down into the water, Harry had obviously bought an extra big one to accommodate his large frame, Eggsy flicked bad temperedly at the water with his fingers as he thought about the FUBAR situation he was in, stopping only when the sound of approaching footsteps had him straightening up to a proper sitting position while looking in that direction.

Eggsy had left the door ajar a little because Harry had asked him too, the reason being apparent as Harry hip checked the door a little to open it further so that he could come in with a weird looking bowl in his hands. Daisy, meanwhile, had been put into some sort of pouch thingie so she was pressed up against Harry's chest between him and the large bowl, a plastic bag dangling from his wrist.

Eggsy could feel his eyebrows rising automatically in surprise as he took it all in.

"Need some help?"

"No. I have it. Thank you. Enjoying your bath?"

"When I ain't thinkin bout dyin, yeah."

"Understandable." Setting down the bowl on the counter Harry also set aside the bag before turning his attention to getting Daisy out of the pouch, which she whimpered pitifully over right up until she was against his chest again, which calmed her right down.

"I managed to reach your great uncle on the Egerton side. He's actually thrilled about this, as he hates King with a passion. He'll be there tomorrow to claim you as family in his brother's place as Taron is traveling at the moment. And unreachable, it seems. My friend Merlin will also stand up for you, and will convince Miss. Morton and her parents to do the same."

"Which will help me now, but not later."

"Knowing we'll turn on him if he kills you, particularly when it comes to the Egertons and I, will very much give him pause, Eggsy. You are not without powerful allies here. Especially as I told your great uncle that I would be willing to allow you and Daisy to remain here in my home until after the Alpha ceremony. You two living with him would not end well."
"Wot? Live here?"

Harry nodded like it was no big deal, which it bloody well was.

Eggsy got that Harry owed his life to Eggsy's dad, and thank the fuck for that given the circumstances, but letting Eggsy and a teething baby stay with him for nearly a month? Putting himself into danger to do it…

"I don't want ya endin up dead cause of me, Harry." There was a severe shortage of good men in this world from Eggsy's experience. The idea of someone who'd been so decent ta him and especially Daisy dyin cause of him did not sit right with him.

The predatory look Harry gave him probably should have scared the piss outta him, but as it was it was a whole different sort of shiver that Eggsy felt running up his spine.

"In the King pack the only wolves who could possibly defeat me in a fight are from the good side of your family. And I will kill to protect you so long as you're mine to protect."
Push and Pull

Push and Pull

Bathing a baby was a difficult task that required one's complete attention at all times. They squirmed, kicked out in the water in the hopes of splashing it everywhere, and had so many curves and folds to their skin that making sure you got every crevice clean was quite the undertaking. Added to that Daisy appeared to love being bathed, especially now that her gums were feeling better, and Harry couldn't be more grateful for the squirming, wiggly distraction she posed. Having her to focus on made it so much easier to ignore the fact that her big brother was also as naked as the day he was born less than a meter away from him. Wet and warm and…

And Eggsy was currently sitting with his elbows crossed on the rim of the tub, watching them with the most adorable, happy smile on his face that Harry had ever fucking seen. And was powerless to ignore for long, since he kept sneaking peeks in that direction.

Looking back over at Daisy with renewed determination not to glance at Eggsy again until he was clothed, Eggsy was going to realize what he was doing for Christ's sake, Harry had the oddest feeling Daisy was aware of the turmoil her delicious big brother was causing him and found it all quite amusing.

Females.

Oh well, at least this torture was almost over. "Well I think we've got most of you as clean as we can get, Miss. Daisy. Are you ready to finish the job and wash your hair?"

Daisy squealed and kicked her feet in the shallow water of the bowl.

"I'll take that as a yes."

"Careful bout her ears, Bruv. She'll find a way to dump most of that water on ya somehow if ya do. She hates water in 'em. Will screaming the ceiling down too, she will."

This was the first time Eggsy had spoken since Harry had made it clear that he'd kill anyone who attempted to harm the pup while he was under his care, and the sound of his voice had Harry automatically looking over at him again without being subtle about it this time. And really wished he hadn't. Even with the tub and the angle of Eggsy's body keeping the best parts out of sight…hell, that just made him want to see the rest of him that much more.

"You worry about washing your own hair." It was a struggle to remember to speak rather than just memorize what he was seeing. "As soon as I'm done here I'll find something for you to sleep in while your clothes are washed." He'd prefer to burn them, humanity would thank him, but Eggsy would need something to wear until they could go shopping for better clothes.

Eggsy gave him a cocky salute and then shifted up and over to grab the bottle of shampoo from its rest place on the other side of the tub.

But before Eggsy could start washing his hair the cellphone Eggsy had set beside the tub went off, the ringtone the theme song for Harry Potter.

"Shit." The sound of water sloshing around the walls of the tub and then Eggsy's voice again. "Hey, Mum."
With his enhanced hearing Harry easily heard Michelle Unwin answer her son on the other end, the woman saying her son's name and asking if he and Daisy were okay with such false cheer that Harry couldn't believe she thought it believable.

Even you would know it was fake, Harry thought in Daisy's direction.

"We're fine, Mum. We'll stay out of your hair for a few days, all right? Till Daisy's feelin better."

"That'd be good, Luv. Thanks."

No asking where they were or who they were with? No question of what Eggsy was going to do for money in that time? Harry knew the boy didn't have a bank account to draw on or a job to go to. Which was a good thing in this case since Eggsy was apparently expected to take care of his sister for a few days at some unknown location whenever Daisy's father was in a bad mood.

"How's she doin? Her gums any better yet?"

Well that question was a little more motherly, but the woman just bought Eggsy's promise that she was doing loads better without the woman wondering how that could be or pressing the boy for more details.

Or perhaps she'd just learned that asking questions made things worse for her.

) Keeping his thoughts to himself as he listened to Eggsy and his mother saying their goodbyes with half an ear, Harry focused on carefully applying the baby shampoo to Daisy's wispy curls while keeping the soap well away from her eyes.

All young maternal dominants were expected to spend time in the pack's nursery and daycare center to learn how to care for their young later on in life, and Harry was gratified that he didn't seem to have forgotten much. Particularly since Daisy deserved to be treated like a little princess given what an awful day she'd been having before he'd shown up.

Picking her up Harry settled her in the crook of his arm and then with his free hand turned on the sink's tap, fiddling with it until he got the temperature he wanted. Then using the water glass he kept by the sink Harry poured cups of water over her head to wash away the suds without getting a hint of soap in her eyes, thank you very much. Though of course it helped that she didn't have that much hair to begin with.

Thanking her very seriously for being so good and staying still for him Harry smiled as she laughed at him as he wrapped her up in a fluffy towel once they were done.

Using a small hand towel to gently pat her hair and skin dry to speed up that process, Harry was aware that Eggsy was watching him intently again, which he chose to ignore. He could only imagine how hard the boy's wolf might be riding him at the moment, the wolf no doubt feral in its protectiveness of the small 'pack' he'd created for himself. Daisy was utterly defenseless and in the hands of another wolf, one Eggsy's wolf was still learning to trust. The pup's driving need to keep his eyes on her was to be expected.

Once she was dry enough Harry bundled her up in the larger towel and snuggling her against his chest turned around to tell Eggsy that he was going to take her into his room to put her in a fresh nappy and onesie.

Eggsy stared back at him from the tub for a moment before nodding, his hair foamy with the suds he
had yet to wash out of his hair. "All right. Be out in a minute."

"No hurry."

And then Harry hurried out of there with Daisy babbling away in his arms as he made a beeline for his bedroom.

When he'd been making his phone calls earlier he'd gone through his own wardrobe to find clothes for the pup to sleep in, which were spread out over the quilt along with the supplies needed to get Daisy ready for bed as well. Setting Daisy down on the bedspread Harry pulled apart the towel and then turned his attention to sliding the back end of a biodegradable nappy under her bottom. "No cheap, take hundreds of years to decompose nappies for you. No indeed. And this feels so much more comfy, doesn't it?"

Gnawing on her little fist Daisy watched him with interest as he powdered her bottom for her before going to work securing the nappy, which she didn't like one little bit. And who could blame her really, since they could not be fun to wear. But they were necessary in this case, he told her sternly, and the sooner she was all dressed the sooner she could go back to Eggsy.

Who his ears told him was already out of the tub and had just opened the bathroom door to let himself out.

"Well he didn't really get much of a chance to enjoy his bath, did he?"

The spit bubbles Daisy blew suggested she wasn't pleased about that either.

"Now none of that, young lady. And on with this nappy, yes? These are special ones that won't hurt the environment nearly so much at those other ones, either. Because taking care of our planet is very important, you know. Especially since I'm sorry to say that the previous generations have not done a good job of that. No they haven't. Disgraceful, really."

"Spoiling her, ain't ya?"

Taking a deep breath meant to center him, Harry whole body jerked like an electric current had just made its way through his body as his brain registered what his nose was telling him.

Slowly turning around Harry forgot about everything but the man now standing in his doorway. Eggsy was watching him with a smirk that faded away as Eggsy's gaze sharpened and became far more predatory as their eyes met and held.

On a visual level Eggsy was certainly worth looking at. All that tanned, wet skin, muscles toned and sculpted to suggest excellent upper and lower body strength. The garments Eggsy had worn earlier had hid plenty from view, the feed from the cameras in the forest not doing the boy justice either for that matter. And of course the majority of that hard, disciplined body was there for his viewing pleasure since Eggsy was only covered by the towel he'd tied around his waist and the water droplets that continued to run down the pup's form.

But however pleasing the pup was to his eyes it was Eggsy's scent that threatened to cloud Harry's mind and his judgement completely. Or he should say their scents.

Eggsy smelled like him. Like he was his.

In some logical, still human part of his brain Harry understood that Eggsy had used his products in the bath so of course his personal scents would cling to Eggsy and make the pup smell like him. Would, to his more primitive side, register as Eggsy belonging to him because the pup wore his scent
in his skin. The way mated pairs did. That their scents were so complimentary now that Eggsy's true scent had been set free was just another nail in the coffin.

Cinnamon. Eggsy smelled of fresh cinnamon, Harry, and aroused male.

Harry could smell his own arousal in the air as well.

Stepping away from the bed as Eggsy moved further into the room, Harry was reaching out with the intent to yank the towel out of his way when the sharp cry of a baby cut through the air, flipping a very different instinctual switch.

Whirling around to see Daisy waving her arms in the air while her chubby little legs kicked out as well, Harry cursed and hurried over to grab the onesie off the bed.

"So sorry, Little One. You must be cold, aren't you?"

Opening up the onesie Harry flinched as Eggsy came up behind him, pressing up against him from behind on tiptoes so that he could lean in and scent his throat. Which Harry's wolf liked very, very much.

"Fuck ya smell good, Harry."

It was automatic to tell him not to swear in front of the baby.

"She's heard worse." Eggsy nuzzled his face against Harry's back now.

Since he wanted to use the F word to describe the situation they were in Harry had to bite back considerable profanity as he stated that he needed to finish getting Daisy dressed. And that there were clothes for Eggsy to sleep in on the bed. He should put them on.

The 'please God get dressed before I suggest you bend me over this fucking bed' went unsaid, but Harry was thinking it loudly.

Eggsy gave a low growl of displeasure and Harry's wolf was in absolute agreement there. But it seemed Eggsy was willing to take pity on him, or at least realized they couldn't have sex while the pup's baby sister watched because Eggsy moved away and walked around to stand at the side of the bed where the clothes were laid out.

"The bottoms will be a little long for you, so I'm afraid you'll have to roll them up a little."

"No shit." And then Eggsy's undid the towel so that it fell to the floor, baring everything.

"Fuck!"

Eggsy's grin was pure sex. "Language, Mr. Hart."

Looking down at Daisy Harry cleared his throat before apologizing for his language. Even if it was all her brother's fault.

The snickering that elicited tempted Harry to walk over and smack the pup upside the head...or across that tempting arse Eggsy was sporting, but he restrained himself. Instead he concentrated on getting Daisy's feet to go where he wanted them to as he fought to get the onsie on. Which was thankfully no easy thing to do as she continued to kick her legs out in glee.

Now he just needed to breathe in as little as possible.
"You just keep baby clothes lyin around?"

"No. We'll have to buy her more tomorrow. I bought this when we were at the chemist's."

"They sell clothes there?"

"For babies, yes. There was limited selection, but I thought this would do nicely."

"She ain't picky."

Finally getting all her limbs where they should be Harry went to work buttoning up the front and then picked her up and into his arms. Settling her against his chest as a sort of shield Harry allowed his gaze to shift over in Eggsy's direction once more, relieved and disappointed that the pup had put on the loose tracksuit bottoms at least. His chest was still bare though.

Ignoring the shirt Eggsy came over and held his hands out. "I can take her."

"She's fine." And forcing him to keep his hands to himself. "Put the shirt on and I'll show you to your room while you're here. You can see about getting her to settle down while I go hunting in the attic for something for her to sleep in. I believe the Hart family cradle was still in working order the last time I was up there."

"I could bring it down for ya."

Opening his mouth to decline the offer Harry closed it again as his ears perked up, alerting him that someone had just turned into his driveway.

"Stay here with the child." Harry handed her off as he spoke, Eggsy taking her from him automatically. "Don't come downstairs unless I call you. Someone's coming."

"Harry."

"No. She's your main concern."

And trusting that Eggsy would look after Daisy Harry headed for the door, leaving them behind. He'd meet whoever was coming first.

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Thankfully Harry recognized the coming wolf's scent by the time he'd gotten to the bottom of his stairs. Calling up to Eggsy to tell him that everything was fine Harry continued over to the door and opened it up to reveal Gawain at his door. Though in this case he'd be introducing the older man as Addison Egerton when Eggsy joined them downstairs. The boy could be the only reason Addison would be dropping by as the perpetually unsociable wolf wasn't the sort to drop in to socialize.

"Gawain."

"Galahad." A sigh. "My brother ordered me to come here and guard the boy tonight."

"And you obeyed?" Technically Taron was the older brother and therefore head of the family, but that wouldn't mean much to the man in front of him. Gawain generally didn't do anything he didn't want to do. It was an Egerton trait.

"He threatened me with brotherly quality time."
Ah. The main reason why Eggsy and Daisy were staying with him wasn't because King was less likely to pick a fight with him than he was Gawain. It was because Harry would actually enjoy hosting them while Gawain would see it as a sort of torture that would not end well for all involved. So yes, Taron threatening to force his brother to spend quality time with him was an excellent threat and motivator for Gawain to cooperate.

Footsteps on the stairs had then both turning to watch Eggsy come down the steps with Daisy in his protective arms. He'd put the shirt on and was wearing a wary expression that flickered back and forth between the two of them.

"Fuck. Looks just like him."

"Don't swear in front of the child."

Gawain just raised a brow over that before turning his attention back to Eggsy. "I'm your grandfather's younger brother. You may call me Addison or Gawain."

"Eggsy. This is me sis Daisy."

The way Gawain eyed the baby had Harry thinking that the old wolf was probably thanking all the powers that be that he wasn't going to be living with the infant. Children tended to cry or run away when faced with the man, and that was when Gawain wasn't actively trying to get rid of them.

"It would seem that getting so many calls from you, Merlin, and I piqued Taron's curiosity enough that he called me back to find out what the fuck was going on. I explained the situation to him, so he's up to date now. He had me record a message to be played tomorrow at the hearing, and he'll speak with his solicitors to see that funds are made available to pay for the pup's stay here. You'll be given access to funds as well, Pup."

"It's Eggsy. I ain't a pup. And ya know, I was thinkin, without a blood test or some shit there's no way ta know for sure that I'm-"

"You're an Egerton." Harry and Gawain said in tandem.

"It's not just your looks." Harry started to explain.

"It's in your scent." Gawain finished. "You can always tell who someone belongs to by scent if you pay attention and know what to sniff for. And even with Harry's scent all over you I can smell it."
Eggsy was well aware that he smelled of Harry, thank ya very much. In fact the majority of his brain was focused on that fact rather than all the other things he knew he should be thinking about at the moment. But how the fuck was he supposed to focus on anything when every inch of him smelled like Harry? Hell, from the top of his head past the borrowed clothes to his feet Eggsy's wolf could smell the maternal dominant all over him. And he fucking loved it. Loved Harry's scent with a strength that would have frightened Eggsy if not for the whole being horny as fuck thing. Though the whole wanting to cover Harry in his own scent was a little weird. Especially how he wanted ta go about doing that. He was really hoping that that was a wolf thing.

And what the fuck was up with that, anyway? His wolf had never shown any interesting in shagging anyone before. More like the fucking opposite. How tightly he'd had to leash his wolf so he could get some had varied depending on the person, but never had the contrary thing wanted someone. Hungered for it. And now he wanted ta claim Harry, and in ways that Eggsy really hoped was normal for wolves and not just a really kinky side of himself he hadn't been aware of till now.

The smirk his great uncle gave him had Eggsy thinking that the old man had some idea what thoughts were going through Eggsy's head at the moment and found them amusing. And fuck him, seriously. Fucking cockblocker. He'd totally been on his way ta talkin his way into Harry's pants and bed until the other man had showed up. And didn't it just figure that he finally got more family and they either wanted ta kill him or cockblock him. Bastards.

But Eggsy managed to hold his temper for the moment as he asked why the fuck they hadn't known who his granddad was if you could tell who someone belonged to by scent.

Harry and Gawain both grimaced at the question.

"Your grandmother was sent away when it was discovered she was in the family way. She was allowed back when the boy was nearly a year old, and by that point…well she'd fucked him up good."

"What Gawain means is she arranged for your father's scent to be neutralized. Eradicated so no one would know smelling him that he was wolf, much less who his father was. It was one of the man reasons he never fit into the pack, I'm afraid. He didn't smell like one of us."

"You can do that? Can't I do that so King doesn't try and kill me?"

"No one knows how she did it." Gawain informed him without an ounce of sympathy for Eggsy's situation. Though given the man's abrasive personality Eggsy supposed the man was wanted dead by most everyone who met him. Who could blame them?

"So I'm fucked, then."

"No. I won't let anything happen to you."

Turning his head Eggsy met Harry's gaze, the chemistry between them flaring up so that both their wolves were in their eyes as the scents of their desire for the other started to fill their noses and lungs.

Gawain snorted at them both. "Well if the looks and scent weren't confirmation enough, there's the thinking with your dick to confirm you're his. Taron has the same problem."
Narrowing his eyes Eggsy was about to tell the fucker what he thought of that when Harry's hands came up to cup the back of his neck, squeezing lightly in what was probably meant in warning but distracted Eggsy solely because it was skin to skin contact. And he wanted that more than he wanted anything else.

"Got yourself another one, Hart. This should be interesting." Gawain smirked at them knowingly. "Hart's been chased by just about every eligible male dominant in the United Kingdom. And plenty from around the world as well. None of them have managed to stay in his bed for long though. If they even manage to get that far. Most don't."

"Thank you so much for adding the disclaimer, Addison." Harry's tone and the look he sent Eggsy's great uncle made it clear he and Eggsy were on the same page when it came to the old man. Which was that he'd be a fuck ton more likeable stuffed and mounted on a wall somewhere.

"Turned him down hard, didn't ya?" Eggsy asked the man, jerking his head in Gawain's direction. "Oh please."

"I'm not his type. Nor he mine, obviously."

Harry actually shuddered just a little at the thought, which Eggsy liked. Until it occurred to him that his great uncle had suggested that his grandfather might just be the man whore type. And Harry was…Harry. "Ya didn't date my granddad, did ya?" Because that might be a deal breaker. He wasn't sure. Eggsy had never expected to be in this situation. Shagging a man who'd already shagged his granddad…

Harry gave his neck another squeeze, hints of both amusement and complete understanding in his voice. "He and a cousin of my mine 'dated' when they were younger. Selena is like a sister to me so no."

Eggsy didn't even bother to sigh in relief. Cause yeah, shagging someone who'd made it with someone that closely related to you was just asking for trouble. Especially if all parties were still alive like in this case. Assuming Harry's cousin was still around. "Your mum would have maimed him too." Gawain agreed with a knowing nod.

"Am I going ta run in ta a lot of his exes in the pack?"

The look Harry and Gawain made it clear that yes, yes he would.

"Once your head is off the chopping block, at least for the time being, I'll give you a list."

The way Harry's fingers flexed around Eggsy's neck felt involuntarily. Like he didn't like the idea of Eggsy needing that list one little bit.

Excellent.

Making a dismissive sound, though Eggsy noted that his great uncle's eyes remained on the fingers Harry had placed around Eggsy's neck, Gawain turned his attention back to Harry. "I'll go and get the suits for tomorrow from the car and then come back in and transform. You all should turn in. Especially if you plan to do more than sleep. Which you better be quiet about."

"If ya can be quiet ya ain't doin it right, Uncle Addy." Eggsy drawled out while inwardly fuming over the fact that yeah, Harry was so not gonna let him into his bed while his uncle was around to hear them. Because there would be a lot of noise when he did get Harry right where he wanted him. A hell of a lot.
"Maybe I should let King kill you."

"Are you suggesting a King could beat an Egerton in a fight?" Harry shot back.

"Fuck that. Though the PUP there would probably make King Jr a nice chew toy till he's properly trained." Gawain tacked on nastily.

"Wanna go a few rounds before turnin in, Uncle?"

"Taron won't let me." The grimace those words brought suggested that whatever Taron had threatened him with was even worse than the idea of admitting that his brother had the power to force him to do things he didn't want to do.

"Gawain, go get your things, please. Then we'll lock up for the night and get the sleep we'll all need for tomorrow. Especially since Daisy is about to pass out in Eggsy's arms, which is for the best."

"She'll be up cause of her teeth soon enough. She's right loud and teethin." Eggsy informed his great uncle with his fakest look of sympathy.

If looks could kill.

The feel of Harry's fingers leaving his neck had Eggsy grumbling in annoyance, his wolf snarling inside his head over it. His wolf also took a keen interest in making sure that Gawain did not touch his Harry as both men walked over to the door, related be damn. But there was no touching and Gawain went out the door and returned again moments later with two suit bags and a tote bag that Eggsy assumed held the rest of the posh stuff he'd need come morning.

"Two suits?" Harry asked.

"One's for the pup for tomorrow. One of Taron's."

"Oh. Thanks."

The man's statement that Eggsy wasn't to mention it sounded like an order.

Harry locked up behind the man and then showed him where he could put his things while Eggsy stayed close by with a half asleep Daisy still cradled in his arms. She was so worn out that even the presence of the scary, grumpy old man Eggsy was related to wasn't enough to keep her awake.

When the old man in question started to disrobe in preparation of changing Eggsy deliberately put himself in position to block Harry's view of the man even though it meant having Gawain at his back. Which his wolf definitely didn't like, though he wasn't as freaked out over it as Eggsy would have expected. Maybe on some level the wolf knew that this was one relative that probably wouldn't kill him. Even if he wanted to.

The look Harry gave him was one of quiet amusement.

"You'll get used to public nudity once in a pack. You don't look or stare, obviously, as that would be rude. But it's a way of life for us."

"Be hard not ta do either when it's you."

Eggsy wasn't quite sure how to interpret the look Harry gave him in turn, but it definitely wasn't a 'hell no', so he grinned in return. And this being the first time he and his wolf had ever agreed when it came to sex, well…there was no fucking way he wasn't going to do whatever it took ta get his
Harry didn't get much in the way of sleep that night. And it wasn't the possibility of being attacked or even Daisy's occasional crying before Eggsy managed to soothe her back to sleep throughout the night that had kept him all but wide awake the whole night through. No, it was the fact that he'd wanted nothing more than to strip down to his skin, walk the too short distance to the guest room Eggsy was currently in, and get into the bed to demand that Eggsy follow through on all the silent promises he'd made with his eyes earlier that had been the problem. That he had had to keep reminding himself that Daisy was also in that room was almost as lowering as the fact that that was literally the only thing keeping him in his own bed instead of Eggsy's. Because his wolf hadn't given a fuck that Gawain would hear them or that a death squad might be sent to take them out. Even the fact that Eggsy was young enough to be his son and a cradle robber was not something he'd ever had on his relationship resume had phased his wolf in the slightest.

Taron would probably give him a thumbs up of approval just because that was the sort of man he was.

Getting up to shower when he couldn't stand to lie around in bed a moment longer, which was a sacriligious thought for him to have as he loved his bed just that much, Harry threw on a robe and then headed for the bath to start getting ready for the day.

By the time he'd showered, brushed his teeth, and done his business Harry was feeling slightly more humane, though the fact that Eggsy was waiting outside was a jolt and temptation he really didn't need, strung out as he was. That the boy had a still sleeping Daisy cuddled up against his bare chest made the boy only more appealing, perverse as that was.

The slow look over Eggsy gave him had Harry barely resisting the urge to look himself over to make sure his red robe was covering everything that it should.

"So did she keep ya up or me?"

Not about to answer that on the grounds that it would incriminate him Harry settled for asking if Eggsy had slept well.

"Nah. You kept me up too." The grin the boy sent him was positively wicked. "Mornin."

"Behave. And good morning, Eggsy."

In one smooth moment of pure grace Eggsy moved in so that suddenly they were almost chest to chest, Daisy effortless moved up to rest over Eggsy's broad shoulder to keep her from being squished between them in a blink.

"Sure you want me to behave, Harry?"

"Give me Daisy and then go get ready, please."

"Ain't never worn a fancy suit before. Maybe you should help me."

"I am not a morning person, Eggsy. Don't push me."

Looking far more amused than worried, and Harry made a mental note to do something about that when he was more awake, Eggsy handed his sister over without further protest and then gave Harry a wink before heading into the room Harry had just vacated.
Definitely related to Taron Egerton.

Not trusting Eggsy farther than he could throw the boy, which was actually pretty far as he had superb upper body strength, Harry hurried back to his room and settling Daisy on his bed quickly shed the robe and started pulling on clothes for the day with a great deal more speed and urgency than he would usually demonstrate. Just in case.

But Eggsy showed common sense by not trying to burst in on him while he was dressing, and in fact went straight back to his room to get dressed after washing up, which Harry appreciated. Sort of. Either way he was full dressed by the time Eggsy knocked at his door, Daisy also somewhat awake though not trying to crawl around yet, which Harry also appreciated as he lopped his tie around his neck.

"Enter."

Fuck. He should have been mentally preparing himself for the sight of Eggsy in a suit.

The expertly tailored suit in question was a little big on the boy in terms of the shirt and jacket, but the rest of it made it quite clear that Eggsy had more in common with his grandfather than just looks. Though really, once Eggsy started to eat regularly and properly Harry had no doubt the boy would fill out the elegant grey suit he was wearing to perfection.

"I can't get these, what cha me call em, cuff thingies in right."

"Cufflinks. Give them here."

"Thanks."

The way Eggsy looked at the tie still hanging around Harry's neck made it clear the boy was thinking of the ways he could be using that tie. None of which involved it's actual purpose. Dammit.

Ergo Harry thought it wise to order Eggsy to keep an eye on Daisy to make sure she didn't fall out of his bed while he dealt with the cuffs.

A good brother Eggsy immediately turned his attention to looking around Harry to make sure his currently not crying or asleep sister stayed right where Harry had put her. Though once Harry had the first cuff done Eggsy did send Harry a telling look that suggested that he was going to behave, but only for a little while longer.

Refusing to acknowledge that look, they had more important things to worry about at the moment, Harry focused on the last cufflink right up until a distraction he needed to acknowledge reached his ears.

Together they both turned their heads in the direction of balcony attached to Harry's bedroom in perfect unison. A car, one with a powerful, purring engine, was coming in their direction. A little faster than was needed from the sounds of it.

Eggsy immediately went over to scoop up Daisy and then followed after Harry to the balcony windows to look out at the black sports car that had just come to a stop in front of Harry's home. "Now that's a fucking beast!"

"That is your grandfather's 2015 Porsche Boxster." Harry informed him drily. "And what have I told you about swearing in front of your sister?"

The look on Eggsy's face was like a child at Christmas. "Do ya think he'd let me drive it?"
"Well he does have twenty two years of missed birthdays and Christmases to make up for. I would say it's reasonable to assume your chances are good." Especially since Taron was very much the spoiling type when it came to people he cared about.

Eggsy's whoop of glee was adorable.

And as they watched the car door opened and out slid the man himself.

Only because he'd observed and studied under Taron Egerton's tutelage did Harry note that the older man wasn't quite moving with his usual fluidity. Most wouldn't have seen anything in the way he got out of the car and stood, but there was just something in the way that he held himself that had Harry speculating that the man had recently been injured in some manner.

And as they looked at him Taron turned his head and looked up at them.

Despite the fact that the man was less than six months away from reaching his sixtieth birthday Taron looked like a man nearly two decades younger and acted significant younger than that. The former characteristic was common for their kind, as after thirty their aging process slowed down significantly. And like Eggsy's Taron had a young, impish looking face to begin with, though the man was currently wearing aviators that hide his eyes and laugh lines from view.

"Is his face bruised?"

"Good eye. And yes, I think it is." It wasn't easy to see thanks to the sunglasses, but Harry was fairly sure Taron had two black eyes behind the lens and probably a recently broken nose. What injuries the suit the man was wearing hid…well that could explain the way he'd moved as he inclined his head in acknowledgement before heading for the front door.
Smell Like You

"-so the crazy bastard actually thinks that it would be a good idea to basically force billions of people
to erupt into uncontrollable rage and wipe each other out! Not that the world wouldn't be better off
with a lot of its human inhabitants gone, I mean that's a given, but it's the principle of the point.
Especially given the rich and influential people he'd decided deserved to live. Bastard gobshite. I
mean the man dresses like a rich white twat trying to look like a black gangster in the nineties. And
with a lisp too, which just made it all that much more bizarre. Fucking ridiculous was what it was. So
of course the bloke I was with told him he was fucking mad, which is when Valentine says that we'll
both be locked up until it's over so that we can't tell anyone that he's crazier than a shithouse rat, as
Grandad used to say. So I broke his nose and he's crying and throwing up everywhere because
apparently the tosser can't abide the sight of blood, go figure, and then his evil henchwoman with
legs out of a Bond movie comes hurling at me like a fucking banshee. And prosthetics my perfect
arse. More like misshapen swords. So she and I go at it a bit and I have to take her out seeing as she
wasn't a pansy like her boss. Waste of a gorgeous woman, let me tell you. After that I knocked
Valentine out and then dealt with the rest of his staff that tried to fuck with us, in the process
discovering that that missing Swedish princess, the one with the lovely arse you see all the time in the
magazines, is being held captive downstairs. Valentine was on his way to take her to the bunker he
was going stash us in too. So I go down and get her loose of course, and she's so thankful for my
help she plants one on me and then suggests that perhaps I'd like to become more intimately
acquainted, so she can thank me properly. And I'm in the process of explaining that I'm actually
sleeping with the man I'm with at the moment, and said something like 'I'd love to take you up on
that sometime but-', and never get to finish the sentence because Simon up and punched me in the
nose for cheating on him right to his face. So I dumped him then and there and now have the
delightful Princess Tilde's number programed into my phone. That's how I ended up with the broken
nose."

And such was Eggsy's introduction to Taron Egerton as he and Harry, who was carrying Daisy at
the moment, walked down the hallway towards the stairs, able to hear every word thanks to their
enhanced hearing.

"So that's how you got the black eyes, now what the hell are you doing here?" Addison demanded to
know. "I told you I could handle this."

"I'll wait until the boy's here to explain, but it's not a reflection on you, Addy, so quit huffing and
puffing. I assume this house was built solid enough that you can't knock it down."

"I hate you."

"Oh come on, that was funny. We're wolves, aren't we?"

"I'm telling Hart you think him a pig."

"He can hear us, you know. And unlike you, brother dear, he has a sense of humor."

Having reached the staircase with a chuckling Harry at his side Eggsy looked down to the first floor
and his grandfather. Even with the bruised eyes he was still good looking, which sure as fuck boded
well for him since they were all but identical save for the years between them and the fact that his
grandad's hair was a reddish brown threaded through with silver at the temples.
"You look even more like me in person. Hello, Eggsy."

"Hi." Starting down the stairs Eggsy focused on breathing in his grandfather's scent, which reminded him of hot milk chocolate with a hint of spice. Like a chili pepper. And the scent…it made him feel protective and sorta comforted which made no sense seeing as-oh. Could his grandfather be a maternal dominant like Harry?

Once he was down the stairs his grandad left his brother side and asked if he might be permitted to hug him. Appreciating that the man had asked first, this was their first meeting after all, Eggsy said yes and was immediately pulled into a big bear hug that should have felt awkward as hell, but didn't in the slightest. It was rather like being wrapped up in your favorite quilt, he'd imagine. He felt warm, safe, and completely comfortable even though he didn't really know the man at all. His wolf was very happy too.

Pulling back after a minute or two Taron beamed at him. Though there was sadness there too, in his eyes. "Definitely an Egerton. And a King as well, which is a combination no one thought we'd smell anytime soon." The smile became a much darker frown. "If only he'd looked more like us, so we'd have known Lee was an Egerton as well. How things might have been different."

"Did she tell ya he wasn't yours?" Eggsy was willing to give his grandfather some benefit of the doubt, especially since he had grown up in a neighborhood where the question of paternity could be a tricky thing.

"An excellent question, the answer being part of the reason I'm here. And I'm sorry, Eggsy, but I have to pause a moment to ask…the lovely child in Harry's arms is your sister, correct? And she's teething?"

Definitely a maternal dominant. "Yeah, she is."

"The swollen cheeks and drool rather give it away."

Coming over like a heat seeking missile Taron leaned in and smiled at Daisy. "She'll make an excellent addition to our family as well, won't you, our darling girl?" Reaching out Taron stroked a hand over Daisy's head, the little girl looking back at him all big eyed and slightly miserable. "Poor mite. I of course don't remember teething, but anything involving teeth at all…ugh. Awful pain. I assume you have something cold set aside for her to chew on, Harry? I'd suggest giving it to her soon."

"Why don't you take her and head into the dining room so we can discuss the situation and your presence. I'll go get the soother."

"Excellent." Beaming again Taron quite happily took Daisy and settled her against his chest like he'd been doing it for decades. "Hello there, Precious One. Good morning."

"You and babies." Addison rolled his eyes at his brother.

"You're the odd one." His brother shot right back before asking Eggsy if he could lead them to the dining room.

"Sure. This way. Harry gave me a bit of a tour so I'd know where things were." Leading the way it occurred to Eggsy that he was once again instinctively trusting someone who was basically a stranger to him with the wellbeing of his sister. Though he'd be worried if it was Addison carrying her so it might just be the whole maternal dominant thing. Weird.

Of course it could also be because his great uncle was an arse as well.
But showing that he wasn't a complete arse all the time Addison did pull out a chair for his brother to sit in since Eggsy's grandfather's hands were otherwise occupied. The two brothers sat side by side while Eggsy opted to sit across from his grandfather, thinking Harry could take the seat beside him.

Harry came in just as they were settling into their seats, the maternal dominant tossing the soother to the other maternal who deftly caught it and popped it into Daisy's mouth for her to start sucking on enthusiastically.

While Taron fussed and fawned over her Harry did as Eggsy had hoped and came around the table to take a seat beside him.

"So start explaining, then. We do have to eat and get shoes for your grandson before the meeting."

"Actually he's not my grandson."

While Eggsy absorbed that both Harry and Addison demanded to know what he meant.

"Well at first I figured that you'd been so drunk off your arse that you forgot sleeping with Chester's sister, Little Brother. You aren't one to stint on owning up to your responsibilities so that was the most logical conclusion I could come up with when you called me. Though I did wonder how much you had to drink to think that could possibly be a good idea."

"I wouldn't have touched her that way to save my own life."

"Quite." Taron gave Eggsy's an apologetic look. "And I do apologize for the aspersions we're casting on your grandmother's character, Eggsy. However in all honesty, and most who knew her then would agree, she was a spoiled, selfish, and very unpleasant teenager to be around. Having your father and the changes that brought to her life very much made a decent woman out of her. And you also have to understand that the Kings and Egertons are very much like the Capulets and Montagues. Or the Potters and Malfoys to be more current. Our families haven't enjoyed each other's company in decades."

Eggsy nodded that he understood while wondering if the other men thought he wouldn't know who the Montagues and Capulets were. Probably. Not that he would have missed out if he hadn't had to read it in school. It was a stupid play. He didn't care what anyone had to say on the matter. Greatest love story of all time his pale, British arse.

Taron's next words pulled Eggsy's thoughts back towards the matter at hand.

"Anyway, as I was saying, I was going to take the blame since we know I'd get off easier and people like me a hell of a lot more than you, Addy, but then I decided you couldn't have been that stupid. But he is the spitting image of me, and I can smell us on him well enough even under Hart's scent."

The wink Taron aimed in Harry's direction made the other man glare back at him, though Eggsy's noted that Harry's cheeks were just a little red.

"Well thanks so much for not thinking me a complete nitwit. Now out with it. Some of us have better things to do that listen to you."

"And he is an Egerton." Harry added before Addison could grumble some anymore, motioning towards Eggsy with his left hand.

"Yes. But if you actually think about it there's a much more logical culprit who isn't currently in this room. And has in fact been dead for decades at this point."
The two Egerton brothers shared a look. That was all it took.

"Oh, fuck. Father."

"Precisely."

Harry felt rather like a fool for not thinking of Terrance Egerton in the first place. Because at the end of the day the former head of the Egerton family was far more likely to sleep with Amelia King than either of his then teenage sons.

Terrance Egerton had been hopelessly in love with Amelia's mother, the two a couple when they were young. The former, at least, had thought her his mate. But as was too often the case among the upper classes and those who wanted to climb higher within it Amelia's mother had chosen the power and prestige of being the future alpha's mate over young love. Terrance had never gotten over it. Out of family duty he'd eventually gotten married and had his two sons, but no one was surprised when the woman had left him after only six years of marriage to return to her pack in Wales. They'd been miserable together. After the divorce Terrance had taken to catting around with all the pack's young beauties, possibly in part so that he could throw that in his former lover's face as she got older and her former beauty faded. And as horrible and twisted as it was Amelia King had looked a great deal like her mother...and both her daughter and her former lover had been the type back then to have relished an affair that would have been the ultimate 'fuck you' to the King family as it were.

Lee would have been an accident of course, and to give Terrance some small credit Harry imagined that had the man lived long enough to find out he had another son he'd have stepped up and taken responsibility for his actions. Unfortunately the man had died a few weeks after what Harry would estimate was Lee's conception. A brain aneurysm.

Turning his attention back to the conversation going on Harry listened as what he'd been thinking was basically summarized for Eggsy, whose face made it clear none of this thrilled him. And who could blame him.

"So just ow old was he when he got my nineteen year old grandmother up the duff?"

"Old enough to know better. And to be her father, obviously, though she was a little older than both Addy and I if that makes you feel any better."

"Not really, no. Not when my dad's conception was pretty much their version of a 'fuck you' to the King family." The look on Eggsy's face had Harry reaching over to give his shoulder a squeeze. While thinking it a bit eerie that their thoughts had so aligned.

"And now we don't have to worry about King setting William on you. Bet you're relieved about that, Big Brother." There was something off about the way Addison said it that had Harry's ears instinctively perking up a little even though he couldn't have said why.

"Bloodshed before the new alpha is announced would be bad, yes." Was Taron's cool reply.

"Though it would be interesting to see which one of you would have come out on top in the end."

Taron smirked over at his brother. "Really, Addy. I always top these days. That's why Eggsy's our only heir."

Eggsy snickered at that, while Addison gave his brother a dark look.
Taron gave his brother one last smirk and then turned his gaze back to Eggsy, his expression softening as he continued to rub Daisy's back in soothing circles. "Our father... well he was no prize as a father, and probably wouldn't have been all that great a grandfather either. But you are getting an amazing uncle out of this at least. And you will learn, eventually, to love Addy as I do. He grows on you like fungus."

In one smooth move Taron ducked under the hand Addison brought up with the intention of smacking his brother upside the head. And then successfully elbowed his brother in the side in turn while still holding Daisy securely in his other arm.

"Oi! Watch the sister or Harry will have ta scrape ya both off the wall like fungus."

Taron apologized immediately while Addison just looked grumpy. Which was standard for him and not worth commenting on.

"Might I suggest we head out and get some breakfast?" Harry interjected before the two could start squabbling again. The Egerton brothers were actually quite close despite their opposite personalities, with Taron downright feral when it came to his little brother. But big brothers did love to pick on their younger brothers, and if he didn't keep them in check they'd be at it all morning. "There's a lovely café by Kingsman tailors, as you two can attest, and then afterwards we can get Eggsy's some proper Oxfords and go from there time wise."

"Still boycotting brogues I see."

"Till my dying breath." Harry shot Taron a warning look as they all got up from the table and then gave Eggsy one that hopefully conveyed the fact that he was not, under any circumstances, to allow his uncle to talk him into buying brogues. The boy didn't know any better and he would not have Eggsy starting off on the wrong fashion foot. No pun intended.

"Oxfords, not brogues. Got it." Eggsy even saluted him for emphasis, the cheeky little bugger.

Coming around the table Taron made a funny face at Daisy and then reluctantly handed her over when Harry held out his arms to take her back. He understood the expression completely, as he and Taron had more in common than the fact that they were both maternals. While both of them were still young enough to have children, technically, they were generally considered confirmed bachelors who were never likely to have mates or a proper family of their own. Most people didn't understand why that was since both of them had had their pick of suitors in their days on top of the fact that they both very much wanted children. They just weren't willing to be single parents. And neither of them had ever found the someone they wanted to spend the rest of their lives with and weren't willing to settle for less than that.

"Speaking of shoes, I assume the ones with wings by Harry's front door are yours, Eggsy?"

Taron waited for Eggsy nod before stating that he absolutely had to have a pair. Where had he got them?

"You are far too old to wear those trainers."

"You're only as old as you feel, Addy. Which is why I'm as young as Eggsy and you're positively ancient."

"Says the wolf old enough to be wounded by a human twice in one day."

"Oi. Simon took me by surprise, I'll admit, but that woman had bladed Flex Foot Cheetahs on for Christ sakes. I'm lucky she only grazed rather than skewered, human or not."
"And was the wound properly seen to by a professional?" Harry asked, already knowing the answer to the question. An aversion to medical treatment was something else the two of them had in common.

"I took care of it."

"So in other words we should drop in on Rachel before or after the meeting. Since you will need to be in tip top shape to help Addison and I train Eggsy over the coming month."

Taron opened and then closed his mouth, now looking as grumpy as his brother. "Fine."
Say, Boy

In the end they decided that it would be for the best if they actually skipped the café near Kingsman given that it was in their best interest to keep Chester King in the dark about Eggsy's existence and lineage for as long as possible. They didn't want the bastard ready with some trumped up charge or loophole when before the meeting had even started. They needed the element of surprise on their side. So instead they opted to visit a dining establishment not far from Harry's neighborhood, one that wasn't patronized by other members of their pack to the best of his knowledge. And breakfast went very much as Harry expected it to with Addison concentrating on his meal while Taron and Eggsy got along like a house on fire as they got to know each other. Daisy's teeth, thankfully, cooperated enough so that the child was happy enough to be passed between the three of them so that they all had a chance to eat their breakfast before it went cold. She was quite content to snuggle against their chests while chewing away on her teething ring like a champ.

Wisely no one even broached the subject of Addison holding the newest young member of his family.

Knowing Taron as he did Harry wasn't surprised at the questions the older man didn't ask Eggsy, the older man having no doubt read up on the boy on his way here. So the majority of the questions were about general things like Eggsy's favorite types of music, movies, pastimes, etc etc. Taron was thrilled to hear that the boy was skilled at parkour, and Harry just join Addison in shaking his head when the former asked the latter to teach him.

"You'll wind up breaking your bloody neck."

"See how he worries about me? Isn't it precious?"

"Are these two always like this?" Eggsy wanted to know, looking back and forth between his uncles.

"I'm afraid so, yes. So you better get used to it, particularly if you opt to live with them on the family estate." Which was more likely than Eggsy and Daisy remaining with Harry at his home now that Taron was in the picture. Provided that the head of the Egerton family meant to stick around for the next month or so. The man did have a powerful case of wanderlust after all, and never spent more than a few weeks in England every year. But given the high likelihood Chester King was going to try and kill Eggsy Harry imagined the man would be willing to suck it up and stick around for at least a month. Afterwards…

"The original plan was for me ta stay with you though." The big eyed look Eggsy gave Harry was rather reminiscent of a puppy begging to be allowed into bed to cuddle. Only Harry was fairly certain it wasn't cuddling Eggsy was interested in doing.

Taron's knowing chuckle made it clear he thought the same.

"Let them stay with Hart. We'll have our hands full enough, what with the spanner this throws into the works."

"Out of sight, out of mind, as it were." Eggsy nodded in agreement, the smile he aimed in Harry's direction silently pushing Harry to agree that they shouldn't deviate from the original plan.

Taron gave his brother a quelling look. "Might I point out that there are some variables to be
discussed before their living arrangements can be accurately debated, Little Brother? Such as the likelihood that Daisy will be remaining in Eggsy's custody, and the question of what is to be done about their mother." A moment for that to sink in before Taron's gaze retuned to Eggsy. "I understand from the brief bio I was sent that Michelle isn't married to Daisy's father, and that he's not…husband or father material. That is correct?"

"Understatement of the year, Bruv."

"Uncle Taron or just Taron will do. If we were brothers…well how would that-nevermind. The point is that she's the widow of our brother as well as your mother, and therefore we have a duty to remove her from the bad situation she is currently in and see that she's taken care of. Provided of course that she is willing and wants to leave him. Eggsy?"

"She'll leave im. She's only with im cause he ain't the type ya can just walk away from without payin for it. And she made me swear on Da's grave not ta take matters into my own hands there. She was worried I wouldn't be able ta stop at just a maiming. She weren't wrong to think so."

All of them silently agreed that Eggsy probably would have killed the man once the blood started flowing, and were thankfully that at least in this Michelle Unwin had shown good sense.

"All right then, we'll get the meeting done and over with and then we'll go and retrieve your mother. After spending time in Chester's company I'll be in the mood for knocking heads, so really it works out quite nicely." Taron cracked his knuckles with a feral grin on his face for emphasis.

"Oi, you'll be takin it easy, Uncle. And ya got ta let this Rachel woman look ya over. Harry said."

"Yeah, Old Man. You can leave the little fucker to me while you're get patched up and cuddled."

"You do recall that we're only a year apart, don't you, LITTLE Brother?"

"Eyesight going as well?" Addison shot back, holding his palm flat above his head. Calling attention, obviously, to the fact that he was taller than his older brother.

"Brat."

"Baby."

"Gentlemen. We're in public." And he was having to use his parent voice on two men older than himself while Eggsy snickered at the lot of them. Talk about ridiculous.

"Fine. Though I am perfectly capable of giving this Baker fellow a sound thrashing even with this pathetic little scratch of mine. Which, as you'll recall, I already saw to myself. And I've been patching myself up for decades, as both Addy and Hart can attest to." Taron made a face. "Though you should only believe about ten percent of the stories they'll tell you about me. Just so we're clear on that."

Addison snorted in disbelief, the derisive look he aimed at his older brother added emphasis.

Which caused his brother to elbow him in the side in brotherly retaliation. "Don't malign me to our nephew. And keep in mind that I know plenty of stories to tell about you if retribution must be made. And you too, Hart, for that matter."

"I don't recall anything you might use against me."

A raised eyebrow. "You sure about that?"
Given how hard he'd work to block out certain aspects of his teenage years, which Taron had possibly been around to witness...perhaps not.

"There we go."

"Oh come on. I want ta hear the stories."

I'll tell you plenty when they're not around." Addison stated, because of course he would. "I don't give a shite what they tell you about me."

"Thanks, Uncle Addy. You're all right."

Since it really did go without saying that Addison didn't give a flying fuck what anyone thought of him, the man seemed to enjoy alienating people for life, Harry was curious as to what Taron's next move would be. To say his brother had plenty of stories he could tell that Taron would rather remain untold was no doubt a massive understatement. And right now Taron would be very concerned with making the best impression he could on his surprise nephew.

"Your Uncle Addy should keep in mind that your mother and infant sister could be housed in his wing of the house since it's technically MY house in the first place. Especially since I hardly live there, and therefore keeping my side heated as well would be a waste of resources."

Mentally Harry applauded. Well played. Addison's glare made that clear. "Bastard."

"Wait, there's wings on your house?"

While Addison stewed Taron regaled Eggsy with all that their family home had to offer him, including an indoor pool, killer game room, and extensive grounds to run on while in wolf form. The family had sold off their London estate decades ago, no need to keep it, but they owned real estate that they could stay in if Eggsy would rather remain in the city. And obviously recalling Eggsy love for his car Taron took great delight in telling Eggsy what other cars could be found in their garages.

Watching Eggsy's eyes get bigger and bigger as Taron kept extoling the virtues of being an Egerton, Harry could only imagine what the boy was thinking. Given that Eggsy had spent most of his life in the council estates, hungry and without many of the smallest of luxuries one expected for someone living in a first world country, the idea that he was now a millionaire would take some getting used to.

Eggsy was the sole heir to the Egerton fortune. Neither Taron nor Addison had children, were likely to have children, and the money going to their youngest brother's son upon their deaths only made sense. And while Addison was known to be tight fisted with his money Harry didn't doubt for a moment that Taron was going to spoil the hell out of Eggsy. Partially out of guilt of course, but also because the maternal dominant was just the type to lavish gifts on those he cared about. And in this case Taron had over twenty missed birthdays, Christmases, and just because presents to make up for.

He'd have to keep an eye on the situation to make sure Taron didn't go overboard or throw Eggsy into the deep end of their world before Eggsy was ready.

Soon Eggsy would be clothed and outfitted with all the latest gadgets and cars someone his age might wish to possess. The young dominant would have credit cards providing him with considerable sums of money that he could use to treat himself and would give Eggsy a chance to see the world and meet all sorts of people. People from all walks of life. The most beautiful men and women the world had to offer. Ones Eggsy's own age who would no doubt be delighted to spend
time with the young man and help him acclimate to his new life. Eggsy was enough like Taron that Harry imagined there'd soon be any number of people lining up for a chance to be Eggsy's friend or lover. Though Taron would have to be vigilant to make sure Eggsy wasn't taken advantage of or fell into the wrong crowd. One had only to watch or read the news to see just how wrong young people could go with too much money and too little discipline. Hell, if the current Kingsman hopefuls were anything to go by there was a serious lacking in good friendship and lover material for Eggsy within his age group. Though Miss. Morton would be an excellent choice form what he knew of her.

A hand sliding into his under the table, Harry glancing over to see Eggsy looking at him, Daisy having been passed over to Taron for his turn while Harry had been thinking.

"What ya thinkin bout? Ya got a weird expression on your face."

"Nothing you need to worry about."

"Uncle Taron was just saying that it might be for the best if I wasn't livin in the same place as my mum and sis. That it would be too much like putting all our eggs in one basket. " Eggy's thumb brushed over the top of his hand. "And I like your place."

"Do you think they'll be less annoying after they shag?" Addison asked before Harry could comment.

Harry joined Eggsy in kicking the young wolf's uncle's legs.

And grinned together at the yelp that elicited while Taron and Daisy laughed at them.

As previously discussed proper footwear was a must to complete Eggsy new look and to start him off on the right foot with his future packmates. Pun not intended, but appreciated when Harry made it. And as none of them shared the boy's shoe size they drove to the Kingsman tailor shop and then Harry went in to retrieve a few pairs of Oxfords that should fit Eggsy's feet.

While they waited in the car Eggsy did his best not to bounce in his seat or show the nerves he was feeling the closer they got to this big meeting with his would be executioner. Addison was giving him dark looks in the rear-view window, which Eggsy took to mean he was doing a piss poor job of staying still.

His other uncle looked amused. "Easy, Eggsy. He'll be back in a couple of minutes."

"I know." He just didn't like Harry not being with him on top of everything else. Which, given the fact that they'd only fucking met the day before, should be confusing the fuck out of him. But it was probably a wolf thing. He hoped it was a wolf thing. Otherwise his thinking was seriously fucked up since currently there was nothing Eggsy wanted more than to fuck Harry's brains out and then roll around in the other man's scent for a week or two. Possibly longer than that. For reasons that Eggsy assumed made sense for someone who knew more about their wolf. The latter part, anyway. The whole wanting to fuck Harry's brains out made sense to both sides of his nature.

A chuckle from Taron. "He's really got his claws into you already, doesn't he? Not that I blame you. Most wolves would pay a pretty penny to have his interest. And who could blame them?"

"Anyone I'll have ta beat the shit out of?"

"Not that I'm aware of. Addy?"
"Most his age have given up on him. And the younger ones don't have the bollocks to try for him. Not seriously."

Eggsy snorted in derision.

"Egertons don't give up that easy."

Addison nodded in complete agreement with his brother. "Too fucking right."

Because he was watching for him Eggsy saw the moment Harry stepped out of the shop in question, the man waiting for a break in traffic before crossing the road to where they were parked.

Fuck but he was gorgeous.

"Teenage hormones." Addison grumbled from the front.

"Just ow many blows ta the head have ya taken again. Cause I stopped being a teenager years ago." Not that many years ago, yes, but Eggsy was still in his twenties, thank you very much. And intelligent enough to know that the more people reminded Harry of the significant age gap between them the harder he'd have to work to get the older man right where he wanted him. Which was under him. And astride him. And on all fours or leaning over that sturdy desk he'd spotted in the man's study while he was getting the tour. And a lot of other positions and locations as well, come to that.

In the front Taron looked over his shoulder at him while Addison mumbled about Eggsy keeping his thoughts out of his pants before he stunk the whole car up with his pheromones.

Rolling his eyes, but also opening his window just in case, Eggsy smiled at Harry as the other man opened the opposite door and slide in. His grin only growing that much wider when Harry very noticeably inhaled before sending Eggsy a hot look that did nothing to get his hormones under control.

"Do I need to spray you two down with ice water?" Taron asked as he started the car and merged back with traffic.

"Wouldn't that wreck these fancy threads we're in?"

"Damage this suit and you will most certainly need Rachel's skills."

"Keep your trousers on, Hart. Though if you want to strip I don't think anyone in here will mind the view."

"Speak for yourself."

"This is why people have a hard time believing we're brothers."

Leaving the two brothers to bicker with each other, something they seemed to love doing, Eggsy was quite happy to focus on Harry.

Who was giving Daisy his full attention, the man's beautiful hands lightly stroking over the wisps of hair on top of his sister's head.

Fucking adorable. Though he wouldn't mind some stroking too.

Glancing in his direction Harry gave him a knowing little smile, and then he was lifting up the bag he'd set in his lap and held it out to Eggsy, his voice oh so proper and sexy as he suggested that Eggsy try the shoes on now.
Taking the bag offered him Eggsy settled it into his own lap and opened it up, studying the two shoe boxes within for a moment before pulling out the first pair.

The shoes he was looking at were pretty simple looking to his untrained eyes, though Eggsy imagined they probably costed more than the monthly grocery bill back home. The posher the place the more they charged for stuff you could buy a hundred times cheaper elsewhere.

But according to the other men in the car with him he had to have them, and money wasn't going to be a problem anymore if his uncles were to be believed. Eggsy didn't know them well enough to believe it was all going to work out that way, he still had a great uncle out to kill him after all, but as long as they were footing the bill for all this posh stuff he wasn't complaining. Even if he liked his winged trainers more than the looks of these one.

Footing the bill. That called for a snicker. The puns just kept coming it seemed.
Follow My Lead

Note: So I got a message asking for a quick overview of family relations for a quick reference, so here it is and I hope it helps. Eggsy is the paternal nephew of Taron and Addison Egerton. Lee would have been their much younger half brother. Lee's parents were Terrance Egerton and Amelia King, who was forced to stop going by King after she disgraced her family by becoming pregnant out of wedlock. Consequently she adopted the last name Unwin. Hope that helps.

Follow My Lead

The estate where the meeting was scheduled to be held was in the pack's territory which meant getting there without running into fellow members took some doing. But Eggys's uncles apparently knew all the back roads and they weren't in a hurry so going the less traveled routes wasn't a problem for them. And luck was with them in that when they pulled up in front of the destination the only two wolves waiting for them were ones Harry was pleased to see. The bald bloke was this Merlin they kept talking about and the lovely looking woman with him was the healer Harry had assured him Daisy would be safe with while they were dealing with King.

Stepping out in his slightly uncomfortable new shoes, they definitely needed to be broken in a bit, Eggys kept Daisy cradled protectively against his chest as he looked over the couple walking towards them. He wasn't sure how amused he should be over the shock on the couple's face.

"He looks just like me, doesn't he?" Taron grinned at them.

"Poor bastard." The Scotsman smirked at Eggys's uncle as he said it, and then when his gaze slid back over in Eggys's direction as the amusement fell away. He arrowed towards him, Eggys instinctively bracing himself at the approach of another predator. "Hello, Eggys. I'm Merlin. Your father was a fine man. He was a loss to this pack."

Shifting Daisy over to one side Eggys took the hand offered to him and shook it. "Thanks."

"And this wee, bonnie lass is your sister, yes?"

"Yeah. Though she ain't lookin her best with her little chipmunk cheeks, are ya, Luv?"

Daisy's mutters might have been agreement.

"I have to agree with my mate. She's adorable even with the chipmunk cheeks." The woman who came to stand at Merlin's side soothed Eggys's wolf in a different way than a dominant maternal seemed to do. He was sorta gettin a loving mum vibe off of her. Only like she was his mum so he couldn't find her romantically attractive, whereas Eggys imagined that he'd find other maternal dominants besides Harry attractive. Just not at Harry's level.

"I'm Rachel, the pack healer. May I hold her?"

Glancing in Harry's direction, and trusting his nod, Eggys handed his sister over to be cuddled and cooed at. The woman knew how to hold a baby at least, and the vibes she gave off must not just affect other wolves as Daisy was all but beaming at her. Around the spit bubbles, anyway.

The sound of a motor had them all looking in that direction, the car coming up the road worthy of appreciation. "Fuck me. It's Bond's car."

"And the driver even looks like the most recent Bond." Rachel informed him with a wink.
Addison glared at the approaching vehicle. "So much for King not knowing before the meeting."

"That's William King's car. Your first cousin once removed. He is, as previously stated, our current alpha's only son." Harry supplied as he and the others moved closer to him. Forming, Eggsy realized, a barrier between him and the coming vehicle. Everyone was in front or beside him now, the other men blocking his view and keeping him from getting a good look at the car or the man driving it.

"Well if he does look like Daniel Craig…at least I have good looks in the genes." Pity he hadn't gotten taller genes. He was the shortest man there and was having to peer around Harry like a little kid.

And his first cousin once removed did remind Eggsy of the latest James Bond once he'd gotten some quick glances at the other man after he'd parked and exited his car. Watching the posh toff button up his suit jacket and then adjust his cuffs, expensive sunglasses just adding to the overall look, Eggsy could easily imagine the man at the fanciest of parties AND in a war zone. Suit or not there was just something about the bloke's face and body language that suggested he could go toe to toe with just about anyone and come out on top.

This William King bloke radiated a strength and power that had nothing to do with the very fit body on display in that suit and everything to do with his nature. The way he moved was all predator, Eggsy noted as the man turned to look in their direction, scanning-and stopping at the slight gap between Harry and Merlin. Where Eggsy was peering back at him. Oops.

And it didn't matter that their eyes couldn't really meet while the other man was wearing shades. Eggsy felt pinned under that gaze like one of Harry's fucking butterflies.

Long strides ate up the space between them, William pulling off his shades to reveal pale, icy blue eyes that seemed to stare right through him. And that gaze held him right up until William was about two strides away from their group, the other wolves pulling tighter rank between him and his cousin.

Another sweeping look, William's gaze locking with Taron's this time around. Or tried to since Eggsy's uncle was wearing sunglasses too.

"You have a son."

"I have a nephew."

William's eyes widened ever so slightly before he looked in Addison's direction. "And does your feline friend know about this?"

A two-finger salute was Addison's answer.

"Feline friend?" Eggsy asked Harry out of the corner of his mouth.

"I'll explain later." He murmured back.

"Cheers."

"He looks just like you, Taron. And he's the wolf that trespassed on our territory the other day, isn't he? I thought there was something familiar about the way he moved." William studied Eggsy thoughtfully. "By birthright this is his home. There would be no trespass and my understanding is that Miss. Morton wishes that no charges for her injury be laid at his door. So why the necessity of a Kingsman meeting?"

"Don't ask stupid questions you already know the answer to, William."
"Careful, Addison."

The two wolves gave each other dark looks but there didn't seem to be real animosity between them. At least not on William's end.

"Shall we head in?" William motioned towards the door.

Nodding Taron started leading the way with Addison while Eggsy, Daisy and Rachel occupied the middle with Merlin and Harry bringing up the rear.

They were almost at the front steps when an ill timed wind blew past Eggsy, carrying his scent straight in the direction of the man studying him from the corner of his eye.

And they all saw that moment when what he was smelling registered.

Going still as stone as he inhaled deeply, William's eyes went blank with shock for several heartbeats and then knowledge came into them. Knowledge and anger as he turned fierce eyes in Addison's direction.

"Touch him and you'll bleed." Taron said it casually, like he was warning William not to go out without putting on sunscreen. "He's not the one you want to injure. Our father is already dead and buried. Though you can break his tombstone if it will make you feel better. We'll buy him another later."

"Your father...not Addison's son. Lee's. You're Lee's boy. Eggsy." William looked at Eggsy for a moment before his gaze started switching back and forth between the two Egerton brothers with lethal fury. "Your father is the one who got my then nineteen-year-old aunt in the family way?"

Damn. If his grandfather weren't already dead William's glare could probably kill him on impact. And since Eggsy was in total agreement with his cousin about what said grandfather deserved that thought didn't bother him in the slightest. Though it did solidify the thought that he never wanted to make William that angry at him. Ever.

"Well I didn't do it. And not even Addy's that dim."

"Oi."

Before Addison could finish pulling back his elbow, no doubt intending to use it against his brother, William's voice whipped out and stilled his actions.

"That's enough, you two. This is no time for your childish bickering."

"There's always time for bickering, William. Addy and I would have killed each other decades ago without it." Taron smirked at the other man, still seeming completely unfazed by William's cold fury. "And right now you have more important things to think about."

"Such as?"

Now it was Taron's voice that took on a lethal edge. "The fact that he's not just my flesh and blood, but yours. And what your father is going to have to say about that."

William paled. Actually paled. And then he looked at Eggsy and...well shit.

"How long have you known about him?"

"We learned of his heritage last night. Do you really think we'd have allowed him to grow up in the
council estates if we'd known that he was a wolf, much less our own kin?"

William inclined his head, the different shades of blond in his hair called into attention by the sun. "I
know that, Taron. What I meant was-nevermind. The point is that waiting another month to
introduce him would have been the logical thing to do."

"Not possible." Merlin interjected before anyone could respond to that. "Miss. Morton's statement
that the previously unknown wolf was most likely from the estates was passed on to King as acting
Alpha. He drew the same conclusion that Harry did and sent two members of our pack to bring the
boy in last evening. They smelled Harry's scent and reported back to me that the boy was likely in
Harry's custody as he wasn't found in his mother's flat or the surrounding neighborhood."

Eggsy nearly gave himself whiplash in his haste to look in Merlin's direction. "Wot? They went ta
the flat? They didn't hurt her none, right?"

"She's fine. Apparently your-Mr. Baker was willing to let them search the flat for you in exchange
for a small bribe. It seems he's eager to have you permanently out of his hair."

"No surprise there." The feeling was sure as fucking mutual.

"I informed the men that I'd update the Alpha and I did. I told him Harry and I would have the wolf
in our custody before morning and would deliver him to this meeting as planned."

Aka Merlin had neglected to tell King Eggsy's name or how he was related to the pack.

"He'll be furious."

"When is he not around Taron?" Merlin shot back in response to William's mutter.

No one could apparently argue with that.

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Once they were all inside the building Harry observed Taron lifting a hand up to remove his
sunglasses in a calculated move meant to distract William from studying Eggsy some more. It was a
well played move. Despite the animosity between their two families the two men had always
respected each other on and off the battlefield and Taron was a maternal dominant. Ergo he aroused
protective instincts in his dominant packmates even when those same men knew Taron could kill
most of them without breaking a sweat.

Harry wasn't surprised when the dominant ignored Taron's question of how long he'd owned the
Aston Martin in favor of asking Taron if he'd had his injuries seem to. And William most likely didn't
just mean the facial bruising either, though Harry had noted Taron was taking pains to appear
uninjured otherwise.

"Nothing worth mentioning or treating."

"Smarting from being harmed by a human, aren't you?"

Taron's voice was amused. "Keeping tabs on me, William?"

"It's always struck me as wise to do so."

One could never really argue with William, Harry mused to himself. Even when the dominant was
furious he was cold and controlled. But Harry wanted the man to, if not be on their side, at least not
be entertaining the desire to throttle Taron. Who loved to pick fights with members of the King family.

"William. Will you stand as Eggsy's shield as well?" Harry understood that Taron wanted to keep William distracted long enough that the man wouldn't leave their group or text a warning to his father but in Harry's mind it was more important to make William see Eggsy as someone he should be protecting. As his own flesh and blood.

For a moment William glanced over his shoulder at him, then turned back to look ahead once more.

"I will stand with you on this."

"Seriously?" Eggsy's surprise was in his voice.

Stopping this time William shifted so that he was standing in profile when he spoke. "Your father was my cousin. Our parents wanted us to have nothing to do with each other, but I did look out for him when I could. Your mother and I never liked each other, and when I offered her money after his death she refused it. She thought I should have taken better care of him and that it was blood money. Guilt money. She wasn't entirely wrong, either. Seeing that you leave this meeting unharmed, and remain safely in Taron's care, is little enough to be asked of me."

"Thanks."

"Let Hart, Merlin and I do most of the talking. That goes for all of you. Unless you want to add something, Rachel."

"I'm just here to babysit Eggsy sister. But thank you."

"Ah. I assumed she was his daughter."

"Well you know what they same about people who assume." Taron began with a smirk "Hush."

And on that note William started walking again, his long strides eating up carpet with the rest of them all hurrying to catch up since they couldn't exactly present a united force if they weren't all together.

Ahead of them two pack members stood guard in front of the doors leading into the meeting room, William calling over for them to open the doors for them.

Both men scrambled to do as ordered, though Harry noted that they were also trying to get a look at Eggsy without making it obvious. William was in front with Addison and Taron flanking him a step behind. Eggsy was somewhat visible, but William and Addison were very deliberately blocking anyone's view of the boy.

Reaching out Harry gave Eggsy's shoulder a squeeze to remind him that he had his back and then he let his hand drop away as they crossed the room's threshold.

Directly across from them was a dais on which sat two high back chairs reserved for the alpha and his mate. Luck was with them and Chester King's mate wasn't in attendance. A high ranking senior soldier stood on either side of the acting alpha, acting as his bodyguards, while on either side of the dais chairs were set up and currently occupied by the other members of Kingsman. The rest of the room featured wooden seating in aisles, meant to be used by other packmates. A quick glance around revealed that King hadn't arranged for any 'spectators' to be invited to this meeting save for the Kingsman recruits who all sat together to the left of the doorway.
The room's light came from the windows high that spanned the length of the room, though high up enough that anyone brought here couldn't exit through them. This room was used primarily for meetings between their pack and outsiders they didn't consider a threat, but who weren't pack.

Not surprisingly it was Chester King who broke the hush that had descended upon the room at their entrance, their alpha saying his son's name in a tone that demanded explanation.

"Father. Allow me to introduce Eggsy Unwin Egerton. Grandson of Terrance Egerton and Amelia Unwin, formerly King. He was the wolf who entered our lands the night before."

Gasps that echoed around the room, then all was silent. Harry could feel every set of eyes in the room trying to get a good look at Eggsy, who was keeping his mouth shut for the moment.

Harry couldn't see King well enough to know if the older man physically reacted to that news, but there was a definite edge to his words when the acting alpha spoke.

"Are you telling me that that boy is the son of Lee Unwin? And that it was Terrance Egerton who sired the latter?"

"Yes, Father. And as he is wolf, and his bloodlines are of this pack, he was within his rights to enter our territory."

"And are you taking the word of the living Egertons as to the boy's parentage? Seems to me he very strongly resembles you, Taron. More than your father."

"As you well know, or should recall, Alpha, it's a known fact that the shared looks you mentioned tend to skip a generation. Lee Unwin no more looked like Eggsy and I than my own father did. But my nephew and I do bear a striking resemblance to my paternal grandfather. And if you wish both Addison and I would be happy to have our blood tested against Eggsy's to confirm the exact nature of our relationship. He is to be our heir, after all."

That started up some new rumbling, though everyone was wise to keep it down.

"Bring the boy here."

Harry couldn't help but tense up even though they'd all known that this was coming. And while there'd been some debate about it in the car Harry forced himself to stay where he was as Eggsy stepped forward and was allowed to leave the protective circle they'd formed around him.

And breathed a little easier when William moved to flank Eggsy's side, Taron on the other as the two men walked their kin up to stand in front of King.
Eggy's first impression of his great uncle was that Chester King looked like the cliché head master at some posh, ultraconservative private school. The sort who only gave a shit about the richest of his students and got a sick pleasure out of punishing anyone who even thought about stepping out of line. Preferably with the strap or a cane. Did they still do that at the old schools that hadn't updated their thinking over the past few centuries? He'd have to ask Harry or one of his uncles about it later. They'd probably all gone to the poshest schools around. Ones he hadn't even heard of and wouldn't have wanted to attend even if that had been an option. School and him had never gotten along well.

But he had more important things to think about right now than Britain's educational system, Eggy reminded himself. He was looking at a werewolf who really, really wanted him dead and was surrounded by other werewolves who would probably be happy to do away with him at their alpha's order.

The current alpha of Kingsman Pack did not strike Eggy as the alpha type though. Or at least not the sort you saw on the telly or in a book. Eggy was pretty sure that even the fuck up male trainees he'd watched on the obstacle course could take this bloke down. And not just cause this King was old enough to be Eggy's granddad. There was just something about King that said he didn't like to get dirty or bloody, and had spent his life paying or ordering others to do that sort of business for him. And if he were to come at ya personally it would be from behind and with help.

Gobshite.

Watching the man stand up so that he could tower over him more menacingly Eggy next thought was that he wouldn't be surprised if they discovered a ruler up this one's arse during his autopsy when he kicked the bucket. And man but he was all for the old man dying soon. Otherwise he'd be the one on the slab if this fucker had anything to say about it.

"So you're Lee's bastard."

Oh yeah, they were going to be the best of mates in no time. Not.

"Actually my parents were married when I was born. There are rings in the pics and everything."

A dismissive sound. "And you wish to officially join this pack?"

"I wish to observe this pack for the next month to see if I want to join or not." Was Eggy's scripted answer, delivered right on cue. "I haven't been part of this pack since I was a sprog and I don't remember it at all. I also ain't been in a pack since then and I've managed well enough. So with your permission I'd like to get to know the people and such before I swear my fealty and such."

Technically it would be easier for King to kill him if he wasn't a part of his pack, but they also didn't want him under King's command either. There was also some hope that King would take his reluctance to join as a sign that he wouldn't be challenging him any time soon since it was far harder for someone not of the pack to challenge to become alpha apparently.

"And your child?"

"My what now?" It took Eggy a moment to make the connection. Again. "Daisy ain't my kid. She's my little sister. Why does everyone keep thinkin' she's mine? Your generations were the ones so
eager ta start poppin out sprogs as soon as you hit your late teens."

And okay, seeing as both he and his father were the result of birth control not being used maybe people could argue Eggsy was destined to knock someone up young too, but he preferred to think that the third time was going to be the charm. He'd put a ring on it first. No, scratch that. On him or her first. That was the plan, anyway.

Belatedly it dawned on Eggsy that he should have just said that Daisy was his sister and left it at that.

"As she is not one of us she is not welcome here."

"Yeah, Uncle Taron mentioned that."

Silence dominated the space as King contemplated his next few moves, Eggsy staying quiet as directed.

The old bastard's eyes shifted off to the side for a moment, seeming to consider someone in the crowd before turning his attention back to Eggsy.

"Why should I even consider allowing your presence upon my lands seeing as one of my people was injured by you?"

Opening his mouth to give the answer he'd been told to give Eggsy found himself looking instead in the direction of a woman about his own age who had gotten up from her seat. And was clearing her throat to get their attention.

"Miss. Morton?"

"Forgive my interruption, Alpha, but as the individual in question I wish to state that Eggsy Unwin was in no way at fault for the injuries I sustained. Charles Hesketh ill-advised plan of attack and my own carelessness in not anticipating both their actions caused my minor injuries. I in no way hold Mr. Unwin accountable for what happened and ask that he be allowed the chance to consider entrance into our pack." The girl looked over and met Eggsy's gaze. "My maternal would not be alive today if not for the courage and heroism of Lee Unwin, his father. If the son is half the man his father was we would be lucky to have him."

Oh he liked this Roxy Morton. They were definitely going to be mates.

"I'm sorry you were injured tracking me down before. I didn't know you were hurt. I wouldn't have left ya like that if I'd realized." As it was Eggsy could only assume that the others had arrived before Hesketh had time to regain his wits. The fucker had definitely meant to take both him AND Roxy out of the equation that night after all.

Roxy inclined her head in his direction.

"Neither my mate nor I have any objection to the boy being allowed into the pack." Another man stated from his seated position, the man beside him nodding as well. The girl's parents?

"Father, if I may."

Eggsy watched as William approached the dais his father stood on, not surprised in the least that the senior King remained where he was even though it meant he had to lean down to hear whatever his son was saying without their words being overheard. No easy thing when you had hearing like theirs, but William managed it. Or at least Eggsy assumed that his father's cousin wasn't just pretending to speak to his father in order to give the man more time to realize how best to screw them
all over.

Glancing over at Taron to see what his uncle was making of all this Eggsy was not reassured by the intensity of which his uncle was staring at the two. The predator that lurked beneath his uncle's skin and devil may care attitude, Eggsy could sense it even if the wolf was currently not in Taron's eyes.

Did he think William had been lying about helping them? Was he a double agent? Though could you really be a double agent when you'd only had minutes to pick sides? Not important. What was important was that William was coming back over to retake his position on Eggsy's other side. A choice that now didn't reassure him in the slightest since Eggsy didn't like the gleam in the elder King's eyes at all as the old fart stared down at him.

It couldn't possibly bode well for him.

Maybe he needed to switch places with Taron. Hadn't his uncle insisted that he could take William in a fight? Though could he? It would just figure if he gained and lost an uncle within twenty-four hours. Murphy's fucking Law and all that. That he'd be stuck with just Addison then was just insult to injury.

"My son has generously offered to oversee your introduction to our pack and educate you as to how we do things here. Neither of your uncles is particularly good at following the rules so I hope you will surprise me by learning well from my son and not wasting his time."

Stating that he understood struck Eggsy as his best course of action.

"Good. For the next thirty days you are allowed to enter our pack lands and interact with my people. At the end of those thirty days, unless you give me cause to end this...trial early, you may state your intentions to join or not."

"I agree."

A last glance in his direction and then King turned his full attention to Taron.

"Your injuries, should I expect another complaint about you from another pack?"

"Nope. Or at least not that I know of." A smirk. "And shouldn't you be asking who hurt me and coming to MY defense now that you're acting as my alpha?"

"Usually you're asking for it."

"That's not very progressive of you. Blaming the victim."

King snorted.

"Well if it makes you feel better, Alpha...I'll be hanging around for the next month at least. The only people I'll be driving to violence are members of our own pack. Or at least British people."

Man Eggsy hoped someone got a picture of the face King was making.

"He needs his other injuries seen to as soon as possible, Alpha." Rachel called out, trying to head off the two getting into one of their apparently legendary fights. "With your permission I'll escort him to the infirmary now."

King gave her that permission, obviously glad to see Taron go.

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Well it had not gone to plan, big surprise, but overall it could have gone worse. A lot worse. Though William's actions and what he was up to remained to be seen. Harry believed William King to be an honorable man. He did. But in this pack there was no one more loyal to the current alpha than William was. Or perhaps that was incorrect. It would be more accurate to say that no one was more loyal and devoted to the King Pack than William, which was why he was the ideal choice to become alpha.

At the end of the day William was likely the one person Chester King had or would ever love, truly love, and it was that fact that made him the worse choice to become alpha. An alpha's job, first and foremost, was to be the parent and protector of ALL packmates. To care more for them and their happiness than his own wellbeing. Chester wanted and saw only the power and prestige of the position. If he became alpha the King pack's only saving grace would be that William would do his best to act as a shadow alpha, influencing his father on behalf of the others. Because Chester did listen to his son, obviously. And yes a lot of the time the elder King had the habit of taking credit for William's ideas or twisting them around to benefit him more, but every little bit of good William managed was appreciated by all.

Such as now. But...what had William said just now? What had he promised to do?

Still, now that they'd been dismissed without bloodshed Harry breathed a sigh of relief he hadn't even realized he'd been holding in as Eggsy arrowed straight for him to walk at his side as they left the meeting room and stepped into the mostly empty hallway again.

"You aren't going to tell us what you said to him, are you?" Addison wanted to know as soon as they were out of hearing range from those guarding the doors to the room they'd just vacated.

"No. There's no need. What are your planned next moves?" William asked Taron, ignoring the scowl Addison was aiming in his direction.

"Well first Uncle Taron is going with Rachel to get looked over." Eggsy informed him, not about to let his uncle worm his way out of that. And making the other man underestimate Taron sounded like a good idea too, just in case. Provided of course that his uncle hadn't been lying about the severity of his wounds and this would give William clues as to where to aim later. Dammit.

Lips curving ever so slightly, William stated that he'd walk them to the infirmary then. To make sure Taron didn't try to make a break for it.

"Ha ha."

"You are even worse than Hart."

"I resent that." Though Harry was willing, in his head, to admit that William wasn't wrong either.

"Let me guess. Uncle Addy is even worse."

"Oh your Uncle Taron took advanced First Aid courses and studied under multiple healers including myself to learn how to patch Addison up when he's injured." Rachel informed Eggsy. "I usually don't treat him. Or I should say he doesn't 'allow me' to treat him unless he's unconscious and has no say in the matter. Your younger uncle prefers to take after the Black Knight from 'Monty Python' when it comes to injuries."

"Gotcha. Tis but a scratch?"

"A scratch?! Your arm's off." Taron shot back at Eggsy, a definite gleam in his eyes.
"No it isn't."

"Then what's that, then?"

Eggsy adopted a very pompous, King-ish tone of voice. "I've had worse."

"You lie."

"Come on, you pansy."

Harry should not find the fact that Eggsy actually knew his 'Monty Python' movies, or at least that one attractive as hell. But oddly enough he did.

Merlin, unfortunately, decided to interrupt the two before they could see how long the two Egertons could keep going line wise. "The scene with the peasants who've dressed the woman up as a witch is better. Or the killer bunny."

"The bunny was sick." Eggsy agreed. "I had a mate who had a stuffie of that rabbit, fangs, blood, and everything. We were all jealous as lads."

Shaking his head over that Harry left them to their discussion of the movie, commenting only when someone said anything to him. William was even quieter, though that wasn't unusual.

When they reached the infirmary Rachel handed Daisy over to Merlin, her mate immediately turning all his attention to fussing over the dozing infant. Eggsy looked at him for reassurance that his sister was in good hands and Harry gave him a nod and shoulder squeeze in return. Rachel meanwhile grabbed Taron's hand and dragged/walked him over to the main exam table with William following close behind.

The fact that Taron hopped up and onto the table without help was a good sign, the man going to work undoing the buttons on his shirt while Rachel held his face between her hands as she got a better look at the facial bruising. Colorful bruising for a colorful character, Harry thought with a smirk.

Addison joined William in crowding in when Rachel unwrapped the cloth bandage to reveal the decent sized 'scratch' Taron had picked up the day before across his torso. The wound had been closed with butterfly bandages in two places and to Harry's eyes it looked like Taron had done a good job of patching himself up. He didn't think Rachel would need to put stitches in.

"Doesn't look too bad, does it?"

Looking down at Eggsy, who was looking up at him questioningly, Harry smiled in agreement. "And he's had much worse than this. I can promise you that."

"All this fuss for nothing." Was Addison's opinion on the matter, Taron echoing the sentiment but was overruled by Rachel and William.

Ignoring the others for the moment Eggsy continued to give Harry his full attention as he stated that that Roxy girl seemed a real corker.

"Yes, she's a lovely girl. She would be a good friend for you to make during your time in the pack. And given that James, her maternal dominant, wouldn't be alive if not for your father I think it's safe to say that they would be fine if you wished to court her." And God, could he sound any more priggish? Just because he didn't like the idea of losing the boy's interest and the strokes that gave to his own ego didn't mean that-
"You tellin me that I ain't made it clear which member of your pack I'm most interested in getting ta know real up close and personal?"

"She's rather closer to your age though." And I'm older than both your parents.

"So what? Are you's sayin that she's better cause she's younger than ya?" A sly smile. "Ya reached your expiry date already, Harry? Dead shame if that's the case. A real waste."
Harry considered boxing Eggsy's ears before deciding against it.

Though at least the younger man had the sense to lower his voice given his next words.

"You know I thought you posh blokes were convinced that everything got better with age. Liquor, cheese, shops. Men. Cause as fine as you probably was back in the day I bet you've only gotten better with age and experience, Harry Hart. And I ain't plannin on chasin after any tail but yours for the foreseeable future. Not less you have a better reason ta put me off than my age."

"I'm not a bottle of wine or brandy, Eggsy."

"Bet I'd love getting my mouth round ya more."

Oh for the love of-

"You do realize that it would take no effort on my part to completely overpower you and give you a sound beating for your impertinence, don't you?"

"I could think of a lot of other things I'd rather ya do ta me arse...but I ain't opposed ta rough sex with ya if that's what you's is askin."

Sigh. "I'd comment about your generation's obsession with double entrees and twisting one's words to make them dirty...but it would be an obvious waste of my breath and time."

"True. It'd be spent better thinking of what ya want ta do ta me. And me ta do ta ya."

"Are you always this forward?"

"Nope. You're special."

Not being a fool Harry knew it was far from in his best interests to believe that. And yet...
Me And My Friends

Me And My Friends

It was tempting to keep flirting Harry, the man actually blushed a little sometimes depending on what he said or insinuated, but Eggsy wasn't an idiot. Or at least not a complete one. He was well aware that they were in a single room with multiple other wolves who all had super hearing. And he didn't need them giving their opinions and potentially cockblocking him in front of Harry. He'd had enough of that already, thank you very much. Hell, this thing with Harry was whole new territory for him since this was pretty much the first time ever that his own fucking wolf wasn't making it his goal in life to cockblock him. His wolf possibly wanted Harry even more than Eggsy did. Ergo for once they were actually in total agreement that Harry was the best thing since steak and Mars bars. Way better, even. And that meant that there was NO way he was going to let anyone or anything get in his way of seducing Harry into his bed. Or into Harry's bed. Or onto any flat surface, really. He wasn't picky.

But anyway, right now Eggsy figured he should make a tactical retreat, all the better to keep Harry off balanced and not angry at him for embarrassing him in front of his pack. So he had to come with something else for them to talk about.

"How long will it take Taron to heal up that wound?"

Eggsy had been injured plenty in his life. The neighborhood, gymnastics and parkour, and his mum's God awful taste in men when he was little had seen to that. So yeah, he wouldn't be nearly so pretty if he didn't heal up a hell of a lot faster than a human did. Well, expect for the eyebrow thing. That had been the result of a knife that had had something 'magical' smelling on it and even that scar had mostly healed cept for making that eyebrow look sick. At least in his opinion. But yeah, he was technically only a 'half breed' and even he could see how much the bruising from his uncle's black eyes had diminished in the few hours since they'd met. Way sicklier colors, and already fading around the edges.

"The wound will have healed itself shut in the next couple hours. Barring infection or additional injury-and with Rachel's help-the entire injury will cease to exist by tomorrow morning. but the older we get the slower we heal, especially when a healer isn't around to speed up the process."

"That is sick."

"And you?"

"How do I heal up? Not really sure. Bruises go pretty fast these days. The broken bones and ripped muscles heal up well enough within a day or two."

Harry's eyes had darkened, Eggsy having a pretty good idea why. But before he could say something to distract or gloss over things Harry was telling him they should have him X-rayed while they were here.

"Wot? Why? I'm fit as a fiddle."

"Your body would have healed those sorts of injuries naturally, but if the bones weren't where they needed to be when that happened parts would have healed in wrong ways you might not be aware of. And if Taron, Addison, and I are going to be training you your body needs to be up to that."

Eggsy couldn't help it. The opening was too good.
"I ain't never had problems gettin it up, Harry."

In the background Eggsy could hear some snickering from Taron and Rachel, but he focused on Harry's less than amused expression. Which was not tinged with pity or fury on Eggsy's behalf.

"So you was sayin that Taron was one of the best fighters in world, right? So who else is on that list?"

"Now that's an area of great debate, Lad." Merlin stated as he came over with Daisy, Harry snatching Eggsy's sister back as soon as she was in range. Not that his sister had any problem with that as she snuggled in against Harry's chest and making Eggsy melt in the process.

"As you'd expect we don't all get along, so fun sparring matches to determine who has the best fighters isn't always possible. And that's before you get into those packs who don't allow maternals to compete because according to their pack laws maternals aren't to be put at risk of physical harm."

Harry's sound of displeasure had Merlin giving his friend a pat on the shoulder.

"Some are also better or worse fighters in wolf or human form too. But if asked there's three fighters that generally come up as being in the top five in both forms. Though sadly their ranking order isn't something we're likely to ever know." Merlin continued with a regretful sigh. "Barsad is from a pack that doesn't allow violence against maternals, at least for sport, so he would never compete with your uncle Taron. And Vasic...well I'd put my money on him against Barsad, but he would never harm your uncle either."

"What's up with this Vasic bloke?" There'd been something in Merlin's voice.

Harry spoke up. "Remember how I said that wolves without pack often become feral? Lose their humanity and often go insane?"

"Yeah..."

"Vasic is one of those wolves. Most of the time our eyes are human. Our wolves only come out in this form when our emotions run high or we're in battle. Vasic's are never human. They're always wolf. He has very little humanity left in him."

"He's not that bad." Taron argued.

In almost perfect synch Merlin, Rachel, Harry and Addison all stated that he was.

William just looked grim.

"Your uncle dated him." Harry volunteered. "Which is why he's never been on Vasic's prey list."

"Vasic collected other lone wolves to become alpha of his own pack eventually, but aside from said pack and Taron he sees all other living beings as prey." Merlin explained.

"That's not true. He's promised never to kill Addy no matter how often Addy picks fights with him. And I'll make him make the same promise about Eggsy."

"Thanks for that." Eggsy would have made a comment about how bad taste in men seemed to run on both sides of his family, but he didn't want Harry to think that was a reflection on him. He was pretty sure that Harry was so out of his league they was practically on two different planets. Not that that was going to stop him none. He was pretty sure he'd wanted ta be an astronaut as a sprog at some point.
"If you were to ask for top ten overall fighters it would be those three, Harry, William, and Addison, with the other four up to some debate. Your bloodlines, in other words, very much predispose you to being an excellent fighter, Eggsy."

"Sweet." Eggsy liked the sound of that. Hopefully this Merlin bloke knew what he was talking about.

"See if you think so once we're done training you."

The way Addison said that...

"Maybe just Uncle Taron and Harry should train me."

Addison laughed. "Oh, Boy. You have no idea what Taron is like as a teacher."

"Sadly...he's right." Harry added with a grimace.

"Shit."

A clearing of throat, Eggsy looking over to see that his dad's cousin had come over to join them.

"I'll be taking my leave now. I look forward to seeing you soon."

The man sounded like a pompous arse, no question, but there was something about cousin William that made Eggsy think there was a lot more to him than his cool exterior would suggest. There was something...sad about him too.

So Eggsy took the offered hand and shook. "Same here."

After both Eggsy and Taron had escaped from Rachel's clutches without too much fussing it was time to go and retrieve Eggsy's mother. The question of how they were going to do that and who would be going along for said retrieval became the new topic of conversation. Obviously Eggsy had to go so that his mother would cooperate and so that the younger man could retrieve anything of personal value in the flat. Not to mention his sure to be hideous clothes. And clothes for Daisy and her mother as well, though Harry was planning to do quite a bit of shopping for both of Michelle Unwin's children since Eggsy had no fashion sense and Harry loved to buy baby clothes.

But who else? And who would watch Daisy while they were doing this since things could get violent if Dean was there when they arrived?

Addison didn't really care about going but no one in their right mind would leave an infant in his care even if he was willing to play babysitter. Which he wasn't if there was another alternative. Technically it would have made sense for Taron to remain behind with the child since he was injured already, but naturally the older man wasn't budging on the whole being there to confront the man who'd been abusing his nephew. Harry wasn't about to be left behind either...so Rachel volunteered to play babysitter for the afternoon and then either drop Daisy off at Harry's once she got the okay or hold onto her until one of them came to get her.

Eggsy wasn't sure about that but between Harry and Taron they were able to convince Eggsy that Daisy would be safe with Rachel. Yes, she wasn't a dominant, but she was their HEALER. And healers were sacrosanct in their packs. Even King wouldn't dare take the child from her. The backlash he'd receive, especially if Rachel was injured in the process, would lose him his place as alpha. The rest of the pack would turn against him. Plus Rachel had always brought her own
children to work with her when they were small, so she knew how to juggle both with ease. And could use her healing ability to somewhat help with Daisy's teething problem, which was the clincher.

And so with Daisy safely in Rachel's care the four of them set off for Harry's house since there was no way in hell they were taking Taron's car into Eggsy's neighborhood. They'd take Addison's car instead, as it was the least attention drawing of the three available. Which wasn't saying much, really. And on the ride back to Harry's house Eggsy occupied himself on his phone, texting away with almost dizzying speed. A bad habit that seemed all too common when it came to Eggsy's age group. They just could not put their phones away to save their lives.

Also it irked Harry and his wolf to be so ignored after all the attention Eggsy had been paying him earlier. Possibly.

They had been on the road for about fifteen minutes before Eggsy spoke up again.

"My mom ain't answering any of my texts, but my mates said they'll stop by the place to check, see who's there. Best to know who we'll be dealing with ahead of time. If the place is empty that will make getting our stuff out quicker at least. Though tracking her down if she ain't there will be harder."

"Try calling her, perhaps?"

Eggsy shook his head at Taron's suggestion. "Naw. If Dean's with her he'll pick up. He likes to keep a close watch on who she's talkin to. Text is more likely to go unnoticed."

"Isn't he lovely."

"A real joy ta be around." Was Eggsy's wry response as he put his phone back in his pocket. "And if we do have ta deal with him and his lot, it's him and Rotti ya got ta watch out for. Ya already know what Dean looks like, yeah?"

All three inclined their heads.

"Right. Well Rotti is taller than the rest, dark coloring, not bad lookin. Smells like cigarettes, cheap beer, and really nasty cologne. He keeps a gun on im at all times, and I heard he's used it before. The rest stick with stickers. And their fists. They're brawlers, all of im."

"Good to know. Any other advice?"

Eggsy had made a study of Dean's goons in terms of their fighting styles, where they liked to conceal their weapons, and the likely order that they would attack and who would run off first. That he despised most of them came through loud and clear, though a couple he'd run with back in the day and didn't mind. Though he was clear they'd do their best ta beat the piss out of im if Dean gave the word. The lot of them were all scared shitless of Daisy's dad.

Oh, and they shouldn't look to either of Eggsy's mates for help if things did go wrong. The two were sorta dead useless in a fight.

After that discussion turned to some noteworthy fights Eggsy's uncles had been in, Harry enjoying the stories as well since he'd never heard the majority of them from the Egertons' own mouths. And the two had been in quite a lot of fights over the decades so the stories lasted well past the changing of cars and the drive to Eggsy's former neighborhood.

Once they were within a few blocks of their destination Eggsy tried to convince them that it would
be a really, REALLY bad idea for them to drive the not fancy but still obviously expensive car into the estates, much less his particular neighborhood. It was apparently a bad idea to underestimate the car thieves there. Eggsy should know, it seemed, since he'd done some jobs with them in his stupider years. They'd strip Addison's car down to its parts in no time if they couldn't drive it off. Addison stated that he'd guard the car then.

"Well that would probably work." Eggsy agreed after a moment's contemplation. "Just don't kill any of im that try, all right?"

Addison wouldn't make him any promises.

"Shit."

Once they'd pulled into the car park closest to Eggsy's building Harry took silent note that Eggsy's neighborhood didn't look any better despite the improved physical weather. Actually, the rain had improved the area before as it had washed away some of the more offensive scents from the concrete structures surrounding them. Some people had attempted to bring some nature into their urban prison in the form of flowerboxes and pots, but they were definitely in the minority. Yes the building Eggsy lived in was relatively clean on the outside and well maintained, but homey it was not.

They'd hardly left the vehicle to take a quick look around when Eggsy's name was called out by two separate voices.

The two young men in question were as badly dressed as Eggsy had been the day before, their comments as they ran over suggesting that seeing Eggsy's in a suit was quite the abbreviation. Or at least they started to razz Eggsy's about his suit but shut up when the fact that Eggsy's wasn't alone registered. Or no...it was Taron.

"Fuck. He looks just like ya, Eggsy."

"Fucking A." The other one stated in total agreement.

"I told ya." Shaking his head at them Eggsy walked over and offered his hand, pulling each of the boys in turn in for one of those one arm hug/backslap shows of affection that was so popular among that generation.

"Guys, this is my Uncle Taron, Uncle Addison, and this is Harry. No relation."

"If we went through our family trees we would find connections." Harry corrected, silently amused by the way Eggsy's face fell a little. "Just not that closely. It's nice to meet you...?"

"Right. This is Jamal and this is Ryan. Don't believe nothin they tell ya about me."

The two loudly protested their innocence and ability to tell the truth for a couple minutes before remembering their manners enough to take the hands that were then offered them. Though it was obvious they weren't used to handshakes and found the whole thing novel and sort of amusing.

"So you's is really Eggsy's uncles? And you're gonna like adopt him or somethin?" The one introduced as Ryan wanted to know.

"He will be our heir since neither of us have children, yes."

"That's sick. And ya look just like im. It's sorta freaky."

Taron smiled. "But a good thing, otherwise we might not have found each other."
"Can I have a piccie ta show me mum? She won't believe me otherwise."

"Of course."

Moving in closer together so that Jamal could take a picture with his phone Taron and Eggy grinned identical grins.

"Dean and most of his lot are at the Prince. Saw him there ourselves. And Pat said he'd text if they left while he was there. Your mum's home...but she ain't up ta visitors." Ryan said once the picture was taken, the way he inclined his head in their direction suggesting that he was trying to convey the fact that Eggy wouldn't want them to see his mother right now.

The look on Eegsy's face pretty much confirmed that.

The young black man spoke up. "We don't know where Poodle or Rottie are neither. No one's seen um today."

"Shit. It would be those two. Right. Thanks." Eggy swiped a hand over his head, the puzzled look he wore for a moment suggesting that the lack of a hat there surprised him. "All right, I'm gonna head up and get my stuff and mum. Better we get her outta here now if we can. You two keep watch for me."

Jamal nodded in agreement while Ryan looked a little lost as he asked if Eggy was really leaving.

Watching Eggy reassure them that he'd keep in touch and visit regularly made it clear to Harry that Eggy was the alpha of the trio. Whether they realized it or not, and they probably didn't because of their human training, but it would have been instinctive for Eggy to make a pack with himself as alpha. His wolf was too dominant and strong for it to be otherwise.

Crowing over Eggy's promises to take them out for dinner anywhere they wanted next month, one wanted lobster while the other wanted steak, the two exchanged manly hugs with Eggy again, awkwardly said goodbye to them, and then split up in two different directions to keep watch for them. They'd text Eggy if they saw any of Dean's lot coming.

"Right, let's go then."
Isn't The Best Place

With his younger uncle guarding the car for them Eggsy led Harry and his other uncle up the flights of stairs necessary to get to his mum's flat. The entire way up Eggsy was very much aware of the recent tags made by the areas graffitists and those who wanted to advertise their lack of spelling and grammar skills. The building wasn't all that bad, considering, but he was still very much aware that this was a whole different hemisphere from the world the other two men with him usually occupied. And it was hard not to feel ashamed or defensive as they got closer and closer to their ultimate destination.

God he hoped his mum was just pissed.

His mum had been a functioning alcoholic pretty much as long as Eggsy could remember. He couldn't remember her ever staying sober for long, though on her good days she'd give it a good try. Dry out for a few days or even weeks depending on the man in her life and when the social workers had visited last. No man was his dad, and his mum had shit taste in men on top of that, but she'd put her best face forward, so to speak, in the early days of her latest relationship. Unless the bloke in question was as bad or worse as she was when it came to liquor or the occasional soft drugs. She'd only used the soft stuff before Dean.

There was a lot of things she hadn't done before him.

For the billionth time Eggsy cursed the fact that he hadn't been around when Dean had moved into the neighborhood and set his sights on Eggsy's mum. He'd been in the army at that point, his absence making his mum ripe for the picking. Especially since she'd been all torn up about him joining in the first place. So yeah, she'd been ripe for a new man and Dean had quickly charmed his way into her life and bed. And, like any good drug dealer, Dean had known that the best way to keep someone under your thumb was to hook them early on so that they were too addicted and needy for what you could give them that they didn't care if you treated like shit while beating the shite out of them.

In other words, get her hooked on the hard stuff, which Dean would supply for free. But only in the sense of money. She paid plenty. They'd all paid plenty.

Feeling pessimistic Eggsy mentally prepared himself to deal with the expected reactions from his uncle and worse, from Harry. Who already didn't like his mum and had done a crap job at hiding it. And what was worse was...he couldn't really blame him. Or his uncles. For what they were going to think and hopefully not say or show.

He was no angel, and he sure as fuck had done shit he shouldn't have and wasn't proud ta admit to. But he'd never done the hard stuff. Never developed an addiction for anything, really. He'd always had the sense to know that his life was fucked up enough without letting something inanimate and poisonous to his body run his life. And his wolf nature had only driven that point home.

There were a lot of reasons his mum had made the choices she had...but now that he knew Harry would have been there, would have helped them if only his mum had let him...it was hard ta forgive. Or excuse her.

Arriving at his door Eggsy pulled his keys out from his pocket and asked them quietly to wait out here for him. He'd get their stuff and his mum and be out in a jiff.
"We'll buy you and your family whatever they need, Eggsy." Taron said softly. "Just bring what matters to you all."

Inclining his head to show that he heard and understood, and Eggsy did get where his uncle was coming from, Eggsy turned his attention to unlocking the front door and letting himself in, opening it just enough that he could slid in before closing it behind him.

Inhaling carefully just to double check his friends' intel Eggsy confirmed that his mum was the only one home. And thanks to the smallness of the flat he didn't really need his nose to help locate her.

She was passed out on the sagging couch that should have been replaced a couple years ago, curled up with her back to him. The table situated in front of said couch was heaped with day old takeaway containers, junk mail, and other odds and ends. Nothing drug related on a passing glance.

He could smell the alcohol though. Both on her and coming front under the table, where he spotted a very familiar bottle. Their neighbor's 'home brew'. Fuck.

The smell made his nose scrunch up, it smelled more like something to clean with than drink, Eggsy reminded himself to be grateful for small favors. Better she smelt like a bar than of cocaine. Especially since on top of everything else he hated smelling that on her since the chemicalness of the scent advertised that it wasn't even quality shit Dean was feeding her. Oh no, that was for the paying customers. Not that Dean's shit was that great to begin with. He'd sold better back in the day.

Following time honored tradition Eggsy came over to check his mum's pulse and breathing, both of which were within the usual parameters. No cause for alarm this time around. At least not yet.

Leaving her there Eggsy headed into his room and pulling out a duffel started filling it with his military uniform, favorite clothes, and the treasures he was able to leave out because they weren't worth anything to anyone else. Then he sought out his various hidey holes, some of which he kept solely so that Dean wouldn't find his actual valuables and money. Plant some stuff in some more obvious places, let Dean and the rest think they knew where to look, and they ended up missing the good stuff. Not that he had much in that regard either.

He didn't have much in general.

After he had filled the bag he went looking for his sister's nappie bag, using that to load up on the stuff he thought Daisy would want to keep or might need until he could buy her better. His mum...well he put some of her stuff in a third bag, grabbed a few things he knew she'd want, and then called it quits. If there was something else she wanted...well he'd come back and get it later. Or buy it from the pawn shop after Dean sold it once he got back and found her gone.

His duffel had a long strap which made it easy to wear lengthwise across his body, while the other two bags he brought to the door to hand off to his uncle after opening it. He'd need it open anyway.

Heading back in Eggsy scooped up his mum into his arms and then straightening his shoulders headed back to the door and hoped he never had to set foot in this place ever again.

By silent agreement Harry and Taron had decided that they would not comment regardless of what condition Michelle Unwin was in when Eggsy brought his mother out. Harry didn't doubt that Taron already knew about the woman's substance abuse problems, and he himself had been thoroughly briefed by Merlin. New as Eggsy was to both of them it was important that they not alienate the boy by allowing their opinions of the woman to show. However enticing the idea might be. Harry
certainly had numerous things he wanted to say and tell her. And while most of them weren't things a gentleman was supposed to say to a lady...well Michelle Unwin was no lady and Harry was-well Eggsy-ugh.

He was ridiculously grateful when Eggsy appeared with his mother then, interrupting Harry's thoughts before they became troublesome.

The mother had passed out drunk, Harry noted as Eggsy passed his keys over to Taron so that the other man could lock up behind them. Harry had taken the bags from the older man moments before to free up Taron's hands. Just in case.

Looking at her while the other's attentions were elsewhere Harry saw that all the quiet prettiness she'd possessed when last they'd met was gone. Which wasn't to say she was no longer attractive, she was, but still...the image she projected now was a far cry from what she'd been before. And the difference, Harry didn't doubt, were only going to become that much more apparent once she was awake and sober.

Silence probably speaking louder than words they all didn't say anything as they headed back the way they'd come. And they didn't speak again until they were in the stairwell leading into the second level when Eggsy's head jerked and he visibly drew in a deep breath, eyes closing as he read the air.

Doing the same Harry sorted through the scents to find cheap cigarettes and...dear God was that supposed to be cologne? Ugh. And-

"Fuck. Rotti."

Ah. Yes. Exactly.

Moving as one they hurried down the last few steps, bursting out of it as their sharp werewolf ears picked up a conversation starting in front of the building.

"Oi, you lost old man?"

"No. Though it would be in your best interests to get lost, Boys. You'll live longer."

Eggsy's cellphone beeped an incoming text, no doubt from one of his friends alerting him to the presence of Dean's thugs. But they all ignored it as they hurried over to the low wall to stare over the edge and get a look at what was going on below them.

Well at least Addison hadn't killed them yet.

The two punks were a study in opposites, one thin and tall while the other was short and stout. Ergo, based on Eggsy's earlier description Harry noted that the one called Rotti was doing all the talking as the foolish boy demanded to know who the fuck he thought he was talking to.

"Someone stupid enough to go by Rotti."

Eggsy groaned loudly from Harry's side.

"Well he'll be a better mood to meet your mother after dealing with those two." Taron offered up, apparently trying to look on the bright side while they watched Rotti lift hands as if to shove Addison back against his car. Only for Addison to swat said hands away from him like they were flies.

While telling Rotti that he wasn't fit to lick his boots, much less touch him.
The other one pulled out a switchblade, pointing it at Addison as he told him that, 'You's is makin a big mistake, Grandpa.'

"Please." Was Addison's dry response. "If we were related I'd have drowned you years ago."

The Rotten Rotti threw a punch at Addison's head...Addison catching the punch and, Harry was fairly sure, promptly squeezing said fist within his much larger hand, crushing the bones and making Rotti scream like a cheerleader in a horror picture.

And at the same time the other hooligan ran at Addison with the blade held high-completely holding it wrong, Harry might add-only for Addison's leg to lash out and kick the twit in the privates.

More screaming.

"We should probably get down there. I don't think he'll kill them...but he does have sensitive ears and they are screaming VERY loudly."

Harry joined Eggsy in looking in Taron's direction, considering his words for a moment before immediately agreeing that they should head down. Now.

The screaming from both men stopped while they were in the stairwell again, the four of them exiting the building and hurrying over to the car to find Addison leaning against the car like he was bored out of his mind and completely unaware of the two bodies sprawled out on the concrete a meter or so away.

Shit.

If they had to dispose of two bodies on top of everything else Addison was going to owe him.

But once they got closer Harry could hear both men's heartbeats, as well as see them drawing breath. There was a fair amount of blood around their heads though.

"Jesus fucking Christ." Eggsy just stared and shook his head like he was in a daze.

"Feel better now?" Taron wanted to know.

Addison lifted a hand and almost pinched his thumb and pointer finger together, leaving just enough space to slide a piece of paper between. In other words...not really.

Eggsy's friends, apparently reassured by Eggsy's return presence, came running over then to give him their account of the fight. Which basically was what they'd seen, followed by another punch to shut Rotti up and then another punch to Poodle's-the fuckup's name is Poodle, seriously? -throat, which effectively ended his screaming too.

"How'd he end up unconscious though?" Eggsy wanted to know.

"Your uncle told im what he'd do ta im if he came at im again." Jamal informed him with a fearful sideways glance in Addison's direction. "He fuckin fainted dead away."

"I got it ALL on my phone." Ryan added, brandishing the device proudly.

"It wasn't worth recording." Was Addison's opinion. "Can we go now?"

"I'm sorry. He needs a nap."

A death glare in his brother's direction and then Addison spun around to open the car door and slide
behind the wheel.

"Gotta go, Guys." With his mother in his arms Eggsy gave his friends a look Harry couldn't see, but had the other two boys nodding and repeating their earlier goodbyes while Harry went to put the bags in the car's boot.

Somehow Eggsy managed to give Taron the last duffel as the other man brought it over while Eggsy got himself and his mother settled in the back of the car.

Sharing a look with Taron Harry sighed in tandem with the other man before he returned to his former seat in the back of the car while Taron took the front passenger. Eggsy's mother was in his lap, still unconscious, and as limp as a puppet whose strings had been cut.

Maybe hers had.

Addison started the car. "Are we going home or to Hart's?"

"Home, at least for now. It will make retrieving Miss. Daisy easier. Hart?"

Inclining his head in understanding, Harry stated he'd come with them if that was all right.

"The more the merrier." Taron assured him, looking over his shoulder to grin at him.

Addison's snort begged to differ.

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The family estate was...Eggsy didn't have the words. It was so alien to everything he'd ever known. He'd never so much as stepped foot in a family home so posh and old and...and that belonged to his family, holy fuck. The idea that this was going to be his home, that he was going to get to live here...well fuck. It just didn't compute. Things like this just didn't happen. I mean sure Kate Middleton was married to Prince William and would be queen someday, but that one a once in a lifetime sort of thing. And she'd never been dirt poor or possessed a sizable juvie record. People like him didn't even work in places like this, much less live in one.

But he had a room. Or at least his uncle had said it could be his room in the future if he wanted it.

A room with a massive fucking bed, furniture that was so old he got shivers just thinking about how much they were worth, AND his own bathroom. The bathroom was big. He'd never had his own before.

Don't even get him started on how problematic that had made things when he'd been a teenager.

Jesus. How was this his fucking life?

Shelving that thought for the hundredth time Eggsy looked at the bed his mother was currently sleeping in. The one next door to his own.

She hadn't so much as stirred since they'd arrived, and he'd delayed his tour of the estate to stay here with her until she woke up. He didn't want her to wake up not knowing where she was.

The sound of a knock on the door had Eggsy looking in that direction as he told whoever it was to enter, eyebrows rising when Harry walked in with Daisy in his arms. It wasn't the sight of his sister that surprised him, but the very flouncy and beribboned yellow dress she was wearing. Complete with a yellow ribbon tied around her head and featuring a little sunflower on the left side of her head
that was beyond adorable. He'd have to get a picture.

"Rachel hunted up some of her daughter's old clothes. She sent along a bag's worth for Daisy's use."

"Ah." Taking the happily burbling baby from Harry Eggsey cuddled her against his chest as he told her how very pretty she was looking. Especially as she wasn't currently drooling all over herself.

"They do tend to do that." Harry agreed with a smile. "Your uncles are downstairs planning your future training sessions by the way. I strongly suggest you get a good night's sleep tonight as it seems they intend for said lessons to begin in the morning. Early."

"And you're gonna help too?" It was stupid, but Eggsey wanted to ask Harry to stay here with him. Not to leave him with these people he didn't know even if they were family. Which was ridiculous. He knew that. He hardly knew Harry either but...but the idea of the other man leaving him and potentially not coming back made both man and wolf howl in protest.

The hand Harry placed on his shoulder, and the squeeze he gave it, made the knot in Eggsey's stomach unravel just a little.

"Taron is the best teacher you could ask for...but I'm happy to teach you a thing of two as well."

Eggsy could think of any number of much more fun things he wouldn't mind the other man teaching him, thoughts that must have been written all over his face, judging from the look he got in return.

But who could blame him?
We Talk For Hours

It really was for the best that the boy's unconscious mother was lying on the only available bed in the bedroom. Not that Harry was opposed to the floor or up against the wall. Far from it. But until things were a little more settled Harry thought it wise to take all the time he could to better wrapped his head around the fact that he was seriously contemplating entering into an affair, or at least having sex with, a boy young enough to be his son. And he needed to stop thinking of Eggsy as a boy in his head. It was creepy.

Also nothing might happen given that the woman currently sleeping it off in the bed hated his guts. And was Eggsy's mother. And trying not to think about fucking her son would be a lot easier if Eggsy stopped eye fucking him.

Concentrating on Daisy was probably his best chance at retaining some of his dignity.

"I forgot to mention, Rachel said Daisy can keep those clothes. Her mother and Merlin's went a little crazy buying for their first grandkid. I can attest to that. I was at the baby shower."

"That bad?"

"No one shrieks like females at a shower." And they had sensitive hearing.

"Gotcha. Though speakin of grandmothers...is mine still alive?"

"Honestly, I don't know. I haven't seen her since Lee's funeral. She...Lee was her world. She lost everything for him. We were told that she couldn't stand staying here and chose to move to another country. That was the King family's official line, anyway. You'd have to ask William about it."

"Okay. Ya trust him?"

"If he gives you his word about something he'll die to keep it. Otherwise...be careful."

"Yeah. I figured. Oh." Eggsy snapped his fingers. "And you was gonna explain that whole cat friend comment. Uncle Addy has friends?"

"It's complicated. Extremely complicated." Harry amended, after a moment's consideration. "And not just because this is Addison we're talking about."

Reaching out to take Daisy, who was reaching out to him, Harry snuggled her in against his chest before continuing. "There's an American panther shifter who, most likely, is your uncle's mate. Only panthers don't mate. Both the actual cats and the ones that shift into them, I mean. And even if they did your uncle would be a difficult man for anyone to live with. So they don't. As far as anyone can tell they get together occasionally, and not for very long. Your uncle doesn't see anyone else to the best of my knowledge and Jack...it's hard to say. He's a flirt and nearly as charming as your other uncle. And as secretive as most cats."

"Does Uncle Addy love im? Is that why he's such a grump?"

"No. He's pretty much always been that way. And as for how your uncle truly feels about him...you're welcome to ask him. Just wear body armor."
"Ask Uncle Taron when I know the other one's not around. Got it." Eggsy smirked for a moment, then switched to thoughtful. "I'm surprised Uncle Taron doesn't have someone though."

"Frankly, so am I. If for no other reason than he so obviously wanted children for as long as I've known him. But then I made the choice not to accept someone's court just to have them too."

Coming over Eggsy looked at him in a way that suggested he'd love to discussing the process of making babies with him. With lots of hands on learning. "You're real good at it. She's in love with ya already."

Looking down at Daisy, who smiled back at him despite her little chipmunk cheeks, Harry had to admit that he was growing very fond of her as well.

"Who could blame ya."

And with Eggsy pressed up against his side as they both looked down at Daisy, who waved her little arms and smiled at them like they were her two favorite people in the world, Harry let himself pretend, just for a moment, that this wasn't going to all go away very soon.

By the time his mum started to stir that night Eggsy had had plenty of time to think about what he wanted to say to her. No. Want was the wrong word. He knew what he needed to say to her. Even though it was going to anger, hurt, and probably emotionally wound them both very badly for the foreseeable future. Possibly, even probably permanently to some degree. But really, what else was new? They'd both been trapped in cycles of abuse for so long Eggsy had very few memories of life before things had gone to hell in a hand basket. AKA before his father had died. And the fact that his father had died didn't excuse either one of them or the bad choices they'd made. People lost their spouses and fathers all the goddamn time thanks to the fucked up world they lived in and that didn't give them a 'get out of jail' free card when it came to their fuckups. He'd made some fucking awful decisions in his life and he needed to own up to that. And his mum needed to do the same.

What would happen if she couldn't do that, if she refused to do that or promised to do that and didn't follow through like she'd done countless times in the past...well then things were going to get ugly. And he was going to have to deal with that. Accept that. And stick to his guns.

"Eggsy?"

"I'm right here, Mum. Don't worry." Getting up from the chair he'd pulled over to the bed Eggsy took a seat on top of the covers and reached out to place a hand over hers, which were resting on her stomach. He'd left the lamp on the bedside table on, so she wouldn't wake up in the dark and be afraid. It provided just enough light that she could see him clearly. And he could see her.

When he'd been a kid and teenager his mum had been considered one of the sexiest, most desirable women in his neighborhood. And among his peers. Heck, the term MILF had been one of the first initials only slang he could remember learning. But for him...he had the pictures and memories of what she'd looked like before she'd started dressing sexy all the time and layering on the makeup and doing all that girlie shit to her hair and nails. And thought her so much prettier than.

Right now...well right now she looked older than she was. And tired despite hours spent sleeping. Probably the best, deepest sleep she'd had in years.

"Eggsy. Luv. Where...where are we? I-fuck." The process of sitting up had both triggered and seriously upped the pain factor of her hangover from the looks of it. Her face was now buried in her
hands, his mum hunched over in pain as she swore under her breath.

It was a familiar look.

"We're at my uncles' place."

Slowly lifting her head up, his mum peered at him through her disheveled hair. "Wot?"

"Turns out I have two uncles. Dad's brothers. This is their house. Mine too, technically, since it's the family estate. They're gonna have their lawyers draw up a bunch of lawyer shit that legally recognizes me as their nephew and heir now that they know I exist." Eggsy took a deep breath. "It was Harry Hart that introduced me to them. Do ya remember him?"

Swiping a hand through her hair Eggsy's mum glared at him. "Wot the fuck are ya doin, talkin ta him?! He got your father killed! He had no fucking business speak-"

"Mum!" The harshness of his tone cut her off, as he'd known it would. The men in her life had trained her well in that regard. Eggsy didn't like using it, but he knew the sound of an epic hate rant in the making when she started one. And he wasn't gonna sit there and let her badmouth Harry. Why that was such a big thing Eggsy wasn't sure since it wasn't like he'd known Harry that long, but his wolf was a vicious presence in his mind making it clear that he'd tear apart anyone that disrespected the maternal dominant.

"Don't talk shite about Harry. What happened ta dad weren't his fault. And he already feels like shit about it so don't you be adding ta that. Dad chose ta die saving those men, and they're all good ones. I met them today. And they'd have died for him. Harry and Merlin said so. I believed em."

"Eggsy, you don't-"

"Harry would have looked after us after Dad died. And Dad's cousin William offered too, he said. But ya wouldn't let them help. So we lived in the council estates, instead. And got beat ta shit by your boyfriends and went without food or new clothes and-and don't even get me started on the things I missed out on cause we didn't have the money ta pay for lessons no more or school trips or whatever." Eggsy could feel his wolf becoming agitated over his emotional state, and it took painful control to keep him under wraps while bringing him into the conversation.

"And I sure as fuck didn't have anyone teaching me about bein a wolf and how ta control im and all the other stuff Harry and Uncle Taron says I need ta be taught. Fuck, they said I might have tried ta eat people as a wolf. It's happened! And that was your choice, Mum. That's on you cause it's one ya made for the both of us. I didn't know that they was out there, ready ta help, but you did. You did. And it was a fucked up, selfish choice, Mum."

Tears were streaming down his mother's face now, but Eggsy couldn't let it sway him.

Though he did have a weird moment of being grateful he'd had the sense ta remove her makeup for her cause he'd been afraid of it transferring all over the fancy pillows. It always freaked him out when her mascara started ta run down her cheeks like somethin out of a horror movie.

Not important. And he was avoiding the heart of the issue. Like always.

"I get it, Mum. I do. I've lived with ya all my life, remember? I know it broke ya to lose dad. And fuck knows we've both made stupid, fucked up choices our whole lives and blamed it on him. On him dying. But it weren't his fault. It's ours. Yours and mine."

"Don't ya talk ta me like that! I am your mother!"
"Mum...if you weren't I'd have left ya a long time ago ta save myself."

If he'd physically bitchslapped her, his words obviously couldn't have hit her harder.

"I love ya, Mum. Swear down. From birth to fucking earth. But ya can't take care of yourself, much less me or Daisy. And while it's too late for me...it ain't too late for her. All the shite with Dean and the rest, she won't remember that. She don't have ta have the memories I have. I won't...ya need ta get help, Mum. Ya need ta get yourself cleaned up and sober. Or I'm taking her from you and raisin her meself."

For a moment Eggsy's mother was the picture of any mother prepared to draw blood and do battle to protect her child. "She is my child!"

"So was I."

"I did the best I could!" Grabbing a pillow from the against the headboard Michelle threw it towards the door in frustration. "So wot, now that you've got uncles with a big, fancy house I ain't your mum no more? Not good enough for ya?"

"You'll always be my mum. And I'll always love ya. I want what's best for Daisy."

And that was the crux of the matter. The reason he had to sit here and possibly destroy his own relationship with his mother for good. Because Daisy was the innocent here. Of the three of them Daisy was the one with the best chance to make something of herself in the future. If she didn't have them dragging her down with them. Which meant his mum needed to get professional help and he needed to survive King and be around to stand as his sister's dad. And mum...if their own couldn't be. Refused to be.

Tossing aside the covers with fury written all over her face, Eggsy's mum started to get up to either loom over him or find something else to throw. Probably the latter, going by previous experience. But the sudden movements sent her head spinning so that she groaned and fell back against the mattress, curling into a ball of misery as she cried and cursed him.

Eggsy spoke quietly as he cautiously set a hand on her shoulder, not surprised when she jerked away from his touch. "She don't have ta remember ya pissed out of your mind, Mum. Or the table littered with bottles and whatever shit was on the menu ta inject or snort that night. She don't have ta find ya covered in vomit or piss on the floor, passed out. So still she thinks ya're dead. Or have some man she don't know fuckin her mum in front ta her or stumblin in ta her room cause he's so out of it he don't know where the fuck he is. Or knows exactly where he is lookin for her."

Uncurling a little, Eggsy's mum stared at him in horror. "Wot?"

"Did ya think I kept that cricket bat by my bed cause I played it, Mum? Or the sticker under my pillow? The fact that I can say your men only beat the shite out of me, not raped me, ain't because there weren't a few who thought we was a packaged deal in more ways than one."

"You never-"

"Told ya? No, I didn't. And ya know why that is." She'd never protected him from the rest. So why would this be any different?

She looked away from him, wrapping her arms around her frame protectively.

"My uncles said they'll pay for ya ta go ta the best rehab place there is. It won't cost ya a thing." The next words he needed to say called for a deep breath. "Mum...we know how this goes. The courts
probably ordered rehab for over half the people we know. It don't matter how good the place is if ya ain't willing ta change. Ta make the effort. They can't help ya if ya won't help yourself. So make that choice now."

"I am NOT an addict."

"Yes. You are."

)

As was often her habit when faced with something she didn't want to acknowledge or accept Eggsy's mother rolled over to give Eggsy her back. Like her body was somehow a barrier that would prevent the person hurting her from doing more damage. And having spent plenty of time curled up to protect his organs and ribs Eggsy understood the instinct even though that wasn't what this was. And going by previous experience Eggsy sighed and settled in to wait her out rather than speak to her.

She was crap at the silent treatment.

She never lasted long.

She lasted about four minutes.

"That witch had boys after Lee died?"

"Witch?"

"Your bitch of a grandmother. The one who wanted nothin ta do with ya cause you's was a half breed."

Oh. "I ain't met her. But you ain't the only one who don't like her. And I don't know for sure what happened ta her. She might be dead and the Kings didn't bother ta tell anyone."

Eggsy's sensitive ears easily heard his mum's wish that she was.

"I'm gonna ask William about it when I see him next. Mum, my uncles, their names are Addison and Taron, are actually from his dad's side. Turns out the 'Egerton' look skips a generation sometimes. I look just like Uncle Taron, which is why Harry knew who Dad's father had to be. Well first he thought it was Uncle Taron, but it wasn't. They figure it must have been their daddy. Apparently his theme song was Brittany Spear's 'Womanizer'."

"Wait...Egerton." Eggsy's mum rolled over, groaned, then stared at him. "They's was one of the richest families in the pack. And the Kings hated them."

"Yeah. Dad's conception was probably a fuck you ta their families. Oh, and Dad's dad died shortly afterwards, which is why he wasn't alive ta claim Dad. He probably would have."

"And these uncles...they ain't got any kids?"

He wasn't born yesterday. And no one knew his mother better than he did. Fuck.

"No. And speaking of kids...do ya want ta know where Daisy is?"

Color flushing over her cheeks, and money off her mind for the moment, Michelle went back to not looking at him.

"She's sleeping in the family crib in Uncle Taron's room. He insisted. And Harry probably would have fought him for her, only he knows ya don't like him and he figured it would upset you. And he
didn't want ta do that."

That got him a look. "You're letting her sleep with some stranger. After what you just-"

"Okay...that sounds creepy as fuck. The way ya said that. And he wouldn't hurt her. He loves her already. And he's a maternal." Pulling his phone out of his pocket Eggsy accessed his pictures and then handed it over to show his mum the picture he'd snapped of his uncle holding his sister at dinner. "See? They're adorable together."

Curiosity got the best of her, he'd known it would, and she looked back and accepted the phone from him. And swore again as she exclaimed over how much he looked like his uncle.

"Yeah. I'm gonna age really well. And probably keep all my hair." Thank God.

"Where'd she get that dress?"

"Oh, ah, Rachel. The pack healer? She gave us a bunch of stuff she had saved from her own daughter. You'd like Rachel, Mum. She's real nice."

"Rachel. I remember her. Her husband was one of the men that got your father killed."

And here they went again.
Harry lay in bed, unable to sleep. Hell, he wasn't even bothering to close his eyes at this point. He'd tried that for a good two hours already without success. And before that he had been pacing the length of his room, back and forth, his wolf itching to come out and roam the grounds of the Egerton estate. And he would have if not for the fear that Eggsy would need him, would come looking for him, and he wouldn't be there. As he hadn't been there for him all the other times Eggsy had needed him throughout his life. So he'd stayed inside the house and was now trying and failing to will himself to sleep even though Harry knew that it was probably for the best that he didn't sleep.

The nightmares that waited for him would no doubt reflect the images and scenarios that were keeping him awake now.

A nightmare that had begun earlier when he'd come upstairs to once again check on Eggsy and the boy's mother. That and to reassure Eggsy that he hadn't snuck off since the last time they'd spoken. He hadn't intended to stay the night after all, and had only agreed to it over dinner because Eggsy had given him an abandoned puppy look that had made him feel lower than dirt when he'd mentioned heading home for the night afterwards. And truth, because God knows it seemed to be a night for it, he hadn't wanted to leave in the first place. Which was half the reason he'd told himself he should go even as Taron unhelpfully insisted he stay.

So he'd stayed and had split his time between plotting and planning with Eggsy's uncles and checking on Eggsy himself rather than leave. And on his last trip to check on Eggsy...he'd heard talking. Eggsy and Michelle. Had stopped. And listened. 

God.

Eggsy had dropped enough hints, and Merlin had generated a file Harry had read through several times at this point, but still...he had failed to comprehend what sort of life the younger man had lived since that day he'd come to tell the Unwins that Lee was dead. Still arguably couldn't comprehend because he'd never been in Eggsy's shoes. Had never been abused by the people he should have been able to trust most in the world. Had never been left wanting for the bare necessities or doubted that the adults in his life would die to protect him. That if he was in trouble he could go to them and they'd fix things. So he could only imagine...and what he imagined was nauseating and infuriating and heart wrenching. Destroying. All the more so because he knew he should have been there to prevent it. To be the adult who would have seen to Eggsy's wellbeing. To keep him from harm.

And the icing on the cake? The unshakeable knowledge that he might not even know the worst of it yet.

Given that Eggsy had kept silent about the men who'd meant to sexually abuse him until now, and nothing along those lines had ever been reported to the authorities...Harry was willing to bet there were a lot of horrors Michelle and the government employees didn't know about. That Eggsy had kept from everyone and only he knew. He and the others who had seen Eggsy as someone to use. And abuse.

Harry would find out who they were and ended them. Merlin would help him with that. But even then, that wouldn't erase his culpability. Any of theirs. Including Michelle Unwin's.

If he'd known he would have done something. There wasn't a question about that in Harry's mind or
heart, and there was a small amount of comfort in that. Michelle had known at least some of it, and
would have known more if she’d stayed sober. Laid off the drug use. Paid as much attention to her
son as she had herself. But she hadn’t. And Harry couldn't see himself ever forgiving her for that. Or
himself for not realizing she couldn't be trusted with the most precious gift Lee had given her.

The sound of paws approaching his room had Harry sitting up reflexively, his nose identifying the
visitor as Eggsy even before the pup worked out how to turn the doorknob with paws or teeth,
opening the door just enough that his still too slim frame could easily slide between it and the jamb.

The only light in the room came from the windows, which were all open to let in the night air and the
thin light provided by the moon. He'd wanted every advantage in case they were attacked and one of
the intruders was foolish enough not to stay down wind. The fact that the moon provided next to no
light didn't matter anyway thanks to the fact that even in human form he had a wolf's night vision.
Which meant that Eggsy's coloring was all wrong, yes, but he could see him clearly as he came into
the room.

Heading straight for the bed the wolf that was also Eggsy leapt up and over the footboard like it was
nothing, the pup walking up the length of the bed with an easy, unhurried stride. Eyes glowing in the
dimness.

"Hello, Eggsy."

Eggsy stopped in reaction to his name being spoken, cocking his head to the side for a moment and
then he stepped closer, gracefully lowering himself down to first his knees, then lower still. And on
his belly Eggsy bellied across the covers to finish making his way up to Harry's side, stopping only
when he reached Harry's waist. Then he wiggled as close as possible, Harry's dark mood dimming
slightly in reaction to the adorableness of Eggsy's head resting on his thigh, the pup gazing up at him
in a way that silently demanded strokes and pats.

The low sound of pleasure Eggsy made in reaction to Harry digging his fingers into the boy's thick
fur made it clear how much he'd wanted Harry's hands on him, and since petting Eggsy was far from
a hardship and little enough to ask Harry allowed himself to focus solely on the simple, repetitive
motion.

He wanted to apologize but couldn't make the words come out. And he didn't deserve it even if
Eggsy's heart was big enough to forgive him. And he thought that it was. That Eggsy had it in him to
forgive the unforgivable. The pup would have never stayed with his mother this long if he didn't.

"If you knew the thoughts going through my head right now I think you'd bite me."

The low grumble Eggsy made deep in his throat suggested further explanation was required.

"Explaining would only irk you more."

If Eggsy blamed him for the traumas he'd experienced he hadn't said so. And odds were Eggsy
would have. Or at least wouldn't be pursuing him sexually with such happy, single-minded focus.
And getting over himself for a moment Harry could acknowledge that rather than just Eggsy's
mother and himself a lot of people had failed Eggsy. Either deliberately, by neglect, or by assuming
rather than confirming. Which was a depressing as fuck thought.

Suddenly finding himself with a lap full of wolf, Harry's eyes closed automatically as Eggsy nuzzled
him. Licked him. Pressed up against him in a gesture obviously meant to comfort.

"Oh, Eggsy." Leaning forward Harry buried his face against the warm fur and just breathed. Just
breathed in Eggsy's scent as he wrapped his arms around the wolf's neck. Allowing himself to take that comfort while hopefully giving it back as well, since really Eggsy needed it more of the two of them.

They stayed that way for a long time. Both content to remain just as they were.

And when they dreamed, side by side, the nightmares didn't come.

Opening his eyes for a moment, then shutting them immediately in response to the brightness of the sun, Eggsy kept them closed as he used the rest of his senses to get a sense of where he was and what the sitch was. He was not home, at a mate's, or in Harry's house. He was still in his uncles' house. It wasn't the room they'd given him either otherwise the sun wouldn't be in his eyes. Most important of course was the fact that he felt a male body intimately pressed up against his back, an arm wrapped loosely around his bare waist. A body that felt and smelled like Harry.

Memory going into overdrive to figure out just how that had happened, it didn't take long for Eggsy's mind to provide the sort of not quite blurred, but somehow out of focus memories that told him the wolf had been in charge when those memories had been made. Which he should have seen coming.

It didn't happen often anymore, especially once he'd gained nearly complete control over his wolf, but sometimes, especially when he was upset or feeling particularly vulnerable or alone, he would go to sleep and then sorta sleepwalk as a wolf. Which was weird as fuck. And thank God he always remembered his night time prowls afterwards, so he knew he didn't go on murderous rampages or anything. Murder and mayhem wasn't what his wolf went out looking for. Though what exactly the wolf went look for, well Eggsy still had no idea. That was never clear in his memories. Just that he sought something that made his wolf wander the flat or outside in search of it. Never finding it. That was always made clear. Disappointment and longing and pain always threaded through the memories of its search.

Only those feelings weren't there this time, which didn't even surprise Eggsy after the first moment of shock. Because he'd ended up being stroked and cuddled by Harry and how could that do anything but put him AND his wolf in a fucking awesome state of mind.

And that being the case Eggsy very carefully shifted and then rolled over so that he could get a look at the man in question, ridiculously charmed by the disarray of curls and sleep creases. Just the general adorableness of Harry at his most vulnerable.

It was tempting, Eggsy had to admit, to take advantage.

Given the lack of top Eggsy presumed that his uncles hadn't possessed a shirt in their collective wardrobes that would fit Harry comfortably. He approved. But sadly they'd found trousers of some sort for Harry to fit into, but since he was naked and Harry was seemingly only wearing said trousers...

Harry's eyelashes slowly raised as he met his gaze. Knowingly.

"I could feel you plotting."

It's like Harry knew him already.

"So do I need ta apologize for sneakin in here with ya?" As it was Eggsy had to congratulate his wolf for managing it. And realizing that there'd been no fucking way in hell he'd have slept otherwise. His talks with him mum last night had pretty much scraped him raw.
"No. I enjoyed your company."

Something about the way Harry said that triggered a memory from the night before. "What did ya mean last night, when ya said I'd bite ya if I knew what you was thinkin?" Because Eggsy was pretty sure Harry hadn't meant bite in a fun or sexy way.

All the softness of sleep left Harry's face and features in one fell swoop.

"Shit." A moment to consider. "All right. Was you thinkin bout my dad, the fucked up sitch with King wantin ta kill me and all...or is this about me mum?" Cause he wasn't stupid. Harry had come up to check on him like four times after dinner. It was entirely possible that there'd been a fifth time and Harry hadn't come in cause he'd heard Eggsy and his mum going at it. Mum had gotten pretty fucking loud at times too.

"Eggsy."

Right. Given the amount of sorrow attached to those five letters, along with the fact that they'd already addressed his father's death, Eggsy was going to go out on a limb and guess door number three.

"Ya heard Mum and I going at it, huh."

"I apologize for-"

Eggsy quickly lifted a hand so that he could place a finger against Harry's lips, shutting that down right quick. "Ya ain't got nothin ta apologize for. Not for eavesdroppin, since as a wolf I know how fuckin hard it is not ta, and not for any of the shit I was throwin in my mum's face ta give her a reality check. If she or I had come ta ya for 'elp than that would have been one thing. But we didn't. And ya didn't know. Ya can't be blamed for that. Or me dad's decision ta throw himself over that bomb if we got ta rehash that again. Neither."

Harry's gaze made it clear he disagreed.

Fine. Like Eggsy hadn't had years of experience when it came to how to manipulate someone.

"Look, if this shit was reversed and you was me, would ya want me blamin meself cause I didn't know ya needed help?"

A telling minute or so's pause.

"No."

Sliding both hands down between them Eggsy slid his hands from just below Harry's collarbone up to his shoulders. Partly to soothe, but also to just appreciate the warmth of Harry's skin and feel him up a little. He would say he was only human, but that saying didn't work for him. Or Harry.

Also stupid fucking morning breath that meant kissing the shit out of Harry was out of the question currently.

"Distracting me to win the argument?" Harry asked, his lips curved just a little.

"Are we arguing? Cause I'm pretty sure I won already." Eggsy gave Harry his best, big eyes look.

"I see. And has anyone ever told you that you don't fight fair?"

Eggsy winked. "All the time, Luv."
And that being very true Eggsy didn't hesitate to push Harry onto his back while sliding up and over to straddle the older man, definitely liking this position a lot more. Especially since it wiped all the other stuff from Harry's mind so that when he looked at him now, it was definitely not pity or anger at himself Harry was feeling.

Cheers.

"Now you're grinning like a Cheshire Cat."

"Gonna make me purr, Harry?"

"Wolves do not purr." Was Harry's very serious response.

"Harry. I'm fuckin naked here."

"I'm very much aware of that, yes."

Sighing, he'd be insulted if he couldn't smell how much Harry wanted him, Eggsy braced his hands on Harry's very biteable chest and decided to start with nuzzling Harry's firm jawline before nibbling his way down the length of Harry's neck, stopping only when Harry's hands shot up to frame his head and still him. Which made him growl.

"Not there."

Face scrunching up, Eggsy asked why not.

"A bite there has a great deal of meaning in our culture. Between here and here are off limits." Harry used his thumb and pointer finger to indicate the small stretch of skin on either side of his shoulder where biting was apparently not allowed. "It would tell everyone that saw it I was yours. In a very official, not just seeing or sleeping together way."

Okay...now he really, REALLY wanted to bite Harry there.

And Harry's mum hadn't raised no fool. "Biting a maternal dominant there without permission will get you your pretty arse handed to you. or a submissive's more dominant kin would deliver the same."

Right. Message received.

"No bitin ya there till ya say so. Got it." Eggsy would have saluted, but Harry's hands were sorta in the way. So he settled for wiggling a little in impatience, eager to get back to tasting and seducing the sexy as fuck man beneath him.

Harry's hands moved to run along Eggsy's sides, the look on his face both amused and challenging in a way that had Eggsy's wolf sitting up and taking notice. "You're so confident that you think you can do what no man's managed yet?"

Fuck. Eggsy shouldn't find that such a turn on, but he totally fucking did. Challenge so fucking accepted.

"Shit. Now I've challenged you."

"I'd want it even ya hadn't." Which was the truth. While also acknowledging the fact that yes, yes he had. "So anywhere else I can't kiss, lick, bite or touch cause it will put me in the dog house with ya?"

"Very funny."
Having a point to make himself Eggsy shifted back up so that he was looking Harry dead in the eye. "Not really, no. Cause there ain't an inch of your gorgeous body I don't want ta get my hands on. And everything else as well. So IS there anything else I need ta know about before I start headin south?"

"Fuck."

Harry's eyes were now this amber color that totally fucking did it for him. And the scents in the air were getting stronger with every breath he took and making Eggsy's head swim in the best possible way. Harry was reacting to it too, which made it all the sweeter as their scents intertwined.

"Harry?"

A long pause, eye contact maintained, and then Harry shook his head. "No. The rest is yours."

Thank fucking Christ.

Leaning forward Eggsy figured on easing them both into it by repeating his earlier actions on the other side of Harry's neck, respectfully bypassing the spot Harry had informed him to stay clear of. And it wasn't that big of a deal once Eggsy got to turn his mouth's attention to Harry's very pretty chest and then the brown nipples he was very pleased to see were already standing at attention even before his mouth had the pleasure of reaching them.

And this time when Harry's hands reached for him it was to stroke Eggsy's head, the hair really too short for much else. Though he'd be all for growing it out some more if it meant Harry would play and run his fingers through it.

That that would take a few months...well Harry had said he wouldn't make it easy for him.
 Grab On My Waist

Though Harry seemed very much focused on him and what he was doing—and Eggsy would have been too insulted for words if he wasn't—Eggsy was also aware that Harry was the Atlas type. Or at least Eggsy thought that that was the name of the Greek dude who was supposed to be holding the entire Earth on his shoulders. Poor bastard. Anyway, the point was that it hadn't taken Eggsy long to figure out that Harry had one of those complexes where he took all the responsibility and expectations of the world and tossed 'em up on those fucking broad shoulders of his on a regular basis. Hence all this blame he was carrying for what happened to Eggsy's dad and all the shit that had happened before he and Harry had met again. And yeah, Eggsy didn't figure he was wrong to think that it was gonna take a while for him to get it through the other man's thick skull that he wasn't a god or nothin. Though he could see how Harry might be under the impression that he was, now that Eggsy got to look his fill of the man's naked body. Fuck.

But the point his brain was trying to make in the back of Eggsy's mind was that nothing took someone's mind off of his shit choices like a quality blow job.

The best part of this plan, aside from the fact that he got to make Harry moan and pant and come apart beneath him, was that he could actually enjoy himself and take his time showing the other man how much he wanted him. How much he AND his wolf wanted him. And wasn't that a fucking novel experience. Normally the feral bastard hated everything about his previous sexual encounters. They never looked or smelled right to the picky bastard. Cept for Harry.

Eggsy's wolf LOVED everything about Harry.

And he was very enthusiastically using his tongue to demonstrate that affection when a loud knocking at the door interrupted him.

"ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO. WRAP IT UP. I ALREADY LET YOU SLEEP IN, NEPHEW DEAR. YOU HAVE TEN MINUTES TO GET YOUR FINE ARSES DOWNSTAIRS OR I'M COMING IN TO GET YOU!"

Letting Harry's erection slid out of his mouth, his lips having formed on 'O' of horror, Eggsy lifted his head in looked in the direction of the bedroom door. "Oh fuck no."

Harry's dejected groan as his head thunked back on his pillow made it clear Eggsy wasn't hearing things.

"Rachel's here to babysit your mother and Daisy for us by the way! I could send her instead of me if you push me!"

"Shit. Shit. Shit. Fuck!" Glaring at the door Eggsy thought fast. "I could barricade the door."

That got a weak chuckle from Harry. "He'd get through. Nothing keeps Taron out. And he was serious."

"But I need more than ten minutes!" Eggsy knew he was whining, but couldn't seem to stop himself. "Ow am I suppose ta convince ya ta sleep with me if I gotta rush through this like a fucking kid?"

He was never going to get Harry to take him seriously if the man thought he had no stamina.
And it was his turn to groan in dejection when Harry sat up and patted him on the head. Like a kid.

"Unfortunately we have ten minutes to shower and dress. More like eight now. Come on. Up."

"I am up! Painfully fucking so!"

Eggsy did not appreciate the laugh that got him. There was nothing laughable about it or watching Harry deliberately use some sort of ninja leg move to send Eggsy tumbling onto his back so that Harry could get up and off the bed without his weight keeping him in place.

The way Harry crooked his finger in a 'come here' gesture was pretty sexy though. As was the sight of Harry standing there looking all debauched and fine as fuck.

Huffing in annoyance Eggsy rolled over and then twisted to sit up. Damn. Fine. Sliding across the seriously lit sheets Eggsy got to his feet, deliberately rubbing his body up Harry's as he stood.

Then yelped like a pup when Harry's hands slid under Eggsy's armpits and used them to effortlessly lift him up. And when Harry growled at him to wrap his legs around his waist, well Eggsy had no problem complying with that order.

Wrapping his arms around Harry's neck too, his legs around wrapped very securely around Harry's waist, Eggsy had to settle for kissing and nipping playfully around Harry's jaw as he was carried over to a nearby door that predictably opened up to reveal a fucking sick bathroom that was almost as amazing as the one attached to his own bedroom.

They went straight for the shower, Harry opening up the glass door with one hand while keeping the other firmly on Eggsy's arse, where he'd prefer it remained. Unfortunately that didn't seem to be in the cards since as soon as they were inside Harry removed said other hand and told him 'Down'.

Sighing, but still hopeful, Eggsy dropped his legs and got his footing, so to speak.

Harry meanwhile turned around to fiddle with the dials and then the water came down. From the ceiling. What the fuck?!

But he only had a moment to think that before Harry was turning around to face him, hands coming up to frame his face and focus all his attention on him. Which Eggsy was totally fine with.

"We don't have much time. Use some of that conditioner to jack us off. I'll take care of the rest."

"Wait...what? Oh." He got the mental image now. And liked it. But still... "We're doin this proper tonight, all right? None of this rushing shit."

"Eggsy...once Taron is done with you today you'll be lucky to make it back into the house under your own steam. Now stroke."

"Fuck."

Taking the conditioner Harry handed him Eggsy flipped open the lid and squirted the creamy liquid into his hand as ordered. And silently thanked his wolf for depriving him of so much sex as a teenager. He knew how to use his hands very well at this point.

Harry, it turned out, was really good with his hands too as he shampooed Eggsy's hair for him. And it was also fucking distracting as the pleasure of that combined with the pleasure of jacking them off together in his hands fucked with Eggsy's rhythm. And concentration. And his mind in general because he'd had no idea either activity could feel so good.
Then Harry was kissing him and wrapping his hands around Eggsy's to 'help' him and yeah...Eggsy's brain pretty much turned off at that point. Wow.

Returning Harry's kisses messily, his coordination shot to fuck, Eggsy couldn't be bothered to care as he gasped and growled and made a lot of other sounds he'd be embarrassed about later as he let Harry take over. Between the visual porn that was a wet Harry and what they were doing, he had just enough sense to clutch at Harry's waist for purchase as his mind exploded along with his dick.

Fuck.

Slumping against Harry Eggsy nuzzled and shuddered, smiling when he felt Harry come too moments later. Thank God. He wasn't up to helping.

And bonus, they both accomplished their goals before their time limit expired... though they did go downstairs in their wolf forms rather than dress. Which was for the best since Taron was almost at their door to fetch them.

Damn. What a way to start their morning.

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Harry had known before that morning that Taron, when he was training someone, was a little bit sadistic. One with an evil sense of humor and little to no sympathy for his charges. Harry had entertained the idea that the older man might go a little easier on Eggsy because he was family, but that supposition died a quick death within the first hour of Eggsy's training. Taron knew that time was limited and during that first hour he worked Eggsy so hard that Harry felt exhausted just watching them two of them. Though he might have still been a little winded at first thanks to that lovely morning orgasm he hadn't been expecting. Not that that seemed to affect Eggsy in the slightest. Hell, not even the drilling Taron put the boy through to assess him seemed to wind Eggsy in the least. The boy was wired and ready, treating it all like a game rather than a drill.

Of course Eggsy also had the sort of training that meant it probably took a heck of a lot to slow him down physically. The human military training, combined with the boy's years of gymnastics and parkour meant his body had a hell of a lot of stamina, flexibility, and knew how to take a beating even before one factored in his youth and corresponding energy levels.

It also became obvious quickly that for all his speed, agility, and control, Eggsy was still a pup when it came to his wolf. As in the boy had never fought someone in wolf form, nor had a chance to really bond and form a proper partnership with his wolf. Eggsy had lived the majority of his life as human and because he'd never had pack he'd never had the guidance or training they'd have provided him with. He didn't know how to be wolf.

And while odds were high that King would want Eggsy's death to look like an 'accident' it would be foolish to cross out the idea that their current alpha wouldn't send another wolf to take Eggsy down or challenge him. A challenge Eggsy would lose.

Which was why, after discussing the matter after that first hour, Taron tried to show Eggsy various defensive moves in wolf form by having Eggsy watch he and Taron spar in wolf form. Only that didn't work because Eggsy went at his uncle every time in a misguided attempt to protect Harry. The longest Eggsy could contain himself for was about two minutes, the boy shaking like a leaf and whining the entire time he stayed out of it, learning nothing in the process.

Eggsy's explanation was that his wolf just couldn't handle seeing Harry be attacked. He didn't like seeing Taron in danger either, but Harry...Harry was not to be harmed in his wolf's mind and nothing
Eggsy's human mind told him seemed to penetrate apparently.

So Addison was forced to come out and fight with his brother while Harry sat beside Eggsy, watching the two spar with him instead. It was certainly an impressive sight given how skilled both wolves were, and Harry did try his best to pay attention even if Eggsy kept distracting him by leaning against him and sending him dirty thoughts about what they'd be doing if his uncle hadn't laid down the law.

Harry lost track of how many times he had to tell Eggsy to stop that and pay attention.

The really mortifying part came after the brothers drew apart and Taron ordered Eggsy over to show what he'd learned. Harry had put Eggsy's inability to stay out of his and Taron's sparring to still having sex brain and lack of control over his wolf. It was mortifying, absolutely mortifying, to find himself doing little better as he watched Taron so obviously and thoroughly dominate Eggsy during the sparring. Seeing for himself how vulnerable and inexperienced Eggsy was, knowing how easily Taron could maim or kill the boy...

Harry wanted to rip Taron's throat out. He actually had to work to mentally restrain himself from attacking even knowing that they were just sparring. That Eggsy needed this training.

Worst of all was when they stopped for a moment so that Taron could begin berating Eggsy over a badly timed move and Harry interrupted them, growling out the 'suggestion' that Eggsy needed to spar with someone younger first.

Taron smirked, literally smirked at him in response. Or as much as a wolf could while Addison told him telepathically to stop thinking with his dick.

Taron was a little nicer, suggesting that if it was too much for him to handle Harry could go back inside.

Eggsy...Eggsy hung his head, the picture of a dejected puppy.

'I'm sorry, Harry. I ain't never fought in this form before.'

Heart just melting, an occurrence that was going to worry him later, Harry hurried over and gave Eggsy an encouraging nuzzle. 'That's not your fault, Eggsy. It's your pack's. We failed you, not the other way around. Just keep trying your best and you'll be able to take them on soon enough.'

'I'm going to be sick.' Addison stated from where he was still standing, watching them with derision.

'Oh stop it.' Taron shot back, shaking his head at his brother. 'It's sweet. Counterproductive as hell, but sweet.'

'It's not going to be sweet when he's mauled to death.'

Harry growled, showing his teeth instinctively.

Not fazed in the least, Addison shrugged and stated that the truth hurt. Deal with it.

'I'll do better.' Eggsy met Taron's gaze, shoulders straightening in determination. 'Again.'

'Good man.' Taron nodded in approval. 'Let's do it.'

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Harry had not been kidding when he'd said Taron would work him so hard Eggsy would have to
drag his sorry arse all the way back to the house. He hadn't been this sore since his first week of marines training. And they were just getting started. He was heading in search of lunch now and it was taking all Eggsy had to drag himself back downstairs, having gone up to quickly shower and dress since he really didn't want to have lunch with his family naked. Or from a doggie dish. And he was fucking starving since apparently missing breakfast was the cost of sleeping in with Harry. Worth it, no question, but he could eat his way through a fucking buffet right now.

The hot shower he'd just had had helped a little, but mostly it just made him think of Harry. And the fact that Harry had been called away on pack business.

He didn't like Harry being out of his sight. His wolf REALLY didn't like it.

Out of nowhere a scent hit Eggsy's nose, his wolf rearing back in reaction inside Eggsy's mind. It was so...sweet...and yet somehow made him think of sex. A concentrated dose of hours' worth of sex trapped in a room somehow. It made Eggsy's nose itch and his dick harden. And made him bemoan the fact that his sore muscles weren't a result of hours of sex with Harry.

Curious now Eggsy reached the bottom of the stairs and followed his nose into a room situated to the right of the main entrance. One that probably had some fancy, pretentious name he'd never heard of. Either way it had a bunch of uncomfortable looking chairs and couches situated by a low table with a really big flower arrangement sitting on it.

The source of the smell proved to be a tall, shapely redhead who looked to be about Eggsy's own age. A wolf, too. Her scent was even stronger as Eggsy approached, the woman and his Uncle Taron both turning to look in his direction.

Taron's lips curved ruefully. "Eggsy. This is Lauren Hobbes. Her family's estate is adjacent to our own. She came over on behalf of her family to say hello to you."

"Hello, Eggsy. It's such a pleasure to meet you." Smiling brightly Lauren glided over to Eggsy. It was the only word for it. The way she raised her hand up to him, obviously expecting him to kiss it, looked like some move from a ballet or gymnastics class.

Having never in his life kissed a girl's hand before Eggsy took it and hoped he didn't look stupid as he lowered his head to kiss it. "Nice to meet you."

The smile she gave him was heavy on the sex, which went with her scent. And seriously, couldn't she have bathed first? I mean, fuck, she was a wolf too. She had to know that they could all smell it on her. Though he didn't smell who she'd had sex with now that he was thinking about it. Fuck. Had she...okay...that was hot. Still weird as fuck given this weird exhibitionist streak that made her want them to know what she'd been up to on her down time, pun entirely intended, but pretty hot to visualize.

"Welcome to the neighborhood. And the pack too, of course. Your family and mine have been close for generations. I'm sure we'll be good friends as well."

Right, because Red wanted them to spend hours discussing their favorite TV shows and hanging out at Mickey D's. Not. And while his ego wanted to be flattered Eggsy knew a setup when he saw it. The classic femme fatale was a time honored tradition. And even if she was actually interested—it was hard to tell given her messed up scent—the last thing he wanted was it to get back to Harry that he was getting chummy with a hot redhead. That was a recipe for disaster. And blue balls.

"Thanks. I'll be pretty busy for the next little while, gettin ta know my family and the pack and all, but seein as our families are so close I'm sure I'll see you around."
The 'are you serious' expression that flittered across her face was expected, the surprise Eggsy saw on his uncle's though...that was insulting. Did he think so little of him? Taron knew he was into Harry. What the heck? Just because he was from the estates didn't make him a manwhore.

Giving Eggsy a very well-crafted come hither look, complete with running her fingers through her hair for added effect, Lauren told him that she'd be happy to give him her number so that he could call her when he had some time available. She'd love to introduce him to the other members of the pack their age.

"Hey, you two! Lunchtime!"

Addison wasn't in sight, probably wanting to avoid being social since that was so obviously not his thing. Being rude and yelling at them from another room was.

Taron let out a long, put upon sigh before giving Lauren an apologetic smile. "My apologies for my brother, Lauren. You know how grumpy he can be."

"Don't worry about it. I should have...known better than to drop by so close to lunch. I'll come by another time." Wearing a smile that looked a little strained around the edges, Lauren continued to give Eggsy searching looks, like she was trying to see something on his face and couldn't understand why she wasn't.

Eggsy, when he glanced in his uncle's direction, wasn't quite sure what to make of the penetrating stare he got back in return.

What the heck was going on here?
Like A Magnet

Like A Magnet

The question of what the fuck Eggsy was missing made lunch that much more awkward to get through. After Taron had tried and failed to smooth down all of Lauren's feathers as they escorted her out to her car Eggsy had asked Taron what the fuck all the weird looks he'd given him before were about. Taron had just looked at him for a long minute of silence and then stated that he'd explain after lunch. Said it while giving him a look that Eggsy had seen enough times in the mirror to know that he wasn't getting nothing out of his uncle until Taron was good and ready to spill the beans.

So he'd been left wondering and when they'd got back into the house Uncle Addy had started to make some arsehole remark about it being a good thing Harry hadn't been around to see-that was when Taron had cut him off by telling Addison they had a serious problem they'd need to discuss after lunch. Until then Lauren was not to be discussed. Or else. And Uncle Taron had one hell of a 'or else' expression. He intended to study and emulate it. And of course that just wracked up Eggsy's curiosity to a fever pitch, especially since the look on his older brother's face convinced Addison to actually do as he was told without arguing. Which of course only made Eggsy want to learn the look more.

All that...and lunch with his mum and Rachel. His strung out, sulking, glaring at everyone mother. Who saved the worst of her looks for Rachel, who was full of smiles and tales of the delightful morning she and Daisy had spent together. Stories she told while pointedly ignoring Eggsy mother in a way that made it clear the two women had talked at some point. And really, really didn't like each other.

There was also the fact that normally his mum would have tried to charm Uncle Taron at the very least, especially since he looked so much like Eggsy and was the one who controlled the money as the patriarch of the family. The fact that she wasn't...well that said to Eggsy the two had talked at some point while he wasn't around. And that hadn't gone well either. Uncle Taron was polite and tried to include Eggsy's mum in the various conversations made over the table as they ate their lunch, but Eggsy got the vibe that had more to do with good breeding and manners than Uncle Taron actually having any interest in getting to know Eggsy's mum. Which also raised the question of whether either or both of his uncles had heard some of Eggsy and his mom's fights last night. Given their super wolf hearing the odds were high. As were the odds that the two now liked his mum about as much as Harry did. Which was not at all.

Man. Family holidays were going to be so much fun from now on.

Not that they'd ever really had the money to really celebrate any of them before this. Or been in the right frame of mind to celebrate the way happy families did anyway. But if his mum went into rehab and really tried...and if wishes were horses than beggars would ride.

And what the hell was up with that Lauren chick? Why the hell was she a 'big problem' according to Uncle Taron? She hadn't looked like one. A nymphomaniac, maybe, but Taron hadn't gotten the sense that she was a threat beyond potential molestation. And also what had been up with her reaction to him not being in to her? I mean yeah, she was pretty fine, but he'd seen better. In person. And while the world and women in particular liked to suggest men thought with their dicks ninety percent of the time Eggsy didn't get the sense that her confusion and disbelief was just because he hadn't been interested in getting naked with her. It had been more than that. He just didn't know what piece of the puzzle he was missing. Which irked the hell out of him.
On the A side...the food was good. Though his mum only picked at hers.

But finally the meal was winding down and Daisy started to fuss a little in the highchair that had mysteriously appeared for her use. In response Rachel immediately scooped her up and announced that she was going to go get Daisy a cold soother to suck on and rub some more ointment into her poor little gums. Eggsy's mum got up too, Eggsy watching her open her mouth to no doubt say something about Daisy being her daughter, not the healer's, but Rachel sent her a look that-yeah, you didn't argue with that level of 'Mum glare'.

To do so was to take your life into your feeble hands.

No one was surprised when Eggsy's mum stated she was going back upstairs to lie down for a while. She had a headache.

And with the women out of the room and hearing range...

"So what the fuck were all those looks about, huh?"

"Outside."

Jerking his head to indicate that they were to follow him Taron pushed back his chair and then led the way through the house in silence until they were outside and nearly at the tree line.

"All right, Taron, what the hell? The Hobbes' are small time and even if the fucker sent the twit here to get in the boy's trousers that's not a big problem. Annoying as fuck, yeah, but not something you need to go all serious about. So what am I missing?"

"Eggsy didn't go stupid over her."

"Oi! I am datin Harry, remember? Sorta." They hadn't actually been on a date per say, but orgasms had been had and Eggys was planning for more in the future. And dates too.

And the way Addison was staring at him really made Eggsy want to punch him, which was why he turned his attention to his older uncle to ask him 'what the fuck?'.

"Eggsy...the big problem is that you should have reacted a hell of a lot more strongly to a submissive almost in heat giving you 'I'm all yours' signals. Pretty much any-

"In heat? Like in heat, in heat? Like in fanfiction?"

Taron nodded. "It's one of the reasons our numbers are so low. It is possible for our women and maternal dominants to get pregnant when they aren't in heat, but the odds are extremely low. And no, it's not like fanfiction. We don't turn into mindless nymphomaniacs desperate to shag anyone. Our scents just kick up other wolves' sex drives and give us amazing recovery time. Even at my age. Just for a day or two unless we have a mate. Then it last about three to five days depending again on age."

"Ah...so do dominants have these heats to or..."

"Dominants go into heat only when their mates do. And since you brought up fanfiction-by mate I mean your wolf's mate. Not necessarily man you's. Your mother was your father's wife, not his mate. She had no wolf for his to bond with. Which is not to say he didn't love her, Eggsy. Just that it was different from what I'm talking about. When a wolf decides that another wolf is his or her mate it isn't love at first sight or soulmates. It's an instinctual thing that's..." Taron travelled off, brows knitted.

"A crap shot." Was Addison's opinion.
"It's complicated. And we'll come back to that. The point is that an unmated wolf your age should have been all over her. Your eyes should have dilated, your scent should have changed to indicate serious sexual interest, and your wolf should have been itching to get close to breathe in her scent and rub up against her. At the very least. But you...she got you a little riled, but no more than I would have expected—if you were an older, mated wolf."

"Shit." Addison drew his attention over to them, the grouchy looking particularly annoyed as he rubbed a hand over his face. "When I was giving Hart a hard time about Eggsy following him around like a puppy he said something about Eggsy only being interested in him because he was the first person Eggsy's wolf liked too. Eggsy told him that his wolf had never been sexually attracted to anyone. The opposite, in fact."

"Wot? He said that?" They were going to have words when his sexy wolf got back.

Taron growled. "Dammit. This family really is cursed."

"We are not cursed."

"We are so fucking cursed, Addy. Only our fucked up family could-Jesus, he would have only been five at the oldest!"

"There's been younger documented. And Hart was an adult."

"Oi! Wot the fuck are you two goin on about?"

The look his uncles gave him...

"Shit. Am I dyin or somethin?"

Moving in closer Taron put a hand on Eggsy's shoulder, giving it a squeeze. "You're not dying, no. Or at least we're going to do everything in our power to make sure that you don't end up dead any time soon. The problem...well it's one our family seems to encounter with regularity. You, actually, might be the first in a while to even stand a-we have shit luck when it comes to mates. They either don't want us or not for long. Not for keeps."

"Wot's that got to do with..." Oh. He hadn't behaved the way his uncles and Lauren had thought he would when he'd met her. Uncle Taron had said he'd acted like a mated wolf. He was way into Harry even though they'd only just met...

"The fact that your wolf might think Harry's is its ideal mate is problematic on two levels. First there's the fact that our family has shit luck in that regard. The second is that...you have to court Harry now on top of everything else."

It took Eggsy's brain a few moments to comprehend. "I gotta what?"

"Dominant and submissive males always recognize it first. That their wolf thinks he's found their mate. But the maternal dominants and females tend to catch on pretty quickly. Wolves aren't subtle when they think they've found the one. If Harry figures it out before you start courting him he'll think your human side doesn't want him and-"

"Kiss whatever small chance you have buh bye." Addison interrupted.

"He has a chance. I've never seen Hart act the way he does around Eggsy!"

"You aren't around much."
"Shut it, Addy." Taron gave his brother an impressive death glare. "Just because Fate fucked us over doesn't mean it will him. Especially with me helping him."

"Keeping him alive is more important than playing cupid."

"True. But-"

Brain mostly on board now and very confused, Eggsy held up quelling hands in his uncles' directions before they could really get going. "Wait a minute. Hold the fucking phone. New wolf here. EXPLAIN!"

Naturally Addison wanted to know what he needed explained.

"EVERYTHING!" A moment of pause. "From Uncle Taron."

"That's wise." Taron agreed.

So it took nearly an hour but Eggsy got the just of the FUBAR situation he found himself in. Apparently while still a child his wolf had probably, despite being in a mostly dormant state, decided that Harry Hart should be his mate. That was why his wolf had always had such a problem with everyone Eggsy's human half had shown sexual interest in. Wolves mated for life and didn't screw around. This was also why Eggsy's wolf was so protective and sexually aggressive where Harry was concerned. Probably why he'd trusted Harry so quickly with Daisy and everything else too. Oh, and for some weird reason Eggsy's wolf's feelings were so strong for Harry that the stupid thing didn't consider Harry a good candidate for his mate. No, he saw him as HIS mate already. Which was a mindset that tended to piss maternal dominants off to a serious fucking degree because they were just as dominant and didn't like to be told what was right for them.

And now that his 'human' side was aware of his wolf's intentions where Harry was concerned Eggsy now had to 'court' both Harry's wolf and human side. Proving to both sides of Harry that he was worthy of him. This involved gifts, romantic gestures, and demonstrations of his ability to provide, protect, and procreate. Also bonus, now that Eggsy's human side was aware of the situation his wolf's behavior, physical cues, and scent would quickly make his intentions known. And if Harry realized Eggsy's wolf wanted to mate with him before Eggsy made his interest known this could be seen as extremely insulting. Like he didn't think Harry was worthy of him or some such shite. And the longer he waited to start courting the quicker he'd get his arse handed to him.

Oh, and apparently his family had terrible fucking luck when it came to their love lives AND Harry had been unsuccessfully 'courted' thirty-eight times in the past that his uncles knew about. Twenty-two of them claiming their wolf felt the 'mate bond' between them. Because feeling the bond didn't mean they were soulmates or meant for each other either. If both wolves felt it then yeah, you were usually golden with your human halves falling into line too. But if only you felt it and the other didn't...well then you were fucking screwed. Especially in Eggsy's case since his wolf seemed to be of the mind that only Harry would do.

All that on top of the fact that his evil great uncle might soon try and have him killed while he had to learn how to fight and function within a pack.

And get his mum into rehab.

And...and he was so fucking screwed.
It had been far too long since Harry had read 'The Paper Bag Princess'. Or any of Robert Munsch's works for that matter. A mistake he was pleased to remedy as he delighted his rapt audience with the tale of Princess Elizabeth as she sought to rescue her fiancé Prince Ronald from a dragon. A task made that much worse by the fact that she had to do it while wearing a paper bag thanks to the dragon's decision to destroy not just her castle, but her wardrobe as well. A deed that added quite the insult to considerable injury in Harry's books. If he'd been Elizabeth Harry would have killed the dragon for the loss of clothing alone. Not to mention finding a paper bag big enough to cover someone his size, even when he'd been a child himself...

But thankfully he didn't have to look for alternative clothing at the moment. Though that might change in the near future since one's clothes did tend to get messy or stained when one was dealing with small children. He would have dressed down if he'd known, but originally he'd been called in by Merlin to discuss Kingsman business. It was only as he'd been leaving that he happened to pass by the pack's daycare, catching sight of the chaos within in the process. A toy thrown through a window during a temper tantrum had resulted in broken glass and three children requiring medical attention. Minor injuries, thankfully, but between that and having to clean up the resulting mess the staff had been in desperate need of some help.

Naturally he'd agreed to help out, shepherding the uninjured children off to the reading nook to distract them with their favorite books. Thankfully the majority of them had excellent taste in children's literature.

This was the fourth book they'd read and Harry had just reached the part where Elizabeth was yelling in the exhausted dragon's ear when inside his mind his wolf pricked up its ears, telling him before Eggsy's scent reached his nose moments later that the other man was nearby. The question of why that was flittered across Harry's mind, but mostly it was occupied with wondering just how the hell his wolf had become so in tune with Eggsy's already.

Reading on autopilot Harry forced himself to keep his attention on the pages until Elizabeth happily danced off into the sunset without her bum of a fiancé, showing all the children the picture in question before announcing that that was the end. Only then did he allow himself to look off to the side where Eggsy stood watching them, leaning up against a wall with a soft expression on his face. The look doing something to Harry's insides that had butterflies erupting in his stomach and made his wolf wiggle in...anticipation?

And picking up on the fact that they no longer had his full attention the six children he was supposed to be entertaining all turned their heads to study the stranger in their midst.

"He looks like Mr. Taron." Four-year-old Clarissa stated with interest.

"He's pretty." Lily 'whispered'. Which, given that she was toddler, meant they all heard her easily.

Smiling at everyone Eggsy strolled over with his hands in his pockets. "Hello, Sprogs. I'm Eggsy. Would ya mind if I joined ya in listenin ta Harry's stories?"

"We're not frogs." Three-year-old Richard looked indignant. "We're wolves!"

"He said sprogs. It's slang for children." Clarissa smugly informed the younger boy, looking down her nose at him. Then she aimed a beaming smile at Eggsy. "I'm Clarissa Bolton Finch. You can sit beside me."

The little girl gave the toddler sitting next to her a look that told him to move. Now.

Eyes dancing with amusement Eggsy thanked her and came over to pick up the toddler who'd begun
shuffling over to make room, settling the little boy into his lap as he sat down on the carpet. The little boy, a submissive, most likely, immediately snuggled in against Eggsy chest, burying his face there. Possibly so he wouldn't have to meet Clarissa's jealous stare.

Eggsy mouthed a 'Hi' in Harry's direction, giving him a cheeky wink.

Up close Harry could see the hint of bruising on the left side of Eggsy's jaw and had no doubt there were plenty of other bruises hidden by the boy's clothing. But he hadn't moved like he' been injured badly enough for Taron to call off the afternoon's training, so just what was he doing here?

"It's my turn now," Richard reminded him, pointing at the book he'd picked out.

"Of course."

Questioning Eggsy would have to wait.
Once each child had had their book read to him or her the head of the daycare came over to collect the children to take them outside for a while. Anna asked if they'd like to come too, which is how Harry and Eggsy ended up in charge of pushing kids on the swings while Taron, who'd also joined them towards the end of storytime, played in the sandbox with Lily. Clarissa and Richard were determined to see who could go higher on the swings, so Harry did his best to help the latter while Eggsy cheered Clarissa on.

"You're in luck. Nothing distracts a maternal dominant quite like children. Taron will be too occupied to think about returning to your training for at least an hour."

Eggsy grinned at him. "Yeah, I noticed."

"Why did you take a break in the first place?"

"A mate of Uncle Taron's called. Said she'd never forgive im if he didn't bring me by to meet her ASAP. Course by the time we got here she was on the warpath about what had happened with the window and all. Taron introduced us and then we came here cause he wanted ta check on the sprogs and she went back ta cursin the Kings for their bloody budget cuts and ignoring her memos bout improvements that need ta be made round here. Guess I'll meet her properly later."

"Katherine Drummond?"

"Yeah. She seems pretty badass."

"She is. She's also in charge of representing the maternal dominants in a number of capacities. I expect I'll hear from her within the next couple hours about this."

"She was talkin to Taron bout him and the rest of ya havin a meetin ta put together a list of demands for King. She figured once word got out about today there'd be more people willin ta back her about the daycare needing an update."

This was far from the first time Harry had heard Katherine complaining about Chester King's cheapness. Or the man's father when he'd been running things. "She isn't wrong. Though I'm not going to hold my breath that King will give in to our requests. I'll pay for better windows if it comes to that."

Harry felt his cheeks flush a little at the look Eggsy gave him.

"You're a good man, Harry Hart."

"It's nothing."

"Right. Well according to my uncles I'm pretty loaded now. I'll split the cost with ya."

Damn.

Saying to hell with whoever might be watching Harry stepped away from Richard and the swing long enough to get close to Eggsy and kiss his cheek.

Tilting his head Eggsy wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. "Do that again? Only over a little more."
"That's all you get. For now."

Eggsy gave him a cocky grin. "I can wait."

"Higher, Eggsy! Higher!"

"Yes, my princess." Laughing Eggsy turned his attention back to pushing Clarissa, who was pumping her legs for all they were worth.

Knowing his job Harry turned his attention back to giving Richard far more gentle pushes. He knew for previous experience that while Richard was a brave little fellow...he was no match for Clarissa. The girl had more nerve than plenty of wolves five times her age. She'd also had the-

As if just thinking of the bumps, bruises, and even a broken bone Harry knew the little girl had gotten over the past year had signaled the fates to add to the list, Clarissa let go of the chains to tuck her hair behind her ears. And lost her seat in the process.

Harry moved but Eggsy got there first, catching the girl in midair with what looked like ease, even keeping his feet in the process.

"Yay! Let's do it again!"

"Let's not." Eggsy informed her, putting her back on her feet.

"Clarissa Bolton Finch. We've talked about this." Having run over as well Taron put his hands on his hips, a stern look on his face. "Hands stay on the chains at all times, remember?"

"Oops."

"Oops is right. And just for that I'm stealing Eggsy away from you. He's got training to catch up on."

Harry joined Clarissa in being extremely disappointed as they watched Taron drag Eggsy away from them after a brief goodbye and see you later. Especially since Harry had a feeling that Eggsy would be half unconscious by the time dinner rolled around and in no condition to do more than exchange a kiss or two. If that.

The tug on his suit jacket had Harry looking down to find Clarissa giving him a knowing look. "Is he your boyfriend, Mr. Harry?"

Well hell. "What makes you think he might be?"

"He gives you gooey looks."

And out of the mouth of babes.

"Gooey looks?"

Clarissa nodded eagerly, wiggling gleefully while giving him what Harry assumed was supposed to be a 'gooey' look. It reminded Harry of the look silent actors used to give to their love interests in the movie. Very exaggerated, and Eggsy had never looked at him that way for certain...but still...

"You gave him a gooey look too."

Damn. He'd been afraid of that.

"We're still getting to know each other." Harry finally acknowledged, not about to say more on
subject. Especially since she was far too young for this conversation.

The little girl outright laughed at him.

Then skipped away while singing the Harry and Eggy version of that 'Sitting in a Tree' rhyme.

Lying in bed later that night, Harry fast asleep beside him, Eggy continued to try and fail to come up with some sort of first romantic gesture to make. Earlier he'd fallen asleep right after he and Harry had come upstairs after dinner...but now it was like three in the morning and his mind was going a mile a minute. Or trying to. His brain was as exhausted as his body at this point. His poor, battered and bruised body. Which had prevented him from jumping Harry earlier and now was just one more thing keeping him awake since moving was not his friend.

Which was why he was currently lying awake in bed, trying to come up with a plan since he was awake anyway.

Uncle Taron had offered up a bunch of suggestions but none of them had felt right. Especially since most of them...Eggy was going to go out on a limb and bet they'd all been done before. That or they involved spending more money than he was entirely comfortable with. And while his uncles didn't see it that way...Eggy saw it that way. At least for now. And big, expensive gestures sure as fuck hadn't worked for all the blokes who'd tried to court Harry before him. From the sounds of it a lot of them had given up after the first or second gesture, Harry had shut them down that quickly and coldly. He was probably a little twisted to find that sexy. When it wasn't scaring the shit out of him because if they didn't stand a chance than how could he?

Unfortunately, after doing some suggested mental exercises suggested by Uncle Taron Eggy had to conclude that his uncles were right when it came to how his wolf felt about Harry. To say he felt homicidal at the thought of Harry with someone else would be an understatement. The thought of a life spent with Harry...made his wolf really, really happy. And human him too. Which was completely mental, obviously, but at the end of the day he wanted to be with Harry. In bed and out. Would have wanted to date him even without the mate thing as a motivator. And most of this 'courting' stuff was dating stuff and that was normal. Or as normal as dating could ever be.

As soon as he figured out what he was doing. And how to date someone when he'd really never done that seriously before.

But he'd seen enough movies and shows on the telly to have some idea what was expected, and he'd certainly seen his share of bad relationships so doing the opposite would probably be best. If he wanted to be original that meant flowers and chocolate were out. Poetry...not his thing. Not to mention it brought back unpleasant flashbacks from his school days. There was serenading him, his voice was more than decent, but yeah...no. Or not yet, anyway. He was holding that in reserve.

Harry's place had made it clear the man dug butterflies. Maybe something related to that? There had to be an exhibit or museum somewhere in the city they could visit. Which Harry had probably already seen. A gift with a butterfly theme could work...but he wasn't sure Harry was interested in that sort of thing. He might just like to decorate with them.

He wanted something that made Harry smile and beam with pleasure, the way he had this afternoon when he'd been taking care of the sprogs and readin them stories. Harry was meant to be a dad, that was obvious enough. He just loved kids.

Eggy felt a small bomb going off in his brain at the thought of providing Harry with kids, which
was why he opted to shelve that thought before the added stress killed him very dead. Instead he started searching through his memories, trying to come up with gifts he’d been given in the past that had meant a lot to him. It was a short list and didn't help one bloody bit. His mum being sober, boyfriendless, and not depressed were the best gifts she’d ever given him. And Daisy was just a baby. Her gifts were drool coated kisses and hours spent cuddling. And he...

The bomb that went off in Eggsy's mind this time was a welcome one. A very welcome one as several pieces of the 'what the heck am I going to do' puzzle fell neatly into place. And were joined by other pieces as a plan began to form in his mind. A genius plan.

"YES!"

His fists in the air, V for victory was somewhat ruined by his groans as his abused body protested the sudden movement. And the fact that Harry jerked awake beside him in reaction.

"What was-"

"Sorry," Eggsy hurried to say, knowing how much Harry valued sleep. "I couldn't sleep cause of this problem on my mind and I figured out the solution and yeah...sorry for waking ya."

Swiping back his messy curls Harry half yawned, half spoke as he stated that Eggsy shouldn't worry about it. And that unless Eggsy needed input on his problem he was going back to sleep.

"Nah, I'm good." A new thought occurred. "Though seeing as we're both awake and I have something to celebrate..."

A chuckle in the darkness. "I rather think you should conserve your strength for whatever training regime Taron has planned for you come morning. Not to mention I know how bruised you are."

Eggsy didn't really have to think about it. And while pouncing was out, he was up to snuggling against Harry's side to kiss him. A lot.

"I'll risk it."

The following day Harry and Eggsy were once again woken up by Taron pounding on their door. The bastard. But he was a persistent one and after another shower together, a tradition they both appreciated, the two headed downstairs for breakfast. And once breakfast was over Harry left for the day after promising to return later that afternoon to help with Eggsy's training. It was for the best really, since he also knew that while he was away the Egerton brothers and Eggsy intended to sit down with Eggsy's mother to talk about sending her to rehab. Taron had already told him that he intended to make it clear to the woman that she either went voluntarily or they'd arrange for her to be out of reach of King for the time being. Once the month was over though they would be willing to give her a monthly allowance to live comfortably on, but she wouldn't be allowed near Daisy without supervision. She also wouldn't be able to ask for more if she spent said money unwisely.

Given his previous history with the woman and his current opinion of her Harry agreed that having him around for the talk would be counterproductive. He wanted to support Eggsy of course, but he would only have made it worse. He had to contend himself with making Eggsy promise to call him afterwards so that he'd know what decision she'd made and that Eggsy was all right.

He'd also made Taron promise to text him if he thought Eggsy needed him to return immediately, and had no idea why Taron seemed so pleased by his concern. Before making a request of his own. Taron had asked if he would stay at the estate for the rest of the month with Eggsy. He felt that
Harry's presence would not only deter their enemies, but would make Eggsy feel safer. And just happier. Taron had smirked over that last one.

Harry had opted to be the better man and just agree with the plan since it was what he wanted to do anyway. Hence his first order of business for the day was going home to pack and make arrangements for his neighbor to water his plants for him.

He'd just picked up his mail when he got a text from Taron letting him know that Michelle had agreed to go into rehab. In the end she hadn't even put up a fight. She'd apparently listened to the two options she was being given and after a couple minutes of more silent treatment she'd gone with rehab.

Which was good. Very good. Provided that she made the effort and worked with the rehab clinic to change her behavior and bad habits. And didn't backslide as soon as she got out again. Taron's next text didn't bode well in that regard. Apparently the other man had gotten the vibe that she was only going along with the plan to shut them up and make the appearance of wanting to fix her life. Unless the staff at the clinic had better luck reaching her Taron didn't think she was going to benefit long term from this. Taron was pretty sure Michelle was so used to her son bending over backward to take care of her and Daisy that she didn't think they'd block her from their lives permanently. That so long as she 'tried' he'd forgive her and take care of her when it didn't take.

Taron was worried she might be right about that.

The two of them exchange eight texts back and forth discussing the matter before one came in from Eggsy saying that everything was fine and his mom had agreed to the rehab.

'I'm glad to hear that.' Was the best response Harry could come up with. Lame and predictable, but what else was he supposed to say? Expressing his opinion of Michelle or her chances of recovery wouldn't help. And likely harm instead.

'Yeah. Uncle T has a car coming for her in two hours. Looked the place up on my cell, it looks pretty fancy.'

Taking a moment to be grateful Eggsy was writing to him in full sentences and not some of that ridiculous code of initials so favored by today's youth, Harry texted back that he'd heard great things about the clinic and was sure they'd do their very best for Eggsy's mother.

'Gotta go. Training time.'

A possible lie, but Harry didn't call him on it. 'Good luck. I'll stop at the chemist's on the way back to get something for all the sore muscles you're going to have.'

The image Eggsy sent back was of a-happy face wasn't the right word. The face was leering and the eyebrows were wiggling.

That called for some eye rolling in Harry's opinion. 'I didn't say I'd help you apply it.'

When no answer came back immediately Harry returned his phone to his pocket, assuming that Taron had probably snatched the phone so that it couldn't distract Eggsy from the day's training. Everyone knew the dangers of trying to get someone of Eggsy's generation or younger to pay attention to them when they could be on their phones looking up memes or watching ridiculous videos.

Sorting and separating his legitimate mail from the junk Harry had just torn up and disposed of the latter when his phone chimed to alert him to an incoming text.
Pulling it out Harry opened up the message to see a text that said 'But wot about the places I can't reach?'

Followed by a picture. That judging from the angle of the shot Eggsy had taken himself. Of himself. More specifically of his bare back as he bent over a bathroom sink so that his trousers were pulled tight across his delectable arse.

Damn.

Saving that picture to his phone and only feeling a little perverted about it, Harry had to think for a minute to come up with a response to that.

'I suppose the view might be worth the trouble of a massage.'

Eggsy's response came quickly. It read 'Only might?' and featured a pouty face.

'I would have to make a thorough study of it.'

'It will be at your disposal tonite, then. Anywhere else ya want ta study?'

Harry didn't have to think about his reply to that one. He quickly typed out that if Eggsy so much as thought about sending him a dick pic he'd ended up with a very red arse tonight. And not in a fun way.

Sexy photos were appreciated. Vulgar ones were not.

'LOL. That means Laugh Out Loud btw. Understood.'

'I know what it means.' Though only because it was so over used these days. Harry was ninety percent sure that the majority of the time people didn't actually laugh. It was just a shortcut to say something had amused them.

'Ok. Uncle T is getting mad. Talk ta ya later.'

That message was quickly followed by another from Eggsy.

'My arse is all yours tonite. Ya can use it well.'

Fuck.

Well Harry knew what he was going to be thinking about for the rest of the day.
Be My Baby

For the record Eggsy had meant every word when he'd told Harry that his arse was his that night. Swear down and everything. How the hell was he supposed to know that he'd end needing to be carried to bed a couple hours before dinner time and consequently be forced to remain as still as possible on his stomach for the rest of the night. Though at least there weren't as clothes in the way since he'd been wolf when it happened. And Uncle Taron had rubbed him down with some stuff which wasn't nearly as appreciated as it would have been if Harry had been doing it, though it did help. Still, Uncle Taron was the tough love sort and had ordered him to rest and think about why he'd ended up in this situation in the first place.

He did not need time to think about it, thank you very fucking much.

The problem was that his wolf was being an arse. Wasn't listening and was so focused on Harry that he didn't want to pay attention to what Eggsy's uncle was trying to teach them how to be seriously badarse in wolf form. Reminding the furry bugger that Harry wouldn't want them if they kept getting their arses handed to them was about the only thing that made his wolf pay any attention to him at all. Well that and they couldn't exactly court Harry if they were dead cause they couldn't protect themselves.

Not being stupid Eggsy got the sense that part of the problem was that he'd spent most of their time together trapping his wolf. Leasing him and refusing ta let him out and do the wolfie things that would have made his wolf happy. He hadn't wanted ta do it, he'd suffered right along side his wolf in the process, but Eggsy didn't think his wolf saw it that way. Or was willing to let go of all those years of resentment that easily. Hence the damn thing enjoying having him beat ta shite even if he had to take the hits as well.

Hell, maybe his wolf was a little masochistic?

But at least his plan was mostly in place for tomorrow. Uncle Taron had helped him get in touch with the various people he needed to enlist the help of, as well as arrange for the necessary items to be delivered to the estate that afternoon.

Eggsy had resisted telling his uncle everything, it felt like that would jinx it somehow, but what he had told his uncle had been met with serious approval. Like Uncle Taron had actually gotten a little misty eyed, which Eggsy still didn't know how to interpret. But yeah, apparently he was going to do the family proud if nothing else. Well that and Uncle Taron was pretty sure that Eggsy opening courting gift was going to make the vast majority of the other dominants hate him. Like really, REALLY hate him. Because once word got out...well then all their mates and dating prospects would expect something equally epic from them in the future. With the dominants would end up in the doghouse when they failed to deliver. Which sucked because now more than ever he needed to make friends in the pack, not enemies, but winning over Harry was more important.

Sighing, Eggsy considered and then opted not to try and think about everything that was supposed to happen the following day. It would just give him a headache, especially since his brain was already working on overdriving trying to block and forget the looks his mother had given him before she'd left to go to rehab. The looks she'd given him had made it very clear she considered this a serious betrayal and one he wouldn't be forgiven for any time soon. On top of the looks that suggested she wasn't going to cooperate once she arrived at her destination and-shit.
Nose twitching as it scented Harry, Eggsy was fairly sure he looked the picture of patheticness by the time Harry opened the door to his bedroom and came inside.

"That bad, hmm?"

"I'm sorry, Harry. I really meant what I said before."

It was hard to see Harry, especially since movement of any kind was not his friend at the moment, but Eggsy tried and failed to keep Harry within his sight as the man came closer, pain be damned. And it hurt! But Eggsy refused to let so much as a whimper leave his lips, allowing only a small sound of gratitude and happiness escape when Harry sat down on the side of the bed and reached out to stroke his fingers over Eggsy's hair. That was nice. And comforting.

"I know you did. Just as I knew you'd spend a lot of time in this condition. At least at first. It's not something for you to feel bad about, you know. I wasn't kidding when I stated that Taron was one of the hardest instructors you could have. Particularly when you don't have any basic training to fall back on. I'm not angry with you."

That did make him feel a little better...while his pride smarted something fierce.

A warm chuckle, Harry's hand on his cheek. "If it makes you feel better I'm prepared to keep up my end of the bargain and give you a good rub down before we turn in for the evening. Though from the scent emanating from you I'm guessing Taron's already been at you with your family's top-secret healing cream recipe."

Damn. It had been a few hours so he'd forgotten about that. That or his nose had stopped registering the foul smell in an act of self-defense.

"Shit."

"I've smelled worse."

"Yeah, but you probably don't want ta sleep near it. Not that I could do anything anyway."

A kiss to the nape of his neck caused a delightful shiver to run down Eggsy's spine.

"So if the situation were reversed you'd be sleeping in another room?"

"Fuck no." Eggsy jerked at the insult of the idea, then cursed a blue streak for a whole other reason as his body made it clear what an idiot he was.

"Easy now. And that was the right answer. Which is why my clothes are in your closet and my toiletries in your bath. I'm sleeping here tonight because I want to take care of you."

Feeling embarrassingly shy at how happy those words made him Eggsy mumbled his thanks.

His reward was more head stroking and Harry asking if he was sure he didn't want something to eat. Earlier Eggsy had told Uncle Taron that they should have dinner without him as he wasn't hungry anyway.

"Nah. I'm good." He'd been eating so much lately Eggsy's stomach didn't really know what to do with all the food it was being offered. He'd eaten more since meeting Harry than he generally ate in over a week. And don't even get him started on how much healthier and filling all this good food was. He could stand to miss a meal or two, no problem.
"If that changes you'll let me know, all right?"

"Got it."

"Good. Now you said I could do anything to your undeniably very pretty bottom tonight." Harry's hand gave one cheek a squeeze for emphasis. "But tonight I think I'll start with your shoulders. See if I can't work some of the tension out of them first."

"Huh?" He was confused. And distracted by the hand rubbing his arse.

Another very sexy chuckle from Harry, then a slight shifting of the mattress as Harry got off of it, much to Eggy's displeasure. Well...until his ears picked up the sounds of clothing being removed. He loved those sounds.

Or he did until his brain oh so 'helpfully' reminded him that he was in no condition to do anything about it. Ugh. Though he was feeling a little better...or at least certain parts of him were...and his ribs felt pretty healed up at this point. So maybe in a couple of hours...

Promising to be right back Harry left for a couple of minutes to go to the bath, Eggy waiting not at all patiently for his return. But his impatience was rewarded when Harry returned and climbed back onto the bed, 'walking' on his knees a bit before straddling Eggy's arse. Sorta. He was being very careful not to put his weight on him, which Eggy appreciated.

He appreciated it a lot more when, after the sound of a cap being popped open and then closed again, Harry placed slick hands on his shoulders and began to knead them with serious skills and expertise. Best mate choice ever.

In the grand scheme of things Eggy was aware that massages of this nature tended to hurt like a bitch when started. Pain before the pleasure as it were. Years of gymnastics had taught him that well. But just being touched by Harry's hands soothed and relaxed him on a level that Eggy would have found embarrassing as fuck if not for the benefits of it.

Especially since he needed to reserve all his embarrassment for the way he carried on once Harry really started to dig his fingers into his side. Right where he was a tad ticklish.

Giggling was so not sexy, even if Harry's laughter was.

Sigh.

)  

If Harry had thought for even a moment that he could have gotten out of the maternals meeting the following day he would have. Unfortunately he knew Katherine would make him pay dearly if he did, especially since 'I'm sleepy because I had to introduce Eggy to 'Downton Abbey' last night' wasn't a good excuse. And he hadn't intended for it to happen. He'd assumed that after the massage Eggy would have drifted off into hopefully pain free sleep. But true to his nature Eggy had defied expectations by turning all cuddly and adorable, suggesting that they watch something on the telly as he wasn't tired and Harry had made it clear that there would be no funny business given the busy, long day ahead of them at that point. The suggestion of watching something together while cuddling had been Eggy's idea of a compromise, and he'd even said that Harry could pick what they watched. That had led to Harry pointing out that he very much doubted that they had similar taste in television, rhyming off a few of the series he liked and was sure Eggy wouldn't. Like Downton. A show that Eggy, as it turned out, had never seen.
That couldn't be allowed to stand.

And he'd honestly thought that Eggsy would quickly get bored or think it far too dated to be interesting, and that would have been okay. Annoying and showing serious bad taste, yes, but understandable. People, particularly Eggsy's age and gender, were usually more interested in superheroes, sex and explosions these days. So he'd figured that Eggsy would watch the first episode with him and then 'get sleepy' or outright ask to watch something else. Only he hadn't. And they'd ended up binge watching the first five episodes before Eggsy had conked out on him, all snuggly and warm against him.

Taron had woken them up at dawn.

Just thinking about it made Harry want to gut the bastard currently walking on his right, Eggsy's presence on his left a somewhat calming influence. Though calming wasn't really the right word to use. Distracting was. The younger man was all but bouncing with nervous energy at the moment, and had been since they'd left the Egerton estate for this meeting.

Being neither a maternal nor a member of their pack Eggsy wasn't coming to the meeting with them. William was meeting Eggsy there for an 'official' tour of the pack grounds on his father's orders. With Addison chaperoning, just in case, which was why the other dominant trailed behind them sulkily. Harry wasn't anymore thrilled about this than Addison was, though at least he could take comfort in knowing that Taron's brother would welcome an excuse to get into a fight with William, much less do so to protect a family member.

Rachel and Daisy had come with them as well, though they'd already gone off to hang out in the healer's office until the meeting was over.

Seeing the crowd waiting outside the reserved meeting room Harry was pleased to see that the turnout was excellent this time around. That meant he could mostly sit in his seat and let others argue about the changes that needed to be made. But wouldn't be.

There was also the entertainment of seeing multiple unattached wolves eyeing William like prey. While knowing better than to even flirt with him. Approach him for any other reason and William was his usual calm and collected self. Not warm, precisely, but certainly approachable. Flirt or outright hit on him however and he either froze you out or went so stiff and formal you'd have thought he was talking to the Queen. William was as awkward as a youth starting puberty when it came to someone having a personal interest in him. Poor man.

"Right, there's King. Let's go before the ravenous hordes descend on him or turn on us." Addison stated from behind them.

Amused, while also wanting Eggsy away from the wolves who were starting to eye the younger man with interest, Harry stopped and turned so that he was blocking their line of vision, facing Eggsy.

"Behave and try to keep Addison from driving William too crazy, all right?"

Eggsy gave him a snappy, smirking salute.

Then looked at him like a little boy who'd done something naughty and knew he should confess to the crime but hadn't quite built up the nerve yet.

Subconsciously channeling his own mother Harry raised an eyebrow and crossed his arms.

"Ah...Harry?"

"Yes?"
A deep breath. "Fuck it."

And that was all the warning Harry had as suddenly Eggsy was shifting up to his tip toes, hands on Harry shoulders for balance as Eggsy laid a kiss on Harry's lips that pretty much guaranteed that they were going to be the main topic of conversation both before and after the meeting. A deep, bruising kiss meant to ensure that no one watching it, much less experiencing it, could doubt the carnal nature of their relationship. Eggsy was making it very clear with his mouth and tongue that Harry was his, they were together, and that trespassers would be mauled on sight.

Basically it was the snogging equivalent of multiple bites to his shoulders.

It also fried Harry's brain to the point that by the time they broke apart for air his brain had shut down and there was nothing but buzzing in his ears.

"Harry Hart, I'm courtin ya. See ya after your meetin."

And so saying Eggsy gave him a wink and then took off with inhuman speed to grab the arm of a visibly gaping William King, Eggsy pulling his father's cousin along with him while a rather evilly grinning Addison strolled off after them.

Still trying to process what had just happened as Eggsy disappeared from sight Harry jerked at the hand on his shoulder.

"Brace yourself." Was all Taron had time to say before they were descended on by curious wolves all wanting to talk about what they'd just seen and heard.

There was no bracing himself. It was like that opening scene from 'JAWS' where the poor girl get jerked over and over again underwater and then whipped around back and forth until the damn fish finally finishes her off. And like the girl Harry had no idea what the fuck was going on, was too stunned to think, but very much aware that bad things were going to happen if he couldn't get free of the situation.

Unfortunately his pack had him surrounded.

"Harry Hart! What have you been getting up to?" Harry's maternal aunt wanted to know.

"I think it's fairly obvious what he's been up to, Mother. You can smell the boy all over him. Way to go, Cous."

"How old is he again?"

"Harry or Taron's nephew?" A new voice wanted to know. "Taron, how old is that boy?"

"He's twenty two, Margot."

"Good lord. Harry, you're sleeping with a boy that young? Is it true what they say about young men and their stamina at that age? I'm so old at this point I can't remember. Which is a damn shame since back in my day I was quite the-"

"Grandmother!"

"Oh hush, Roxanne. I didn't raise your maternal to be a prude and he didn't do it to you either. Though it is a shame Harry's caught his eye already. If the boy's a true Egerton he'd be a far better catch than any of those inbreed twits you're competing against for Kingsman."
"Exactly what are you implying about my son, Margot?" Mrs. Hesketh wanted to know, the shrew glaring openly at Miss. Morton's grandmother. "Not to mention the fact that I have to wonder why you would think that anyone would want to take that boy for."

"Oh don't be such a killjoy, Judith. You only wish you had a young stud in your bed instead of that bald and overweight know-it-all you married. Who also probably hasn't gotten it up without medical assistance in decades. Especially seeing as he's marri-"

"Mother!" "Grandmother!"

"Is Harry in shock? He looks in shock."

"He probably hasn't been kissed like that in decades, Mother. Okay, Cous?"

They were all talking over each other, either at him or someone else, but either way Harry found himself doing a lot of opening and closing his mouth, no words managing to come out.

A piercing whistle had them all wincing and looking in the direction it had come from.

"We did not come here today to talk about Harry's sex life." Katherine announced, her wolf flashing in warning in her eyes. "Everyone inside the room and take your seats. NO arguing."

He was going to buy her flowers after this.

Most everyone looking like children who'd been told the Grinch had stolen their Christmas, the wolves all headed in while shooting Harry looks or bowing their heads to whisper amongst themselves about him.

"What was he thinking?" Harry finally managed to ask, looking at Taron for answers.

"He's an Egerton. When it matters we go all in."

"But I'm..."

"The one he wants. Now come on before she skins us."

Allowing Taron to take his arm and lead him towards the door Harry had a feeling he should be more worried than he was. A lot more worried.

That would probably happen once the shock wore off more.
Once everyone was in their seat Katherine opened up with the announcement that Eggsy Unwin Egerton's courtship of Harry was off the table for discussion until the meeting was concluded. Anyone who disobeyed that edict would be kicked out of the room and banned from returning until she said otherwise. As this was something Katherine had done on multiple occasions when someone had crossed her, everyone knew to take her threat seriously. Which probably wouldn't have stopped a number of the room's occupants from gossiping about him, especially since the majority of them didn't even want to be there, but Katherine followed up that statement with the tease that there was going to be a surprise at the end of the meeting that they all wouldn't want to miss. The way Katherine looked very pointedly in Harry's direction made it quite clear said surprise would involve him in some way.

Hadn't he been surprised enough already today? And of course the tease worked. No one was going to risk being thrown out now that they knew they'd be rewarded later.

Aware of this Katherine smiled like the cat that got the canary. Or whatever the wolf version of that saying would be as she drew their attention back from Harry to her with her next statement.

"So originally this meeting was going to be a discussion about how we could best go about 'convincing' our acting Alpha to cough up the money needed to update our childcare facilities and ensure the safety of said children. His father, our former Alpha, was never interested in devoting more than the bare minimum of Pack revenue to this project, and up until yesterday his son seemed prepared to follow in his father's footsteps in that regard. However in light of the fact that he needs as many people behind him as he can get in order to secure his position as Alpha...King has agreed to cough up the funds I requested in my previous funds report. So we have the money...we just have to decide how we want to spend it."

All around the table Harry's fellow wolves perked up for a reason that thankfully had nothing to do with him. They were all sick of meetings discussing ways to try and fail to make their Alpha do what they wanted him to do, but this was now something else entirely. This was spending money and getting all the things they wanted for their precious little darlings or grandchildren.

"And before anyone says the windows, that's already been covered by someone else."

Given what had happened no one was surprised that someone had stepped up to pay for new, safer windows for the daycare, and instead moved on to the debate about how best to spend the Pack money they'd been given. Harry, on the other hand, had recovered enough that his brain and gut immediately jumped to the same conclusion.

Eggsy was the one who was paying for the windows.

They'd talked about paying for them if need be, and Taron and Addison hadn't been surprised by Eggsy announcement that he was courting Harry so obviously he'd talked to them about it. They would have explained how that worked and buying new windows...was quite frankly a lovely opening gesture. It certainly wasn't a typical courting gift, but Harry smiled at the idea regardless. Of course he could also be wrong and someone else had made the offer to cover the cost, but looking over at Taron, who was sitting beside him, Harry didn't think he was wrong. The other maternal just looked too smug and proud about something for it to be otherwise.
Really he should just be thanking his lucky stars that Eggsy hadn't followed in typical Egerton tradition when it came to the courting process. The family was legendary both for the lengths their dominants would go to and the extreme pickiness and fickleness of their maternals. When Eggsy's grandfather had been courting Nora Howard the man had infamously commissioned multiple sculptures of her in both her human and wolf form, the work done by masters of their crafts. The Howards were big art collectors and Nora's vanity was big as their collection. Hence receiving wood, glass, bronze and metal sculptures of herself had definitely hit the mark, as had the other expensive and exotic gifts he'd laid at her feet...until she'd announced she was more interested in status than love. Eggsy great grandfather had had more luck with his courting, famously sneaking onto his future mate's family estate under the cover of darkness with hundreds of potted flowers that he'd then arranged to spell her name within a decorative border as his first courting gift. Knowing her love of nature he'd also purchased thousands of acres of land all over the world to become protected reserves, and bought up wild animals in captivity just to set them free for her. The two had been very happy together until she'd died during childbirth, the baby as well. Egertons who found their mates often didn't get to keep them for long.

Harry had often wondered if that was why Addison had never seemed to pursue his cat shifter with typical Egerton stubbornness. Because maybe the wolf thought that if he caught him...he wouldn't get to keep him for long before fate took him away for good.

Glancing at Taron out of the corner of his eye again Harry's thoughts turned to why the man had had less wolves court him than Harry had.

Maternal dominants born to the Egerton family were generally fun loving, free spirited lovers that any dominant would want to spend time with and take to bed. And many did date them and looked back on those memories with a great deal of fondness and wistful thinking of what could have been. But they didn't court them. Egerton maternals weren't picky when it came to their lovers...mates were a whole other story. There wasn't a word for how high maintenance and entitled they were said to be when it came to settling on just one man for life. You had to have more bravery and balls then twenty men put together to even attempt to court one. And even if you did try that was no guarantee of success. Because even if they didn't maul you for even suggesting you might be worthy of them-as Taron and at least seven other Egerton ancestors that Harry knew about had done-you still had to prove yourself worthy during said courtship.

One of Eggsy's maternal ancestors had nearly blinded the wolf courting her because she'd caught him charming another wolf behind her back. As it turned out he'd been 'charming' her to get her help for a surprise masquerade ball he'd been planning as a present for his girl's birthday. Lucky for him that had been the truth, so his life had been spared. And she'd agreed to mate with him, taking his continued devotion as proof that he was worthy of her. Personally Harry had always seen it as proof that the man's sanity was in question but apparently they'd been quite happy together, so who was he to judge? Either way the point remained that the average wolf would sooner run into a war zone than attempt to officially court an Egerton.

And now he was being courted by an Egerton. Dear lord.

What was he going to say to Eggsy when this meeting was over?

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Nearly an hour and a half later the meeting began to wrap up with Harry still at a loss as to what he was going to do. Which didn't bode well given that Eggsy might be waiting for him once this was all over, expecting an answer from him. And he had no idea what the right answer was. For either of them. He needed quiet and time to think without people arguing or giving him looks across the table.
Maybe he could slip out before Eggsy arrived? He could explain things to Taron and surely the other wolf would understand and know what to say so that Eggsy didn't take that as rejection. Because that's not what he wanted to do and-

"All right. That concludes things for now, I think. Which brings me to the final matter of the day, as promised. Harry, you're going to want to get out of your seat for this."

Wait. What?

"Do as the lady says." Taron told him with a smirk as the other wolf got out of his own seat, pushed his chair in, and then shocked everyone by jumping up and onto the table, walking a few steps, then sitting down in the middle like it was the most normal thing in the world.

Then he pulled out Kingsman issue glasses from his pocket and put them on.

Whatever was about to happen, he wanted it recorded. Shit.

"Taron..."

"Trust me. Just get out of the chair."

Not trusting the man's words or wink Harry got out of his chair. Mostly because if he needed to make a break for it he didn't want the chair in his way.

While he did that Katherine made a quick text on her phone, all eyes flitting back and forth between the three of them with extreme interest and anticipation. No one spoke a word, everyone sensing that something big was about to happen. Something they didn't want to miss or accidentally interrupt.

About two minutes of silence passed and then they all heard it. Little feet coming down the hallway, the familiar scents of the pack's younger children reaching their noses. Very excited and giggling children. And Rachel and Daisy. But why?

Multiple scenarios running through his mind Harry still hadn't come up with a good theory by the time Katherine opened the door to admit nine children from the daycare, two of their tenders, and Rachel with Daisy in her arms. And a bouquet of daisies as well. He also smelled...chocolate?

All nine children were wiggling with glee—how much chocolate had they been given? And the more dominant ones were all looking in his direction while the more submissive ones peeked at him shyly before giggling and looking away. This could not bode well for him, particularly since they were all hiding something behind their backs.

"Now?" Clarissa demanded to know, the little girl naturally in front of the group.

"Go ahead, Princess." Taron gave her a thumbs up.

Strutting over to him like a peacock while eliciting plenty of smiles and chuckles from their audience, Clarissa walked up to him, Harry crouching down to her level automatically. And to try and be less visible though everyone just got out of their seats to see better.

Coming to a stop in front of him Clarissa brought her hands around to reveal...a small, clear bag with a pretty yellow ribbon wrapped up in a bow, keeping the Hershey chocolate kisses sealed inside.

"Kisses from Eggsy." Clarissa announced with a wide, beaming smile. "And a hug too!"

Staring at the little girl who'd opened her arms to him expectedly Harry hugged her on autopilot, his
brain struggling to understand what was going on.

The loud 'AWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW' echoing through the room weren't helping.

Accepting the chocolate after the hug Harry watched Clarissa walk away, the little girl moving to make way for a young dominant named Aaron who also had a bag of kisses to present 'from Eggsy'. And a hug to give as well. All of them did.

By the fourth child the shock of it all had worn off and Harry found himself reduced to hormonal human goo. One with a biological clock that had just been given new batteries after a thorough cleaning. His wolf wasn't quite sure what to make of this intriguing maneuver, but his human side thought this was the most romantic, devious, and well thought out gesture anyone had ever made towards him.

Then Rachel came over with Daisy, the little girl waving around the lone daisy she'd been given with obvious glee, burbling happily at Harry and holding her arms out, demanding that she be given over to him.

Thinking this was the final, devastating blow Harry took her and immediately cuddled her against his chest for a snuggle. Which he needed to keep any hint of composure at the moment.

"Daisies from Daisy." Rachel informed him, holding out the boquet in question while the room nearly deafened them with their reactions.

"Christ. Just put them on the table." Harry brushed a kiss over Daisy's curls. "Thank you for the flowers."

"And on a final note the daycare windows? Your Eggsy is paying for them and has asked that one of the windows be stained glass. Depicting butterflies. You're in charge of picking out the design, Harry."

Harry looked at Katherine, who was beaming at him.

Everyone was beaming at him. Some had tears in their eyes including Taron.

Fuck. How was this his life?

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As distractions went William King was pretty aces. His dad's cousin had a presence that made Eggsy's wolf want to give him his complete and total attention, which was great since Eggsy wasn't really all that keen to spend his time spazzing out in front of his relatives until he saw Harry again. Or got a message from Uncle Taron about how his plan had gone. Why hadn't his uncle messaged him yet? How hard was it to type out a few words letting him know if Harry was going to snog or punch him when he saw him next? Well probably not punch him, Eggsy acknowledged morosely. More like let him down disgustingly easy which would be so much worse.

A hand on the back of his neck, squeezing, made Eggsy tense and then relax ridiculously fast.

"Hart might not be as difficult as an Egerton maternal, but you're going to need more than the average amount of spine and heart to win him. And show no fear."

Eggsy opened his mouth to protest that he wasn't afraid, then thought better of it. What was the point? So instead he asked what they were going to see next. There were buildings nearby, but now
that Eggsy was actually looking they were more moving away from them than closer.

"Taron is having problems training you, isn't he?"

While Eggsy blinked up at him in surprise Addison growled in warning behind them.

"Hush, Gawain. I'm not asking for my father. You are, aren't you?"

"Me uncle's a great trainer."

"A mildly sadistic one but yes, he is excellent in the role. But not someone that can train you, I'm guessing. He's never trained someone with your wiring before."

"My wiring?"

"What the hell are you talking about, King?"

"The maternals meeting should be ending about now. We should head back in that direction. I'll talk to Taron about your training then."

Addison moved in closer as he stated that William could talk to him about it. Now.

"We both know you're no trainer, Gawain. You'd maul anyone assigned to you."

"King."

"He needs to be trained." William stated, his tone both a command and a statement of absolute fact. "That's more important than your pride. Or Taron's. If neither of you can do it, or Harry, then I'm the logical choice."

"You're no trainer either."

"I haven't, no. And there's a reason for that. That reason won't be a problem where Eggsy is concerned."

"Ah...that ain't reassuring, Bruv."

"It's not because I care about your safety less than they do. I don't. I'd prefer no harm comes to you at all. But if you can't protect yourself than you risk not only getting yourself killed but the man you want to call your mate. What family you have. So again...is Taron having problems training you?"

There was really only one answer when he put it that way.

"Yeah."

"Boy!"

"I thought so. And I can and will help you with that. While being properly supervised by your uncles since neither of them trust me as far as your sister could throw me."

The slightest curving of his lips suggested he meant to be humorous, and Eggsy realized out of nowhere that he'd never seen the man even close to a real smile. He had a fake one he wore really well, but there wasn't even a hint of humor in those cool blue eyes. And how fucking depressing was that? Even Uncle Addy smiled for real sometimes. Evilly, but it was still genuine at least.

"Hey, Uncle Will? What do you call a dog that's half collie, half pitbull?"
William stared at him in confusion while Addison asked him what he was talking about.

"It's a joke. Fuck. Do either of ya know?"

The lack of response said no, they didn't.

"A dog that rips off your arm then runs for help."

No response. Tough crowd.

"What does a dog have in common with phones? They both have collar id."

"Seriously?" Addison smacked him upside the back of his head. "Quit it with the dog jokes."

Meanwhile William had raised an eyebrow, but no smile.

"All right, so there's this bloke and his missus ain't happy with im cause he keeps gamblin away his pay and comin home smellin of beer and smoke. She's always tellin him that if he don't clean up his act and lead a more godly life he's gonna wind up burnin in hell. But he don't listen. So one day she gets fed up with im and decides he needs ta be taught a lesson. She goes out, buys a devil costume, and dresses up in it after he's gone for the night. Then she waits."

"Oh for the-"

"Hush. So when he comes home pissed and stumblin about his missus jumps out at him and tells im that she's the devil and she's come ta take him down ta hell ta burn for all eternity for the sins he's committed. Oh how he'll suffer, she tells im, somethin he could have avoided if only he'd listened to his loving wife. But the bloke see, he just stands there and when she's finished he just shrugs, dismissing the whole thing. Pisses her right off, that does, so she demands ta know why he ain't scared given what's in store for im."

Eggsy paused a moment for emphasis.

"Why should I be scared?" The bloke asks her. 'I've been married to your sister for over twenty years. How much worse can you be?"

From behind him Addison snorted.

And William, William smiled. Just a little.

Score.

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